

Fairy God Mother

No I didn't mean...Listen...mouse. You need to get into that coach and get Cinderella to the
ba...dance, or I'll turn you into

Union rep

Excuse me. Hi...I'm Pig slash doorman, union rep for animal switching to servants 101.

Footman

Now you've done it. My Ass rep is here.

Fairy God Mother

Your...

Footman

Animals Switching into Servants local 101...my Ass rep.

Union Rep

Pig Slash Doorman—you can call me Slash. No relation.

Fairy God mother

Oh for the love of...

Union Rep

I don't remember in any of our collective bargaining agreements you being allowed to threaten
our members...or take their thymuses for your own personal gain.

Fairy God Mother

I didn't take his Thymus!

Union Rep

Well...he doesn't have it. I don't have it. You're looking awfully healthy for a woman of your
age.

Fairy God Mother

Of my...

Footman

She told me she doesn't wear underpants.

Union Rep

You told him...what? That's harassment. She just told you that?

Footman

Out of the blue.

Fairy God Mother

I was not...he asked...It wasn't like that.

Footman

(whispers) Mess with the Ass and you get the horns.

Fairy God mother

He is...this is...

Footman

Then she told me that nothing goes on...around here...I felt uncomfortable.

Fairy God mother

You...I did not...listen...mouse...I... I have to get Cinderella to the ba...dance.

Footman

She doesn't like balls.

Union Rep

(looks at Fairy God Mother then at footman)

Footman

(nods)

Fairy God mother

Ok...I see what's going on here. This is a shakedown. Fine. What do you want? Is it a Thermos or whatever internal organ it is...a date with a princess...I can do a Kardashian... they're richer. So tell me what you want so I can get Cinderella to the dance...to find her love... get her happily ever after and do it all before midnight.

Union rep

I see. So this is about overtime. You want him to work twice as hard so you don't have to pay him overtime. Typical management.

Fairy God Mother

So it's money. You want money...I can give you mon...

Footman

You can't throw money at me and make me go away. It's not about the money. I'm not just some lawyer you can chase away with a settlement. I want my dignity back. I want you to not assume that everyone who isn't you wants to be you. I didn't ask to be a human. I was a mouse. Sure my life was shorter and my balls were less impressive

Fairy God Mother

DANCES!

Footman

But I was a mouse and I loved being a mouse. I had two thymuses...i...um. Thymum, a massive tail and I could chew through metal if I had the urge. And now what am I? A servant. A tall, thymusless servant to a girl whose only qualification to be in a higher social class than I is her inability to stand up for herself. I'm a tool, a shovel, an instrument in your sick games. If you prick me, do I not bleed? If you say the word prick, do I not giggle. If people giggle at my prick, do I not...

Union Rep

Getting off topic