

LUNA

Your Fairy Godmother? Of course. Where is that wand? *(breaks character)* I must've forgotten it backstage. Hang on a second!

*LUNA runs backstage to the chaos of everyone's unsuccessful search. SALEM is holding a rubber chicken. ARDEN looks up from his phone.*

ARDEN

What are you all doing? *(to LUNA)* And why are you offstage? You're ruining the show! The audience didn't come to see amateurs like you.

*ARDEN stands up, stepping on the magic wand, breaking it.*

LUNA

Seriously? Now I see why you got all those nepotism roles. Your mom is the only one willing to put up with all your mistakes. The audience should be grateful they're seeing an amateur like me instead of you. You don't have nearly enough talent to make up for how horrible you have acted towards us. You should be grateful we didn't kick you out after the first rehearsal.

*ARDEN looks for others to back him up, but no one speaks.*

ARDEN

I'm sor-

LUNA

Stop talking! Stop trying to make us feel bad for you. I want you to sit and think about what you've done.

*LUNA takes the rubber chicken from SALEM.*

LUNA (*Cont.*)

I'm going back onstage. No one talks to him.

*LUNA re-enters. GRACE gives her a fist-bump.*

*ARDEN slouches onto the couch to pout.*