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Stepsisters

Book by

FLIP KOBLER and CINDY MARCUS

Lyrics by

FLIP KOBLER

Music by

DENNIS POORE

Dramatic Publishing Company

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Book by FLIP KOBLER and CINDY MARCUS

Lyrics by FLIP KOBLER

Music by DENNIS POORE

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(STEPSISTERS)

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Stepsisters made its world premiere as part of the Showdown Theater Camp in Jefferson City, Mo., in June 2016.

Cast.

Drew.....	Sarah Gartner
Beth.....	Kimberly Dominguez
Ella.....	Tylee Ciolli
Crane.....	Alexandra Arand
King.....	Genaro Hoyle
Queen.....	Hannah Sullivan
Harrison.....	Finn Kobler
Nigel.....	Chance Shepherd
Viktor.....	Kale Shepherd
Lacki.....	Josh Arnold
Herald.....	Haley Hawkins
Flynn.....	Aidan McGinty
Jenson.....	Matt Lecure
Apothecary.....	Andy Hoff
Beatrix.....	Sophie Marreel
Grisel.....	Megan Barnes
Constance.....	Skylar Gaw
Jailor.....	Patrick Rogers
Guy.....	Zachary Jones
Bertha.....	Maryssa Bearden
Olga.....	Varvara Rubtsova
Zelda.....	Autumn Cornell
Boopsie.....	Molly Rhodes
Frieda.....	Caitlyn Bittle
Yax.....	Fabio Luebbering
Parson.....	Zane Shepherd
Lawmaker#1.....	Zoe Nutt
Lawmaker #2.....	Rani Patel
Blacksmith.....	Shalynn Jones

BakerKyrstin Jackson
Shopkeeper #1..... Abigail Mallicoat
Shopkeeper #2.....Kylie Rheinhardt
Elizabeth Stephanie Buckner
Sapphire Emma Brandt
Liza Chalyn Warren
Dember.....Rose Baxter
April Ana Hoyle
PotioneerAbbigail Doggett
Thief.....Jordan Niermeyer

Production Staff.

DirectorCindy Marcus
Musical DirectorDennis Poore
Choreographer..... Brooke Bovee
Lighting Designer Ken Hugo
Set Designers Ken Hugo & Zach Kever
Costumer Amie Brigance
Hair and Makeup..... Lizzie Weider

Stepsisters

CHARACTERS

DREW (w): Oldest daughter of Crane. Longs for a life of adventure.

BETH (w): Drew's younger sister. Wants people to think she's awesome.

ELLA (w): Drew's stepsister. A spunky, hardworking tomboy.

CRANE (w): The stepmother who will do anything to marry off her daughters.

KING (m): Harrison's dad who's ready to retire.

QUEEN (w): Loving mother and wife who adores her boys.

HARRISON (m): The prince. Dang near perfect, except he panics around girls.

NIGEL (either gender): Two words for you. Harrison's friend.

FLYNN (either gender): Harrison's best bud. Just kidding. Seriously though, he is.

JENSEN (either gender): Jester who never says much.

VIKTOR/VIKTORIA (either gender): Chancellor to the king. Brown-noser mad with secret power.

LACKI (either gender): Viktor's assistant and oh-so-willing "yes man."

HERALD (either gender): Hear ye, hear ye.

LAWMAKERS (either gender): Viktor's guards and legal team.

APOTHECARY (either gender): Oi. Owner of the drug store, she is.

BEATRIX (w): Rich snob from town.

GRISEL (w): Beatrix's "yes girl." Total kiss-up.

CONSTANCE (w): Beatrix's BFF. Loves goading Grisel.

GUY (m): Plays the parts of all the dead guys.

PARSON (either gender): The hard-of-hearing man-of-the-cloth.

JAILER (either gender): Runs the dungeon like a concierge.

BERTHA (either gender): The self-appointed ruler of the dungeon crew.

OLGA (either gender): The not-so-bright Russian firecracker.

FRIEDA (either gender): Olga's embittered sidekick.

YAX (either gender): The wild-eyed crazy one.

BOOPSIE (either gender): The perpetually chipper and optimistic one.

ZELDA (either gender): The fallen blue blood.

BAKER (either gender)

POTIONEER (either gender)

THIEF (either gender)

SHOPKEEPER 1 (either gender)

SHOPKEEPER 2 (either gender)

BLACKSMITH (either gender)

MUSICAL NUMBERS

1. Heard This Tale Before	11
2. Life is Super.....	16
3. Dreams Will Come True	25
4. The Royal Party	34
5. Ladies Man.....	43
6. Short Term Miracle	59
7. Someone Like You.....	66
8. At the Ball	70
9. Such a Nice Guy	81
10. If the Shoe Fits.....	88
11. Stars in the Sky	92
12. Secret Mission.....	98
13. Now Our Story's Done.....	109

Stepsisters

ACT I

(Our set is a fairy-tale world. A few boxes and benches can represent everything from throne rooms to dungeons. Or you can roll on sets and furniture, fly in back drops, or make the set as elaborate as your budget and time will allow. A medieval musical fanfare is heard and the cast enters.)

(#1. “Heard This Tale Before”)

CAST.

YOU’VE HEARD THIS TALE BEFORE
YOU THOUGHT YOU KNEW THE SCORE
BUT THERE IS SO MUCH MORE THAN YOU
REMEMBER

THE STUPID BROTHERS GRIMM
THEY GOT IT WRONG AGAIN
THEY THOUGHT THE HEROINE WAS CINDERELLA

BACK TO ONCE UPON A TIME
TALE HANDED DOWN THROUGH THE AGES
READ DEEP BETWEEN THE LINES
THERE’S MORE THAN IS ON THE PAGES NOW

HERE WE GO
AND WE HOPE YOU’RE NOT OFFENDED
WHAT YOU KNOW
AIN’T ALWAYS WHAT THE SCRIBE INTENDED
WE’VE RE-PENNED IT NOW

A DIFF’RENT POINT OF VIEW
CAN MAKE THE STORY NEW

AND COMPLETELY SCREW WITH FOLKLORE
FABLES

SO COME WITH US AND SEE
A YARN TOLD DIFF'RENTLY
WE'LL FRACTURE HISTORY AND TURN THE
TABLES

YEAH, HERE WE GO AGAIN
THE TALE THAT'S ALWAYS REPRODUCING
BUT WE'VE GOT A DIFF'RENT SPIN
WE HOPE THAT IT'S NOT BARF INDUCING NOW

SEE THEM HERE
OLD CHARACTERS IN NEW DISGUISES
LEND AN EAR
THERE'S REWRITES AND NEW REVISES BIG
SURPRISES SOME WHITE LIE-SES NOW

(HERALD stands C.)

HERALD. Hear ye, hear ye. Welcome to the royal dungeon.

(HERALD exits. JAILER enters with DREW and BETH. He's the perfect dungeon master. Probably has a limp, a lisp, an eye patch and a big ring of keys.)

JAILER *(to DREW and BETH)*. Come along. Right this way. Mind where you're going. Don't step on the rats. They tend to hold a grudge. Here we are ladies, the royal dungeon. Welcome to your new home.

BETH. Well this totally sucks.

JAILER. Aye, I do my best to keep it dismal. Thanks for noticing.

BETH. No. I mean it's horrible down here.

JAILER. Stop, you'll make me blush. Now if there's anything you need, anything at all, you just let me know, right.

DREW. Can I have a blanket and an extra pillow?

JAILER. Ha. That's right, miss. Keep your sense of humor.

I've been given strict orders not to give you lot anything.

DREW. Then why did you offer?

JAILER. I wanted you two to feel at home as long as you're here.

DREW. And how long will that be?

JAILER. Well, let's see. *(Counting on his fingers.)* One, two, three, four—EVER! *(Calling into the dungeon.)* Wake up in there. I brung you some new roommates. *(Shoves them into the room.)* Get in there.

(JAILER exits. The PRISONERS emerge from the sides or shadows like vultures. They gather around DREW and BETH, who slap on plastic smiles to hide their fear.)

BERTHA. Well well well. What have we here?

OLGA. It looks like two young girls. *(To FRIEDA.)* Can't she see? Is she blind?

FRIEDA. Do you know what a rhetorical question is?

OLGA *(pointing at DREW and BETH)*. Is it them?

FRIEDA. Oi.

DREW. Hi everybody. Guess we're all gonna be roomies for a while. My name is—

BERTHA. Oh, we know who you are. *(To OLGA.)* Don't we?

OLGA. Oh yeah. A couple of rhetorical questions.

FRIEDA. Oi.

BETH. You know who we are? *(Thrilled, she turns to DREW.)*

They know who we are. Ah! How awesome is that? We're famous!

ZELDA. You are the wicked stepsisters.

BETH. Yeah, baby!—Wait. What?

DREW. We are not wicked.

BOOPSIE. I heard you were the evil stepsisters.

YAX. That's what I heard. Evil. EVIL! Ha ha ha! Evil.

DREW. We are not evil.

BERTHA. Guess you'd rather be called the ugly stepsisters.

BETH (*throwing her arm around DREW*). Ach. She was runner-up in the Miss Black Forest pageant three years in a row. So barf on you.

DREW (*shhhh, don't get us killed*). Beth.

BETH. I'm not gonna let them say all those lies about us.

DREW. We don't want any trouble. (*Shaking hands all around, trying to be friendly.*) Hi, hello, hi, how's it going? Good to see ya.

BERTHA. We know what you did.

OLGA. Something rhetorical I bet.

FRIEDA. Oi.

DREW. What did we do?

ZELDA. You tried to overthrow the prince.

PRISONERS. Um-hmm.

ZELDA. You stood in the way of true love.

PRISONERS. Um-hmm.

ZELDA. Committed treason against the princess.

PRISONERS. Um-hmm.

BETH. What? Cinderella? Well she wasn't the princess then, was she?

DREW. Beth.

BETH. What, Drew? They all think we're the bad guys.

ZELDA. You are.

PRISONERS. Um-hmm.

OLGA. You have a lot of nerve showing your rhetorical faces in here.

BETH. We're not the bad guys.

BOOPSIE. We've all read the story. (*Offers parchment.*)

PRISONERS. Um-hm, um-hm-um-hm.

DREW (*taking the parchment*). "The tale of Cinderella."

PRISONERS. Um-hm, um-hm-um-hm.

DREW. "By the Brothers Grimm."

PRISONERS. Um-hm, um-hm-um-hm.

BETH (*looking over her shoulder*). Drew, we're famous. The Grimms did a story about us. Us! Whoo hoo!

DREW. They made us the bad guys.

BETH. Pfft. Stupid Brothers Grimm. I hate those guys.

(All PRISONERS gasp and recoil in horror.)

YAX. Do not dis the Grimms.

DREW. Totally not dissing the Grimms. Just saying that maybe—

PRISONERS. Grrrrrr.

DREW. Maybe, they don't know ALL sides to the story.

BERTHA. And I suppose you know the truth.

BETH. Yes!

DREW. No.

BETH. No! Wait, no? Really?

DREW. I don't know the truth. I can only tell you our side of the story.

OLGA. We don't care about your side.

FRIEDA. OK, tell us.

OLGA. We'd love to hear.

DREW. All right. We'll tell you our side.

BETH. The awesome side.

DREW. It started in the kingdom of Firebrook. Where my sister and I lived with our mother and father.

(The lights shift and the scene changes. The PRISONERS exit, and we're in the kingdom of Firebrook.)

HERALD *(entering)*. Hear ye, hear ye. Make way for the count and countess of Firebrook.

(HERALD exits. DREW and BETH join CRANE and GUY C. VILLAGERS and NOBELS pass and nod to each other. They curtsy and bow to CRANE and GUY.)

DREW. We were rich. Respected. And adored by the entire kingdom.

BETH. Our life was just super.

(#2. "Life is Super")

GUY.

OUR LIFE IS SUPER
MY WIFE IS SUPER
EVEN OUR POOPER SCOOPS ARE SUPER

CRANE.

HE THINKS OF ME SO HIGHLY
I'M STARKY TO HIS HUTCH

GUY.

MY WORLD IS GROOVY
MY GIRLS ARE GROOVY
MY LIFE IS LIKE THAT WALL STREET MOVIE

GUY, CRANE, DREW & BETH.
WE LIVE THE LIFE OF RILEY

GUY.
AND I'VE GOT THE MIDAS TOUCH

GUY, CRANE, DREW & BETH.
WE'RE RICH, ADORED AND POWERFUL
OUR DAYS HAVE ONE MORE HOUR FULL
THEY'LL BUILD US ALL A STATUE RIGHT IN THE
LOCAL MALL

BETH.
I AM SIMPLY SO AMAZING
AWESOME NEEDS A NEW REPHRASING

GUY, CRANE, DREW & BETH.
ASK A MAGIC MIRROR WHO'S THE GREATEST OF
ALL
LIFE IS BETTER WHEN YOU'RE ONE OF US

GUY.
OUR HOME IS AWESOME

BETH.
MY BEDROOM'S AWESOME

CRANE.
OUR GARDEN'S ALWAYS IN FULL BLOSSOM

GUY, CRANE, DREW & BETH.
WE'RE JUST SO MARVEL-OUS
STAN LEE WOULD BE PROUD

DREW.
MY FUTURE'S BRIGHTER

CRANE.

MY TEETH ARE WHITER

BETH.

EVEN THOSE TIMES I'M WRONG I'M RIGHTER

GUY, CRANE, DREW & BETH.

NUMBER NINE'S BENEATH US
WE'RE ON A HIGHER CLOUD
POWERFUL AND OH SO FAMOUS
NARCISSISTIC CAN YOU BLAME US
IF WE HAD A GENIE HE'D WANT US TO GRANT HIS
WISH
ROLL THE DICE AND I GET YATZEE
WE'RE ADORED BY THE PAPARAZZI
IF LIFE WERE A SEDER WE'D BE THE LAST KNISH
LIFE IS BETTER WHEN YOU'RE ONE OF US
LIFE IS BETTER WHEN YOU'RE ONE OF US

DREW. And everything was perfect. Until—

GUY. OOk. Ack. Eek. Ick. Argh.

(GUY has a heart attack. It's the silliest, stupidest, most slapstick twenty seconds in the history of theatre. Staggering, chest-clutching, face-contorting stupidity. When he collapses, DREW runs to him.)

DREW. Daddy? Daddy! Oh no, Daddy.

(Several of the cast pick up GUY's body, hoist it to their shoulders and carry him solemnly offstage. A funeral dirge is heard.)

HERALD *(entering)*. Woe ye, Woe ye. The count of Firebrook is dead. *(Exits.)*

DREW. And my family handled it pretty well.

CRANE (*hysterical, falling to her knees, beating the ground*).

NOOOOOO! No! (*Sob. Whimper.*) No. Why?! Why oh why!?

DREW. Mom. Mom. Mom! It'll be OK.

CRANE. It won't be OK. I lost my husband.

DREW. But you still have us.

CRANE (*looking to DREW, then BETH, then falling and wailing*). Oh no. No, no, please no!

BETH. This isn't doing much for my self-esteem.

CRANE. We are nothing. Less than nothing.

BETH. I don't want to hear this. (*Covering her ears.*) La-la-lalalala.

DREW. Mom. You're not nothing.

CRANE. I am, I am. And so are you!!

DREW. Mom.

CRANE (*stabbing a finger at BETH*). And she's more of a nothing than you.

BETH. I am?

CRANE. Shh. Little nothings like you shouldn't speak. (*Getting control and pulling her girls close.*) Listen to me, girls. A woman without land and money is nothing. Whatever you do, however you have to do it, promise me you won't stop until you marry a rich and powerful man.

DREW. Mom.

CRANE. Promise me.

DREW. But—

CRANE. Promise me!

DREW. I promise.

BETH. I promise.

CRANE. Good. That makes me so happy. (*Turns away.*)

DREW (*comforting BETH*). Beth, don't let her get to you.

Seriously. You're not nothing.

BETH (*truly hurt*). Mom thinks so.

DREW. Oh yeah, and Mom is never wrong. I think you're amazing.

BETH. Really?

DREW. Do I lie? And I swear that someday Mom and the whole world will see you for the all encompassing awesomeness that is you.

(DREW drapes a protective arm around BETH.)

HERALD. Wazzup! Wazzup! Time marches on. Welcome to a few months later when the widow of Firebrook met somebody new.

GUY. Hi.

CRANE (*suddenly in his face, all smiles and wiggly eyebrows*). Hellooooooooooooo.

GUY. I heard you're a widow.

CRANE (*"woe is me"*). Yes. It's tragic. Awful. The worst.

GUY. I'm a widower.

CRANE (*"wow is me"*). That is so fabulous.

GUY. I am the duke of Bonnyshire.

CRANE. Duke?

GUY. Would you like to get some coffee?

CRANE. I can't. I'm still in mourning.

GUY. I understand. And I respect you for i—

CRANE. OK, you talked me into it. I just can't say no to you, you duke you. (*To DREW and BETH.*) A duke! Momma's still got it. (*Rubs noses with GUY.*)