

Cindy

Notes

This play can be produced in the round or with a proscenium and thrust with space for extra movement in front of the thrust. There is a chorus and anti-chorus for small parts and performers should be prepared for physical acting. Circus music in the classic Nino Rota style helps create the atmosphere.

Extracts

It's not so easy ...

Cindy – Would you look at that? How can those two live in this mess? And they expect me to clear it up.

Cindy starts to move the clothes around and then with a gesture of impatience sits on the front of the lower set and addresses the audience.

It's been like this ever since Dad died and Mum re-married, Robert. He's alright I suppose but his brats aren't. Mum says, 'Don't offend them. We'd be on the street if it wasn't for Robert.' Actually before he made all his money everyone used to call him Bob – guess what he did? Right, construction. I wouldn't exactly call him a family builder though, not in my experience. Oh well, I'd better clear up this mess otherwise there'll be hell to pay at Tea – Dinner.

She picks up her broom, does a few fencing exercises then uses the handle to catch up the clothes one at a time, twirling them briefly on the broom handle before flicking them off set. She's done a few when the sound of loud chat is heard offset and Dean and Chelsea arrive with their friends, the Teens, on the top set.

Dean - ... So I told the teacher, I don't have to do no DT, 'cause my Dad says I don't. 'Course he gave me one any way but did I go? If he phones home my Dad'll go to the school and see him.

Chelsea – Oh my God, you're such a liar. Last time that happened you got a clip round your ear when you got home.

Dean – Shut your mouth. At least I don't go hanging around all the year 11 boys like some s ...

Chelsea – Do I though? *(turns to friends)* Do I? *(friends vigorously shake their heads and make denying comments until her back is turned when they start giggling)* What about you smoking down the park with all your 'ard friends. They all take the p out of you when you're not there. Idiot. *(Teens stop giggling and pointing as Chelsea turns around)*.

Dean – If you grass me up again, I'll ... *(notices Cindy watching them disdainfully)* What are you staring at? And why haven't you finished tidying up our room yet.

Chelsea – Like, you're so lazy. Who do you think you are?

Cindy – How about 'your sister'.

Dean – You're not our sister, you?

Chelsea – Just because our Dad married your Mum. I mean you're not our real sister, are you?

Cindy – That's obvious.

Dean – And what's that supposed to mean.

Cindy – I mean, you don't go out of the way to be nice do you?

Dean – What's that got to do with anything you little sl ...

MC – *(off set)* Now, now, this is a family show!

Dean – Slave. Just do as you're told, right, otherwise I'll tell my Dad to tell your Mum to tell you what's what. You know she always does what she's told.

Notices a small book in Cindy's back pocket and makes a grab for it.

Hey, what's that?

Cindy moves away from him but allows the Chelsea to lift it from her pocket.

Cindy – Give that back. It was from my Dad.

Chelsea – 'Fencer's Companion'. Oh look it's got boring drawings in it of people with swords.

Dean – Ooh, she likes fighting with silly swords.

Not Everyone Has a Fairy Godfather ...

FG – Nice gaff. *(to a member of the audience)* Not yours, is it darlin'? *(on getting a negative response)* Thank goodness for that. Should be safe here for a bit. Now let's check the sat nav to see where we are? So we turned right then left, avoiding the constabulary, turned right again and here we are in ... Sainsbury's car park. That doesn't seem quite right. Wonders of modern technology, eh? *(goes to a male member of the audience, sits on his knee)* 'Ere, you look like a bit of a geek, can you fix this for me? Oh well, I'll just have to improvise.

Gets back on to lower set and tries to make the device work by banging it on the stage. Cindy slowly creeps up behind him with broom raised.

Can't even get a signal now, for some reason.

MC enters on top set with a sign to prompt the audience with, "She's Behind You!". As audience responds ...

Do what? ... I can't hear you? ... Say it again. ... There's someone behind me?

FG turns to the left and right but Cindy keeps behind him. FG turns back to the audience, "Oh no there isn't", "Oh yes there is" is played out till Cindy is about to bring the broom down on FG's head when he suddenly turns round and catches the broom.

Gotcha! Why, it's a young ...

Cindy – Let go!

FG lets go of the broom. Cindy tries to hit him again. FG catches the broom and they do a comic routine to gain possession of the broom. Finally FG manages to hold Cindy still with the broom.

Will you let me go?

FG – OK, calm down. Nobody's gonna hurt you. Are you calm? *(Cindy nods)* Sure? *(Cindy nods again)* Then why are your fingers crossed behind yer back?

Cindy – Oh, all right, give me the broom back.

FG - *(appraising her)* Here you are then. *(tosses the broom to Cindy who catches it)* If I were you I'd use that broom less, and I don't just mean using it to threaten harmless visitors.

Cindy – Harmless visitors?

FG – I see. You think I've entered this charming residential property to ...

Cindy – Nick stuff, that's right.

FG – Do I look the kind of geezer that would do that?

Cindy – Yes.

FG – Charming, so typical of young people nowadays – no trust anymore. *(turns to a member of the audience)* I can see you have had a bad experience. I hope it wasn't this one here. Calling out bad names was it? I can imagine. Trust me ...

Cindy – Hold on. You're the one that broke into my ... the house and now you're making out ...

FG – Breaking in is a little strong. I gained entry in an emergency after ringing twice – see me as a kind of postman.

Cindy – The only delivery here will be you, to the police.

FG – *(shrewdly looking at her dishevelled appearance)* Don't be too hasty, perhaps I can deliver you ...

Cindy – From what?

FG – Perhaps an, er, unpleasant domestic situation?

Cindy – How did you? ...

FG – *(sings)* "It's a kinda magic ..."

Cindy – That's it. Your line was bad enough without the singing. I'm calling the old ...

FG – Bill? How did you know my name? *(Cindy reaches for her phone)* OK, I'll come clean. What's a nice girl like you doing with - a well worn broom? Could it be someone is put upon? I see that it is. You know, I might just turn out to be your Fairy Godmother ...

Cindy – Godfather more like.

FG – Yes, that has a good ring to it, call me your Fairy God Father. Right let's get down to business and sort a few things out.

The Clock Strikes Twelve ...

Prince S – Charming though she is there's none to compare to me. Time to turn it on. Look and learn. *(moves to the lower set and approaches Cindy)* May I have the honour of this dance.

Cindy – What? Oh you must be Prince S. *(makes it sound like princess)*

Prince S – Prince – S.

Cindy – Of course, my mistake.

Prince S – Yes. And you're Cindy. Bill's told me all about you, but I must say he underestimated your personal charms. I must say you look delightful.

Cindy – Hold on a sec, are they serving drinks?

Prince S – *(puzzled)* Why?

Cindy – I definitely feel the need of a smoothie. Wait a mo, I don't need one.

Prince S – Witty as well. Bill told me you were strong willed.

Cindy – Bill being my Fairy godfather.

Prince S – I'm sorry?

Cindy – Never mind.

Prince S – No, shall we dance?

Cindy – Why not.

They both do a silly, short dance to the music.

Prince S – One moment. I fancy something a little more classical would be appropriate.

Tango music. The dance is punctuated by the following dialogue with Cindy finding ways to take the lead from Prince S.

Cindy – So, do you always dance with the first girl that comes along? *(Prince S remains silently scrutinising her)* I talked about the dance and you ought to make some kind of remark on the size of the room or number of couples.

Prince S – Miss Bennet ... I mean Cindy. I was just wondering where to start.

Cindy – Sport. I believe we have a sport in common.

Prince S – We most certainly do, fencing I believe? Rumour has it you're a sabreur.

Cindy – I see my Fairy godfather's been reporting back.

Prince S – Ah yes, curious mixture. He seems strangely obsessed with a certain fairy tale at the moment, most strange.

Cindy – It certainly is, the shoe, the ball – rave. There even seems to be a prince – but that's the fairy tale isn't it, not reality.

Prince S – Quite. So you like fighting with a sabre, unusual for a ... young woman.

Cindy – I know, especially as men don't like to practice even with a woman. It's much too macho a weapon. I've heard you like the sabre too. Does that mean you're macho too ... I mean with a title like Prince S people might think ...

MC – *(from off set)* Cindy we agreed on politically correct dialogue – well most of the time.

Cindy – OK. Anyway it's a fine sport.

Prince S – I agree, it reminds me that life is full of winners and losers..

Cindy – I was thinking it's more like life being a matter of give and take.

Prince S – Interesting theory. You and I will have to have lots of little talks like this. How did you become interested in the first place?

Cindy – It was my father. He loved swashbuckling and he knew a lot about fencing.

Prince S – Oh yes, you mean your real father, Ted Reller.

Music stops and Cindy is immediately suspicious.

Cindy – How did you know my father?

Prince S – Oh I didn't particularly, but my father did. He helped your father out, bought his business.

Cindy – And is he the reason my Dad disappeared?

Prince S – I thought we didn't believe in fantasies. Now, I believe you have something for me.

Cindy – Well I went along with Bill to see what would happen and I'm not sure I like what I've found out.

Prince S – *(hissing a whisper)* Give me the key.

He grabs Cindy's arm firmly.

Cindy – Ah, now we can see the real man emerging. *(she pulls away and edges towards the exit taking off her shoes)* Right, left, left, right. *(she juggles the shoe in the air.*

Prince S – *(to bodyguards)* Bring her pack please, we haven't finished our conversation yet

FG – Don't forget the right shoe. I mean ...

Cindy – Oh you want me to give him the shoe for the right foot.

All movement apart from the actual throws and catches in the next sequence are all in slow motion. Cindy places the shoe for the right foot as though for a rugby line out, throws it towards Prince S who moves onto the upper set to catch it. She exits palming off the bodyguards.

Dean – I'm not that thick there's something important about that shoe.

The shoe is intercepted by Dean who is tackled by Chelsea.

Chelsea – It's mine, I'll get the other one later.

They fight for possession of the shoe, joined by the bodyguards, who pile in for the classic scrum stage fight with Chelsea escaping from the bottom with the shoe. She is tackled by Dean and the shoe goes up in the air. FG jumps up, catches it and rugby passes it to Prince S.

FG – *(remembering)* Hold on Boss, that's the right shoe.

Prince S – I certainly hope so. *(checks the sole)* It's not the right shoe, it's the wrong shoe!

FG – Yes, no, the right shoe is the wrong shoe and the left shoe is the right shoe.

Prince S – *(furious)* Will you just get after her and find her!

FG – Straight away Boss. *(he starts to exit on the run then stops)* Hold on, what's the time?

Prince S and FG – Twelve o'clock!