

# CINDERFELLA

Script by Judi Billcliff based on an original poem written by Katie Migounoff of Glenbrook (Primary School). You'll find Katie's poem at the end of the play. Add in some extra characters, add music, and have fun with the script, as that is why I wrote it. Thanks to the clever Katie, for inspiring me to write this fun play.

## CAST

Cinderfella

Stepmother

Stepbrother Claude

Stepbrother Stan

Stepsister Daisy

Fairy Godmother

Princess

Royal Guard

Royal Guard 2

Narrator

Add in people at Field Days

- Narrator: Cinderfella was a farmer, and a very keen one. He wasn't scared of hard work, which is lucky, as he has a very mean stepmother, and two nasty stepbrothers who make him do all the farm chores, as well as sweeping all the floors. Poor fella also has a ghastly stepsister. She's so full of herself, there's no room for a brain or a heart! I hear them coming, get ready!
- Stan: *(Stan and Claude saunter in)* Giddy Cinderfella, sittin doin nothin again I see. He's pretty darn lazy, don't you reckon Claude?
- Claude: Yeah I reckon you're right Stan, Cinderfella needs a lesson in hard work.
- Fella: And who's going to give it to me, as I don't see anyone here who knows what hard work is. *(Stan and Claude splutter)*
- Stan: The cheek of him Claude.
- Claude: I reckon Stan. I'm Lord Claude, never bored, always working and adored. *(He bows.)*
- Daisy: And never to be ignored..... Remember that Fella!
- Claude: Why thank you Daisy. Hang on, do you want something, as you're not normally nice to me?
- Stan: Ah forget her Claude. I'm Stan the man, yes I am, and when it comes to work.....
- Daisy: You're not a fan!
- Stan: What do you know? You're no better anyway, you never lift a finger to help.
- Daisy: Excuse me, I lift my bottle of nail polish every day.
- Claude: Wow, how hard that must be for you. Are you training for the weightlifting? *(They start to squabble and tease one another.)*
- Fella: Why do you have to fight all the time? You should be able to get on with each other.
- Narrator: See what they're like. They're a nightmare I tell you. All we need now is for their dreadful mother to arrive.

Stepma: FOR GOODNESS SAKE, will you be quiet. I was trying to catch up on my sleep.

Narrator: Get comfortable folks, it could take a while for her to look beautiful.

Stepma: I never get any peace in this house. What on earth are you fighting about this time?

Daisy: He started it Ma. *(She points to Feller.)*

Claude: Yeah it's always him Ma.

Stan: We were just chatting when he got all nasty.

Feller: Why do you always blame me, when you're the mean and nasty ones. It's feller do this, and feller do that, and feller is slow.....

Daisy: Hello, you are slow! Not like me. Daisy, Dais with a smile like sunny rays, **always**..... getting praise.

Stan: More like Daisy, Daisy, stir fry crazy.

Claude: And don't forget Daisy, Daisy, no help coz she's lazy.

Daisy: Maaaaaaaaaaaa..... Make them stop pleeeeeeease! *(She cries loudly. Her mother and brother covers their ears with their hands.)*

Narrator: Make her stop please someone. Anyone?

Feller: I used to wish I had a sister until I came here. How can I stop her crying? Let me think..... I've got it. *(Reaches down and gets a small bag of potato chips.)* Potato chip anyone?  
*(Stan, Claude and Daisy all dive for the bag, and Daisy gets it.)*

Narrator: It's like watching a wrestling match.

Daisy: They're mine!

Claude: Why does she deserve them?

Stan: I'm better than both of you.

Stepma: Oh my little poppets, so full of life and fun. Now you Feller, have you milked the cows?

Feller: Yes Stepmother, all one hundred of them.

Stepma: Have you cleaned the tractor and washed the dogs?

Feller: Yes, Stepmother it's sparkling, and so are the dogs.

Stepma: Good because they smelt.... like you. It made me feel sick. What is that smell anyway? *(She sniffs him.)*

Feller: It's cow poo Stepmother, but it'll come off in the shower, if you let me.

Stepma: Shower? You think we're going to let you have a shower in the house.

Daisy: That hot water is for me, because I'm special.

Claude: And us, because we're more special, and like to smell good too.

Stan: Yeah, for the girls, because I'm Stan the MAN! *(He does a dab.)*

Narrator: You're wondering if they ever stop aren't you. The answer is..... no!

Daisy: No girl would look at you, except to laugh.

Claude: Yeah, they wouldn't notice you, because they'd be looking at me.

Daisy: They'd only be looking at you Claude because they couldn't believe how ugly you are.

Feller: Why do you have to fight all the time? Don't you know life is so much better when families all get along. You should look for the good in one another.

Narrator: That's asking a lot of them.

S C D: WHAT DO YOU KNOW FELLER?

Feller: I know you'd all be happier if you tried being kind more often.

Stepma: Are you saying I'm not a good mother, and I'm not teaching my children good manners? How rude. For that you can go and chop more firewood this minute. *(As Feller stands up there is a knock at the door.)* Well don't just stand there you foolish boy, answer it, what do I pay you for?

Feller: You don't pay me Stepmother.

Stepma: That's not the point, go and answer it now!  
*(Feller goes and opens the door There are Royal Guards standing there.)*

Royal G: We come from the Royal Palace, with a Royal Proclamation. **Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye, one and all.**

Royal G 2: The good people of the village.....

Narrator: Well that counts most of this lot out.

Royal G 2: Are invited to attend the Palace's Gumboot Gathering at Fieldays this year, to be held at Mystery Creek. **Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye.....** *(He hands the invite to Feller.)*

Daisy: I think we all heard ye, you're so loud. *(She shouts.)*

Stan: And you're not?

Daisy: No, **I AM NOT LOUD!**

Claude: Never mind that, he's got an invitation, and it's mine.  
*(They all fight over it, trying to get it out of Feller's hand and they rip it in the process. They try and put it together again.)*

Daisy: See what you've done now Feller, you're nothing but trouble.

Feller: It wasn't my fault.

Claude: Why do you always have to be right?

Stan: I've wanted to go to Fieldays forever.

Stepma: All those eligible young women, looking for handsome men like my two lovely boys.

Narrator: Handsome! I think she should've gone to Specsavers!

Stepma: I can find them wealthy wives, and then move in with them. Perfect!

Narrator: Not perfect for them though.

Daisy: All those farmers..... all those horses.....

Narrator: All that horse poo, all that mud.....  
*(Claude, Stan and Daisy dance around excitedly.)*

Feller: It's going to be amazing, all those John Deere's, all those new milking machines, all those animal feeders.

Stan: You don't think you're going do you?

Claude: It's not for people like you, just people like us.

Narrator: I don't remember the invite saying it was only for people with no brains? But what do I know?

Daisy: Oh for goodness sake Feller, as if someone like you would be allowed to meet the Royal Family. It's for us educated folks, people with class and style, people who are o for oarsome.

Narrator: Ladies and gentlemen that proves my point.

Feller: Please, please I'd love to go.

C S D: No, no, no, no, of course you can't go.

Stepma: Of course you can't meet the Royal family, they'd wonder what sort of family I was raising. Oh the very thought of it, and besides you have all the housework to do here. Come along my lovelies we have much to do.  
*(They exit.)*

Narrator: The next few days were a nightmare, with squeals and shrieks, and squeezing into clothes to wear to the Fieldays at Mystery Creek. I was glad when the day arrived. *(The stepmother walks on.)*

Stepma: Here is your list of jobs to do Feller while we're socialising the afternoon away, and don't miss anything.

Feller: Very well Stepmother.

Stepma: Claude, Stan, Daisy, hurry up or you boys won't get to meet those beautiful young princesses.

Daisy: What about me Ma?

Stepma: Oh, there's no hope for you Daisy.

Daisy: That's not a nice thing to say to your precious baby girl.

Stepma: No, no, I mean there's no hope, as there's no prince for you, although there might be a wealthy young man somewhere. Come on, our limo is here.  
*(Chattering but still squabbling they exit. Feller sits looking sad, and quietly cries.)*

Narrator: Thank goodness someone knows the meaning of silent tears.

Feller: All I wanted to do was see those tractors up close, touch them, take a selfie with one of them. I wanted to feel normal for a few hours. *(There is a crash and bang outside the door.)*  
What was that? *(In staggers a fairy Godmother.)* Who are you?

Fairy G: Oh hello, are you Cinderfella?

Feller: Yes, I am. Do I know you?

Fairy G: No dear, I'm your Fairy Godfather's wife, which is why I'm not very good at this.

Narrator: She got that right. She sure needs some practice.

Fairy G: I'm supposed to be baking an apple pie this afternoon, but here I am with you instead. My husband was supposed to be here, but he's got a bad case of science.

Feller: Science?

Fairy G: Yes, that's what I said dear, science.

Feller: Is he working on an experiment?

Fairy G: No, I don't think so dear, he's too busy blowing his nose.

Feller: Why is he blowing his nose?

Narrator: Why did I know he was going to ask that?

Fairy G: Because he's all blocked up with sciences.

Feller: Oh sinus?

Fairy G: Yes, that's what I said dear. Are you deaf?

Feller: I don't think so.

Fairy G: Now down to business. Your Godfather has magicked up a porch out of a tractor, he's very clever.

Feller: A porch?

Fairy G: Are you sure you're not deaf? A porch for you to drive.

Feller: Oh, you mean a Porsche?

Fairy G: That's what I said dear. A nice, fast, red porch for you to drive to Fieldays in. You'll find it outside the gate.

Feller: Wow, just for me?

Fairy G: Indeed, and he has also conjured up and kissed a magic spell.....

Feller: Cast a magic spell?

Fairy G: I really think you should get your ears checked young man. I'm wasting time repeating myself, when I need to get home to that apple pie.

Feller: I'm sorry, I really am very grateful.

Fairy G: Now as I was saying, he kissed a spell, and you'll also find a hat and new boots outside to wear. Now off you go.

Feller: Please thank my Fairy Godfather for me.

Fairy G: But before you go, when you hear the MILKING BALL ring, you must return here immediately.

Narrator: Please don't ask her.

Feller: When the **MILKING BELL** rings, ring a ding ding, I will return home immediately with a zing. *(He exits.)*

Narrator: I didn't think he'd ever leave.

Fairy G: Me neither. But remember we all need patience with others.

Narrator: You can see me, and hear me?

Fairy G: Of course I can, I kiss magic spells remember. Well my husband does all that stuff really. I was actually knocked over by a feta when he asked me to come and find Cinderfella.

Narrator: You mean knocked over by a feather?

Fairy G: Are you all deaf in this house? A feta, I was knocked over by a jolly FETA.

Narrator: Feta is cheese.

Fairy G: She's? She's what? At least Cinderfella finished his sentences. That's a bad habit to get in to you know, and it needs to be nipped in the butt immediately.

Narrator: Who's butt? Not my butt! Nobody is nipping my butt.

Fairy G: I have no idea what you're talking about.

Narrator: Sorry, pretend I'm not here.

Fairy G: If only it was that easy. I am away now having carried out my act of random kindness..... up, up, and away..... excuse me which way did I come in? *(The narrator decided to say no more, and points in the direction of the door.?)* Of course, silly me, I knew that. *(The Fairy Godmother trips over her own feet and hobbles off out.)*

Narrator: Whoa, she was quite an experience, don't you agree? By now Cinderfella has reached Mystery Creek, and can't believe his good fortune. Of course he was starving hungry, well he's a boy, what do you expect. I'd like to think he was having salad, or a gluten free, nut free, dairy free, taste free muffin, but no, we find him at the mince pie stall. *(The Princess joins the queue.)*

Feller: Mince pies, I could smell them all the way from the sheep dog trials. Nothing like a tasty, hot mince pie on a chilly afternoon.

Princess: Excuse me, is this the queue for the mince pies?

Feller: Yes, the man has just gone to get some freshly baked pies out of the oven. *(He turns and looks at the Princess and as their eyes meet we see how much they like one another. Music plays in the background.)*

Princess: Thank you, you're very kind.

Feller: My pleasure Your Highness. (*He bows.*)

Princess: Oh, please don't bow. I would just like a special friend to talk to about ordinary stuff. I've had people bowing and curtsying all afternoon. I've had to meet some dreadful people. There's one family, with this ghastly mother and two sons.

Stepma: Aha, there you are Princess, we see you. (*She pushes Stan and Claude towards the Princess.*) My Stan and Claude were wanting to show you their No 8 wire creations. They're brilliant, my boys.

Stan: She's busy talking to someone else.

Claude: Yeah Ma, maybe we should go and get hot dogs and chips instead.

Stan: And a milk shake too Ma, please.

Princess: That's them, please save me from having to spend another minute in their company. I know I'm a Princess and I'm supposed to always be nice to my subjects, but.....but.....

Feller: It's all right, I get it. Sometimes you just want to act normal.

Princess: Yes, that's it. It's so nice to meet someone who understands.

Feller: I truly understand what it's like.

Princess: Please just keep talking to me so they won't come over.

Feller: It'd be my pleasure Your Highness.

Stepma: Hot dog and chips? What is more important right now?

Claude: My stomach.

Stan: Yeah, his stomach, and mine too now you come to mention it.

Stepma: Honestly, I'll never get rid of you two. Who would want you?

Narrator: Bags not!

Stepma: Who is that the Princess is talking to? He looks vaguely familiar.

Daisy: Ma, I just met a farmer.....

Stepma: Not now Daisy, I'm trying to get a Princess for your brothers, they have money and power, a farmer has..... what we already have.

Daisy: I read once that it's not about what you have, but what's inside you.

Claude: Well I'd like hot dogs and chips inside me.

Stan: Yeah, me too.  
(*Just then a milking bell is heard ringing.*)

Narrator: You knew that was coming didn't you. (*Feller hears the bell and stands still, panics, then runs off, tripping over and losing a gumboot. The Princess calls out after him.*)

Princess: Come back. Please don't go. Who are you? Give me your mobile number.

Narrator: Our poor Princess is sad, she thought she'd met a new friend. Someone who understood her, and would like her for what she was, not who she was.

Stepma: Never mind Princess, my boys would love to keep you company.

Daisy: It's always about the boys, it's never about me.

Claude: I thought we were going to get hot dog and chips.

Stan: Yeah, me too.

Princess: Well go and get hot dog and chips you silly boys. I didn't want to talk to you anyway. (*She runs off.*)

Stepma: See what you've done now Daisy. You've ruined it all.

Daisy: I get blamed for everything. They're your favourites.

Claude: No surprises there crazy Daisy.

Stan: Yeah, crazy, lazy Daisy.

Stepma: Be quiet the lot of you, it's time to go home, the limo will be waiting. I was hoping the Princess's father would invite us to stay when he met you two. I should've known better. I'm destined for a life of misery.

Narrator: And so is anyone else who happens to meet Feller's stepmother. What an unfortunate woman she is. They set off home in the back of the limo. Sadly the security cameras weren't working, so we can't show you what happened, which is probably for the best. Meanwhile the poor Princess was determined to find her new friend. She had found his gumboot, and had decided to search the entire Kingdom to see who it would fit.  
*(Feller is sweeping the floor. Daisy is doing her nails. Claude and Stan are eating, when there is a knock on the door.)*

Stepma: Don't just stand there Feller, answer it, you good for nothing.....  
*(Feller opens the door, and the Royal Guard with his helper/s sweeps past him into the room.)*

Royal G: **Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye..... by proclamation from his Majesty the King.**

Royal G 2: **He seeks to find the young man  
Whose foot fits the red band.  
It was left behind at Mystery Creek  
The owner the Princess now does seek.**

Royal G: What young men are in this farmhouse?

Stepma: My handsome sons of course. *(She pushes them forward yet again.)*  
Claude, quickly try this red band on, it is just like the one you lost at Fieldays.

Claude: Is it? I don't remember.

Stepma: Don't argue with Mama dear. Stick your foot in it, NOW!

Narrator: We can all see Claude is the original big foot and it is never going to fit, but his mother certainly is a trier.

Royal G: Desist. Immediately!

Royal G 2: The boot clearly does not fit.

Stepma: Then Stan must try. Quickly Stanley, act all manly! *(He poses. The Royal Guard and his helper hold out the gumboot. Stan shoves his foot in.)*

Stan: It fits Ma, it fits me.

Stepma: My lovely boy. I knew it was you all along.

Royal G: Please stand Sire.

Royal G 2: I don't think he can move in them.

Narrator: Oh dear. By the look on his face I think we might have a problem any minute now.

Stan: *(Stands up, and the boot is so tight, he can't walk.)*  
Owww it hurts. Owww my toes. It's no good Ma, it doesn't fit.

Royal G: It does not fit this young man either.

Royal G 2: He is not who we are looking for.

Stepma: Yes he is, you nincompoop. Look, it clearly fits.

Royal G: It clearly doesn't Madam.

Royal G 2: Are there any more young men in the house?

Stepma: No, only my precious sons.

Daisy: And there's Feller as well, but it wouldn't be him.

Royal G: Bring him to us please.  
*(Feller has been watching and steps forward, nervously.)*

Feller: I'm here.

Stepma: Don't be ridiculous, there's no use him trying it on, he was home here slaving away. The Princess wouldn't be interested in anyone like him.

Royal G 2: We have been instructed for every young man in the Kingdom to try the boot on, so try he must.  
*(Feller sits down, and to everyone's amazement it fits perfectly.)*

Narrator: Did you see that one coming? Of course you did.

Stepma: WHAT! No, it can't be Cinderella, he wasn't even there. Were you?

Feller: Well.....

Daisy: Ma remember you said that person talking to the Princess looked familiar.

S C: It was Feller.

Stepma: *(Falls to the ground crying.)* Noooooooooooooooooooooooooooo.

Narrator: We're getting to the really good bit now, you know, the happy ending. All we need now is the Princess.  
*(The Princess skips in.)*

Princess: Thank you. I'm so happy you found my new friend.

Feller: Hello again Your Highness.

Princess: Hello, I'm Princess Eloise, but you can call me Elle.

Feller: You may call me.....

Stepma: Oh please, never mind Elle, this is all making me ill.....  
*(Suddenly there's a bang and a crash and the Fairy Godmother staggers in.)*

Fairy G: Oops sorry wrong house..... have I interrupted something?

Stepma: Yes you have. Go away.

Fairy G: Oh, I see you're needing me to kiss a spell and give you the gift of patience and kindness.

Claude: Why would Ma want to be patient?

Princess: Because it would make life better for everyone.

Stan: Well then why would Ma want to be kind?

Princess: Because you'd all be happier in life.

Daisy: And why did you say kiss a spell?

Fairy G: I know where I am now, at the house full of people who can't hear properly. Sorry I'll go, I was looking for the place where someone wanted their naughty children turned into figs.

All: FROGS!

Stepma: *(Suddenly looks interested.)* Well do I have a job for you. Claude, Stan, Daisy, outside now. This way Madam.  
*(They leave. Offstage you hear chicken noises.)*

Fairy G: Oops I think I got the spell wrong, chickens are good though, they lay eggs.

Stepma: *(from offstage)* No, not me, just them.. no, no, no, put that wand down.  
*(Silence then.....) baaaa..... baaaa (then silence.)*

Feller: Listen can you hear that?

Princess: I can't hear anything now.

Feller: Exactly, how good is that.

Princess: Good always wins out over evil. Would you like to come to the palace for your dinner?

Feller: As long as it's not eggs or chicken!

Narrator: Awwwww, what an emotional ending..... and they all lived happily ever after. Except for the chickens, who were so noisy they got sent to a chicken farm and became battery hens. The lamb followed Mary to school and was kept in detention. The fairy Godmother retired from magic, got some hearing aids, and has written a cook book, baking apple pies for dummies, 101. What about me..... well Feller has moved into the Palace, so I've moved in here, and I'm now a farmer. Cool hey!

**Song to the tune of Fred Dagg's 'If It Weren't For Your Gumboots'**

If it weren't for his gumboots  
Where would Feller be?  
He'd be milking all the cows  
Then cooking everyone tea.  
He'd only have time for working  
No time for any rest  
He'd always have his feet in his gumboots.

*For any schools or drama groups wanting to perform this play, email me, Judi at [rainbowpoetry@gmail.com](mailto:rainbowpoetry@gmail.com).*

*Performance rights are reasonable at only \$50.00. Schools may print copies for the cast.*

*Katie and I would love to know how we've inspired you to have some fun. If it's not too far away we may even be able to come along to a show. You never know.*

**Below is** *Katie's poem exactly as it was sent to me. I loved the ideas she had, and while it needed some work on the rhythm, I immediately knew I wanted to do something with it. I talked to Katie about the possibility of turning it into a fun 'kiwi' play. She loved the idea and I got writing. Katie is very happy with the result. This is what she said, "I'm really excited about this play. My favourite character is . . . Cinderfella and the Fairy Godmother! I also think it is hilarious!"*

## **Cinderfella**

Cinderfella was a farmer, he was very keen  
But had lazy step-brothers and step-father so mean  
The step-brothers made 'Fella do all the chores  
Milking the cows, cleaning tractors and floors  
An invite arrived at the farm one June  
For Field-Days and they were happening soon!  
"Oh yes" said 'Fella, I'd love to go!  
His brothers and father said "No, no, no"  
So off drove the others to Mystery Creek  
'Fella was crying, then he heard a voice speak  
"You shall go to Field Days my lad"  
"So wipe up your tears, no time to be sad"  
Fairy God-father magicked a tractor to a car  
"You'll need this Ferrari to get that far"  
He conjured 'Fella some new boots and hat  
"but when the milking bell rings, you must come back"  
'Fella enjoys the Field Days and all the John Deere's  
He's feeling extremely happy, without any cares  
He meets the princess in the line for mince pies  
He knew it was love with one look in her eyes.  
But the milking bell rings, and off he must race  
'Fella loses his gumboot in all of his haste  
The princess picks up the boot, then scours the land  
Until she finds her true love with the one Red Band