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Dramatic Publishing

CINDERELLA CONFIDENTIAL

A Play
by
ERIC COBLE



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • England • Australia • New Zealand

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“This reworking of Cinderella’s story for the media age works magic for adults, too.” *Cleveland Scene Magazine*

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IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

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Cinderella Confidential premiered at The Cleveland Play House on January 28, 2003 (Peter Hackett, artistic director; Dean R. Gladden, managing director). The director was William Hoffman; scene and lighting design was by Michael Roesch and costume design was by Kazuko Inoue.

CAST

Deb Jabber, Stepsister #1 EBONY WIMBS
Sonny Glamour, Jack BRANDON LEWIS
The Prince, Pinocchio, The Shoemaker, Mr. Mouse,
Stepsister #2 MICHAEL JOHN SESTILI
Fairy Godmother, Mrs. Mouse, Cinderella.
REBECCA BORGER

CINDERELLA CONFIDENTIAL

A Play in One Act
For 2 Men and 2 Women

CHARACTERS

DEB JABBER Reporter for Action Newsday Now.
SONNY GLAMOUR . Reporter for Glitter Kingdom Today.
THE PRINCE The man with the shoe.
FAIRY GODMOTHER . . A fairy in need of a day planner.
JACK A boy with ambition and a cow.
PINOCCHIO A puppet with curiosity and a cricket.
THE SHOEMAKER A maker of the finest footwear.
AN ELF The real maker of the finest footwear.
MR. & MRS. MOUSE . . Creatures with a shocking tale to
tell.
CINDERELLA A hard-working woman.
TWO WICKED STEPSISTERS. Women who have
everything they want.

VARIOUS VOICES

PLACE: The kingdom.
TIME: Once upon a time, give or take.

PRODUCTION NOTES

Cinderella Confidential can be performed by 4-13 actors of any ethnic group. If double-casting, one woman can perform Fairy Godmother, the Elf, Mrs. Mouse and Cinderella. A second woman can perform Deb and Stepsister #1; One man can perform Sonny and Jack. Another man can perform the Prince, Pinocchio, the Shoemaker, Mr. Mouse and Stepsister #2. (Or puppets may play Pinocchio, the Elf and the Two Mice.)

Costume changes should be as simple as possible (a wig, hat, skirt, jacket, vest, etc.) for maximum speed.

The audience-participation polls can be included or cut, depending on the needs of the production.

CINDERELLA CONFIDENTIAL

SETTING: *A bare stage representing different parts of the kingdom.*

AT RISE: *Hard-driving music. A woman in a trenchcoat steps forward holding a microphone. This is DEB JABBER.*

DEB *(to audience)*. Thanks, Tom. Deb Jabber here with Action Newsday Now. A palace. A prince. A ball. What started as a festive celebration last night turned into a wild mystery with the stroke of a clock. Where couples had been dancing, waltzing, gavotting, and boogie-stop-shuffling moments before, suddenly there was a woman on the run. A damsel in distress. A lady on the lam. A she without a shoe. For I've just learned in an exclusive Action Newsday Now Exclusive—

(Cheery music starts up and onstage glides SONNY GLAMOUR, in sleek clothes, holding a microphone, smiling nearly constantly.)

SONNY. Good, good, good morning, and good, good, good gracious, have we got an exclusive for you on Glitter Kingdom Today! I'm your host Sonny Glamour, reporting live from the scene of what entertainment insid-

ers are calling the mystery of the century. As we reported last night, all eyes, ears and noses were on the prince's fabulous feast and ball, truly a night to remember—but as they danced, no one knew that it would soon become...a night no one would ever forget. A tale of love, loss...and missing footwear. All on Glitter Kingdom Today! (*DEB cuts the cheery music and steps in front of SONNY.*)

DEB (*to audience*). As I was saying, Action Newsday Now has just learned—

SONNY (*starts the music back up and steps in front of DEB with a wide smile*). Glitter Kingdom Today has all the clothes, all the jewelry, all the egos—

DEB (*cuts the music and steps in front of SONNY*). Excuse me! These people want the hard facts of a hard story about hard people—

SONNY. Hardly! (*Starts up the cheery music.*) They want the grace, glitz, and gusto of the entertainment world—and here I am!!

DEB. But I have the cold truth—

SONNY. I have the perfectly jelled hair!

DEB. Well, I have the missing shoe.

SONNY. That can't be. I have the shoe.

DEB (*holds up a big shoebox*). I have mine right here.

SONNY (*holds up an equally big shoebox*). No, I have the true shoe right here.

DEB. You can't—

SONNY. You saw it here first, Glitter viewers!

DEB. ...unless she lost both shoes.

SONNY. Nobody said anything about a barefoot woman running around.

DEB. Exactly. One shoe. That's the story.

SONNY. And I have it right here.

DEB. No!

SONNY. Behold, loyal viewers, the only clue in the mystery of the century—the missing...shoe! (*He pulls a snazzy Rollerblade out of the box. DEB stares at it.*)

DEB. That's not a shoe.

SONNY (*to audience*). This in-line skate was found beside the palace steps seconds after the dancing beauty disappeared. So who was this bombshell on blades? This skating she-vixen—

DEB. That's not the shoe!

SONNY (*to audience*). Was she wearing kneepads under that silken gown? How could the prince have failed to notice the hard plastic helmet on her perfectly coiffed head? Or that she was moving considerably faster than anyone else on the floor?

DEB. He didn't notice it because that's not the missing shoe! This is! (*She pulls a large black rubber rain boot from her shoe box. SONNY bursts out laughing. To audience.*) Found in the bushes beside the steps to the palace moments after the woman fled—

SONNY. A rubber boot??

DEB (*to audience*). A galosh. But who is the big-footed owner? Did she know something about the weather the prince didn't? Did she also leave behind an umbrella, overcoat, and squeaky rubber duck? Why didn't the royal family notice her clunking, squishing steps, the pools of standing water wherever she paused—

SONNY. Because she wasn't wearing that vulgar old boot! Who on earth would ever wear galoshes to a ball?

DEB. Well, who would wear Rollerblades?

SONNY. A hip, styling, extreme-sport kind of gal, I'd say—

DEB. And I say it was a down-to-earth, practical, sea-faring woman—

SONNY. Instant Glamor Poll! *(To audience.)* How many of you think this sleek in-line blade is the true shoe?

DEB *(to audience)*. And how many know that this sturdy rubber boot is the mystery shoe?

(As they listen to the audience, a man in a crown and cape pops his head onstage and beams [the PRINCE].)

PRINCE. I say! My roller skate! And my rubber boot!

DEB & SONNY. The prince!

(They quickly fall to their knees, bonking heads as the PRINCE steps forward carrying two small silk pillows stacked on top of each other.)

PRINCE. Please don't crack your skulls on my account! Although I have to admit I do love the clapping coconut sound of two heads bopping together! Great fun, what?

DEB. You say this is your galosh, Your Majesty?

PRINCE. I don't know about that, but it is my rubber booty-boot. I thought I'd lost it forever after that last rainstorm—stomping through the puddles—squish-splash-squish—and suddenly it flies off and I'm standing there in my sock—quite a day, I must say—

SONNY. And this Rollerblade is yours too?

PRINCE. Oh yes. Lost roly-poly here when I was trying to skate down the palace steps blindfolded. Oh, there was a day as well!

SONNY. Your Princeliness—

PRINCE. And now I have my lovely rollies and my bootsies back—did you find anything else of mine floating around in the shrubbery? I'm missing a dental retainer—

DEB. Your Highness, we thought these belonged to the fleeing woman last night—

PRINCE. Oh heavens no. This is her shoe. *(He pulls the cushions apart to reveal a clear, elegant slipper.)*

SONNY. Oh my stars! It's gorgeous!

DEB. It's made of glass!

PRINCE. Not very practical for dancing, what? One misstep and you're in the hospital with thirty stitches—

SONNY *(to audience)*. You saw it here first, subjects. The most dazzling delicate shoe to grace a foot since those ruby reds were found under a house—

DEB *(to audience)*. In an Action Newsday Now exclusive, you are seeing the only clue left behind by the escaping woman—but where was she escaping to...or from?

DEB & SONNY. Your Highness!

PRINCE. What?

DEB. Who was the woman?

SONNY. What did she look like?

PRINCE. Oh. Well. She was quite lovely, you know. Um. Wearing a dress. Of some color, a deep rich color of some shade. And she had eyes. A nose. Ears. Two really lovely...ears. Both of them. I seem to remember arms and legs. Clearly she had a foot. At least one foot.

DEB. Well, that narrows it down to almost every woman in the kingdom.

SONNY. We hear that she ran away right at the stroke of midnight—