

CINDY

Book, Music & Lyrics

By

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&

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CAST

Cindy

Justin

Jason

Mother (Gladys)

Arthur

Enzo

Tracy

Headmaster

Mrs Hayes

Sasha

Emily

Evette

Mimi

Phyllis

Martha

Eric

Sam

CINDY – THE MUSICAL

ACT ONE

Scene 1: The Streets of the Local Town.

(Shoppers, kids from the school carrying and waving banners 'SAVE OUR SCHOOL'. They are trying to raise money for the school to prevent its closure. Plenty of costume opportunities for the chorus – e.g. lollipop lady, traffic wardens, policeman, postman, family groups etc.)

Song 1 – Save Our School

(Note: Solo 1, 2 and 3 can be small groups of children/parents etc if preferred)

Chorus 1: S.O.S. Save our School S.O.S.
S.O.S. Save our School S.O.S.
What are we fighting for?

Chorus 2: We gotta save our school!

Chorus 1: We gotta fight some more!

Chorus 2: We gotta save our school!

All: Everyone knows it, they just wanna close it, so we gotta fight some more.
There is no more speculation Forest Fields will die,
Save us from annihilation, come on help us try.
S.O.S. Save our School S.O.S.
S.O.S. Save our school S.O.S.

Chorus 1: What are we fighting for?

Chorus 2: We gotta save our school!

Chorus 1: We gotta fight some more!

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All: Everyone knows it, they just wanna close it, so we gotta fight some more.
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S.O.S. Save our School S.O.S.
S.O.S. Save our school S.O.S.

Solo 1: It can't be right; it just ain't fair, what happens when the school ain't there?

Solo 2: Cars and buses by the score, ferrying kids and what's it for?

Solo 3: How many shopping centres do we need?
There can't be that many mouths to feed?

All: We don't need another supermarket!!

Chorus 1: Save our School, Save our School, Save our School.

Chorus 2: Come on and help us.

Chorus 1: Save our School

Chorus 2: Come on and help us.

Chorus 1: Save our School

Chorus 2: Come on and help us

Chorus 1: Save our School,

Chorus 2: Save us. Save us.

Chorus 1: S.O.S Save our School S.O.S.
S.O.S. Save our School S.O.S.
What are we fighting for?

Chorus 2: We gotta save our school!

Chorus 1: We gotta fight some more!

Chorus 2: We gotta save our school!

All: Everyone knows it, they just wanna close it, so we gotta fight some more.
There is no more speculation Forest Fields will die,
Save us from annihilation, come on help us try.
S.O.S. Save our School S.O.S.
S.O.S. Save our school S.O.S.

Solo 1: We can't stop the hands of time, but we must stop this awful crime.

Solo 2: Progress, progress they all say, but knocking down schools just ain't the way.

Solo 3: Come on help us, lend a hand,
Or Forest Fields is building land.

All: And we don't need another supermarket!!

Chorus 1: Save our School, Save our School, Save our School.

Chorus 2: Come on and help us.

Chorus 1: Save our School

Chorus 2: Come on and help us.

Chorus 1: Save our School

Chorus 2: Come on and help us

Chorus 1: Save our School,

Chorus 2: Save us, Save us.

All: S.O.S Save our School S.O.S.
S.O.S Save our School S.O.S.
S.O.S

Curtain

Scene 2: The Carpenter's Kitchen

(This is a typical kitchen/dining room. A table and chairs, draws of some kind, a clock on the wall, etc. Cindy is at the ironing board. Enter Justin and Jason)

- Justin:** Hey.... Cindy! Have you done my Adidas top yet? I want that for tonight.
- Jason:** Yehand my blue trousers! **(Sees them at the bottom of the pile)** Look here Justin They're right at the bottom of the pile. Will you get a move on..... At the rate your going they'll be out of fashion!
- Cindy:** Look you two my name's Cindy not Cinderella and it wouldn't hurt if one of you offered to help.
- Justin:** **(Surprised Shriek)** Help!
- Jason:** **(Just as surprised)** Us!
- Justin:** I'll have you know me and Jason have been very busy! ... **(Strikes a pose)** Protesting! ... And raising money for the school, and don't you ever forget the immortal words of our dear old Mother..... Boys Don't Iron!
- Cindy:** You two don't do anything! I wanted to be there this afternoon, but no, I have to stay here as usual and do all this lot. **(Jason gets in the way trying to pull his blue trousers out of the pile, Cindy's response is one of concern).** Jason, will you stop messing, this is a hot iron!
- Jason:** I'm only trying to move my trousers up the pecking order!
- Cindy:** They'll get done, they always do don't they?
(Enter Mother who sits down, and Arthur Carpenter.)
- Mother:** I'm absolutely worn out! **(Sharply, addressing Cindy)** Haven't you finished yet, you've been daydreaming again I suppose..... You get more like your father every day.
- Arthur:** Thank you for your continued support my dear.
- Mother:** Don't you get lippy with me Arthur!Dragging me all around the town begging for money to keep this dump of a school open.
- Arthur:** I'd hardly call it begging my dear. More a case of **(Thinks)**.... showing a bit of community spirit... **(Becoming a little firmer)** And anyway, as my wife you had a duty to be there.
- Mother:** **(Sarcastically)** A duty!!!..... Arthur, you're the school caretaker! Nobody cares what you think!
- Cindy:** That's not fair mother, Dad's put a lot of time and effort into the campaign to keep the school open.
- Mother:** **(Disapproving)** And don't I know it.....but why oh why, can't any of you see that if they knock this place down we'll all be better off.
- Arthur:** Because Gladys, Forest Fields is a great school, it's got a history and a tradition..... and strong community links, you could see that by all the support we got today..... I bet the council never expected that kind of reaction to its plans! And the petition? Is there anybody who didn't sign it?

Mother: (*Dismissive*) Oh Arthur, times change, things move on, the new Comprehensive would be bigger and better which would mean a bigger and better house and (*Lustfully*) More Money!!

Arthur: That's it money! Money, money, money It's all about money!But money isn't everything you know!

Mother: Typical! The only people who say 'money isn't everything' are the ones who 'aint got any'!

Justin: (*Rubbing his hands*) Mom's right you know, you can't do anything without the old Spondoolies.

Jason: (*To Justin, said slowly, questioning*) Spondoolies?

Justin: (*Replies to Jason, nodding in confirmation*) Look it up.

Mother: Exactly! And what about the twins future?

Justin: Oh yeh, right on Mom, we're gonna need stacks of cash!

Jason: Yeh, loadsa wonga.

Justin: (*To Jason, again slowly questioning*) Wonga?

Jason: (*Nods confirming it*) Wonga! You look it up (*Thumbs his nose*)

Cindy: Any plans for me then Mother? Or shall I just get on with the ironing for the rest of my life?

Jason: At the speed you're going it'll take you the rest of your life before you get down to my trousers!!

Mother: Cindy!... A girl's place is in the home, looking after her family.

Arthur: Ahh..... all except for you dear.

Mother: (*Sharply*) I have to go out to work. (*Putting him down*) We can't live on the pittance you earn!

Cindy: (*Rather sarcastically but with a smile on her face looking towards her brothers*)..... So what happens then Mother, if I.... for instance.... shouldhappen to marrya school caretaker!

Justin: (*Appreciating Cindy's remark*) Yessss! Get in there!

Jason: (*In the style of a Tennis Umpire*) Advantage Cindy!

Mother: (*Angry, nasty, aimed at Cindy*) Oh you're very clever aren't you! (*Addressing the twins*) And you two can shut up!

Arthur: (*Stern*) Yes!Both of you!Stop stirring it!

Cindy: (*Under her breath*) No high aspirations for me then eh!

Mother: (*Sharply*) Pardon?

Cindy: Oh nothing..... which dress do you want to wear tonight Mother? (*Holding up two dresses*)

Mother: (*Still angry*) The blue one..... I told you earlier, the blue one!

Cindy: And Dad, you'll need a clean top too.

Arthur: No, its OK Cindy, this one's fine. (*Indicating what he already has on*) You've got enough to do.

Cindy: But it's already done! (*Hands him a shirt*)

Arthur: Oh thanks love! (*He takes it and exits*)

Justin: What's for dinner? I'm starving!

Jason: Yeh, I'm starving!

Cindy: What's new, you're always starving!

Justin: **(Said in the style of a courtroom lawyer)** Cindy, you must realise, we're growing lads and we need our intake of vitamins, protein, minerals and carbohydrates.

Jason: **(Making the point so no one forgets)** And CHOCOLATE!!

Cindy: Well I'm sorry, but your health kick will have to wait until tomorrow.... We're having Pizza!Dads ordered a take away; it should be here in a minute.

Justin: **(Really pleased)** Great!

Jason: **(Disappointed)** I don't like Pizza! Knock me up some beans on toast will you please Cindy?

Cindy: **(Annoyed)** No I will not! Haven't I got enough to do...its Pizza or nothing?

Jason: **(Sighs, acting under fed)** I'm too weak to argue..... It'll have to be the Pizza then.

Cindy: There's a shock.
(Arthur enters in his clean top, as the door bell rings)

Arthur: That'll be the Pizza, I'll get it.

Cindy: Anyway, shouldn't you all be getting ready?

Jason: Have my trousers surfaced then?
(Enter Arthur and Enzo the Pizza Boy)

Arthur: I'll just get some money.

Justin: Enzo, my man.

Jason: Yo Enzo

Enzo: Watcha Justin, Jason..... How did it go this afternoon?

Justin: Hey, tell ya..... we had a great time, singing and chanting and waving the old banners about!

Jason: Yeh, there were loads of us man! ...Rockin! D'you know there's nothing like a good old protest! Everybody was there!

Cindy: Except me!

Enzo: **(Sympathizing)** And me Cindy. My parents have had me delivering these all day! I always miss out cause I'm working.

Cindy: Tell me about it.

Arthur: Yes Enzo, this afternoon went really well. It looked as though we raised a lot of money. **(Attempt at a funny)** We certainly made a lot of noise! **(He laughs but no one else does, they just look at him.. unimpressed)** Yes well, **(Getting excited)** and don't forget we've still got the Bingo tonight.

Mother: **(Stands up and shows a bit of excitement, maybe walks around the table)** Ahh the Bingo, **(rubs her hands)** It's the only worthwhile thing about this fundraising business, a good old game of Bingo! **(Sings the old song)** Bingo, Bingo, I'm in love! Will you be there Enzo?

Enzo: I don't know Mrs Carpenter, it depends if I've got anymore deliveries. **(Quietly to Cindy)** Will you be going Cindy?

Cindy: *(Cheerfully)* I'd like to.

Mother: *(Sternly)* Only when she's finished all that ironing!

Cindy: *(To Enzo)* Looks like I might be a bit late then.

Enzo: *(Disappointed hangs his head)* I see what you mean.

Cindy: *(Shrugs her shoulders)* It's always the same..... Here Jason..... Your trousers. *(Holds out his trousers)*

Jason: Well done Sis, you'll make someone a wonderful wife one day. What do you reckon Enzo? *(Enzo looks away)* Enzo!

(Justin and Jason watch Enzo's every move)

Arthur: Right I'm off; I've got to get the hall set up. *(He pays Enzo and helps himself to a large chunk of Pizza)* I'll eat mine on the way. *(Exits)*

Enzo: I'd better get a move on as well, See Ya. *(Exits, quickly)*

All: See Ya.

Jason: Did you see that!Ooooh Cindy's got an admirer.

Cindy: Don't be so stupid.

Justin: *(To Jason mimicking Enzo)* Will you be going Cindy?

Jason: *(To Justin mimicking Cindy)* I might be a bit late, but I'll try.

Justin: *(Still mimicking Enzo)* Oh Cindy my darling, I'll see you there then.

Jason: *(As Cindy)* Oh Enzo, I'm missing you already.

Cindy: It's a shame you've got nothing better to do.

Mother: They're only having a bit of fun!

Cindy: Yes at my expense.

Mother: Don't be so dreary Cindy; cheer up; it'll soon be Bingo time!Oh! and by the way, what's all this about the Headmaster calling the numbers?

Cindy: Yes he is..... He's working so hard to keep the school open.

Mother: That's all very well *(Said as a rhyme)* But how can he call the Bingo, If he don't know the Lingo?

Justin: *(Slowly, thoughtful)* I think that man's weird! Do you know he sings to himself as he walks down the corridors! *(Shakes his head)* He's really weird!

Cindy: Don't you think he might just be happy in his work? And anyway, what's so wrong with singing. I like to sing, and I'm not weird.

Mother: *(Said slowly, ominous)* I didn't know you still sang Cindy!

(Doorbell rings)

Justin: *(Excited)* Yippee....that'll be Tracy. She said she'd call for us. *(Justin runs to answer the door)*

Jason: *(Panicking and tiding up)* Ooh its Tracy, its Tracy, Tracy's here! *(In case they hadn't heard)* Mother, Cindy..... Tracy's here!

Cindy: *(Exasperated)* I don't believe you two!

Mother: *(Sharply to Cindy)* They're just trying to make a good impression, she's a lovely girl is Tracy. And as for singing, well, what a wonderful voice she's got. So talented and attractive. She'll be a star one day; you mark my words, she'll be a star*(Afterthought)* And the boys could do a lot worse!

(Justin and Tracy enter)

Mother: *(Her demeanour has changed, she is now acting posh)* Hello Tracy dear, lovely to see you. Do sit down and join us.

Tracy: Thank you Mrs Carpenter..... Lovely to see you too. *(Nods towards Cindy)*..... Cindy. *(Sits at the table)*

Cindy: Tracy *(Returns the nod)*

(It's obvious from the body language that Tracy and Cindy are not exactly close friends!..... It's also obvious that the Twins both fancy Tracy)

Justin: Would you like some Pizza Tracy? *(Pushing a slice towards her)*

Jason: Yeh, go on, have some of mine. *(Also pushing a slice towards her)*

Justin: *(To Jason)* Mine's got more toppings than yours. *(Pushing further forward)*

Jason: *(To Justin)* But mine's got less finger marks! *(Pushing almost into her mouth)*

Tracy: *(Pushes them both away)* No! No thank you. I've already eaten *(snobby put down)* a proper meal.

Mother: Don't be so pushy you two; give the poor girl some breathing space. *(She ushers the twins upstairs)* In fact you can both get upstairs, it's time to get ready or we'll all be late.

(The twins exit)

It's good to see all you kids supporting the school.

Tracy: We have to Mrs Carpenter, its important it stays open, but I'll be glad when tonight is over. I hate Bingo! It's so working class!

Mother: *(Being really posh)* Me too darling, it's simply awful. ... But chin up we must support the cause... Anyway we'll only be a few minutes, you talk to Cindy. Tell her all about your singing.

(Mother exits, Tracy is not happy left alone with Cindy)

Cindy: Don't worry; you don't have to talk to me if you don't want to. I'll just get on with the ironing.

Tracy: I don't mind talking to you.

Cindy: You do a good job of ignoring me at school.

Tracy: Well we just don't mix in the same crowd, do we?

Cindy: No, we certainly don't. *(Ponders and then says enthusiastically)* But I was thinking about joining the music group.

Tracy: What!You!Sing!

Cindy: Yes why not! I love singing.

Tracy: I don't think so Cindy. I just don't think you'd fit in.