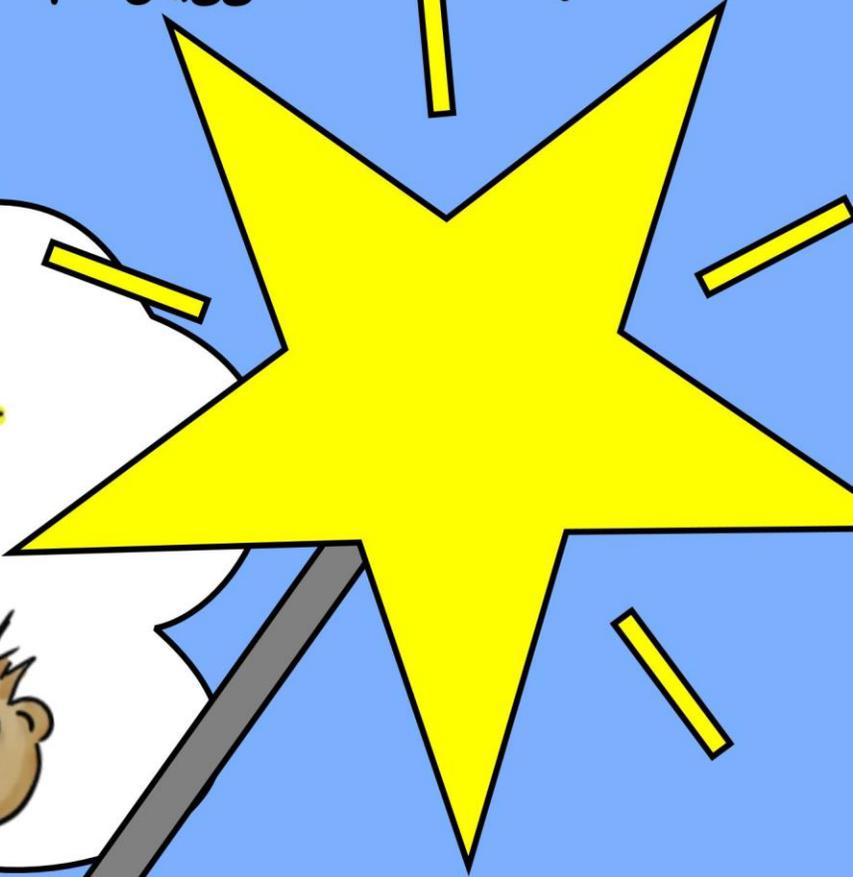


Fast & Funny Fluency Practice

Readers' Theater Fairy Tale Freebie ~ Grades 3 - 6

Cinder ... Really?

By T. P. Jagger



The **TRUE** Story of Cinderella

Fractured Fairy Tales Series



Cinder . . . Really?

The TRUE Story of Cinderella

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Watch-out Words!

- billowing
- clothed
- dainty
- distraction
- exterminator
- guinea pigs
- medallions
- reverberated
- sequins
- smitten
- squealing

Reading Roles:

Narrator 1**

Narrator 2**

Narrator 3**

Narrator 4**

Stepsister 1-Anastasia

Stepsister 2-Drizella

Stepmother

Cinderella

Fairy Godmother

Prince***

**For the sound effects (marked: ALL*), you may choose to use cue cards in order to add audience participation.*

***Narrator roles may be combined, if needed, depending on the number of readers in the group.*

****The prince's role is limited and may be performed by one of the other readers, depending on the number of readers in the group.*

NARRATOR 1: Once upon a time, there was a beautiful girl named Cinderella. She had two wicked stepsisters who—

STEPSISTER 1: [*interrupting, upset*] “Wicked” stepsisters? *Really?* What a lie. *Cinderella* was the one who was wicked.

STEPSISTER 2: And saying Cinderella was beautiful isn’t even fair. She got a magical makeover from a fairy godmother!

STEPSISTER 1: If you want to know the *true* story of Cinderella, then listen up.

STEPSISTER 2: Because this is what *really* happened. . . .

NARRATOR 2: It was the day of the prince’s grand ball, and Cinderella was eating breakfast with her kind stepmother and her two lovely stepsisters, Anastasia and Drizella.

STEPMOTHER: [*kindly*] Cinderella, dear, would you please pass the tea?

CINDERELLA: [*snippy*] No. I might chip a nail.

STEPSISTER 1: Cinderella, would you help me clean Oliver and Orville’s cage this morning?

CINDERELLA: [*disgusted*] Are you kidding me, Anastasia? I'm not touching guinea-pig poo. You know I can't stand your oversized, rodent fluff-balls!

STEPSISTER 2: Cinderella, I have to weed the pumpkin patch before I get ready for the prince's ball. Would you mind lending a hand after lunch?

CINDERELLA: No-can-do, Drizella. The pumpkins clash with my outfit.

NARRATOR 3: No matter how nice Cinderella's stepmother and stepsisters tried to be, no matter how reasonable their requests, Cinderella only cared about one thing—

ALL: *Herself.*

CINDERELLA: [*stressed*] I haven't been shopping for, like, almost twenty-four hours. I don't have anything to wear to the ball!

STEMOTHER: Now, sweetie, it can't be that bad. How about your white dress with silver sequins?

CINDERELLA: I wore that to Ariel's birthday party three years ago.

STEMOTHER: Then what about the pink gown with ruffles and lace?

CINDERELLA: [*shocked*] Are you serious? Ruffles and lace are so totally last-week. Don't you have any fashion sense?

STEMOTHER: Well—

ALL*: [*sound effects*] *ZAP! SIZZLE! POOF!*

NARRATOR 4: [*excited*] There was a flash of light.

NARRATOR 1: A crackle of noise.

NARRATOR 2: A billowing burst of grey smoke.

NARRATOR 3: A short, white-haired woman in a sparkling purple pantsuit appeared in the middle of the dining room table.

GODMOTHER: [*happy, sing-song voice*] Bibbity-bobbity-boo! What do you need me to do?

STEPSISTERS 1&2: [*surprised & confused*] Who in the world are you?

GODMOTHER: [*cheerfully*] Cinderella's fairy godmother, of course! Don't you recognize my wand?

CINDERELLA: [*upset*] Who cares about your wand? You've ruined my breakfast!

NARRATOR 4: The fairy godmother looked down. Sure enough, the pointy toe of one shoe had stabbed through Cinderella's buttered toast.

GODMOTHER: [*apologetically*] Oh, I'm so sorry, Dear. My zap-sizzle-pooof makes it hard to see where I'm landing.

NARRATOR 1: Cinderella rolled her eyes and snatched a slice of toast from Anastasia's plate.

CINDERELLA: [*impatiently*] Whatever. Just don't let it happen again. Now get to work. I need a dress.

ALL*: [*sound effect*] *WHOOSH!*

NARRATOR 2: The fairy godmother waved her wand. A piece of the sky came down. It wove itself around Cinderella and formed a high-waisted, pale-blue gown.

CINDERELLA: Do you expect me to go barefoot?

ALL*: [*sound effect*] *FOOSH!*

NARRATOR 3: Two thin streams of water flew from a fountain in the courtyard. Crystal-clear glass slippers suddenly sparkled like diamonds on Cinderella's dainty feet.

CINDERELLA: *Now* how am I going to get to the ball? I can't walk in these things!

GODMOTHER: [*sing-song*] Bibbity-bobbity-boo! All of this stuff is for you!

ALL*: [*sound effects*] *SUH-PAH! CHING! PFFF!*

NARRATOR 4: Within a few magical minutes, Cinderella was ready for the grand ball. However, her stepsisters and stepmother weren't too happy about some of the fairy godmother's decisions.

STEPSISTER 2: [*distressed*] That was my best pumpkin for the county fair, and you turned it into a coach!

STEPSISTER 1: [*distressed*] My guinea pigs! They're giant, fuzzy horses!

STEPMOTHER: [*confused*] I don't know where the oval-headed coach driver with the white helmet came from, but has anyone seen my hardboiled egg? . . .

NARRATOR 1: Cinderella had nothing left to do. She spent the rest of the day lounging around the house, while her stepsisters scrubbed the guinea pigs' cage, pulled weeds in the pumpkin patch, and did dozens of other chores.

NARRATOR 2: That evening, Cinderella climbed into her pumpkin coach. She didn't bother offering her exhausted stepsisters a ride.

ALL: *But . . .*

ALL*: *[sound effects] ZAP! SIZZLE! POOF!*

NARRATOR 3: Just as the coach was about to pull away from the house, Cinderella's fairy godmother reappeared like a rabbit from a magician's hat.

GODMOTHER: Oh, Cinderella Dearie, sorry to bother you, but I nearly forgot. The magical makeover ends at midnight. Be sure you leave the ball before the clock strikes twelve. Guinea pigs get kind of moody after being turned into horses.

CINDERELLA: *[snippy] Duh.* I know horses can't tell time. I'm not, like, stupid you know.

NARRATOR 4: And with that, the coach rattled away, dust billowing up from the road as the guinea horses pounded toward the palace.

NARRATOR 1: As the coach faded from sight, the fairy godmother shook her head and disappeared in a puff of smoke. Cinderella's stepmother turned to Anastasia and Drizella.

STEPMOTHER: *[concerned]* Could you girls keep an eye on Cinderella at the ball? I'm not sure she paid attention to the spell-ends-at-midnight thing. . . .

STEPSISTERS 1&2: *[kindly]* Sure, Mom, we can help.

NARRATOR 2: And Cinderella's stepsisters began the long, dusty trek to the prince's palace.

NARRATOR 3: Of course, you know all about the grand ball. As soon as Cinderella arrived, the prince was smitten and asked her to dance. . . .

NARRATOR 4: They danced together all night long. . . .

NARRATOR 1: Cinderella lost track of time. . . .

ALL NARRATORS: *[bored]* Blah-blah-blah.

ALL*: *[sound effect] BONG!*

STEPSISTER 1: *[urgently]* Cinderella, it's almost midnight!

ALL*: *[sound effect] BONG!*

STEPSISTER 2: You need to leave!

ALL*: [sound effect] BONG!

STEPSISTERS 1&2: Quick! Before the spell wears off!

ALL*: [sound effect] BONG!

NARRATOR 2: Naturally, Cinderella ignored her stepsisters' advice.

CINDERELLA: [*sneering*] Leave? Are you kidding? You *know* this is my favorite song!

NARRATOR 3: Cinderella continued to waltz around the ballroom as the clock chimed on.

NARRATOR 4: Five chimes. . . .

NARRATOR 1: Six. . . .

NARRATOR 2: Seven. . . .

NARRATOR 3: By the eighth chime, Cinderella's sky-blue gown began to fade.

NARRATOR 4: By the ninth chime, small beads of water began forming on her glass slippers.

NARRATOR 1: And by the *tenth* chime. . . .

PRINCE: [*confused then in pain*] What is going—OWWW!

NARRATOR 2: Two angry guinea pigs scampered up the prince's suit and chomped down on his royal nose like a pair of miniature T-rexes.

CINDERELLA: [*horrified*] Nooooo!

STEPSISTERS 1&2: Run, Cinderella, run!

NARRATOR 3: On the eleventh chime, Cinderella sprinted from the ballroom. The prince followed after her, tugging a guinea pig from the tip of his nose.

PRINCE: [*distressed*] Wait! Come back! The palace doesn't usually have rats!

NARRATOR 4: Cinderella kept running.

PRINCE: [*desperately*] I'll call the royal exterminator!

NARRATOR 1: As Cinderella stumbled down the palace stairs, one of the glass slippers dropped from her foot. She didn't stop.

NARRATOR 2: The prince bent and picked up the slipper, hoping he could use it to find Cinderella.

ALL: *But . . .*

ALL*: [*sound effect*] **BONG!**

NARRATOR 3: The clock's twelfth and final chime reverberated into the night.

PRINCE: [*confused*] *Huh?*

NARRATOR 4: The glass slipper melted away. It dripped through the prince's fingers and made a puddle on the palace stairs.

NARRATOR 1: The last thing the prince saw was Cinderella running barefoot down the dusty road . . .

NARRATOR 2: Dashing past a large pumpkin and a hardboiled egg.

NARRATORS 3&4: Two squealing guinea pigs chased after her.

STEPSISTERS 1&2, STEPMOTHER, FAIRY GODMOTHER: [*cheerfully*] But at least *some* of us still lived happily ever after!

This fractured fairy tale is excerpted from the
"Cinder . . . Really?"
Readers' Theater Literacy Toolkit.