

SYNTHERELLA

By

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## Cast of Characters

<u>MARAGARETHE:</u>	The wicked step mother
<u>ANASTATIA:</u>	Her daughter
<u>DRUCELLA:</u>	Her daughter
<u>MR. NICHOLAS:</u>	An Attorney
<u>SYNTHERELLA:</u>	A creation of Synthetic Relatives, Inc.
<u>BRITNEY:</u>	Anastatia's friend
<u>TIFFANY:</u>	A hair stylist
<u>GODFREY:</u>	The man who created Syntherella- her 'Godfather'
<u>ZACHARY PRINCE:</u>	A wealthy industrialist
<u>TAYLOR PRINCE:</u>	Zachary's teenage son
<u>KAYLA:</u>	Party girl
<u>GABBY:</u>	Party girl
<u>Various Extras:</u>	



ACT IScene 1

*Curtain opens to reveal a formal living room. There is a couch located center stage upon which is seated MARAGARETHE CHATTENWORTH. It is obvious that she was once a very elegant lady, but the years have been hard on her. MARAGARETHE is dressed as if she has just left a funeral, all in black with a veil over her face. Standing behind the couch over her right shoulder is one of her daughters, ANASTATIA. She is tall and thin and dressed in bluejeans and a black shirt featuring the logo of a punk rock band on the front. When the curtain opens, ANASTATIA is busy texting someone on her cell phone. There is an arm chair located to the right of the couch upon which is seated MARAGARETHE's younger daughter, DRUCELLA. She is shorter and heavier than ANASTATIA and is dressed sloppily in jeans, a flannel shirt and baseball cap. DRUCELLA is sitting across the chair with her feet dangling over the side, facing away from her mother. When the curtain opens, she is eating a hotdog and talking on her cell phone. MARAGARETHE is sitting very stoically on the couch as her two daughters chatter away, obviously bored.*

DRUCELLA:

(speaking into the phone) Yeah, we just got back from the funeral. God, what a total waste of time. (she takes a big bite of the hot dog)

MARAGARETHE:

Drucella!

ANASTATIA:

Well, it was, Mother. All those boring speeches about how your husband was such a great man.

MARAGARETHE:

And your step-father!

ANASTATIA:

Whatever.

DRUCELLA:

(speaking into the phone) I don't know. He was colonel or an admiral or something. At least that's what people called him. You should have seen all the sad old geezers that came up to me and Stacy at the funeral and said how proud we must have been of our

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DRUCELLA: (cont'd)  
'father'. (pause) No, the old dude wasn't my father. He was just some poor guy my mother talked into marrying her.

MARAGARETHE:  
Drucella!

ANASTATIA:  
It's the truth, ain't it. What was the colonel? Husband number five?

MARAGARETHE:  
(a little embarrassed) Six, actually.

ANASTATIA:  
And, just like all the others, it didn't take long for you suck him dry, did it?

MARAGARETHE:  
I will have you know that I loved the colonel.

ANASTATIA:  
Really? You loved him? Then why didn't you cry at his funeral. Oh, I know. You were too busy scanning the crowd looking for husband number seven.

*MARAGARETHE crosses her arms and lets out a loud sigh, knowing that her daughter has spoken the truth. DRUCELLA continues to chatter away on her phone.*

DRUCELLA:  
I don't know what he left us, Bobbie. This drafty old house, I guess. And a car. I don't know. (turning to her mother) Bobbie wants to know what kind of car the General left us, Mom?

MARAGARETHE:  
Colonel, dear. He was a colonel. It's a Bentley. Now please, Drucella. Turn around, sit up and try to act like a lady.

ANASTATIA:  
That's right, Dru. You never know when your first sugar daddy may walk through the living room and you'll hit the jackpot like Mother here.

MARAGARETHE:  
Anastatia! Proper ladies do not speak of such things.

*ANASTATIA closes her phone and comes around the end of the couch, sitting down next to her mother. DRUCELLA continues to talk on the phone, turning back sideways in her chair, swinging her feet.*

ANASTATIA:

Oh, really? You mean there's some kind of rule book for situations like this? Like the Official Goldiggers Handbook or something?

MARAGARETHE:

How dare you speak to me in such a manner, Anastatia. After all I've sacrificed for you and your sister over the years.

ANASTATIA:

Sacrificed? Really? Funny, I've never seen you wash dishes, or run the vacuum cleaner. And do you even know how to turn on the washing machine?

MARAGARETHE:

No, I don't. But I've given up my own happiness just so you girls could have everything. After your father left us, I had to do something to make sure that you and Drucella grew into proper ladies, suitable for marriage.

ANASTATIA:

I guess by 'doing something' you mean marrying every man that happened to get close enough for you to sink your claws into, huh?

DRUCELLA:

(speaking loudly into the phone) Yes, it's a big car. All Brantley's are big.

MARAGARETHE & ANASTATIA:

Bentley!

*DRUCELLA ignores them and keeps talking.*

MARAGARETHE:

I did it all for you, Anastatia. And your sister. I sacrificed my own happiness just so you could grow up with all the things I just couldn't give you

*MARAGARETHE begins to cry and pulls a handkerchief from her sleeve, lifts her veil and blows her nose loudly. ANASTATIA softens at the sight of her mother's tears and reaches out to grasp the other woman's hand.*

ANASTATIA:

I'm sorry, Mother. I know you've had to marry some losers over the years just to keep a roof over our heads. Me and Dru appreciate all you've done for us. Don't we, Dru?

DRUCELLA:

(into the phone) Yeah, it's got a CD changer. It's a Brentley, for heaven's sake.

ANASTATIA:

Drucella!

DRUCELLA:

What? I'm on the phone!

ANASTATIA:

I said, we appreciate all the sacrifices Mother has made for us, don't we?

*DRUCELLA looks over at MARAGARETHE and then back at ANASTATIA.*

DRUCELLA:

Yeah. Sure. Thanks, Ma!

*DRUCELLA swings her legs back over the arm of the chair and continues to talk into her cell phone. MARAGARETHE sighs heavily, finishes wiping her fake tears and puts the handkerchief away.*

MARAGARETHE:

I still have a lot of work to do with that one.

*Suddenly, there is the sound of a doorbell coming from stage left.*

MARAGARETHE:

(standing) That must be the Colonel's attorney. He said that he was coming over here today to go over the estate.

*MARAGARETHE crosses to answer the door.*

DRUCELLA:

Hey, I gotta' go, Bobbie. The old dude's lawyer is here with the money. Yes, you can drive the Bradley. I'll call you later.

*Both girls stand and face the door. DRUCELLA quickly finishes her hot dog, talking with her mouth full.*

DRUCELLA:

You think the old man left us anything?

ANASTATIA:

I don't know. I hope so. We could sure use some help around here. I am getting really tired of washing my own clothes!

*There is the sound of laughter from off stage as MARAGARETHE greets the person at the door.*

ANASTATIA:

Maybe that's luck Number Seven now!

DRUCELLA:

I hope he's better looking than the last guy. And maybe has a cute son!

ANASTATIA:

That's gross!

*MARAGARETHE enters the room. She is holding the arm of MR. NICHOLAS, her late husband's attorney, who seems quite nervous. He has no briefcase, but is holding his overcoat which her took off upon entering the home.*

MARAGARETHE:

Girls, girls. I'd like for you to meet Mr. Nicholas, the Colonel's attorney.

MR. NICHOLAS:

Please, call me Norman.

MARAGARETHE:

Certainly. (letting go of his arm and laughing inappropriately) Norman her was just telling me how he just lost his wife just last year. I guess that makes you single, huh?

MR. NICHOLAS:

(uncomfortable) Ah.. yes.

ANASTATIA:

Oh, brother!

*MARAGARETHE turns to the girls and uses her eyes and body language to indicate that they should be nice to MR. NICHOLAS. She then sits in the chair. Having done this before many times, the girls rush over and fawn over the man. DRUCELLA takes MR. NICHOLAS's overcoat and each girl takes an arm, helping the attorney to the couch.*



DRUCELLA:

Oh, you are way too young to be an attorney,  
Norman. Do you mind if I call you Norman?

MR. NICHOLAS:

Ah, no.

ANASTATIA:

(without much enthusiasm and as if she is reading from  
a script) Yes, it is so good to have a young, strong  
man here in our home during our time of need.

*DRICELLA drapes the overcoat across the back of  
the couch and the three sit with MR. NICHOLAS in  
the center, who looks back and forth to each girl,  
not sure what to say.*

MARAGARETHE:

Oh, my precious girls. They are such ladies.

*DRUCELLA and ANASTATIA look at MR. NICHOLS and  
smile sweetly, all part of the show.*

MR. NICHOLAS:

Yes, I can see that. Ah, now, Mrs. Chattenworth, if you  
don't mind, I am here to discuss your late husband's  
estate. (looking at the two girls who are still  
fawning over him) Ah, maybe we should talk about this  
in private?

MARAGARETHE:

Certainly. Girls, if you don't mind?

*DRUCELLA and ANASTATIA stand up and move away from  
the couch, but do not leave the room. Instead,  
they cross up stage left and listen to the  
conversation from a distance. MARAGARETHE smooths  
her dress and sits in the chair. She looks over  
at the girls who both hold up crossed fingers  
towards their mother, unseen by MR. NICHOLAS.*

MR. NICHOLAS:

First, let me say that I am very sorry for your loss,  
Mrs. Chattenworth.

MARAGARETHE:

Oh, please call me Maragarethe.

MR. NICHOLAS:

Okay, Maragarethe. The Colonel was a fine man and a  
very valued client

MARAGARETHE:

Thank you, Norman. He will be missed. (suddenly serious) The estate?

MR. NICHOLAS:

Yes. (pulling a sheet of paper from his coat pocket and handing it to her) This is a listing of all of the Colonel's property and assets, which will naturally pass to you.

*The girls clear their throats loudly at not being mentioned in the document. MR. NICHOLAS turns towards them and makes a correction.*

MR. NICHOLAS:

And your daughters, of course.

*DRUCELLA and ANASTATIA smile and wave at him. MR. NICHOLAS smiles awkwardly at them and then turns back to MARAGARETHE.*

MARAGARETHE:

(disappointed) Huh? I just thought there would be more.

MR. NICHOLAS:

Well, the Colonel was quite wealthy when you and he married, but over the last few years, he had me sell off many of his assets for... ah, living expenses.

MARAGARETHE:

Drucella needed braces.

*MR. NICHOLAS turns and looks over at DRUCELLA who smiles brightly.*

MR. NICHOLAS:

I can see that. (back to MARAGARETHE) As you can see from that listing, the Colonel did leave you a few savings bonds, a small life insurance policy, this house and the car. It's nowhere nearly as large of an estate as it was before he met you... (she glares at him) I mean, before the Colonel and you got married, but it should be enough for you to live on for many years to come, if you and the girls are... shall we say, frugal.

DRUCELLA:

What does that mean?

ANASTATIA:

Cheap.

MARAGARETHE:

Girls.. this is a private conversation. Mr. Nicholas, the money doesn't matter to me and the girls. All we care about is the love.. and the memories.

*DRUCELLA and ANASTATIA make gagging motions behind MR. NICHOLAS's back.*

MR. NICHOLAS:

Yes, I can see that.

*He turns back towards the girls and they immediately stop their antics and smile sweetly at him.*

MR. NICHOLAS:

Oh, I almost forgot. There is one other thing. Something that your husband left you that I think you will be very pleased with.

*MR. NICHOLAS stands and yells towards off stage left.*

MR. NICHOLAS:

Okay, bring her in, boys.

*Excited, MARAGARETHE stands as two workmen enter from stage left pushing a large hand cart. Strapped to the cart is a beautiful young woman in a crisply pressed dress with her hair tied up in a bow. She is standing on the cart, staring straight ahead and smiling brilliantly with her arms held rigidly by her side. The workers rolls the cart past the gawking DRUCELLA and ANASTATIA and park it next to the couch. They unstrap the girl, pull the hand cart from under her and wheel it back off stage. DRUCELLA, ANASTATIA and MARAGARETHE are dumbstruck by the sight of the beautiful young girl standing at attention in their living room. None of the women know what to say. Finally, DRUCELLA speaks up.*

DRUCELLA:

What is it?

MR. NICHOLAS:

Oh, that is a gift from your late step father. He knew that his days on this earth were numbered, so he wanted to give you something that would help you remember him.

ANASTATIA:

What? A store mannequin?

MR. NICHOLAS:

Oh, no, my dear. This is not a mannequin. (He approaches the standing girl) This young lady is a Syntherella.

DRUCELLA:

A what?

MR. NICHOLAS:

A Synthetic Relative. Syntherella for short. She is the very latest, cutting edge technology.

MARAGARETHE:

So wat is she doing here?

MR. NICHOLAS:

Oh, the Colonel knew that upon his passing, that you and your daughters would suffer tremendous grief. So, he had a Synthetic Relative built using samples of his DNA. She has been imprinted with all of the Colonel's best qualities and memories. His compassion, his kindness and generosity. Just so that, in a small way, he will continue to be right here with you. Synthetic Relatives are all the rage these days. All of my clients are getting them.

DRUCELLA:

(approaching SYNThERELLA and poking her) What did you call her?

MR. NICHOLAS:

Syntherella. It's short for Synthetic Relative.

ANASTATIA:

(coming around the other side of SYNThERELLA and touching her face) Is she a real person?

MR. NICHOLAS:

Well, yes.. and no. Your stepfather's DNA was used to grow her organically in a laboratory- kind of like a houseplant. So, she's made of real skin and bone. But instead of a brain, she has a microprocessor in her head that is stored with all of your father's memories and personality traits. A service technician from Synthetic Relatives Inc. will come by occasionally to make sure she is functioning properly and with the right care and the cycling of her batteries, Syntherella is guaranteed to function flawlessly for one hundred years, maybe even longer.

*LADY MARAGARETHA crosses behind the couch and approaches SYNThERELLA, pushing ANASTATIA out of the way. She looks the girl over from top to bottom and then turns to MR. NICHOLAS.*

MARAGARETHE:

We don't want her!

DRUCELLA:

Yeah, she's too pretty. She makes me feel fat!

ANASTATIA:

And the way she just stands there, staring at us. She gives me the creeps.

MARAGARETHE:

(crossing down stage right) Yes, just please take her away, Mr. Nicholas. I'm already going to have enough trouble trying to feed those two on what the Colonel left us. I can't afford another mouth to feed.

MR. NICHOLAS:

I'm afraid I can't do that, Maragarethe. It's a package deal.

MARAGARETHE:

(turning back to him) A package deal?

MR. NICHOLAS:

Yes. Your husband's will was very specific. If you don't accept Syntherella into your home and treat her like one of your very own daughters, you will forfeit the entire estate. This house, the Bentley, the savings bonds, life insurance.

MARAGARETHE:

What?

MR. NICHOLAS:

That's right, madam. It's all of nothing.

*At this, MARAGARETHE turns and approaches SYNThERELLA, walking around her a couple of times. She pokes the girl a couple of times and then looks at MR. NICHOLAS.*

MARAGARETHE:

Does she do anything other than just stand there?

MR. NICHOLAS:

Oh, yes. Synthetic Relatives are fully functional in every way. She can talk, sing, write poetry...

DRUCELLA:

(interrupting) Does she know how to wash clothes?

MR. NICHOLAS:I  
(taken aback) I'm sorry?

DRUCELLA:  
Can she run a washing machine?

MR. NICHOLAS:  
Well, I guess so.

ANASTATIA:  
What about cook? Or mop the floors?

MR. NICHOLAS:  
Well, yes. But, your step father didn't send her here to be a maid. She's to be treated like your sister.

MARAGARETHE:  
But she can do all those things, right? I mean, my daughters are much too fragile and delicate to spend their young, formative years cleaning and cooking. Ain't that right, girls?

*MR. NICHOLAS looks over at the girls.*

DRUCELLA:  
Yeah. I'm a delicate flower.

MR. NICHOLAS:  
Well, yes, she can do all those things if you wish. But, your husband wanted to leave you something that was a part of him, Maragarethe. Something that you would cherish and love like one of your own daughters.

MARAGARETHE:  
Uh, huh. But, she can cook and clean?

MR. NICHOLAS:  
Yes.

MARAGARETHE:  
(walking around SYNTHRELLA again) And she knows how to wash windows?

MR. NICHOLAS:  
Well, I suppose.. but...

MARAGARETHE:  
And vacuum?

MR. NICHOLAS:  
Yes... but..

MARAGARETHE:

(interrupting) Then we'll take her. Where's the 'ON' button.

MR. NICHOLAS:

(in shock that they wish to turn SYNThERELLA into a servant, he pauses) What?

MARAGARETHE:

Do you have to crank her or something?

MR. NICHOLAS:

Oh, no. Once she is activated, she will function as a perfect human in every way.

DRUCELLA:

Perfect? Ha! She's got skinny ankles!

MR. NICHOLAS:

(rushing to SYNThERELLA) I can assure you, Miss, that she does not!

ANASTATIA:

(pionting) And her ears are shaped kind of funny!

MR. NICHOLAS:

Her ears, like the rest of her, are perfect!

MARAGARETHE:

Just crank her up, Mr. Nicholas. We've got a kitchen full of dirty dishes and I ain't washing them.

*MR. NICHOLAS looks from at the two girls and MARAGARETHE in horror, then shakes his head in dismay and steps behind SYNThERELLA.*

MR. NICHOLAS:

You can activate, or deactivate, her by pressing this button right underneath her hairline. Here goes.

*He presses the button and SYNThERELLA opens her eyes. She looks down at her arms and legs, testing them to see if they work properly and then opens her jaw several times to make sure it works. Everyone watches in fascination as she walks towards ANASTATIA with her arms out. ANASTATIA backs up, uncomfortable.*

SYNThERELLA:

Hello, I'm Syntherella. Nice to meet you.

ANASTATIA:

Wo, dude!

SYNTHERELLA:

I recognize that voice. They are stored in my memory banks. You must be Anastatia. I am so glad to have you as my sister.

*SYNTHERELLA puts her arms around the stunned girl. ANASTATIA is uncomfortable but allows herself to be hugged. SYNTHERELLA then turns and goes to DRUCELLA who backs away.*

SYNTHERELLA:

Oh, come here and give me a hug, Drucella! We are going to be such great friends!

DRUCELLA:

Whatever! Get off me, freak!

*SYNTHERELLA then sees MARAGARETHE and runs to her, almost knocking her down with a bear hug.*

SYNTHERELLA:

Oh, mother. Father's memories of you are so beautiful. He loved all of you so much. I am so happy to be a part of this family.

*MARAGARETHE is shocked by the hug and clumsily pats SYNTHERELLA on the back and looks over at her daughters who are watching the scene with growing jealousy.*

MARAGARETHE:

Well, thank you, Syntherella. We are happy you're here, too. The girls are so excited about having a new sister, aren't you girls?

DRUCELLA:

Thrilled!

ANASTATIA:

Yippee!

*SYNTHERELLA continues to hug her stepmother tightly as MR. NICHOLAS grabs his coat, putting it on and preparing to leave.*

MR. NICHOLAS:

Oh, I am so happy to see this. (laughs uncomfortably) You really had me going. For a minute there, I thought you were going to turn Syntherella into some kind of servant. But, now I see that you're

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MR. NICHOLAS: (cont'd)

going to just be one big, happy family. (he extends his hand to MARAGARETHE) Well, I must be getting back to the office. Again, Maragarethe, my deepest condolences. (turns and shakes the girls hands as he begins to exit) And to you young ladies as well. (calling to SYNThERELLA) Syntherella, I know that you are going to love being a part of this family and that Maragarethe and your sisters are going cherish you as they did your father. Good afternoon, ladies!

*MR. NICHOLAS exits. As soon as he leaves, the mood in the room changes. DRUCELLA and ANASTATIA cross their arms and regard SYNThERELLA as if she were a poisonous snake. MARAGARETHE pries the young girl off of her, pushing her towards the center of the room roughly.*

MARAGARETHE:

Get off me, you leach!

SYNThERELLA:

(hurt) But, Mother!

MARAGARETHE:

And don't call me that! I'm not your mother. Your mother was some scientist in a lab somewhere who put you together like some kind of Barbie Doll. (the girls snicker at this)

SYNThERELLA:

(looking around) But.. but, I thought we were going to be a family?

MARAGARETHE:

Well, you're wrong. The only family here is me and my daughters. Just because the Colonel had you built from his DMA...

ANASTATIA:

That's DNA..

MARAGARETHE:

Whatever! We don't need some type of robot to remind us of the Colonel. We have plenty of things around here to remind him of us. (she gestures around the room) This house. The furniture and paintings. His precious Bentley. And his pitiful little life insurance policy. That's all we need to remind us of that loser. Not some Brats Doll with a brain from Radio Shack!

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SYNTHERELLA:

(starting to cry) But... mother!

MARAGARETHE:

I told you, don't call me that. I'm not your mother!

DRUCELLA:

And we're not your sisters.

ANASTATIA:

Yeah, freak!

MARAGARETHE:

You shall address me as Lady Magarathe or ma'am. And you shall address these young ladies as Miss Drucella and Miss Anastatia.

DRUCELLA:

I like that!

ANASTATIA:

You can call me "Your Highness."

MARAGARETHE:

We are not your family. We are your owners.

SYNTHERELLA:

But... mother?

MARAGARETHE:

Just stay out of our way and do as your told and I'll think about not having you melted down into a candle.

*MARAGARETHE crosses and sits on the couch as DRUCELLA and ANASTATIA laugh at her joke.*

MARAGARETHE:

Now, Miss Drucella is going to show you where the mop and bucket are. You can start on the kitchen.

*SYNTHERELLA stands in the center of the room and starts to cry.*

MARAGARETHE:

Go!

*SYNTHERELLA jumps at the loud noise. DRUCELLA crosses towards stage right and motions for her to follow.*

SYNTHERELLA:

Come on, freak!

*As the two exit, MARAGARETHE motions for ANASTATIA to join her on the couch.*

MARAGARETHE:

And you and I are going to make a list of prospects for husband number eight.

ANASTATIA:

I thought it was seven.

MARAGARETHE:

I lied.

**CURTAIN**

ACT 1Scene 2

*Curtain opens to reveal the same living room a week later. DRUCELLA is still dressed in jeans and a oversized flannel shirt. She is sitting sloppily on the couch talking on her cell phone. While DRUCELLA talks on the phone, SYNThERELLA is busy cleaning the room with a broom and duster. She is no longer wearing pretty clothes, but instead is dressed in dirty dress and has dirt smudged on her hands and face. Her hair is no longer held up in a bow, but instead is a tangled and dirty mess on top of her head. But even though she is dirty and tired, SYNThERELLA is happy, doing her work quickly while humming softly to herself. DRUCELLA ignores her and talks excitedly on the phone.*

DRUCELLA:

Yeah, you should see her go. In the past week, she has scrubbed this house from top to bottom and then started again at the top. This old place ain't never been this clean. (pause) Sure, she has to do anything we tell her to do. That's what servants are for, ain't they? Listen to this.

*DRUCELLA holds the phone away from her mouth, turns and yells at SYNThERELLA.*

DRUCELLA:

Hey, Syntherella! Drop that broom and go into the kitchen and fix me a ham sandwich.

SYNThERELLA:

(she props the broom against the wall and answers cheerfully) Yes, Miss Drucella.

*As SYNThERELLA crosses towards the kitchen, which is located off stage right, DRUCELLA turns and calls after her.*

DRUCELLA:

No mayo this time and bring me one of those big dill pickles I like.

SYNThERELLA:

Yes, Miss Drucella. (she exits)

DRUCELLA:

(speaking into the phone) You hear that, Bobbie? Every since Syntherella moved into the place, I haven't had to lift a finger. She does all the cooking, all the

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DRUCELLA: (cont'd)

cleaning, all the washing. Last night, I made her iron all my clothes- even my underwear. After she stacked them neatly on my bed, I walked over and knocked the entire pile onto the floor and then I told her to pick them up and go iron the whole load all over again. The freak just smiled and said, 'yes, ma'am' and bounced down the stairs like she was heading off to Disneyworld or something. I'm telling you, Bobbie, we should have got us a maid years ago.

*Just then, there's loud talking and laughter from off stage left. It's ANASTATIA arriving home with her friend, BRITNEY.*

DRUCELLA:

Hey, I gotta' go, Bobbie. Stacy just got home and I'm dying to see what her and Britney got at the mall. No, you can't 'borrow' Syntherella. Get your own maid! Bye!

*She clicks her phone shut just as ANASTATIA and BRITNEY enter the room carrying large bags from mall. Both girls are dressed stylishly in torn jeans, t-shirts and have large sunglasses perched atop their heads.*

ANASTATIA:

Oh, my God, Dru. You should have come with us to the mall. They were having a sale at Hollister and I maxed out my Visa card.

DRUCELLA:

Mom said that card was for emergencies only, Stace. She is going to blow a fuse when she sees all that stuff.

ANASTATIA:

Whatever. The old bag hasn't even put a dent in the that Colonel dude's life insurance yet. And if buy one, great one free at Hollister ain't an emergency, I don't know what is.

*ANASTATIA walks over to the couch and drops her bags beside DRUCELLA. She starts pulling out clothes and showing them to DRUCELLA. BRITNEY just stands there, looking around puzzled.*

BRITNEY:

So, where is she?

ANASTATIA:

Who?

BRITNEY:

The dirty little slave girl. You keep talking about how she spends all day cooking and cleaning while you guys sit around and watch TV, so where is she?

DRUCELLA:

Syntherella? Oh, I sent her into the kitchen to fix me a sandwich. You want me to holler at her and have her bring you something?

BRITNEY:

No. I had a White Hazelnut Mocha Choca Latte at the mall. I'm stuffed. But I do want to see what she looks like. Is she really pretty?

DRUCELLA:

Not really. Her feet are kinda' bony.

ANASTATIA:

And she smiles way too much. Creeps me out.

DRUCELLA:

Yeah, me too. Nobody should be that happy.

*There's a pause as the two sisters continue to look through the clothes. BRITNEY continues to stand there, looking around. Finally, she stamps her feet and whines.*

BRITNEY:

I want to see her!

DRUCELLA:

Okay. Don't have a hissy!

*DRUCELLA turns and calls into the kitchen.*

DRUCELLA:

Syntherella! Where's my sandwich?

*SYNTHERELLA calls from offstage.*

SYNTHERELLA:

I'm coming, Miss Drucella. I had trouble with the pickles!

DRUCELLA:

Shake a leg! I'm starving!

*After a slight pause, SYNTHERELLA comes running into the room, carrying a plate with the sandwich. She hands the plate to DRUCELLA, smiling and apologizing.*

SYNTHERELLA:

I'm sorry, Miss Drucella. I couldn't get the lid off the pickle jar. Here you go. One ham sandwich with no mayonnaise.

*DRUCELLA snatches the plate away, picks up the sandwich and takes a large bite. She makes a face and talks with her mouth full.*

DRUCELLA:

I thought I said I didn't like rye bread.

SYNTHERELLA:

Oh, that's multigrain. I baked it myself. It's better for you.

DRUCELLA:

(still chewing) Whatever.

ANASTATIA:

Syntherella, this is my friend Britney.

*SYNTHERELLA rushes over and hugs BRITNEY as if she has known her forever.*

SYNTHERELLA:

Oh, Britney. It is so nice to meet you. Any friend of my sisters is a friend of mine.

*BRITNEY looks over at ANASTATIA, puzzled.*

BRITNEY:

Sisters? I thought you said she was your maid, Stacy?

ANASTATIA:

She is! Aren't you, Syntherella?

*SYNTHERELLA realizes her mistake, laughs awkwardly and then turns to BRITNEY.*

SYNTHERELLA:

Oh, ah, yes. I'm just the 'hired help' around here. I just love Anastatia and Drucella so much, I sometimes get carried away and act like we're all sisters. But we're not. I'm just the maid.

DRUCELLA:

That's right. Just the maid.

ANASTATIA:

You want her to do anything for you, Brit?

BRITNEY:

Do anything?

ANASTATIA:

You know, like pick up your dry cleaning or mow your lawn. She'll be glad to go out and wash your car while we go check Facebook, won't you Syntherella?

SYNTHERELLA:

(her smile waivers for only a second and then she turns to BRITNEY) Sure. I'm here to serve.

*BRITNEY is a little taken aback by this young slave girl and declines.*

BRITNEY:

That's alright. That's why I have a little brother! (she looks at ANASTATIA, eager to go upstairs) Why don't we go up to your room, Stacy? I'm dying to see if Derrick is online.

*ANASTATIA grabs her bag of clothes and turns to leave. BRITNEY follows her off stage, but turns back to SYNTHERELLA before leaving the room.*

BRITNEY:

It was nice to meet you, Syntherella. The house looks beautiful.

SYNTHERELLA:

Thank you.

*After the two girls leave, SYNTHERELLA goes back to her cleaning. DRUCELLA sets the plate down on the couch and looks around for the TV remote.*

DRUCELLA:

Syntherella, where did you put the TV remote. I told you, I like for it to be right here on the couch when I come home from school so I can watch Springer. What did you do with it?

SYNTHERELLA:

I think you're sitting on it, Miss Drucella.

DRUCELLA:

(getting up and finding the remote underneath her) Oh, I found it. Don't hide it from me again or you'll be cleaning my toilet with your toothbrush for a week.

SYNTHERELLA:

Yes, ma'am.

(CONTINUED)



*SYNTHERELLA begins to sweep towards down stage left as DRUCELLA points the remote at an imaginary TV set that is center stage. She 'clicks' the buttons and when she does, SYNTHERELLA jumps. DRUCELLA notices, looks at the remote with curiosity and then points the remote at SYNTHERELLA and pushes a couple of buttons. SYNTHERELLA lifts the broom above her head and spins around, then goes back to sweeping. DRUCELLA realizes that the remote obviously not only controls the TV, but affects the microprocessor in SYNTHERELLA's head. She smiles wickedly and then pushes another button. In response, SYNTHERELLA puts the broom between her legs and rides it around the room like a cowboy. She pushes another button, and SYNTHERELLA takes the broom and uses it to play 'air guitar.' DRUCELLA jumps up and down on the couch, clapping her hands with joy and starts punching buttons randomly, causing SYNTHERELLA to dance across the room, then fall on the floor and act like she is swimming. She presses another button and SYNTHERELLA jumps up and pretends to be a chicken. Just as she is about to push some more buttons, there is the sound of a door closing from off stage left and MARAGARETHE enters the room. She is also carrying shopping bags in both hands, and upon seeing SYNTHERELLA flapping her wings and squawking like a chicken, drops the bags to the floor, puts her hands on her hips and looks over at DRUCELLA, who is laughing and pressing buttons on the remote furiously.*

MARAGARETHE:

Drucella, what on Earth are you doing?

DRUCELLA:

It's not me, Mother. It's the remote. It must be interfering with her brain or something. Watch this.

*DRUCELLA presses another button and SYNTHERELLA suddenly starts hopping on one leg around the room.*

MARAGARETHE:

Drucella! That's cruel! (she pauses for a second, watching SYNTHERELLA and then runs over and snatches the remote from DRUCELLA's hand) Here, let me try.

*MARAGARETHE presses a couple and SYNTHERELLA falls to the floors on all four hands and starts prancing around the room like a pony, whinnying loudly.*

(CONTINUED)

MARAGARETHE:

What happens when you press the fast forward button?

*DRUCELLA snatches the remote away from her and points it towards SYNTHERELLA.*

DRUCELLA:

I don't know. Let's try it!

*Just as she is about to try it, there is a loud noise from off stage as ANASTATIA and BRITNEY scream with excitement.*

MARAGARETHE:

Turn it off. Quick!

*DRUCELLA presses a button and SYNTHERELLA gets up and starts to bounce like she's on a pogo stick.*

MARAGARETHE:

I said turn it off. Turn it off!

*DRUCELLA presses buttons furiously.*

DRUCELLA:

I'm trying. I don't know which one is the 'off' button.

*She presses a few more buttons and finally SYNTHERELLA stops bouncing, straightens her dress and begins sweeping again like nothing happened. MARAGARETHE crosses stage right and yells offstage.*

MARAGARETHE:

Anastatia? What's going on up there?

ANASTATIA:

(calling from offstage) Mother? You're home?

MARAGARETHE:

Yes, and I don't like coming home to a house of full of screaming girls! Get down here this instant!

*There are more excited screams from off stage and then ANASTATIA and BRITNEY enter the room.*

ANASTATIA:

Oh, my God, Dru. You won't believe the text Britney just got!

BRITNEY:

(waves timidly to MARAGARETHE, a little scared of the woman) Hi!

*The two girls hurry past MARAGARETHE to DRUCELLA, very excited.*

DRUCELLA:

What? Did someone at our school die? Oh, I bet it was that fat kid, Stewart Hinson, who's always eating his boogers.

BRITNEY:

Gross!

ANASTATIA:

No! Nobody died.

DRUCELLA:

Then what?

ANASTATIA:

Tell her, Brit.

BRITNEY:

Well, we were up there trying on some new shirts and stuff that Stacy got at Hollister.

MARAGARETHE:

(stepping forward) What? Where'd you get the money?

ANASTATIA:

My VISA card.

MARAGARETHE:

That is supposed to for emergencies, young lady.

ANASTATIA:

It was a buy one, get one free sale at Hollister, Mother. Besides, you're out spending the dead Colonel's money so why can't I? (pointing to the pile of shopping bags that MARAGARETHE dropped by the door) Are those your bags?

MARAGARETHE:

Yes! (she rushes over and picks them up) But, they're things I really needed.

ANASTATIA:

Uh, huh. I forgot- bait for number eight!

BRITNEY:

Oh, I didn't know you liked to fish, ma'am. My dad and me go fly fishing all the time!

DRUCELLA:

Britney! The text!

BRITNEY:

Oh, yeah. Anyway, we were trying on the clothes when I got this text from Misty Rivers. I've always thought she had a funny name. Misty Rivers... sounds like the name of a romance novel or something, don't it?

ANASTATIA:

Just tell her what it said, Britney.

BRITNEY:

Okay.. okay. Misty said that word just got out that that dreamy rich boy at our school, you know, Taylor Prince, was having a big party on Saturday night and every girl in town is invited.

DRUCELLA:

Oh, my God. We've been invited to a party at Taylor Prince's house?

ANASTATIA:

Yeah.. but that's not the best part... tell her, Brit.

BRITNEY:

Well, Misty said that the word is that Taylor's dad says he's been single long enough. It's time Taylor got out and found someone special. Did you hear that? Someone special. That's the exact words she said. Misty thinks that maybe his old man is dying or something and maybe Taylor needed someone to help him run the company.

MARAGARETHE:

Wait a minute! Is Taylor Prince's dad is Zachary Prince of Prince Industries?

ANASTATIA:

Yeah.

MARAGARETHE:

The same Zachary Prince that was on the cover of Fortune Magazine last month?

ANASTATIA:

Yeah. So?

MARAGARETHE:

Do you know what Prince Industries does?

ANASTATIA:

I don't know. They own a couple of gas stations or something.

MARAGARETHE:

A couple of gas stations? (laughs) I'd say! Prince Industries is the largest, privately held oil company in the country. The Prince family is worth billions.

DRUCELLA:

As in, like dollars?

BRITNEY:

That's a lot, isn't it?

MARAGARETHE:

Yes, Britney. That's a lot!

ANASTATIA:

Well, all I know is that rich or not, Taylor Prince is perfect. Perfect hair, perfect teeth, perfect body. And, he's never had a girlfriend.

BRITNEY:

The text said that the party will be at his father's estate and that everybody in town is invited. Especially the girls.

ANASTATIA:

Oh, my gosh. What am I going to wear?

DRUCELLA:

It don't matter. Taylor will be too busy looking at me to notice that you're even there.

ANASTATIA:

Yeah, noticing how much it would cost to feed you.

*DRUCELLA puts her hands on her hips and stomps her feet, obviously quite sensitive to her size.*

DRUCELLA:

Mother! I thought you said Dru wasn't allowed to ever talk about my weight again!

ANASTATIA:

I'm just saying, you might want to cut down on the ham sandwiches if you want Taylor to notice you.

DRUCELLA:

You know I'm hypoglycemic!

BRITNEY:

(whispering to ANASTATIA) What does that mean?

ANASTATIA:

That she outgrows her jeans every other week.

DRUCELLA:

Mother!

MARAGARETHE:

Now, now, girls. Let's don't lower ourselves to bickering like commoners. You two are the most beautiful, more refined, most cultured ladies in our city. There simply is no competition, so I am sure that the young Prince will choose one of you.

BRITNEY:

(clears her throat loudly) Uh, huh. No competition?

MARAGARETHE:

(coming forward and putting her arm around BRITNEY) Oh, my dear. You are pretty, especially when compared to all the other girls in the trailer park, but you can't honestly think that you will be able to beat out my beautiful daughters for Mr. Prince's affections, do you?

*The two sisters quickly forget their bickering and both bristle towards BRITNEY who is suddenly no longer a friend, but just one of many rivals.*

DRUCELLA:

Yeah, Britney, get real.

BRITNEY:

Stacy, are you going to let her talk to me like that?

ANASTATIA:

(crosses and takes BRITNEY by the arm, leading her to the door) I think it's best if you go home, go back to fishing with Daddy and leave the important stuff to us.

BRITNEY:

(looks at ANASTATIA and DRUCELLA in shock) Well, I never.

ANASTATIA:

(pushing her off stage) And you never will. Ta-ta!

(CONTINUED)

*ANASTATIA turns around and dramatically slaps her hands together, as if brushing off dirt. MARAGARETHE and DRUCELLA both clasp their hands with joy and laugh and three women huddle together for a quick hug.*

MARAGARETHE:

Well, we've got lots of work to do if we're going to have you girls ready for the party Saturday night. There's shopping for new dresses, hair and makeup to consider. And you, Drucella, need to go on a crash diet. (she takes the ham sandwich away from DRUCELLA)

DRUCELLA:

Hey, I'm not finished with that yet!

*ANASTATIA sticks her tongue out at her sister, then pulls out her cell phone.*

ANASTATIA:

You know, I think I'll order a pizza!

DRUCELLA:

Mom!

*MARAGARETHE hushes them both and herds the two sisters towards off stage right.*

MARAGARETHE:

Hush, now, both of you. And let's get to work.

*Just as they are about to exit, SYNTHERELLA, who has been sweeping and dusting in the background, steps forwards and calls to MARAGARETHE.*

SYNTHERELLA:

Lady Maragarethe?

*The three women stop and look back at SYNTHERELLA.*

MARAGARETHE:

Yes, what is it, Syntherella.

SYNTHERELLA:

(crossing timidly towards MARAGARETHE) Well, I overheard Britney talking about the party and how all the girls in town were invited. And I was just wondering... well, I was just wondering..

MARAGARETHE:

Spit it out, Syntherella?

SYNTHERELLA:

(blurting it out) Wondering if I could go?

*There is a pause as MARAGARETHE and her daughters look at each other. Then the three laugh boisterously at the idea of SYNTHERELLA attending the party.*

MARAGARETHE:

Oh, no, my dear. You simply have too much work to do around here. Besides, this party is for ladies. And you're.. well, you're....

ANASTATIA:

A robot!

SYNTHERELLA:

I am not! I am a Synthetic Relative. I'm just as real as you!

DRUCELLA:

Oh really? Then why do we have to plug you in every night and charge your batteries, freak?

MARAGARETHE:

Girls.. girls! Let's act like ladies and speak to each other respectfully.

*DRUCELLA and ANASTATIA stick their tongues out at SYNTHERELLA, united once again.*

MARAGARETHE:

But, I have to say the girls are correct, Syntherella. You may have been built of real flesh and bones and imprinted with the memories of my late husband, but you're not really a human. And you most certainly are not a lady, like my precious daughters here. (The two girls stick out their tongues again, very unlady like) So, the invitation to the party doesn't really apply to you. Besides, you would so uncomfortable around all those 'real' people. (she uses her fingers to make invisible parentheses in the air on the word real) I think you would just be so much more comfortable here at home, doing what you were built for. Cooking, cleaning and taking care of us.

SYNTHERELLA:

But, I promise I will have all my work done by the time for the party.

MARAGARETHE:

But what would you wear? That is your only dress.

(CONTINUED)



DRUCELLA:

And you ain't borrowing one of mine!

ANASTATIA:

Or mine!

SYNTHERELLA:

(pleading) I'll make my own dress.

MARAGARETHE:

And how will you get there? The Bentley looks big from the outside, but has a deplorable lack of legroom on the inside.

SYNTHERELLA:

I'll walk!

MARAGARETHE:

No, Syntherella. I think it's best if you just stayed here and did your chores. We'll make sure we take some pictures for you so it will almost be like you were there, won't it girls?

DRUCELLA:

(holds up her hands and acts like she's taking a picture) Snap! (she hands the imaginary photo to ANASTATIA who takes it, shakes it like a Polaroid and then looks at it)

ANASTATIA:

Oh, would you look at that. It's me and Taylor kissing on the dance floor.

DRUCELLA:

(taking it back) Let me see that!

MARAGARETHE:

Alright, girls. The subject is closed. Let's go start picking out your dresses. And you, Syntherella....

SYNTHERELLA:

(she tenses with hope that MARAGARETHE has changed her mind) Yes?

MARAGARETHE:

(suddenly no longer sweet) Get back to work!

*The girls laugh and exit, followed by MARAGARETHE. SYNTHERELLA is disappointed, but true to her nature, smiles and brushes her hair from her eyes, then begins to sweep again. After a second, DRUCELLA sneaks back on stage. She grabs the remote from off the couch and presses a*

*button. SYNTHERELLA suddenly stops sweeping, lifts the broom and hits herself in the head with it. DRUCELLA laughs.*

MARAGARETHE:

(from off stage) Drucella! Get back in here!

DRUCELLA:

Coming, Mother!

*DRUCELLA presses another button on the remote and SYNTHERELLA stops hitting herself and begins to sweep again. DRUCELLA turns to exit and says one final word before she leaves.*

DRUCELLA:

Freak!

**CURTAIN**

ACT 1Scene 3

*The day of the big party has arrived. SYNTHRELLA's wicked step mother has spent the last four days and over \$10,000 of the Colonel's life insurance money preparing her daughters for the big event. The finest designer clothes have been purchased, hairstylist and makeup artists flown in from around the country- even a manicurist from one of the most exclusive salons in Hollywood. Through all the fuss, not another word has been said about SYNTHRELLA attending the event. Instead, she has spent the last week washing clothes, running errands and picking up after her inconsiderate step sisters. As the curtain opens, MARAGARETHE, ANSTATIA and DRUCELLA are in various stages of getting ready for the big party at the King Mansion. There are a couple of chairs and makeup tables in the room, a full-length mirror and privacy screen stage right. DRUCELLA is standing in front of the mirror adjusting her bright green dress, while eating a slice of pizza. The dress is very tight and it is very obvious that she is uncomfortable. ANASTATIA is sitting in one of the chairs, being attended by her mother and a hair stylist that has been flown in for the occasion. As the curtain opens, DRUCELLA is screaming at her mother.*

DRUCELLA:

Do I have to wear a dress?

MARAGARETHE:

Yes, Drucella.

DRUCELLA:

But I hate this dress. It's way too tight. It makes me look.. (turning around and looking at her reflection)... fat.

ANASTATIA:

Then go on a diet!

*At this comment, DRUCELLA turns and throws a hairbrush at her sister, which barely misses her head.*

ANASTATIA:

Mom, did you see that?

(CONTINUED)

MARAGARETHE:

Girls, remember. We are refined and cultured ladies. That's why you're wearing the dress, Drucella. And that's why you're going to keep your comments to yourself, Anastatia.

DRUCELLA:

You would think paying \$2000 for a designer dress would make you look like a movie star.

ANASTATIA:

You do look like a movie star. Shrek! (yelling at the hair stylist) Ouch! Watch what you're doing, you clumsy idiot!

TIFFANY:

I'm so sorry, Miss Anastatia, but your hair is so tangled, I can hardly run a brush through it. Did you use the conditioner I sent you?

ANASTATIA:

Yes. And the shampoo and the detangler and the special comb-through solution. There's enough chemicals on my head to find a cure for cancer. Why not just try to pay attention to what you're doing. My mother is paying you enough to make me beautiful, so shut up and earn your pay.

TIFFANY:

Yes, ma'am.

*DRUCELLA turns and looks towards the 'door' on stage left. She is completely dressed, but barefoot.*

DRUCELLA:

And where is that lazy Syntherella? I sent her to pick up my shoes an hour ago.

MARAGARETHE:

You're the one who insisted on having diamonds sewn on them.

ANASTATIA:

She's trying to keep Taylor Prince looking at her feet instead of your big fat head!

DRUCELLA:

Mom!

MARAGARETHE:

Girls.. girls...

*Just then, SYNTHIERELLA rushes in carrying a large box containing DRUCELLA's shoes and two other large sacks.*

DRUCELLA:

Well, it's about time you got back. What did you do, stop to see a movie?

SYNTHIERELLA:

I'm sorry. They didn't have them ready and I had to wait.. and then...

DRUCELLA:

(interrupting) Save your excuses! Just give them to me. And my bag of candy?

SYNTHIERELLA:

(handing the large sack to DRUCELLA) Right here. I got the Mounds bars, the bag of Snickers, two boxes of Whoppers and the M&M's.

DRUCELLA:

With peanuts?

SYNTHIERELLA:

Yes. With peanuts.

ANASTATIA:

And you wonder why your dress doesn't fit.

*At this comment, TIFFANY snickers which brings a harsh look from both DRUCELLA and MARAGARETHE.*

ANASTATIA:

And where's my necklace and earrings? I hope that while you emptying the candy aisle at Wal-Mart, you didn't forget to pick them up.

SYNTHIERELLA:

Right here. (she holds out the bag to ANASTATIA)

ANASTATIA:

Well, don't just stand there. Help me put them on.

*SYNTHIERELLA obediently walks around ANASTATIA and puts the necklace around the girls neck. ANASTATIA snatches the earrings from the bag and puts them on herself, throwing the bag on the floor. SYNTHIERELLA bends over and picks up the bag and some of the other trash on the floor and takes it into the kitchen, off stage right.*

TIFFANY:

Hold still, Miss Anastatia. You're ruining your hair.

ANASTATIA:

My hair was ruined the moment you set your greasy hands on it. (she brushes her away) Just stop it. Maybe Taylor won't notice how hideous I look.

DRUCELLA:

If he notices you at all. He'll be too busy looking at me!

*The sisters finish their final preparations with a flourish. MARAGARETHE claps for joy and has the girls stand side by side while she admires them. ANASTATIA's hair is a mess and DRUCELLA has managed to smear candy bar across her face. SYNThERELLA comes back in the room.*

MARAGARETHE:

You both look beautiful. Don't they SYNThERELLA?

SYNThERELLA:

Yes.

MARAGARETHE:

Tiffany?

TIFFANY:

(with sarcasm) Gorgeous!

*MARAGARETHE hands a digital camera to SYNThERELLA and rushes over between the two sisters.*

MARAGARETHE:

Here, Sutherella. Take our picture before these two angels unfold their wings and fly away.

*The threesome pose for several pictures, ANASTATIA and DRUCELLA never smiling. MARAGARETHE hugs her two daughters close and smiles brightly.*

MARAGARETHE:

You know, I heard that Taylor Prince's father is a widow.

ANASTATIA:

Oh, no, Mother. The Colonel isn't even cold yet.

MARAGARETHE:

I'm just saying that I know how devastating it can be to lose a spouse...

(CONTINUED)

ANASTATIA:

Or, in your case, seven spouses...

MARAGARETHE:

... and how I understand just how lonely it must be for him. Up there in that big mansion, all alone.

DRUCELLA:

Mom, please tell me that you are not considering hitting on Taylor's Dad at this party tonight. Please, tell me..

MARAGARETHE:

Of course not. I just thought that maybe he and I could get to know each other a little more intimately and share each other's... you know, grief.

ANASTATIA:

(breaking away from her LADY MARGARETHE's grip) Oh, no! You are not going to embarass me in front of Taylor by playing the 'poor widow' and trying to snare husband number eight. This party is not for you, Mother, it's for us. This is our chance to grab a hold of the good life. You had your chance- seven times- and you blew it.

DRUCELLA:

(pulling away from her mother) Anastatia is right. It's our turn. Wait a minute, I thought the Colonel was only husband number six?

MARAGARETHE:

(to DRUCELLA) Six.. seven... what difference does it make? (to ANASTATIA) It will be several more years before either one of you is ready to trap... I mean, marry a husband. So who do you think will have to feed and clothe you until then? Me. The Colonel's money won't last forever, you know, and making the right impression on Mr. Prince is the first step to making sure that you girls will be able to keep on wearing fancy clothes, go to college and can afford to have people like Tiffany over there to wait on us hand and foot.

TIFFANY:

(standing and angry) Hey!

*MARAGARETHE walks over and rushes TIFFANY towards the door.*

MARAGARETHE:

No offense, Tiffany. I'm sure you had dreams once. (hands her a check) Here you go dear. You can let yourself out.

*MARAGARETHE gives TIFFANY a final push off stage and then turns towards the girls. SYNTHRELLA has cleaned up a little more and exits into the kitchen again.*

MARAGARETHE:

You're both growing up into beautiful women. And with that beauty and poise comes certain.... skills.

DRUCELLA:

(walking over to ANASTATIA, confused) Skills?

ANASTATIA:

She means we can use our looks to trap men into marrying us, just like she has.

DRUCELLA:

Oh. Cool.

ANASTATIA:

You really want to be like her?

DRUCELLA:

Why not? She's never had to work a day in her life and we've always lived in big houses, drove fancy cars.. had everything we wanted.

MARAGARETHE:

(walking over and putting her arms around the girls)  
And that's just the life I want for you girls. That's why it's so important that you make a good impression on Taylor Prince tonight. Now, I think our limo has arrived, so let's get going or we'll be late.

*They start to walk towards the door.*

DRUCELLA:

You did get the stretch Hummer, right?

MARAGARETHE:

Yes, Drucella. Only the best for my girls.

*As they near the door, SYNTHRELLA comes running back into the room from the kitchen. She has changed out of her rags and is wearing a simple, homemade dress and is pulling on her shoes.*

SYNTHRELLA:

Wait. I'm just about ready!

*MARAGARETHE and her daughters, stop and look back at SYNTHRELLA, not believing what they see. MARAGARETHE steps towards her.*



MARAGARETHE:

But, Syntherella, dear. I thought I made it clear that you were not going to the party.

SYNTHERELLA:

Yes, I know. But the invitation said all the girls in town were invited. And you said that I couldn't go because I had nothing to wear, but you see. I do. (looking down at her dress) I made it myself.

MARAGARETHE:

My, how resourceful of you, but I'm afraid this party is only for real girls. Not...

DRUCELLA:

(walking over) Not freaks! Besides, your dress has a big stain on it.

*SYNTHERELLA looks down at her dress*

SYNTHERELLA:

Where?

*DRUCELLA takes her partially eaten candy bar and smears it across the front of SYNTHERELLA's dress.*

DRUCELLA:

Right there!

*DRUCELLA and ANASTATIA laugh and then lock arms and exit.*

MARAGARETHE:

Drucella's right, I'm afraid. That dress is simply filthy. And besides, you wouldn't enjoy the party. There will none of 'your kind' there.. just us humans.

SYNTHERELLA:

(near tears) But, you said if I had a dress, I could...

MARAGARETHE:

(leading SYNTHERELLA to the couch) It's not my fault that you misunderstood me. Why don't you just come have a seat, dear, and we'll see if we can work something out. I'm sure that if you think about it, you'll realize that I'm only doing what's best for you.

*SYNTHERELLA sits in the middle of the couch, completely dejected. MARAGARETHE stands behind her.*

MARAGARETHE:

Just sit down and relax. You've been working hard and deserve a night off. And just to make sure you don't do something stupid like trying to sneak into the party, I think it would be best if I deactivated you for a few hours...

SYNTHERELLA:

(protesting) No! Please don't...

*Before SYNTHERELLA can react, MARAGARETHE reaches behind her and presses the button at the base of her skull and SYNTHERELLA instantly slumps down on the couch, completely lifeless.*

MARAGARETHE:

There. You just sit here and rest and me and the girls will be back before you know it. (she starts to exit) And who knows, if things go well, you just may have a new step father soon.

*MARAGARETHE exits laughing, leaving SYNTHERELLA sitting lifeless on the couch. There is the sound of a car driving away. After a few seconds of silence, the doorbell rings, followed by a shout from someone outside.*

GODFREY:

Hello, anyone home.

*The doorbell rings again, then there is a loud knock on the front door and the man's voice yells again from outside.*

GODFREY:

Hello? I'm here from Synthetic Relatives, Inc. May I come in?

*A few seconds go by with no response, then GODFREY sticks his head out from behind the curtain, looking around.*

GODFREY:

I hate to barge in, but the door was open.

*Seeing SYNTHERELLA slumped on the couch, GODFREY comes fully into the room. He is a short, round man with white hair and a thick, bushy mustache. He is wearing a pair of coveralls with the logo for Synthetic Relatives on the breast pocket which is large heart with the letters 'SR' in the middle. GODFREY is carrying what looks like a large doctor's medical bag in one hand. He's*

(CONTINUED)

*jolly and has a twinkle in his eye which reminds us of Santa Claus. Upon seeing SYNTHRELLA, he crosses over to her and stands behind the couch.*

GODFREY:

Oh, hello there. I said, hello.

*When GODFREY gets no response, he taps SYNTHRELLA on the shoulder and she promptly falls over onto her right side. GODFREY sets his bag down next to the couch and straightens her back up.*

GODFREY:

Oh, my. I'm sorry dear, I didn't know you were dormant. I guess someone found your 'off' button, huh? Well, I can take care of that.

*GODFREY tilts SYNTHRELLA's head forward slightly and presses the 'button' that reactivates her. SYNTHRELLA comes awake immediately, her head popping up and chirping her standard 'start up' greeting cheerfully.*

SYNTHRELLA:

Hello, I'm Syntherella. Nice to meet you.

*GODFREY comes around the couch and sits next to SYNTHRELLA, shaking her hand.*

GODFREY:

Well, it's nice to meet you, my dear. I'm Godfrey.

*SYNTHRELLA smiles.*

SYNTHRELLA:

I recognize that voice. Do I know you?

GODFREY:

Well, you should, my dear. I'm the one who made you.

SYNTHRELLA:

Made me?

GODFREY:

At the Synthetic Relatives lab. I was there when the Colonel came and ordered you. He said that he wanted you to be perfect in every way- beautiful, poised and polite. And I can see that he certainly got his wish.

SYNTHRELLA:

You met my father?

GODFREY:

Oh, yes, my dear. He was a wonderful man. It was so sad when he died. But at least the best of him lived on... in you.

SYNTHERELLA:

(clutching her torso as if trying to feel her father underneath the skin) In me.

GODFREY:

Yes, Syntherella. He's in there somewhere. I can see him in your eyes. (he stands and picks up his bag and goes behind the couch) Now, I'm here for some regular maintenance, just to make sure you're functioning up to specs. It won't take but just a few moments and then I'll out of your hair and on my way.

*GODFREY opens his bag and pulls out a screwdriver and clipboard.*

GODFREY:

Where is your step mother and step sisters?

SYNTHERELLA:

They went to a party. For Taylor Prince.

GODFREY:

Ah, the Prince Family. I know them well. Very nice folks.

*GODFREY tilts SYNTHERELLA's head forward slightly and uses the screwdriver to open an 'unseen' panel on the back of her head. The audience can't see the panel, but assume from his actions that it is there.*

GODFREY:

Okay.. let's take a look here.

SYNTHERELLA:

What did you say your name was?

GODFREY:

Godfrey. But most of my creations just call me Godfather.

SYNTHERELLA:

Godfather? Why?

GODFREY:

Well, a godfather is the person a parent chooses to take care of their children in case they can't. And, that's kind of what I do. So, everyone just calls me Godfather. And you can, too, if you wish.

(CONTINUED)

SYNTHERELLA:

Okay.. Godfather.

*GODFREY smiles and then gets back to work at the back of SYNTHERELLA's head for a moment in silence, using various tools from his bag.*

SYNTHERELLA:

Godfather?

GODFREY:

Yes, my dear?

SYNTHERELLA:

Can I ask you a question?

GODFREY:

Certainly, sweetheart.

SYNTHERELLA:

Am I real?

*GODFREY stops for a moment and looks at SYNTHERELLA.*

GODFREY:

Real? What do you mean?

SYNTHERELLA:

Am I a real person, like you?

GODFREY:

Well, how do you know I'm real?

SYNTHERELLA:

Well, I can see you.

GODFREY:

And I can see you. You're sitting right in front of me, aren't you?

SYNTHERELLA:

Yes, but, I mean, am I a real girl?

GODFREY:

(puts down his tools and comes around the couch, sitting beside SYNTHERELLA) Why do you ask? Has someone been making fun of you?

SYNTHERELLA:

Yes.

GODFREY:  
Who?

SYNTHERELLA:  
My step sisters and step mother. They call me a freak.  
And a monster.

GODFREY:  
Uh, huh. And how does that make you feel?

SYNTHERELLA:  
Sad. And alone.

GODFREY:  
(he holds up the tool in his hand) You know, this  
screwdriver here said the very same thing to me just  
the other day.

SYNTHERELLA:  
No it didn't. Screwdrivers can't talk.

GODFREY:  
Sure they can. I was putting him away when this very  
screwdriver looked up at me and said that he got real  
sad lying down at the bottom of my tool bag all  
alone. He said that the other tools knew he was my  
favorite and wouldn't talk to him. He said it made him  
feel very sad.

SYNTHERELLA:  
Really? The screwdriver talked to you?

GODFREY:  
Well, what do you think?

SYNTHERELLA:  
I think you're making it up.

GODFREY:  
You're right, Syntherella. He didn't talk to me. He's  
a screwdriver. He doesn't talk or walk or feel  
anything. He's an inanimate object. But you, on the  
other hand. You can talk. Let's try a little  
test. Repeat after me, "Peter Piper picked a peck of  
pickled peppers. A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper  
picked."

SYNTHERELLA:  
(she looks curiously at Godfrey, then repeats the  
tongue twister) Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled  
peppers. A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked.

GODFREY:

Very good. (he makes a note on his clipboard) Your vocal skills are excellent. And unlike this screwdriver, you can walk. Stand up and show me.

*SYNTHERELLA stands and walks towards stage left, then turns and walks back to GODFREY. She sits on the couch.*

GODFREY:

Ah, very good. Excellent motor skills. (he makes a note on his clipboard, then holds up the screwdriver) Now, Syntherella, which one of you is more real. This screwdriver or you?

SYNTHERELLA:

Well, I guess I am.

GODFREY:

Exactly. You can run, you can skip, you can read a book or sing a song. You feel happiness and sadness, pleasure and pain just like your step sisters do. If you can do all those things and feel all those things, just like a 'real' human, who's to say you're not.

SYNTHERELLA:

Well, my stepmother for one. That's why I didn't get to go the party. She says it's because I'm not really real.

GODFREY:

(standing and crossing right) Huh, so you want to go the party at the Prince Mansion, huh?

SYNTHERELLA:

(getting up and following GODFREY) More than anything!

GODFREY:

Then.. why don't you?

SYNTHERELLA:

I can't. It's a formal ball and I have nothing to wear. (pointing to the stain on her dress) Drucella saw to that.

GODFREY:

(crossing behind the couch and opening his bag) You know, this old bag has been known to store a little magic way down in the bottom. Let me see what I can find down there.

*He reaches deep into the bag and miraculously pulls out a beautiful red dress and hands it to SYNTHERELLA.*

GODFREY:

See if this fits.

*SYNTHERELLA takes the dress and holds it up in front of her.*

SYNTHERELLA:

It's perfect. I never dreamed I would have something so beautiful. How did you know my size?

GODFREY:

Oh, I guess that's what us Godfathers are good at-making dreams come true. (he reaches back into the bag) And the matching shoes, size 8?

SYNTHERELLA:

(grabbing them) Oh, yes! (she jumps up and down with joy)

GODFREY:

Well, don't just stand there, go change. You've got a party to go to.

*SYNTHERELLA runs quickly off stage and changes while GODFREY pulls out his cell phone and makes a quick call.*

GODFREY:

Hello, Yellow Cab. Yes, I need a car at 222 Cinder Cirlce. Okay, thank you. (calling offstage) You know, I was up at the Prince Mansion one time. Called up there by Mr. Zachary Prince himself. Poor man had just lost his wife and was beside himself with grief. I remember, he came to the door in nothing but his robe and slippers, his hair a mess and looking like he hadn't shaved in a month. He swung open that big front and then turned around and just wandered back down the hallway like I wasn't even there. I found him in this huge library that had one wall filled from the floor to the ceiling with books and another wall covered with all kinds of mounted game trophies... deer, elk and this huge moose head. I asked him why he had called me up there and he said..

*SYNTHERELLA runs back into the room, interrupting GODFREY's story. She has changed into the dress and shoes, cleaned her face and put her hair up. She looks beautiful.*

GODFREY:

Oh, Syntherella. You look stunning!

*SYNTHERELLA runs to GODFREY and kisses his cheek. He pulls a red bow from his pocket.*

(CONTINUED)



GODFREY:

Just one final little touch.

*He puts the bow in SYNThERELLA's hair and she hugs him again.*

SYNThERELLA:

Oh, Godfather. Thank you, thank you. When I put on this dress, I felt like I was finally whole. Like I was just like all the other girls out there. It was like magic.

GODFREY:

It is magic, Syntherella. Putting on that dress made you just as real as anybody at that party. But like all magic, it can't last.

SYNThERELLA:

Can't last?

GODFREY:

Yes, my dear. You see, at the stroke of midnight, the dress loses it's magic and turns back into the pile of dirty, grease stained rags that have been in the bottom of my bag for months. Go and enjoy the party. There's a cab just out front, waiting to take you there and bring you home. But remember, you must be gone by midnight or everyone will see you for who you really are. Do you understand?

SYNThERELLA:

I think so. I have to leave by midnight.

GODFREY:

Yes, Syntherella, or risk having young Taylor Prince seeing you dressed like a beggar in rags.

SYNThERELLA:

(running and hugging him again) Oh, thank you, Godfather. I'll not forget, I promise.

*SYNThERELLA runs for the door and then turns towards GODFREY.*

SYNThERELLA:

Godfrey?

GODFREY:

Yes, my dear.

SYNThERELLA:

Do you think my father would have been proud of me?

GODFREY:

I think the Colonel would have considered you his greatest accomplishment, Syntherella. Now, go and have fun. But remember...

SYNTHERELLA:

I know.. midnight.

*She runs out the door, excitedly. GODFREY finishes packing the tools in his bag and notices the remote control sitting on the couch. He picks it up, looks around the room.*

GODFREY:

This could be dangerous.

*After dropping the remote into his bag, GODFREY exits.*

**CURTAIN**

**INTERMISSION**

ACT 2Scene 1

*Lights come up with curtain drawn. After a moment, Zachary and Taylor Prince enter from stage right. Both are dressed in suits and ties for the party. They stop center stage and Zachary reaches over and straightens Taylor's tie and lapels.*

ZACHARY:

Hold still, son.

TAYLOR:

I can do that myself, Dad.

ZACHARY:

I know you can, but first impressions are very important and I want to make sure that everything is perfect when you open the front door and greet your guests. This night is very important for you, Taylor.

TAYLOR:

You mean, it's important for you, Dad. I don't want to have a party and I certainly don't want to feel pressured into finding a girlfriend.

*ZACHARY holds his hands up defensively and steps back from TAYLOR. The two have had this argument several times in the last few days.*

ZACHARY:

No pressure. I just want you find someone that will make you happy.

TAYLOR:

I don't need a girlfriend to make me happy.

ZACHARY:

I know, I know. But I'm not getting any younger, you know, and who's going to take care of you after I'm gone?

TAYLOR:

I can take care of myself. Besides, I want to find someone who likes me for who I am, someone who doesn't care about the money.

ZACHARY:

And who knows. Maybe that special someone will be at the party.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR:

It's that important to you?

ZACHARY:

Yes, Taylor. It's that important. Before I'm gone, I want to make sure that you have someone that loves you as much as I do. Someone that will take care of you. I don't care if they're rich or poor, high society or not. All I want is for you to be happy. So, what you say you humor your old man and be a good sport about this. Who knows? Maybe that special someone will be here tonight. Or maybe not. Either way, you get to show off your new suit, huh?

TAYLOR:

I'd rather be wearing shorts.

ZACHARY:

Then we'll have the next party by the pool. But right now, we're going to put on a big smile and make everyone feel welcome, okay?

TAYLOR:

Okay.

ZACHARY:

That's the spirit! Now, let's open the doors and get our groove on.

*ZACHARY does a little dance as he walks towards stage left, holding up his hands and 'raising the roof' as he walks.*

TAYLOR:

Please don't do that in front of my friends.

*The two men exit and after a few seconds, the curtain opens to reveal a large ballroom. There are several chairs along the outside of the room and two tables set upstage and covered with food. There is dance music playing in the background throughout the scene. ZACHARY is standing near the 'door' and to his right is TAYLOR. They are welcoming guest as they arrive. Two girls in dresses enter and ZACHARY shakes their hands.*

ZACHARY:

Welcome, ladies. We are so glad you're here. (nudging TAYLOR) Aren't we, Taylor?

TAYLOR:

Oh, yeah. Hi, Kayla... Gabby.

KAYLA:

Hi, Taylor. You look very handsome.

TAYLOR:

Thank you.

GABBY:

This is your house? (looking around) Boy, you must be rich.

KAYLA:

(pushing her friend on into the room, embarrassed) Gabby! I'm sorry, Taylor. She doesn't get out much.

TAYLOR:

That's okay. Please make yourselves at home. There's plenty of refreshments and punch.

*The two girls cross towards one of the tables.*

GABBY:

Good, I'm so starved, I could eat the saddle out from underneath a cowboy.

KAYLA:

Gabby! That's gross!

*Several more young people enter and are greeted by ZACHARY and TAYLOR. We hear a loud commotion and voices from off stage as DRUCELLA, ANASTATIA and MARAGARETHE have arrived.*

DRUCELLA:

I'm going in first!

ANASTATIA:

No, you're not. I'm the one he's going to want to marry. I should go in first.

DRUCELLA:

And ruin my grand entrance with your loud mouth. No way!

MARAGARETHE:

Girls, girls. Remember, we're ladies!

DRUCELLA:

Well, this 'lady' is going in first.

ANASTATIA:

Oh no, you're not!

(CONTINUED)

*There is the sound of fighting and then DRUCELLA and ANASTATIA tumble onto stage, screaming and fighting. They stumble and land on the floor at TAYLOR's feet.*

DRUCELLA:

Let go of my hair, you witch!

ANASTATIA:

Not until you get off my foot, lardo!

*MARAGARETHE rushes in and yells at the girls who continue to fight on the floor in front of TAYLOR and ZACHARY.*

MARAGARETHE:

Girls.. girls! Not in front of our hosts!

*DRUCELLA and ANASTATIA look up and see TAYLOR standing over them, embarrassed. The immediately stop fighting, smile at TAYLOR and attempt to get up. TAYLOR bends over to help DRUCELLA to her feet.*

TAYLOR:

Here, allow me.

*He lifts DRUCELLA from the floor and she bats her eyelashes and responds as if nothing has happened.*

DRUCELLA:

Oh, thank you, Taylor. My, you are so strong.

*ANASTATIA drags herself across the floor and holds her hand up to TAYLOR, asking for his help.*

ANASTATIA:

Would you ever so mind, Taylor?

TAYLOR:

Certainly.

*He lifts ANASTATIA to her feet and she acts like she stumbles and falls into his arms.*

ANASTATIA:

Oh, Taylor. I am so sorry. I'm not used to high heels.

DRUCELLA:

P..lease...

TAYLOR:

That's okay. I see that you are quite graceful in them.

*ANASTATIA gathers herself and steps away from TAYLOR, not sure if he has given her a compliment or insult. As she steps close to DRUCELLA, she sticks out her tongue and the two get into a brief shoving match. MARAGARETHE has maintained her cool throughout the entire incident and extends her gloved hand to ZACHARY PRINCE and curtsies.*

MARAGARETHE:

Please excuse my girls, Mr. Prince. Proper breeding always makes young girls... ah, high strung. I'm sure you understand.

ZACHARY:

(taking her hand and shaking it) No problem, Mrs....

MARAGARETHE:

That's Miss... Miss Maragareth Chattenworth. And may I present my two lovely... and quite eligible daughters... Drucella and Anastatia.

*Both girls curtsie awkwardly and extend their hands to TAYLOR at the same time, slapping each other to be the first to shake his hand.*

ZACHARY:

Niced to meet you MARAGARETHE. And you, young ladies. You both know my son, Taylor?

ANASTATIA:

Yes, we do. From school.

DRUCELLA:

(she reverts to being a tom boy for a moment, hitting TAYLOR on the shoulder) What's up, bro?

TAYLOR:

(uncomfortable) Nothing.

MARAGARETHE:

(to ZACHARY) You have a lovely home here, Mr. Prince. I can see that Mrs. Prince does a wonderful job as a hostess.

ZACHARY:

Oh, there is no "Mrs." Prince. I am a widower, I'm afraid.

(CONTINUED)

MARAGARETHE:

Oh, I am so sorry. I, too, am just recently widowed. But I find that getting out and socializing really helps me with my grief.

*MARAGARETHE reaches over and takes ZACHARY by the arm and looks at him alluringly. There is an audible groan from her daughters at this blatant attempt at seducing ZACHARY PRINCE.*

MARAGARETHE:

Would you be so kind as to show me where the refreshments are, Mr. Prince. Unfortunately, our limousine was poorly stocked with beverages and I am simply parched.

ZACHARY:

Why cerainly.

*The two exit towards the food tables, leaving TAYLOR to stand uncomfortably with DRUCELLA and ANASTASIA. There is an akward moment of silence and then DRUCELLA reaches into a pocket of her dress and pulls out a candy bar, unwraps it and takes a big bite.*

DRUCELLA:

(with her mouth full) Cool party, Taylor.

TAYLOR:

Thanks.

DRUCELLA:

I hear your old man is trying to get you married off.

ANASTATIA:

Dru! I'm sorry, Taylor. My sister is a barbarian.

DRUCELLA:

I am not! (she turns to TAYLOR) I eat meat all the time! Rare! (she takes a big, exxagerated bite of the candy bar and TAYLOR jumps)

ANASTATIA:

Not a vegetarian, you idiot! I'm sorry, Taylor. Drucella has a lot to learn about being a proper lady.

TAYLOR:

I'm sure that's not true. You both look quite.. ah...ah... beautiful.

(CONTINUED)



DRUCELLA:

Yeah, my step dad just kicked the bucket and we got this life insurance check. So, we got some money now. (waving around the room) You know, not YOUR kind of money, but it was enough to help me and Stacy get all dolled up for your big party. (Anastatia is horrified by this speech)

TAYLOR:

I can see that.

DRUCELLA:

Yeah, I'm actually wearing panty hose. Can you believe it? (she reaches back and tugs at the fabric of her dress) And let me tell you, those suckers are tight!

TAYLOR:

How interesting.

DRUCELLA:

So which one of us do you like?

ANASTATIA:

(hitting DRUCELLA with shock) Drucella!

DRUCELLA:

Well, Mother says he has to pick one of us before the dance is over, so I just wanted to know if it's me or not. Because, if it's not, I'm heading over to the buffet table and making a mess of myself.

ANASTATIA:

(to Taylor) I am so sorry.

TAYLOR:

That's quite alright. I like both of you just fine.

DRUCELLA:

But you like me 'finer' don't you?

ANASTATIA:

Dru!

DRUCELLA:

I'm just trying to get the guy to commit. Jeez, Stacy. Chillax, why don't you.

TAYLOR:

You know, it is way too early in the evening for anyone to start 'pairing up'. Why don't we see what happens, okay?

(CONTINUED)

DRUCELLA:

Okay. But, listen... if I were to head over to the buffet table and were to accidentally spill something... like, I don't know.. hot wings or chili all down the front of my dress, that wouldn't knock me out of the running to be your girlfriend, would it?

TAYLOR:

Absolutely not! Go ahead and enjoy yourself. (he gives them a little push towards the tables) Both of you!

DRUCELLA:

Okay. (over her shoulder) Save me a dance!

ANASTATIA:

Me, too.

TAYLOR:

It shall be the hightlight of my evening! (after they leave, TAYLOR shakes his head and looks up towards the ceiling) God, please take me now!

*A few more people enter and greet TAYLOR who is beginnig to look increasingly more uncomfortable. As he is standing alone and watching his guest eat and mingle, SYNTHRELLA steps through the door. She is dazzling in her long gown. She approaches TAYLOR sheepishly and taps him on the shoulder to get his attention.*

SYNTHRELLA:

Hi, there. I'm not sure I'm at the right address. Is this the Prince residence.

TAYLOR:

(he perks up when he sees this beautiful young girl) Yes, it is.

SYNTHRELLA:

Good, then I'm at the right place.

TAYLOR:

(extends his hand) Hi, I'm Taylor Prince. Welcome to my party.

SYNTHRELLA:

(shaking his hand) Nice to meet you, Taylor. And thank you.

*SYNTHRELLA stands and fidgets a little. She has never been to a party or around boys and is not sure what to say.*

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR:

Are you from around here? I don't think I've ever seen you at my school.

SYNTHERELLA:

Well, I don't go to school. But I was built here..

TAYLOR:

I'm sorry?

SYNTHERELLA:

Oops.. I mean, born here. I get those two words mixed up all the time.

*The music changes and a slow song begins to play. Several of the kids 'pair up' and start slow dancing. TAYLOR and SYNTHERELLA just stand and watch the couples nervously.*

TAYLOR:

Say.. ah, would you like to dance?

SYNTHERELLA:

I don't know. I've never danced before.

TAYLOR:

You've never danced?

SYNTHERELLA:

Nope. Two left feet. And, anyway, I don't think I was programmed for it.

TAYLOR:

Programmed?

SYNTHERELLA:

I meant I'm not 'prepared' for it. There I go again, getting my words mixed up.

TAYLOR:

Well, that's okay. I'm not much of a dancer myself, but I can teach you. It's easy. Here... take my hand.

*TAYLOR reaches out and takes SYNTHERELLA's hand and then pulls her close to him and they start to dance.*

TAYLOR:

Just watch my feet. That's right, just like that.

SYNTHERELLA:

This isn't so hard.

TAYLOR:

Told ya'. Just move with the music. Come on, let's make all the other girls jealous!

*They dance into the center of the room and everyone stops to look at them. DRUCELLA and ANASTATIA step forward and watch the couple. DRUCELLA is holding a large sandwich and talks with her mouth full.*

DRUCELLA:

Hey, I thought Taylor was saving the first dance for me?

ANASTATIA:

Well, maybe he would have if you hadn't decided to eat your way through entire menu at Subway.

DRUCELLA:

I will have you know that this is only my third sandwich. They have a lot more than that on the menu at Subway.

ANASTATIA:

Wow, she's pretty.

*They both look a little closer and realize TAYLOR is dancing with SYNTHRELLA.*

ANASTATIA:

Oh, my God. Is that who I think it is?

DRUCELLA:

No. It can't be. Mother said she turned her off and left her on the couch.

*TAYLOR and SYNTHRELLA dance in a circle around the room and when they pass by DRUCELLA and ANASTATIA, SYNTHRELLA smiles and waves at her step sisters. Both are enraged and scream for their mother.*

DRUCELLA & ANASTATIA:

Mom!!

*MARAGARETHE is still holding ZACHARY's arm and talking in the opposite corner of the room. She has so been so focused on this potential new husband that she has not noticed SYNTHRELLA.*

MARAGARETHE:

Girls, can't you see I'm talking to the handsome Mr. Prince here.

(CONTINUED)

*She looks at her daughters and all they have to do is point at SYNTHRELLA. Upon seeing who it is, MARAGARETHE excuses herself from ZACHARY and rushes over to the girls.*

MARAGARETHE:

What is SHE doing here?

ANASTATIA:

I was about to ask you the same question. I thought you turned her off before we left.

MARAGARETHE:

I did! (she notices DRUCELLA who is still eating) Didn't I tell you that your dress was way too tight for you to be eating in it?

DRUCELLA:

Yeah. (she takes another bite)

MARAGARETHE:

(pointing at the sandwich) Then, what in the world is that, Drucella?

DRUCELLA:

I think it's ham and swiss. Might have some salami in it. I can't tell.

ANASTATIA:

Mother! Forget her. What are we going to do about (pointing) HER?

MARAGARETHE:

(she ponders this for a moment) Well... we can't make a scene. Not when I'm making some real headway with Zachary Prince. Did you know that he owns his own island in the Carribean? His own island!

ANASTATIA:

Mother, now is not the time to try and reel in Number Eight. Can't you see that we have a much bigger problem on our hands. (pointing to SYNTHRELLA)

DRUCELLA:

Does anyone have a remote?

ANASTATIA:

What?

DRUCELLA:

Never mind. (she goes back to eating her sandwich)

*The three women stand and watch TAYLOR and SYNThERELLA dance for a few seconds and then MARAGARETHE has an idea.*

MARAGARETHE:

I got it!

ANASTATIA:

What?

MARAGARETHE:

We're going to have to turn her off again.

DRUCELLA:

Yeah, because that worked so well the first time.

MARAGARETHE:

We'll just have to turn her off where nobody can see it. And when everyone thinks that Syntherella has fainted, we'll say we know her and will be glad to take her home.

DRUCELLA:

But, if we leave early, I won't be able to get my dance with Taylor.

MARAGARETHE:

Do you really think he's still interested in you, Drucella? Especially with mustard all over your face?

*DRUCELLA tries to lick the mustard from her lips and then wipes her face furiously to get it off.*

ANASTATIA:

Not from the way he's eyeballing Synthrella. He ain't interested in nobody else!

*The song ends and another slow song begins. TAYLOR and SYNThERELLA are so enraptured with each other, they do not notice and continue to dance together.*

MARAGARETHE:

Okay, here's what we're going to do. You two are going to get up close to Syntherella and press that litte button on the back of her neck right where her hair ends.

*And to demonstrate, MARAGARETHE presses her thumb into the back of DRUCELLA's neck. The girl yelps in pain and drops her sandwich.*

DRUCELLA:

Ow. Dang, Mom. You made me drop my sandwich.

*She picks the sandwich up, brushes it off and goes back to eating it.*

MARAGARETHE:

Yeah? Well, it's gonna' hurt even worse if Syntherella steals that rich Prince kid away from either one of you. I've hit his old man with everything I got, but the old coot is pretty stuck on being single for the rest of his life. So, it's up to you two to stop this madness and snatch Taylor away from your crazy robot sister.

ANASTATIA:

All we have to do is press the button?

MARAGARETHE:

Yep. Find it, press it real hard and I'll do the rest. Now get out there! Go!

*DRUCELLA and ANASTATIA look around for partners, but don't see any boys nearby.*

DRUCELLA:

There's no boys. Who are we supposed to dance with?

MARAGARETHE:

With each other! (she takes the sandwich away from DRUCELLA and then shoves them onto the dance floor) Now get out there!

*DRUCELLA and ANASTATIA give each other a disgusted look, but finally face each other and start dancing. They immediately start to argue.*

DRUCELLA:

Hey, I'm leading!

ANASTATIA:

No you aren't! I am!

DRUCELLA:

We'll see about that!

*DRUCELLA yanks ANASTATIA rudely onto the dance floor, dragging her around roughly and they nearly collide with TAYLOR and SYNThERELLA. As they pass, DRUCELLA reaches out and takes a swipe at SYNThERELLA's head, but misses.*

ANASTATIA:

Okay. You lead. Just get me closer. I've got better aim.

*The two sisters follow TAYLOR and SYNTHRELLA around the dance floor. Everytime they get close, ANASTATIA reaches out and tries to press at the back of SYNTHRELLA's neck. On one attempt, she misses and pokes DRUCELLA in the eye.*

DRUCELLA:

Ow! Watch who you're poking.

ANASTATIA:

I can't help it. You've got to get me closer!

*They look over at MARAGARETHE and shrug. She uses the sandwich and motions for them to get closer.*

MARAGARETHE:

Get in there. Now!

*The two sisters whirl around and dance back towards TAYLOR and SYNTHRELLA who are oblivious to those around them.*

ANASTATIA:

That's it. Just a little closer.

*She reaches out her hand.*

ANASTATIA:

Closer. Okay. I've just about got it. Closer.

*ANASTATIA reaches out to touch the back of SYNTHRELLA's neck and just as she starts to press the button, there is the sound of a clock striking twelve. SYNTHRELLA pulls away just as her step sister finds the button causing ANASTATIA and DRUCELLA to nearly stumble and fall.*

SYNTHRELLA:

(to Taylor) Is it midnight?

*TAYLOR looks at his watch and nods.*

TAYLOR:

Yes. Why?

SYNTHRELLA:

I've got to go!

*She pulls away from him and starts towards the door. TAYLOR follows.*



TAYLOR:

Where are you going? You just got here.

SYNTHERELLA:

I'm sorry. I've got to go home.

*The clock continues to strike twelve and TAYLOR grabs SYNTHERELLA's arm and tries to pull her back.*

TAYLOR:

Please. Stay for just a little while longer. I didn't want to have this party. I knew that there was no way I would find the girl of my dreams at some stupid dance party. But, then... you showed up. Please don't leave.

SYNTHERELLA:

I'm sorry, Taylor, but I have to. Please, let me go!

TAYLOR:

But when can I see you again? Where can I find you?

SYNTHERELLA:

(frantic) I don't know. I'm not even supposed to be here. Please, Taylor, I have to leave NOW!

*TAYLOR releases her arm and SYNTHERELLA dashes towards the door and exits. TAYLOR calls after her.*

TAYLOR:

But... I don't even know your name!

*TAYLOR stands and watches the door, hoping that SYNTHERELLA will come back. When she doesn't, he turns towards his guests. Everyone has stopped dancing and is staring at him. He begins to cross towards his father and is intercepted by DRUCELLA.*

DRUCELLA:

I'm ready for my dance now, Taylor.

*He walks past her in a haze.*

DRUCELLA:

Taylor?

*Taylor crosses to his father*

TAYLOR:

(to his father) She was the one, father.

ZACHARY:

I told you she might be here. What's her name?

TAYLOR:

(he looks towards the door) I don't know. And now she's gone forever.

*Before his father can comfort him, TAYLOR crosses the room and exits stage right. Everyone watches him leave, and then ZACHARY steps forward, trying to be cheerful.*

ZACHARY:

Everything is okay. Taylor is not feeling well but that's no reason for the party to end. Please, enjoy yourselves. There's plenty of food and drink. (he waves offstage at an unseen DJ) Let's get the music going. Everyone... please, dance!

*The music starts back up and people begin to dance halfheartedly as ZACHARY runs off stage after TAYLOR. DRUCELLA crosses to her mother and snatches back her sandwich, taking a big bite.*

DRUCELLA:

Well, at least now I don't have to worry about spilling stuff on my dress!

*She continues to eat the sandwich as the lights fade.*

**CURTAIN**

ACT 2Scene 2

*The curtain opens to MARAGARETHE's living room. It's after the party and everyone is still dressed in their party dresses, except SYNTHRELLA is sitting on the couch, once again dressed in rags. The only sign that she was once at the party is her red hair bow which is sitting on the table beside the couch. DRUCELLA and ANASTATIA are standing beside the chair, arms crossed and very angry at SYNTHRELLA. DRUCELLA is eating a corn dog. MARAGARETHE is pacing behind the couch and scolding SYNTHRELLA when the lights come up.*

MARAGARETHE:

What were you thinking?

DRUCELLA:

(pointing her corn dog) Yeah? What were you thinking, freak?

SYNTHRELLA:

I don't know. I'm sorry.

ANASTATIA:

(stepping forward) And how did you start yourself? (to MARAGARETHE) Are we even sure that on/off button really works, Mother?

MARAGARETH:

That's what Mr. Nicholas said. Push it in once to turn her on and push it in again to turn her off.

DRUCELLA:

(flopping down in the chair with her legs over the left side) I think we should should send her back to the factory and have them take her apart.

SYNTHRELLA:

No!

DRUCELLA:

Yeah. We could have the robot people take her apart and maybe use what's left of her to make something that's a little more obedient. Like a dog. Or a pony. That would be cool.

MARAGARETHE:

Yeah? Do you think your little pony could clean the house? Or cook? Or wash the clothes? You want to do it, Drucella?

(CONTINUED)

DRUCELLA:

No!

MARAGARETHE:

And besides, the will said we have to keep her or we lose everything.

ANASTATIA:

Well, we just about lost everything last night. If she had opened up her big mouth and told everybody at the party who and what she is....

DRUCELLA:

An evil robot!

ANASTATIA:

No.. that's not what I meant. If she told everybody that she's supposed to be our sister... but instead, that we've turned her into our... domestic servant, then Taylor would never want to marry me.

DRUCELLA:

You never had a chance in the first place. I'm the one he was interested in.

ANASTATIA:

Oh really? You sure he just didn't want to take a bite of your sandwich.

*At that remark, DRUCELLA tries to kick ANASTATIA with one of her feet. ANASTATIA responds by slapping at her. MARAGARETHE comes between them, pushing ANASTATIA behind the couch.*

MARAGARETHE:

Okay, break it up. I'm sure that both of you impressed young Taylor Prince quite sufficiently tonight. We just have to make sure we get rid of any.... distractions.

DRUCELLA:

Like Stacy's bad breath?

*ANASTATIA tries to hit DRUCELLA again, but their mother stops her.*

MARAGARETHE:

No... like a certain young synthetic step sister.

*The two sisters look at SYNTHARELLA simultaneously.*

ANASTATIA:

You mean we're going to kill her?

DRUCELLA:

(holding up her corndog) I vote for that.

MARAGARETHE:

No. We're not going to kill her. But, from now on, Syntherella does not leave this house. For anything!

SYNTHERELLA:

You mean, I can't see Taylor again? Ever?

MARAGARETHE:

No, Syntherella. Never!

SYNTHERELLA:

Not even to say goodbye? (she begins to cry)

MARAGARETHE:

(softening her tone and sitting by SYNTHERELLA on the couch) I'm sorry, dear, but it's just not fair for Drucella or Anastatia. They have pimples and black heads. Split ends.. and Drucella has that big wart on her....

DRUCELLA:

Hey!

MARAGARETHE:

All I'm saying is you'll never had to worry about that kind of stuff. You're perfect. (pointing at her two daughters) They're not. You see how unfair that is, don't you? Drucella and Anastatia will never be able to compete with you.

*SYNTHERELLA looks at her step sisters and then at MARAGARETHE sympathetically.*

SYNTHERELLA:

Well, I guess you're right. I'm sorry, Drucella. I'm sorry, Anastatia. I shouldn't have gone to the party.

MARAGARETHE:

Apology accept. Right girls?

*DRUCELLA and ANASTATIA look away, ignoring SYNTHERELLA and not answering.*

MARAGARETHE:

Girls?

ANASTATIA:

Oh, alright.

DRUCELLA:

Just don't let it happen again or I'll get a screwdriver and take you apart myself. I bet you'd make a kicking Ipod.

MARAGARETHE:

Okay. Now, I think that we've all learned a valuable lesson. And that is that Synterella will be much happier if she just remembers her place around here.

DRUCELLA:

Well, just in case, I think we should chain her up.

MARAGARETHE:

Drucella!

DRUCELLA:

You know, so she doesn't get loose and tries to hook up with Taylor.

MARAGARETHE:

We don't have to worry about that, do we Syntherella? You're going to stay right here and do your chores and leave the 'real' girl stuff to your sisters, right?

SYNTHERELLA:

Yes, ma'am.

ANASTATIA:

Just in case, we need to make sure that on/off button works. Maybe we should spray some WD-40 in her ear or something. So it won't stick.

MARAGARETHE:

I'm sure that we will have no further problems with Syntherella. Will we, dear?

SYNTHERELLA:

No, ma'am.

MARAGARETHE:

But, I am going to call the Synthetic Relative people and schedule a tune up, just to be sure.

DRUCELLA:

Make sure they change her oil and rotate her tires while they at it. And maybe change out one of her arms for a cappucino machine.

*DRUCELLA and ANASTATIA laugh at her joke and SYNThERELLA just sits on the couch, miserable.*

MARAGARETHE:

Very funny, Drucella. Humor can be a powerful weapon when attracting a young gentleman like Taylor Prince. Remember that.

DRUCELLA:

Yes, mother.

*MARAGARETHE stands and straightens her skirt and looks down at SYNThERELLA.*

MARAGARETHE:

Well, now that we've settled that, I think it's time for you to get back to work, Syntherella. The girl's dresses need to be washed and pressed, their bathrooms need to be cleaned and I'm sure that both Anastatia and Drucella's rooms are a wreck.

ANASTATIA:

Mine is. And after that little stunt tonight, I'm sure it's only going to get worse.

MARAGARETHE:

Well, don't just sit there, Syntherella. Get to work!

*SYNThERELLA stands up and bows a little to MARAGARETHE.*

SYNThERELLA:

Yes, ma'am.

*She exits towards the kitchen with her head down. DRUCELLA calls after her, getting in one last jab.*

DRUCELLA:

Make sure you take the plunger. My toilet is stopped up something awful!

SYNThERELLA:

Yes, sister.

*After SYNThERELLA exits, all three of the women look at each other and laugh. ANASTATIA comes around and sits on the couch.*

ANASTATIA:

After that little stunt, I think she needs to be hobbled, Mother.

DRUCELLA:

I still think its a good idea to chain her up.

MARAGARETHE:

(sitting beside ANASTATIA) I going to look into getting one of those ankle bracelets they put on people who are on house arrest. Just in case.

DRUCELLA:

Maybe they come in pink.

*As they all laugh again, the doorbell rings.  
MARAGARETHE looks at her daughters.*

MARAGARETHE:

Are either one of you expecting someone?

ANASTATIA:

No.

DRUCELLA:

Not me.

*MARAGARETHE motions for ANASTATIA to go to the door.*

MARAGARETHE:

Well, go see who it is.

*ANASTATIA gets up and crosses to the 'door.' She quickly runs back on stage, frantic.*

ANASTATIA:

It's Britney. And she's got Taylor Prince with her. And his Dad.

*MARAGARETHE and DRUCELLA jump off the couch as the doorbell rings again.*

MARAGARETHE:

What are they doing here?

ANASTATIA:

I don't know. Maybe they want Dru to pay for all the food she ate.

DRUCELLA:

I was hungry!

*Just then, SYNTHRELLA enters from the kitchen. She is wearing Latex gloves and carrying a toilet plunger.*



SYNTHERELLA:

I'm sorry. I was upstairs working on Drucella's toilet. Was that the doorbell?

*All three women yell "No!" at the same time just as the doorbell rings again.*

SYNTHERELLA:

There it is again. Don't worry, I'll get it.

*SYNTHERELLA begins to cross towards the door.*

MARAGARETHE:

Grab her, Drucella.

*DRUCELLA runs around and grabs SYNTHERELLA from behind, as the girl struggles. MARAGARETHE runs around the couch to 'direct' the situation.*

MARAGARETHE:

Get her in the kitchen and keep her quiet, Drucella. Anastatia.... go see what Taylor wants and get rid of them quick.

SYNTHERELLA:

Taylor?

*DRUCELLA puts her hand over SYNTHERELLA's mouth and drags her towards the kitchen. In the process, SYNTHERELLA manages to hit her a couple of times with the plunger as DRUCELLA protests. MARAGARETHE motions for ANASTATIA to go to the door.*

MARAGARETHE:

Okay.. go.

*ANASTATIA goes to the door while MARAGARETHE straightens her dress and pinches her cheeks to give them some color. There is the sound of people talking offstage and then BRITNEY enters the room, followed by ANASTATIA, TAYLOR and ZACHARY.*

MARAGARETHE:

Hello, Britney, Taylor, Mr. Prince. What a pleasant surprise. If I had known you were coming, I would have set out some refreshments.

*BRITNEY runs around the room, obviously looking for something.*

BRITNEY:

Where is she?

MARAGARETHE:

Where is who, my dear?

BRITNEY:

The slave girl.

MARAGARETHE:

I'm sorry. Slave girl?

BRITNEY:

The maid. The maid that was here the other day.

MARAGARETHE:

I'm sorry, dear. You must be mistaken. We don't have maid. As you can see, Mr. Prince, we have a very humble but happy home.

BRITNEY:

I saw her here. Tall, pretty? You kept calling her Cynthia.. or Barberella or something. You ever bragged about her at school, Stacy. Where is she?

ANASTATIA:

I don't know who you're talking about.

MARAGARETHE:

Britney, are you sure it was her? Maybe you're thinking about visiting one of your other, wealthier friends.

BRITNEY:

No, she was here. (to ANASTATIA) You called her your dirty little slave girl, Stacy. Remember?

ANASTATIA:

Dirty little slave girl. No... doesn't ring a bell.

BRITNEY:

(running over and pointing to a spot on the stage) She was standing right here, dressed in these dirty clothes and looking like she just got finished cleaning the boy's locker room at school.

*MARAGARETHE crosses to BRITNEY and hugs her gently.*

MARAGARETHE:

Oh, Britney. (to ZACHARY) She has always had such a vivid imagination, even as a child. Did she ever tell you that when she was a little girl, she saw Santa Claus fly over her house?

(CONTINUED)

BRITNEY:

He did. I swear!

MARAGARETHE:

Such a precious child.

ZACHARY:

Miss Chattenworth...

MARAGARETHE:

Oh, please call me Margie.

ZACHARY:

Yes.. ah, Margie. We're here because of the girl that Taylor was dancing with at the party last night. I'm sure you must have seen her.

MARAGARETHE:

Hum.. let me see. Anastatia, do you remember seeing a girl dancing with Taylor last night?

ANASTATIA:

Ah.. (stepping forward)... yes. Short and kind of ugly?

TAYLOR:

No, she wasn't. She was beautiful and gentle and sweet.

ZACHARY:

Taylor is absolutely obsessed with this girl and we can't seem to locate her anywhere.

TAYLOR:

I have to find her!

MARAGARETHE:

Well, I'm sorry I can't help you. I do recall seeing you a rather unattractive young lady, dancing. A girl that was obviously beneath you... socially. But neither I, nor my daughters know who she was.

TAYLOR:

Britney says you do.

BRITNEY:

She does! She's the maid. I saw her.

MARAGARETHE:

Now, Britney. Why would you say that when you know it's not true?

(CONTINUED)

ZACHARY:

Well, I'm afraid I am responsible.

MARAGARETHE:

You, Mr. Prince? I don't understand.

ZACHARY:

Well, Taylor is just heartbroken. And he is so insistent on finding this young mystery woman, that I thought I would prime the pump a little bit with a reward.

ANASTATIA:

A reward? How much?

ZACHARY:

Fifty thousand dollars?

MARAGARETHE:

What?

ANASTATIA:

(speechless) Fifty thousand dollars? Just to find some random girl?

TAYLOR:

She's not some 'random' girl to me, Stacy. She is the one I want to spend the rest of my life with.

ANASTATIA:

How do you know that after just one dance?

TAYLOR:

I just know. There was something special about her. Something none of the other girls I've ever met have.

ANASTATIA:

(under her breath) Yeah... batteries.

TAYLOR:

What?

ANASTATIA:

Oh.. nothing.

ZACHARY:

I just figured that if anyone might know who she was or where she came from, a reward might bring them forward.

MARAGARETHE:

You want to pay fifty thousand dollars to someone to tell lies about my household? And I thought you were a man of principals, Mr. Prince. Making a young girl lie for money.. and betray her friends. How appalling.

(CONTINUED)

ANASTATIA:

Fifty thousand dollars? Wow!

BRITNEY:

That's right, Stac. And it's all mine when we find your maid.

MARAGARETHE:

I keep telling you. We don't have a maid, do we Anastatia?

ANASTATIA:

(in deep thought) Fifty thousand dollars.

ZACHARY:

Maybe you were mistaken, Britney.

BRITNEY:

I'm not. She was right here in this room. (looking at ANASTATIA) Why are you hiding her, Stacy?

MARAGARETHE:

I can assure you that we are not hiding anyone... or anything. (beginning to move the group towards the door) Now, if you don't mind. It's a long, tiring evening and we all need to get our rest.

ZACHARY:

I am sorry for the intrusion, MARAGARETHE. We'll be on our way. Come on, Taylor.

*TAYLOR is not convinced. He looks around the room, not wanting to leave.*

TAYLOR:

But, Dad...

ZACHARY:

Come on, son. We'll find here...

*TAYLOR starts to leave, but as he passes by the couch, he sees the bright red bow on the table. He runs over and grabs it excitedly.*

TAYLOR:

Wait a minute! This is her hair bow. The one she was wearing tonight.

*He holds it up for ZACHARY to see.*

BRITNEY:

I told you. She's here someplace!

MARAGARETHE:

Oh, that belongs to our... our dog.

BRITNEY:

You don't have a dog. Stacy is allergic to them.

TAYLOR:

Where is she? Miss Chattenworth, please tell me!

*TAYLOR runs around the room frantically looking for SYNTHARELLA behind the furniture and in the corners of the room. MARAGARETHE follows him, continuing to claim that the girl is not there.*

MARAGARETHE:

I told you. It belongs to our dog, Taylor. Not some mystery girl you met at the dance.

TAYLOR:

(shouting) Hello? It's me. Taylor! I don't care if you're a maid or a servant or whatever. Just please come out!

MARAGARETHE:

I'm telling you, there is no one here. Tell them, Anastatia.

*ANASTATIA has been surprisingly quiet throughout this entire exchange, pondering the reward.*

ANASTATIA:

How much did you say the reward was again, Mr. Prince?

ZACHARY:

Fifty thousand dollars.

ANASTATIA:

In cash?

ZACHARY:

Yes, dear. In cash. Why?

*ANASTATIA exits determinedly into the kitchen. MARAGARETHE is suddenly overcome with fear of being discovered and follows her.*

BRITNEY:

Uh, huh. I knew it.

*There is a loud commotion in the kitchen, followed by shouts from DRUCELLA, ANASTATIA and MARAGARETHE. Suddenly, ANASTATIA comes back on the stage, dragging SYNTHHERELLA behind her. SYNTHHERELLA's mouth has been covered with duct tape.*

TAYLOR:

She is here! That's her, Dad!

*TAYLOR starts to run over to SYNTHHERELLA, but ANASTATIA holds out her free hand and stops him.*

ANASTATIA:

Uh, uh. Not until I get my fifty thousand dollars.

*MARAGARETHE and DRUCELLA stumble into the room, out of breath from struggling with ANASTATIA.*

MARAGARETHE:

I can explain, Mr. Prince.

ZACHARY:

Well, I hope so.

MARAGARETHE:

That's just Drucella and Anastatia's cousin... visiting for a few days. (to SYNTHHERELLA) Isn't that right? Tell them!

DRUCELLA:

The duct tape, Mother.

MARAGARETHE:

Oh. Sorry. (she rips off the tape in one swift motion) Now, tell them you're just my neice visiting for a few days. Tell them.

*There is a slight pause as everyone waits for SYNTHHERELLA to respond.*

SYNTHHERELLA:

Taylor?

TAYLOR:

Yes?

SYNTHHERELLA:

You came for me?

TAYLOR:

I told you I would. But it would have sure been easier if you had just told me your name.

(CONTINUED)

SYNTHERELLA:

It's Syntherella.

TAYLOR:

Syntherella. Come on, let's get out of here.

*ANASTATIA steps between them, holding up her hand.*

ANASTATIA:

Wait a minute? My money?

BRITNEY:

You mean, my money. (she looks to ZACHARY) I'm the one that brought her here. I'm the one that should get the reward.

ZACHARY:

Don't worry. You will both get the reward.

ANASTATIA:

Fifty thousand dollars for each of us. Me and Britney?

ZACHARY:

Yes, fifty thousand for each of you. Seeing the way those two are together, it's worth every penny.

*TAYLOR reaches out his hand to SYNTHERELLA and she runs to him.*

TAYLOR:

Come on, let's go.

*They start to exit, when MARAGARETHE rushes forward.*

MARAGARETHE:

Wait! You can't marry her!

TAYLOR:

Why not?

*DRUCELLA steps towards them and shouts.*

DRUCELLA:

Because she's an evil robot.

TAYLOR:

What?

DRUCELLA:

She's an artificial life form. Like a big gummy bear stuffed with a couple of Energizer batteries.

(CONTINUED)



TAYLOR:

Gummy bear?

MARAGARETHE:

That's why I didn't want to let you find her. I knew that it would break your heart when you found out.

ZACHARY:

What on earth are you talking about?

MARAGARETHE:

She's not real, Zachary! My late husband, the Colonel, had this crazy idea of taking some of his DNA and using it build a clone. Syntherella is not a real person. She's what they call a Synthetic Relative. My husband got her for us, thinking it would help us cope with his death. But all she's done is make us miserable!

ZACHARY:

A Synthetic Relative?

MARAGARETHE:

I didn't want the thing. I told that to my husband's attorney. But he said we had to keep her or lose everything.

DRUCELLA:

And she can clean and cook and stuff really good, so we kept her.

TAYLOR:

You turned Syntherella into a slave?

MARAGARETHE:

No. It wasn't like that at all..

ANASTATIA:

Yes it was! My mother and sister forced Syntherella into slavery. I tried to stop them!

MARAGARETHE:

What?

ANASTATIA:

Oh, yes. I think it's horrible to take advantage of people. (holds out her hand to ZACHARY) I'd like my fifty thousand dollars in twenties, please.

TAYLOR:

(looking at SYNTHERELLA) Is it true, Syntherella? You're really a Synthetic Relative?

SYNTHERELLA:

Yes. (she steps toward him and they face each other, standing behind the couch) I'm sorry, Taylor. I should have told you. I didn't mean to lead you on.

MARAGARETHE:

So, as you can see, the girl is not a proper candidate for your son. He'll just have to choose someone else. (pushing DRUCELLA forward) Like my daughter, Drucella. She's beautiful, and smart... and unlike her sister... (shooting an evil look at ANASTATIA).... loyal.

DRUCELLA:

That's right. I'm a 100% real American girl. Not some bucket of spare parts from Radio Shack.

TAYLOR:

I don't believe it. The way you felt in my arms.. the things you whispered in my ear...

SYNTHERELLA:

Oh, Taylor. I'm sorry.

TAYLOR:

I just can't believe it.

MARAGARETHE:

You want proof?

*MARAGARETHE walks up to SYNTHERELLA and with one deft movement, presses the button on her neck. SYNTHERELLA goes limp and falls face first across the back of the couch. BRITNEY screams.*

BRITNEY:

You killed her!

MARAGARETHE:

No, Britney. I just turned her off. (to Zachary) Now, do you believe me? She's not a human. She's just a toy. Now, Drucella here is a real All American girl. She likes Chevrolets, Mom and apple pie.

DRUCELLA:

Especially the apple pie.

MARAGARETHE:

She will make a splendid girlfriend and wife, Taylor. Won't you, Drucella?

DRUCELLA:

Yup! I'm a good kisser.

*DRUCELLA looks at TAYLOR and puckers her lips. TAYLOR reacts with revulsion, then walks over and looks down at SYNTHERELLA. ZACHARY walks over and joins him, putting his arm around his son.*

TAYLOR:

I knew there was something about her, Dad. But I never expected this.

*TAYLOR looks over at his father and suddenly breaks into a bright smile. ZACHARY smiles back and they both start to laugh.*

DRUCELLA:

What's so funny? What's the matter with you two?

ZACHARY:

Oh, nothing my dear. In fact, things could not be more perfect.

*ZACHARY then reaches up towards TAYLOR's neck, presses the unseen 'button' at the base of his skull and the boy falls, face down across the back of the couch, beside SYNTHERELLA. At this sight, all of the girls scream and DRUCELLA backs away.*

BRITNEY:

This is like a horror movie!

ANASTATIA:

Oh, my God. He's one of them too?

ZACHARY:

Yes, my dear. Taylor is also a Synthetic Relative.

DRUCELLA:

(slaps her mother's arm) You tried to marry me off to a zombie? What's wrong with you?

*MARAGARETHE is dumbstruck and just stammers. ZACHARY walks over to them.*

ZACHARY:

She didn't know, my dear. Nobody did. You see, after my wife died, I was absolutely devastated. We had no children and I just didn't think I could go on without her. Then one of my business partners told me about this new company called Synthetic Relative and I had them grow Taylor using my wife's DNA. Most people

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ZACHARY: (cont'd)

think I adopted him and, well, I just let them think that. Taylor is so much like my sweet wife. He's the only way I can face each day. But I'm not going to be around forever and I had to make sure that Taylor found someone that could take care of him after I'm gone. I never thought he'd meet....well..

DRUCELLA:

His evil robot twin?

ZACHARY:

No, my dear. They're not robots. They're alive, just like you or me. They can feel love, happiness... (he looks at MARAGARETHE).... and cruelty. They're real alright, but just in a different way.

DRUCELLA:

They're freaks! Like Freddy Krueger meets... the Bride of Frankenstein.

ANASTATIA:

Well, I don't care what they are. Just give me my money and you can have her. We'll even throw in an extra set of batteries.

ZACHARY:

Margarethe?

*MARAGARETHE looks at SYNTHERELLA and then at ZACHARY. Her face softens a little and she slowly walks over to stand behind SYNTHERELLA while ZACHARY stands behind TAYLOR.*

MARAGARETHE:

Why not? My girls could never make your son happy. He's too perfect.. and they're.. well, they're not even close. These two were made for each other.

ZACHARY:

Yes, they were.

*MARAGARETHE and ZACHARY reach down and press the buttons on the back of SYNTHERELLA and TAYLOR's necks. The two 'come alive' instantly, stand up and face each other.*

TAYLOR:

Hello. I'm Taylor. Nice to meet you.

SYNTHERELLA:

Hello. I'm Syntherella. Nice to meet you.

*The two hug each other as the lights dim to dark.*

**CURTAIN**

**THE END**