

CINDERSTEIN

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

By **Kamron Klitgaard**

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CHARACTERS

CINDERELLA/CINDY-(F) She is the classic sweet, lovable, caring Cinderella when she is acting the Cinderella part, but when she breaks out of her Cinderella character and into Cindy the actress character, she becomes a dark gothic with a rough gravelly voice.

STEPMOTHER-(F) Loves to be wicked.

STEPSISTER 1-(F) Slightly smarter than the others but has a mean streak. She is always fighting with Stepsister 2 when they are not acting.

STEPSISTER 2-(F) Has a temper and can't control herself from attacking Stepsister 1 when she's not acting.

STEPSISTER 3-(F) Wants to be Cinderella. Snotty.

STEPSISTER 4-(F) Calls director coach and uses crutches.

STEPSISTER 5-(F) Just happy to be in the play.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER-(F) Very happy but clumsy and slow witted. Even seems cross-eyed some of the time.

DIRECTOR-(M/F) Also the writer of the play. He gets frustrated at different levels because he's seen his brain-child slowly being destroyed.

HEAD EXTRA-(M/F) Take charge union leader type.

EXTRA 1-(M/F) Member of the union.

EXTRA 2-(M/F) Member of the union.

EXTRA 3-(M/F) Member of the union.

EXTRA 4-(M/F) Member of the union.

EXTRA 5-(M/F) Member of the union.

EXTRA 6-(M/F) Member of the union.

EXTRA 7-(M/F) Member of the union.

TECH GUY-(M/F) Shows no emotions.

DANCER 1-(M) Ball room dancer.

DANCER 2-(F) Ball room dancer.

DANCER 3-(M) Ball room dancer.

DANCER 4-(F) Ball room dancer.

DANCER 5-(M) Ball room dancer.

DANCER 6-(M) Ball room dancer. Plays a girl at one point.

PAGE-(M/F) Good announcing voice but pronounces things wrong.

KING-(M) Is a very nice and gentle King but the actor gets violently frustrated with the actress playing the Queen.

QUEEN-(F) Speaks slow and elegant. Incapable of improvising. She sticks exactly to the script, no matter what.

PRINCE-(M) Superficial male.

DR. FRANKENSTEIN-(M) Mad yet level headed scientist.

INGRID-(F) Dr. Frankenstein's assistant. Very ugly but flirtatious.

IGOR-(M) Dr. Frankenstein's hunchback assistant.

GUARD 1-(M/F) His Cockney accent sounds American Southern.

GUARD 2-(M/F) Cockney accent.

PRODUCTION NOTES

Cinderstein was first produced at Roy High School in May 2006. It was then performed by Fremont High School in April 2007. The competition version was performed first by Roy High at the 4A High School Region V Competition in March 2007 and then again at the Utah State Drama Festival in April 2007.

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SCENE 1 – CINDERELLA’S HOME

SETTING: The stage is almost bare. There is only a fireplace made from cardboard boxes, which doesn’t look quite finished, that stands Stage Right and a table Center Left.

AT RISE: *STEPMOTHER enters from Left wearing a period dress and tennis shoes followed by CINDERELLA who wears all black and a white apron. Her face is pale with white make up and her eyes are darkened heavily.*

STEPMOTHER: I can’t believe that you were even thinking about going to the ball. You know that you have chores to do.

CINDERELLA: Yes, mother.

STEPMOTHER: I am not your mother, child. Call me what I told you to call me.

CINDERELLA: Yes, evil stepmother.

STEPMOTHER: That’s better.

CINDERELLA: I finished all my regular chores.

STEPMOTHER: Your regular chores? Child, your “regular” chores are anything I feel needs doing. And I feel that there are several other things which need doing. First, my own daughters need help dressing. They should be down in a moment. Next, I noticed some mouse poo poos in the kitchen. I want the critters caught before we return. Then I want you to sweep out. . .

(STEPSISTERS 1 & 2 enter from Left in their ball gowns but not quiet ready. They approach CINDERELLA.)

STEPSISTER 1: Cinderella, help me with my zipper!

STEPSISTER 2: Cinderella, I’m having trouble with my necklace, help me!

CINDERELLA: Yes, wicked stepsisters.

(CINDERELLA moves between the two of them trying to follow their commands.)

STEPSISTER 1: Mother, Cinderella’s not helping me fast enough.

STEPSISTER 2: Me, either. It’s like she’s moving in slow motion.

STEPMOTHER: Girls, let's not argue over how Cinderella is a slow, dumb-witted servant or we will be here all night.

STEPSISTER 1: Hurry up, Cinderella. I've got to go to the Prince's Ball.

STEPSISTER 2: Me too!

CINDERELLA: I wish I could go to the Prince's Ball.

(The STEPSISTERS look at each other and then burst out laughing.)

STEPSISTER 1: Are you insane? Looking like that?

STEPSISTER 2: Yeah, look at your clothes. It's a ball, not a soup kitchen.

STEPSISTER 1: Not to mention how ugly you are. Do you think the prince wants to look at that mug?

STEPSISTER 2: ***(standing at attention as the court page)*** Your royal highness, presenting Cinderella.

STEPSISTER 1: ***(contorts her face to look ugly and walks like a freak to STEPSISTER 2 and speaks in a goofy voice)*** Pleased to meet you, your majesty. I'm Dorkarella. ***(STEPSISTERS laugh)***

STEPMOTHER: Very good, girls. But we need to be leaving. We don't want to be late for the ball, and Cinderella has a lot of work to do. ***(turning to CINDERELLA)*** Before we return I want all of the cinders swept out of the fireplace.

STEPSISTER 2: Wait a second. Cinders? Oh, I get it. That's how she got her name, Cinderella, from sweeping the cinders, right?

STEPSISTER 1: Yeah, we made it up.

STEPSISTER 2: Who did?

STEPSISTER 1: We did. Me and you, you idiot.

STEPSISTER 2: When?

STEPSISTER 1: I don't know. Before. ***(snottily)*** Duh.

STEPSISTER 2: You don't have to be so rude.

STEPSISTER 1: You don't have to be so dumb.

(STEPSISTER 2 steps toward STEPSISTER 1 like SHE's going to deck her but STEPMOTHER steps between them.)

STEPMOTHER: That's enough, girls. Let's go on, shall we? ***(STEPSISTERS back off)*** Yes, well, just make sure that before we return, I want all of the cinders swept out of the fireplace.

CINDERELLA: Yes, evil stepmother.

STEPMOTHER: Let's go girls.

STEPSISTER 1: Goodbye Cinderella, we're off to dance with the prince.

STEPSISTER 2: Have fun with the cinders.

(STEPMOTHER and the STEPSISTERS exit Right. CINDERELLA watches them leave. Her head falls and SHE stands looking dejected. SHE is almost in tears. Then SHE lifts her head and imagines that SHE is at the ball. SHE pantomimes. SHE is introduced to the prince. SHE flirts with him. SHE laughs. HE asks her to dance. SHE dances. As SHE dances SHE bumps into the table. Reality sets in. SHE sits and cries.)

VOICE OF FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Cinderella!

CINDERELLA: What? Who was that?

(A ruckus comes from the fireplace. The FAIRY GOSHMOTHER is backing through it on her knees. SHE's having problems and keeps getting caught. SHE struggles with the fireplace and gets all turned around. CINDERELLA just watches.)

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Cinderella! Ouch! Cinderella! **(finally gets out from the fireplace and turns around to see CINDERELLA)**

Cinder. . . Oh, there you are.

CINDERELLA: Who are you?

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Why don't you know?

(Suddenly the DIRECTOR stands up from the audience.)

DIRECTOR: No, no. Your emphasis is wrong. It's not "why don't you know," It's why, comma, don't you know? The question is "don't you know" not "why don't you know."

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Okay, I think I can make it work. **(to CINDERELLA)** Why the heck don't you know? **(to DIRECTOR)** Is that better?

DIRECTOR: No. But go on.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: I am your Fairy Goshmother.

DIRECTOR: Stop, stop. That's not right.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: What?

DIRECTOR: You called yourself her Fairy *Gosh*mother.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Right, I'm the Fairy *Gosh*mother.

DIRECTOR: It's Fairy *God*mother. Not *Gosh*mother, *God*mother.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: I know, but I was thinking, what about all the non-religious people in the audience? What if we offend them?

DIRECTOR: **(walking up on stage frustrated)** It won't offend them. Just say *God*mother.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: I think *Gosh*mother sounds better.

CINDERELLA: **(now switching to CINDY the actress character)** Me too.

DIRECTOR: Well, that's not how I wrote it.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Please can't we change it?

DIRECTOR: Calling the Fairy Godmother the Fairy Goshmother is lame.

CINDERELLA: You're the writer and the director so you can make it as lame as you want.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Please?

DIRECTOR: No.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Please?

DIRECTOR: No.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Please? Please, please, please, please, please, please, please, pleeeeaassssee? **(SHE doesn't stop until the DIRECTOR gives in)**

DIRECTOR: **(frustrated)** Okay!!! Whatever! Now, let's just take it back from your entrance. No wait, let's go back to where the Stepfamily exits.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Stepfamily?

DIRECTOR: Yeah. . . the stepsisters? The stepmother? The step family.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Their last name is Step?

DIRECTOR: Stepmother! Stepsisters! Come back on!

(STEPMOTHER and STEPSISTERS come back on.)

STEPMOTHER: What?

DIRECTOR: Take it again.

STEPSISTER 1: Again?

STEPSISTER 2: Before the Fairy Godmother comes in?

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Goshmother.

STEPSISTER 2: What?

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: I'm your Fairy Goshmother.

STEPSISTER 2: You're my Fairy Goshmother?

STEPSISTER 1: No, you idiot. She's Cinderella's Fairy Godmother.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Goshmother.

STEPSISTER 1: But she wants to be called a Goshmother instead of Godmother.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: For the non-religious types.

STEPSISTER 2: What's a Goshmother?

STEPSISTER 1: You are so stupid.

STEPSISTER 2: I am just about fed with your lip.

STEPSISTER 1: And I'm about fed up with your brain.

(STEPSISTER 2 lunges at STEPSISTER 1. They grab each other's hair and start grappling. It goes to the ground .They roll around on the ground on top of each other screaming and flailing. The DIRECTOR jumps in and pulls them apart.)

DIRECTOR: Knock it off! Would you two just stop it?! It's like I'm directing a play in prison.

STEPSISTER 2: She started it!

STEPSISTER 1: She lunged at me!

DIRECTOR: Enough! Just start from your entrance.

(Before they can get into position STEPSISTER 3 enters.)

STEPSISTER 3: Hey, you guys, hi! Guess what ? I can be in the play!

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Really?

STEPSISTER 3: Yeah, the administration took me off the probation list cause I brought that "F" up to a "D."

STEPSISTER 1: "D-?" I always knew you were a genius.

STEPSISTER 2: Don't listen to her. She's just cranky cause someone took her ruby slippers.

CINDERELLA: Well, what part is she gonna be?

STEPSISTER 3: How about Cinderella?

CINDERELLA: That's my part.

DIRECTOR: Look, Lisa, we are already half way through rehearsals.

The whole play has already been cast. I can't just put you back in right in the middle of production. All the parts are taken.

STEPSISTER 3: **(SHE starts to cry, small at first but by the end of her line SHE has really let loose the water works.)** Okay. I understand. It's just that Cinderella was always my favorite. I always had my father read it to me at bed time. . . until he abandoned us and ran a way with his troglodytic 2nd cousin which caused my mother to have complete break down. But she was still good to us, until the day she freaked out and smashed my Cinderella lunch box with a tire iron and then ran over it with the car as she drove out of our life forever. I even cancelled this month's therapy for this. But that's okay, I need to go take my meds, anyway.

DIRECTOR: All right, you can be in the show.

STEPSISTER 3: **(suddenly very happy and perky)** Great. What part am I? Cinderella?

CINDERELLA: That's my part.

DIRECTOR: Well, you're just gonna have to be an extra.

(HEAD EXTRA comes storming out onstage from Right.)

HEAD EXTRA: No way! There's already like ten of us. You just keep throwing people in with us like we are not important. Well, forget it. We're putting our foot down. No more extras. It's bad enough to be called an extra, like, "oh, you're extra, we don't really need you," and then you wanna just give anyone and everyone our part? Well you can forget it!

DIRECTOR: Do you speak for all the extras?

HEAD EXTRA: That's right. Come on out guys!

(All the EXTRAS come out on stage and stand behind HEAD EXTRA in a tough guy pose. Some of them carry weapons like bats and crowbars.)

DIRECTOR: Great, they've formed an Extras' Union. ***(EXTRA 2 nudges HEAD EXTRA.)***

HEAD EXTRA: Oh yeah, and we want donuts next rehearsal.

STEPMOTHER: I know. Why doesn't she be a Stepsister?

DIRECTOR: We already have the two stepsisters.

STEPMOTHER: Why can't there be three? Just give her a couple of the lines.

STEPSISTER 2: Yeah, I can't memorialize all my lines anyway.

STEPSISTER 1: It would make Cinderella have another obstacle to overcome. There would be four of us against her, instead of three. It makes more conflict. You always say the more conflict there is the more interesting it is.

STEPSISTER 3: Please.

DIRECTOR: All right, you're stepsister three. You guys just work it out and decide which lines you're gonna give her.

STEPSISTER 3: Yes! Oh, thank you. You won't regret this! You guys this is gonna be so fun. I can't believe I'm in the play! Oh, my gosh!

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Yes?

STEPSISTER 3: Huh?

STEPSISTER 2: Don't worry she's your Fairy Gooshmother.

STEPSISTER 1: Goshmother, you idiot.

STEPSISTER 2: That's it!

(Again SHE lunges at STEPSISTER 1 and they both go to the ground in a savage cat fight.)

DIRECTOR: Knock it off!!! ***(STEPSISTER 3 and STEPMOTHER pull THEM apart and help them up.)*** I feel like I'm going insane! ***(pause)*** Now, everyone off the stage and let's take it back from Cinderella and Stepmother's entrance. ***(they all just stand and look at the DIRECTOR)*** Now! ***(Everyone runs off Left. The***

DIRECTOR goes back to his seat in the audience. The stage is empty.) Okay, your entrance Cinderella, Action!
(Before CINDERELLA can make her entrance, from Right STEPSISTER 4 enters in a sweat suit and on crutches. Her foot is wrapped up in an ace bandage but is abnormally swollen.)

STEPSISTER 4: **(putting her hand over her eyes to shield the lights)** Coach? Hey coach?

DIRECTOR: What are you doing?

STEPSISTER 4: Oh, there you are, coach. Hey, good news. I broke my ankle so I can't be on the soccer team anymore.

DIRECTOR: Yeah, that is wonderful news. Why are you telling me?

STEPSISTER 4: Well, now I can be in the play cause I won't be playing soccer.

DIRECTOR: We are already mostly through the rehearsal process.

STEPSISTER 4: Well, I went mostly through soccer practice, so now I can go the rest of the way through play practice.

DIRECTOR: That doesn't make any sense.

STEPSISTER 4: Come on, coach. Give me a chance.

DIRECTOR: You're on crutches.

STEPSISTER 4: They won't get in the way! Come on! Please?

(All the EXTRAS come out onto stage again in their same stance. They all look at DIRECTOR shake their heads threateningly.)

DIRECTOR: Stepsisters! **(all the STEPSISTERS come on stage)**
Here's some more conflict for Cinderella.

STEPSISTER 1: Welcome to the family.

(All the EXTRAS leave again. STEPSISTERS 1, 2 & 3 take STEPSISTER 4 offstage Left and the stage is again empty.)

DIRECTOR: All right, ready. . .

(STEPSISTER 5 comes running on from Right.)

STEPSISTER 5: Hey, guess what, my mom ungrounded me so I can be in the play! What do I do? Where do I go?

(The DIRECTOR, too tired to fight it, just points Off Left. STEPSISTER 3 steps out and meets her.)

STEPSISTER 3: We'll take care of you honey.

(They both exit Left and again the stage is empty.)

DIRECTOR: All right, go ahead.

(STEPMOTHER enters from Left followed by CINDERELLA.)

STEPMOTHER: I can't believe that you were even thinking about going to the ball. You know that you have chores to do.

CINDERELLA: Yes, mother.

STEPMOTHER: I am not your mother, child. Call me what I told you to call me.

CINDERELLA: Yes, evil stepmother.

STEPMOTHER: That's better.

CINDERELLA: I finished all my regular chores.

STEPMOTHER: Your regular chores?

(STEPSISTER 2 sticks her head out from the curtains.)

STEPSISTER 2: Wait, wait, wait. We've almost figured out all the lines. We should be ready in just a second. In fact, we should be ready as soon as you finish your line.

STEPMOTHER: Then why did you interrupt me?

STEPSISTER 2: **(looking back behind the curtain then to STEPMOTHER)** Okay, we're ready. **(SHE disappears behind the curtain)**

STEPMOTHER: Let's see. . . Oh, yeahh. Next, I noticed some moose poo poos in the kitchen. **(SHE starts laughing)** Did you hear that? I said "moose poo poos." Oh, man can you imagine that? You have to clean up moose poop?

CINDERELLA: **(as CINDY)** Maybe we have a moose running around the house.

DIRECTOR: **(impatient)** Just go on and say it right.

STEPMOTHER: Okay, sorry. Next, I noticed some *mouse* poo poos in the kitchen. I want the critters caught before we return. Then I want you to sweep out. . .

(STEPSISTERS 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5 enter from Left in their ball gowns but not quiet ready. They approach CINDERELLA.)

STEPSISTER 1: Cinderella, help me with my zipper!

STEPSISTER 2: Cinderella, I'm having trouble with my necklace, help me!

CINDERELLA: Yes, wicked stepsisters. **(SHE goes to help them)**

STEPSISTER 3: Mother, Cinderella's not helping me fast enough.

STEPSISTER 4: Me either, it's like she's moving in. . .

STEPSISTER 5: . . . slow motion.

STEMOTHER: Girls, let's not argue over how Cinderella is a slow, dumb-witted servant or we will be here all night.

STEPSISTER 1: Hurry up, Cinderella. I've got to go to the Prince's Ball.

STEPSISTERS 2, 3, 4 & 5: Me too!

CINDERELLA: I wish I could go to the Prince's Ball.

(The STEPSISTERS look at each other and then burst out laughing.)

STEPSISTER 1: Are you insane? Looking like that?

STEPSISTER 2: Yeah, look at your clothes.

STEPSISTER 3: It's a ball, not a soup kitchen.

STEPSISTER 4: Not to mention how ugly you are.

STEPSISTER 5: You think the prince wants to look at that mug?

ALL STEPSISTERS: ***(standing at attention as the court Page and in unison)*** Your royal highness, presenting Cinderella. ***(All the STEPSISTERS contort their faces to look ugly and walk like freaks to STEPMOTHER and speak in a goofy voices.)*** Pleased to meet you, your majesty. I'm Dorkarella. ***(the STEPSISTERS laugh)***

STEMOTHER: Very good, girls. But we need to be leaving. We don't want to be late for the ball, and Cinderella has a lot of work to do.

(turning to CINDERELLA) Before we return I want all of the cinders swept out of the fireplace.

CINDERELLA: Yes, evil stepmother.

STEMOTHER: Let's go girls.

ALL STEPSISTERS: Goodbye Cinderella, we're off to dance with the prince.

STEPSISTER 2: Have fun with the cinders.

(STEMOTHER and the STEPSISTERS exit Right. CINDERELLA watches them leave. SHE starts her pantomime.)

DIRECTOR: We've wasted a lot of time. Speed up this part.

(CINDERELLA repeats her pantomime as before but in fast motion. As SHE finishes SHE goes back to normal speed and starts to cry. No voice of the FAIRY GOSHMOTHER. SHE cries louder. Still no voice. SHE screams her cry as loud as SHE can.)

DIRECTOR: Fairy Godmother!

VOICE OF FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Goshmother!

DIRECTOR: You're on!

VOICE OF FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Are the Stepsisters gone?

CINDERELLA: Yes.

VOICE OF FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Okay, here I go! Cinderella!

CINDERELLA: What? Who was that?

(A ruckus comes from the fireplace. The FAIRY GOSHMOTHER is backing through it on her knees. SHE'S having the same problems as before but worse. This time, when SHE stands up, the fireplace comes with her. SHE approaches CINDERELLA with the fireplace wrapped around her.)

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Cinderella!

CINDERELLA: Who are you?

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Don't you know why? I am your Fairy Goshmother.

CINDERELLA: Oh, wow! My Fairy Godmother!

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Goshmother.

CINDERELLA: Sorry. Goshmother.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: I am here to help you go to the Prince's Ball.

(to DIRECTOR) Isn't it the Prince that's throwing the ball?

DIRECTOR: Yes.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Are there going to be Princesses there?

DIRECTOR: ***(a bit impatient)*** No. That's why he's throwing the ball to find a wife who will become his princess.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Then why is it a Princess Ball and not a Prince Ball?

DIRECTOR: It isn't a Princess Ball.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: But that's my line. "I am here to help you go to the Prince's Ball."

DIRECTOR: ***(pulling out his hair)*** It's the Prince apostrophe essss's ball. Prince ***(pause)*** 's Ball.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Oh.

DIRECTOR: Now stop stopping the show. Just keep going. And put the fireplace back.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: ***(putting the fireplace back)***. I am here to help you go to the *Prince (pause.)* 's ball.

CINDERELLA: It's like a dream come true.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Yes. Now, the first thing we must do is get you some transportation. You'll need a carriage and horses.

CINDERELLA: But how will you do that?

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Let me see. What do you have around here that we can make use of?

(Crawling on from Left are EXTRAS 1, 2, 3 & 4. They all wear black or gray with makeshift mouse costumes just ears and whiskers. They crawl Down stage in a line.)

Oh, look, mice. You mice shall make a great team of horses!

(SHE waves her wand.) Bop, bop, bibbitty, bibbitty, bop!

(The EXTRAS stand up and get into horse positions. The four of them make two horses. EXTRAS 1 & 3 stand normal and then EXTRAS 2 & 4 stand behind 1 & 3, bend over and wrap their arms around 1 & 3's waists. 1 & 3, who are now the "head", make HORSE NOISES. Extra 1 makes more of a donkey noise Hee haw.)

Oops! I made donkey's instead.

DIRECTOR: No, no. Look, you guys have to morph. Don't just stand up into the horse position, you've got to do some magical change, move your arms mystically or something. And Jack, that was not a very good horse noise.

EXTRA 1: I don't want to be the head, I can't make the horse noise very well. I sound like a donkey. Will you switch with me?

EXTRA 2: You want me to be the head? No way, Jack.

EXTRA 1: Come on, just switch with me. You be the front and I'll be the back.

EXTRA 2: Forget it, Jack.

EXTRA 1: If you don't switch with me I'm gonna tell everyone who you like.

EXTRA 2: **(pause)** Fine, be a jackass. **(EXTRA 1 & 2 switch places.)**

DIRECTOR: Have we got that settled now? Just remember that you have to morph.

EXTRA 3: Hey, when do we get to sing that song?

EXTRA 4: What song?

EXTRA 3: You know, **(singing)** "Some day my prince will. . .

EXTRA 4: That's Snow White.

EXTRA 3: It is?

EXTRA 1: Yeah, you mean, **(singing)** "I know you, you've walked with me once upon a dream. . .

EXTRA 2: No, that's Sleeping Beauty.

EXTRA 3: Oh, yeah. No, no, I mean the song where the mice and birds all help her make her dress.

DIRECTOR: Stop it! Look, there is no song. There are no birds and the dress is made by the Fairy Godmother.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Goshmother.

EXTRA 3: I know there's a song, I've seen the movie. It's like, **(singing)** "Cinderelli, Cinderelli, **(EXTRAS 1, 2 & 4 sing with her)** night and day it's Cinderelli."

DIRECTOR: Shut up! Will you all just shut up?! You're talking about the cartoon. We are not doing the cartoon; we are doing the play. This play. The play that I wrote. And in my play, there is no song!

EXTRA 4: Isn't that against copyright or something?

DIRECTOR: The story of Cinderella has been around for a long, long time, way before the cartoon! If we did the song, that would be breaking the copyright law. Okay, take it from your morphing and I really want to see a magical Fairy Godmother - your line.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Gosh! Oh, look, mice. **(the EXTRAS drop back down into their mouse positions)** You mice shall make a great team of horses! **(SHE waves her wand)** Bop, bop, bibbitty, bibbitty, bop!

(The EXTRAS overdue their magical transformation by flailing their arms sounds until they are in their horse positions.)

DIRECTOR: A little much, but keep going.

CINDERELLA: This is perfect. My evil stepmother commanded me to get rid of the mice before they returned from the ball. So it's like you killed two birds with one stone.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Yes, isn't it? Now that we have the horses, we need a carriage. Perhaps you have something around here that I can change into a carriage, a pumpkin or other round vegetable perhaps?

CINDEDRELLA: Well, there is something. My evil stepmother said that before they return from the ball, I had to clean up all the mouse poo poos.

(EXTRAS 5, 6 & 7 run out from Right, stop Down Center, lie down and curl up into little balls.)

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Those must've been some big, hairy mice.

DIRECTOR: That's not the line.

CINDERELLA: Maybe we did have a moose running around the house.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Sorry. . . Perfect. These mouse droppings will do nicely.

EXTRA 5: **(breaking out of his position slightly)** Is it gonna say in the program that I play a mouse dropping?

EXTRA 6: Yeah, they're gonna announce it, too. **(using an announcers voice)** Ladies and Gentlemen, tonight the part of 'Piece of crap' will be played by. . .

DIRECTOR: Knock it off! Look, I know it seems weird to play a mouse dropping but you see, it symbolizes the tragic depths from which Cinderella comes. A pumpkin just isn't "poor" enough. She goes from rags to riches. And I want those riches to be enormous and those rags to be the lowest depths of human existence. You guys understand what a rags to riches story is?

EXTRA 7: I think so.

DIRECTOR: It's where someone makes a complete change in their life, going from one bad extreme to a good one.

EXTRA 7: Kind'a like a Cinderella Story!

DIRECTOR: Yes, yes. Just like a Cinderella Story. Please, go on.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: These mouse droppings will do nicely. Bop, bop, bibbity bobbity poop!

(EXTRAS 5, 6 & 7 morph mystically out of their droppings positions and create the carriage. EXTRA 5 turns into the seat on his hands and knees with his head facing the audience, EXTRA 6 into the door, and the EXTRA 7 into the back of the carriage with his arms held up as the roof.)

CINDERELLA: Wow, my very own carriage! And you killed three birds with one stone!

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Now, what about the coachman? You must have a coachman. ***(HEAD EXTRA comes out from Left crawling and meowing)*** There we go, here kitty, kitty. ***(HEAD EXTRA crawls over to the FAIRY GOSHMOTHER and then stretches like a cat)***

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Bop, bop, bibbity, bibbity, kibbity!

(HEAD EXTRA transforms himself into coachman.)

HEAD EXTRA. Very good, Madame. Are you ready to get underway?

CINDERELLA: Well, I would be, if it wasn't for this raggedy, old dress.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Oh yes, the dress. This is a good trick, watch. ***(SHE goes back to the fireplace. SHE shows her hand opened.)***

Nothing in my hand. And on the other hand you will notice five fingers. ***(SHE starts laughing)*** I wrote that part! That's a good one, huh? Can I keep that line?

DIRECTOR: No! Just say what you're supposed to.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Sounds like, to me, that someone's got a nasty case of the sposdas.

DIRECTOR: Go!

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Oh yes, the dress. ***(SHE reaches into the fireplace and pulls out a gown and glass slippers)*** Ding! Here it is!

CINDERELLA: Oh, Fairy Goshmother, it's beautiful. How can I ever repay you?

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Well, how about \$75 down and then \$10 a month payments at 6.7% interest? **(SHE looks out at the DIRECTOR to see if HE liked that line. HE shakes his head no.)**

Or how about you just go to the ball and have the time of your life.

CINDERELLA: Oh thank you, Fairy Goshmother.

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: It's getting late, so you'd better change in the carriage.

HEAD EXTRA. **(opens EXTRA 6 who's playing the door)** Right this way, Madame. **(HE helps HER in)**

CINDERELLA: Why, thank you, kind sir. **(SHE sits on EXTRA 5's back and then looks up to see EXTRA 7 staring down at her.)**

EXTRA 7: **(HE nods)** How's it going?

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: **(pushing EXTRA 6 down into a squatting position so that SHE can see and talk to Cinderella.)** One last thing before you leave. You must leave the ball before midnight. For on the twelfth stroke of the clock everything will transform back into its original state. So be careful, because when that happens you don't want to step in your carriage if you know what I mean.

HEAD EXTRA. **(stands and closes EXTRA 6 as the door)** Keep your arms and legs inside the ride at all times. Hold on tight and have fun. **(positions himself in between the horses and EXTRA 7 and grabs some imaginary reigns)**

FAIRYGOSHMOTHER: Goodbye, Cinderella.

CINDERELLA: Goodbye, Fairy Goshmother, and thank you.

HEAD EXTRA: Hiyaaa! **(HE whips the horses with an imaginary whip and EXTRAS 1, 2, 3, 4 make horse noises.)**

EXTRA 5: Wait, wait! **(to DIRECTOR)** We're exiting Right, right?

DIRECTOR: Right.

EXTRA 5: Well, everyone is in a position to be able to move that way, but if I'm facing the audience and with her on my back, I'll never be able to keep up, crawling sideways.

DIRECTOR: Well, turn so you're facing Stage Right then.

(EXTRA 5 turns to face Stage Right which turns CINDERELLA facing the rear of the stage.)

CINDERELLA: Now I'm facing backwards.

DIRECTOR: Turn so you're facing Right.

(CINDERELLA turns to face Stage Right but in order to do it SHE has to straddle EXTRA 5 like SHE's riding a horse.)

CINDERELLA: Like this?

DIRECTOR: Whatever, just go on, make your exit.

HEAD EXTRA. Hiyaaa!

(HE whips the horses with an imaginary whip and EXTRAS 1, 2, 3 & 4 make horse noises and rear up. They all move off Right trying to keep their formation. FAIRY GOSHMOTHER is left alone on the stage. SHE waves after them.)

FAIRY GOSHMOTHER: Goodbye, Cinderella. Don't forget your curfew! ***(SHE looks out at the DIRECTOR who jumps up on stage.)*** How was that? I got some funny lines we could add.

DIRECTOR: No. Look, you have got to get through that fireplace faster! That's just taking way too long. Okay, everyone let's go on to the ballroom scene!

SCENE 2 – THE BALLROOM

(EVERYONE comes out from both sides to listen. DIRECTOR stands Center and speaks to them all.)

DIRECTOR: I know most of you don't have costumes yet, but if you do, wear it or wear what you have. Now remember, this is supposed to be an elegant ball. We want the feeling that every one here is elite and proper. So don't go too fast. Keep the scene moving but at a nice slow, steady pace. Elegance! Be elegant. All right, take it from the beginning of the scene. ***(HE goes back to his seat in the audience. TECH, THE PRINCE and KING take the table off while the FAIRY GOSHMOTHER takes off the fireplace. EVERYONE else exits off which ever side they enter from.)*** Music! ***(Some kind of heavy acid rock tune is played.)*** No! No! No! ***(HE looks up to the sound booth. The music stops.)*** That's not the song! ***(TECH GUY enters from stage Left and walks up to the side of the DIRECTOR who is still looking up at the sound booth and hasn't seen the TECH GUY.)*** Play that classical piece I gave you.

TECH GUY: I can't find it.

DIRECTOR: ***(jumping, startled)*** Oh! What the. . . weren't you just playing that music?

TECH GUY: Yeah.

DIRECTOR: Don't you have to play it from up there?

TECH GUY: Yeah.

DIRECTOR: Then how did you. . . ? Never mind. It's that classical piece. It's slow and elegant and soothing. The exact opposite of the music you just played. I gave you the CD.

TECH GUY: I know. I can't find it. I know it's up in the sound booth but it's kinda messy up there.

DIRECTOR: If you'd clean up your mess, maybe you could find stuff. Just go look for it and play it as soon as you find it.

TECH GUY: Aye, aye Captain. **(TECH GUY starts to exit Left.)**

DIRECTOR: Where are you going? Get up to the booth and find that music.

TECH GUY: I will. I'm just going around this way so I can stop at the drinking fountain.

DIRECTOR: Well, hurry up. I want that music playing ASAP.

TECH GUY: Okay, don't have a cow.

(HE exits Left. The second HE disappears behind the curtain the CLASSICAL MUSIC piece starts to play. The DIRECTOR turns around slowly to look at the sound booth. Then HE tries to see if the TECH GUY is still backstage. HE's puzzled.)

DIRECTOR: **(looking back up at the sound booth)** You found it?!

(The music stops.)

TECHGUY: **(stepping out from stage Left)** Yeah, I found it.

DIRECTOR: **(spinning around)** But you were. . . down here. . . and then. . . How did you play it? **(TECH GUY mimes pushing the play button. DIRECTOR is still confused.)** Okay, great. Thank you, let's go on. Will you start it again and dancers when you hear the music, start the scene!

(The TECH GUY goes off Left and immediately the music starts. The two GUARDS enter first and take their positions guarding the center entrance. The DANCERS enter next. Four males from the Right and two females from the left and entering just behind them from both sides are all the EXTAS now playing guests at the party. They stand back and watch the dance. The DANCERS start a choreographed dance but it doesn't get far at all because there are two missing females. DANCER 5 & 6 are dancing without partners.)

DIRECTOR: Cut! Stop the music. **(the music stops and the DIRECTOR goes up on stage)** Where are your partners?

DANCER 5: She said that she can't be in the play.

DIRECTOR: Why?

DANCER 5: Something about a spot opened up on the soccer team so she gets to play.

DIRECTOR: (**shaking his head with frustration**) And yours?

DANCER 6: I think she's grounded cause of bad grades. Hey, why don't we get those new stepsisters to be our partners?

DIRECTOR: This dance is complicated! We don't have time to re-teach it! Besides, one of them is in a cast.

DANCER 1: Well, we can't just have two couples!

DANCER 2: Yeah, that would look dumb.

DANCER 3: You know what though, four was too many.

DANCER 4: Yeah, Shaneequa kept bumping into me on that one turn anyway. I'm glad she's gone.

DANCER 1: Now we have just enough couples, this will be better anyway.

DANCER 2: Yeah, three couples are better than four.

DANCER 5 & 6: We're not a couple!

DANCER 3: They both know the dance real well.

DANCER 4: Yeah, make them a couple.

DANCER 5: I am a boy and. . .

DANCER 6: . . . I am a boy!

DIRECTOR: One of you is gonna have to play a girl.

DANCER 5: Not it!

DIRECTOR: Don't worry, it will just be for this scene.

DANCER 6: Oh, come on!

DANCER 1: You'll get to wear a dress.

DANCER 2: And a wig. It'll be fun.

DANCER 3: Robin Williams did it.

DANCER 4: Yeah, you can put a little padding here and there and presto, you're a girl.

DIRECTOR: It's just for this one scene. Then you can switch back to a man for the big chase scene.

DANCER 1: Think of the play.

DANCER 2: The show must go on.

DANCER 3: Think of the children.

DANCER 4: Please?

DANCER 5: I got the worse part. I have to dance with you.

DANCER 6: (**reluctant**) All right.

ALL DANCERS: Hurray!

DIRECTOR: All right, from your starting positions. (**DANCERS 1, 2, 3 & 4 immediately jump into their starting positions with the guys arm around the girls waist in a typical ballroom dance position. But DANCERS 5 & 6 are a little slow getting into position. They finally take their place but with grimaces on their faces.**) You're

at a ball, try to look happy. (**DANCERS 5 & 6 put huge fake smiles on their faces.**) That's better. Music!

(The music starts and they begin the dance. The dance has several silly looking moves in it but is quite elegant. DANCERS 5 & 6 are still getting used to being partners but they are able to pull it off with elegance. The dance ends and everyone claps. The Royal PAGE enters from Up Center. As the PAGE speaks, everyone parts to make room for people to enter through the Center.)

PAGE: (**the PAGE always stomps his foot twice before introducing someone**) Ladies and Gentleman, presenting his majesty, the royal highness, King Uther Pendragon. . . (**the KING enters and stands Center**). . . And her majesty, the royal highness, Queen Cynthia Pendragon. (**the QUEEN enters and takes the KING's hand**) Also joining us tonight is his highness, the prince!

(The PRINCE enters and stands by the QUEEN. All three acknowledge one another. Then they move to the Right.)

KING: Aren't I supposed to sit on my throne?

(TECH GUY comes running on with three chairs from Stage Left.)

TECH GUY: We haven't finished building it yet. (**HE sets the chairs in a row Stage Right**)

KING: Thank you.

(HE sits in the middle chair. Then the QUEEN sits in Left chair and the PRINCE in the Right chair. The TECH GUY stays on and joins the crowd.)

PRINCE: Smashing ball, father.

KING: Yes, quite so. Now remember son, this is your ball. We have invited all the eligible young ladies in the entire kingdom. So, tonight you must choose your bride.

PRINCE: As long as she's not ugly. I'm not marrying a dog.

KING: There are plenty of beautiful young ladies here. (**to QUEEN**) Don't you think so? (**SHE does not answer**) Don't you think so? (**still no answer**) Don't you think so?! (**the QUEEN does not move. The KING gets violent**) Hello! I said don't you think so?! (**the QUEEN still does not move**) It's your line, you idiot!

QUEEN: No it's not.

DIRECTOR: I'm afraid it is, Queeny. Your line is "Yes there are and. . ."

QUEEN: I know what *my* line is. I'm just waiting for him to finish *his*.

KING: I did! Don't you think so?!

QUEEN: No, I do not. **(SHE pulls out a script and turns to the right page and reads)** "As long as she's not ugly. I'm not marrying a dog. There are plenty of beautiful young ladies here, Don't you think so, *dear?*"

KING: Oh, my heck. What are you gonna do if I forget to say "dear" during the performance?

QUEEN: **(to the DIRECTOR)** What should I do?

KING: How about say your freakin' line!

QUEEN: How do I know when to say it? My cue word is "dear."

PRINCE: Holy Jumpin' Mexican Beans!

DIRECTOR: Just don't forget to say "dear."

KING: **(irritated)** Don't you think so, *DEAR!*?

QUEEN: Yes there are, and I'm sure one of these ladies is right for our son.

PRINCE: As long as she's pretty. She's gotta be pretty.

PAGE: **(stomps foot twice for each person)** Introducing, the Baroness Rodmilla De Step. **(STEPMOTHER enters from Up Center and walks Down Stage, curtsies then steps to the left to make room for the STEPSISTERS)** And her daughters, Lady Abigail Step. . . **(STEPSISTER 1 enters, curtsies and stands next to STEPMOTHER.)** And Lady Gristle Step. **(STEPSISTER 2 enters, curtsies and stands in line next to STEPSISTER1.)** And Stepsister 3. **(STEPSISTER 3 enters, curtsies and stands in line.)** And Stepsister 4. **(STEPSISTER 4 enters, curtsies and stands in line.)** And Stepsister 5 **(STEPSISTER 5 enters, curtsies and stands in line. STEPMOTHER glides over to the KING, QUEEN and PRINCE and the STEPSISTERS follow in a line.)**

DIRECTOR: Make up names for them!

PAGE: Me?

DIRECTOR: Yeah, you can do it. Go on.

STEPMOTHER: Your Majesties, may I present my daughters. **(SHE glides Stage Left behind her daughters)**

STEPSISTER 1: **(steps forward and curtsies)** Good evening, your majesties.

KING: You look radiant, my dear.

QUEEN: Yes, how adorable.

PRINCE: You're hot!

STEPSISTER 1: Thank you, your highnesses. **(SHE circles behind the Throne Chairs and glides Stage Left and behind STEPMOTHER.)**

STEPSISTER 2: **(steps forward and curtsies)** Good evening, your majesties.

KING: Ah, how lovely you are, my dear.

QUEEN: Yes, how enchanting.

PRINCE: You're hot!

STEPSISTER 2: Thank you, your highnesses. (***SHE circles behind the Throne Chairs and glides Stage Left and behind STEPMOTHER.***)

STEPSISTER 3: (***steps forward and curtsies***) Good evening, your majesties.

KING: You look beautiful, my dear. (***Pause. Nothing from the QUEEN. The KING looks at her.***) You look beautiful, my dear. (***Still nothing.***) My dear! I think we've established a pattern here! (***HE turns to the PRINCE.***)

PRINCE: You're hot too!

STEPSISTER 3: Thank you, your highnesses. (***SHE circles behind the Throne Chairs and glides Stage Left and behind STEPMOTHER.***)

STEPSISTER 4: (***steps forward and curtsies***) Good evening, your majesties.

KING: (***now getting tired of this***) You look great, my dear. (***turning to the PRINCE***) She ain't gonna say anything.

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