THE GLASS SLIPPER

By VERA MORRIS

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# THE GLASS SLIPPER

By VERA MORRIS

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Lines</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ATTILA</td>
<td>timid cat</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BRUNHILDA</td>
<td>Cinderella's unpleasant stepsister; loud voice</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLEOPATRA</td>
<td>another stepsister; silly</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STEPMOTHER</td>
<td>mean to Cinderella</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MOUSE</td>
<td>likes cheese</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CINDERELLA</td>
<td>beautiful girl with a beautiful heart; sweet and gentle</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>APPRENTICE</td>
<td>to Fairy Godmother</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MISTRESS HAUGHTY</td>
<td>neighbor</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAJOR DOMO</td>
<td>from the palace</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE PRINCE</td>
<td>soon to rule the kingdom</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FAIRY GODMOTHER</td>
<td>friend to Cinderella</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PUMPKINHEAD</td>
<td>talking gourd</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LADY URSULA-URSULA</td>
<td>lady-in-waiting to Queen</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LADY BLOSSOM</td>
<td>marriage prospect</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CAPTAIN</td>
<td>soldier</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LADY VINE</td>
<td>another marriage prospect</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LIEUTENANT</td>
<td>another soldier</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUEEN</td>
<td>rules kingdom</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CITIZEN #1</td>
<td>young girl</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CITIZEN #2</td>
<td>another</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ADDITIONAL PARTY GUESTS</td>
<td>as/if desired</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

The action of the play takes place in a far-off kingdom. Many years ago.

**ACT ONE**

The kitchen in the house belonging to Cinderella's stepmother.

**ACT TWO**


Scene Two: The Palace again. The following day.

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For preview only
THE GLASS SLIPPER

ACT ONE

The kitchen of Cinderella's stepmother.

Basics: STAGE RIGHT is a fireplace. Kettle, some wood for kindle. By the fireplace, UPSTAGE, is a stool. Leaning against the fireplace, DOWN RIGHT, is a broom. Straw is scattered in front of the fireplace. UPSTAGE CENTER is a small sewing/work table. Spools of thread, cloth, ribbons, two pairs of ladies gloves, two fans. LEFT of the sewing/work table is a full-length standing mirror. RIGHT of the sewing/work table is a dressmaker's dummy. On the dummy is a ball gown for CINDERELLA'S stepsister, CLEOPATRA. [Clothes tree with the gown on a hanger can substitute.] STAGE LEFT is a kitchen table with some dishware, cutlery, baskets of vegetables and fruit. Round of cheese, fish on a plate. There's a stool at the UPSTAGE end of the table and a small bench or another stool behind it. RIGHT, above the fireplace, leads to the outside. DOWN RIGHT, below the fireplace, leads into a storeroom. UP LEFT and DOWN LEFT lead into the house. [NOTE: for suggestions on how to "dress up" the stage picture, enlarge or shrink the size of the CAST, staging tips--CONSULT PRODUCTION NOTES at rear of playbook.]

AT RISE: ATTILA, the timid cat, is snoozing by the fireplace. (Dreamily.) Meow...eow...ow (Pause.) Ow...eow...meow

BRUNHILDA'S VOICE: (From OFFSTAGE LEFT.) Where is she?! Where is that stupid girl?!
CLEOPATRA'S VOICE: (From OFFSTAGE LEFT.) Cinderella!
BRUNHILDA'S VOICE: Lazy, useless girl! Cinderella!
CLEOPATRA'S VOICE: Good for nothing! Ungrateful! Never around when you want her. Cinderella!
ATTILA: (Wakes up, reacts to voices.) Eh? (Angrily, BRUNHILDA storms IN. She wears a large, unattractive bathrobe. Some paper rollers in her hair. Circles of rouge on her face. She carries a ball gown in her arms. Her voice is powerful, and she has a commanding presence.)

BRUNHILDA: Cinderella, you clumsy oaf. You've ruined my gown for the ball. Everyone in the kingdom knows I have a sixteen-inch waist. (Looks about.) Cinderella!
CLEOPATRA: (ENTERS.) Cinderella! (CLEOPATRA is also dressed in a large, ugly bathrobe. Paper rollers in hair. Circles of rouge. She holds a pair of dancing slippers. She's as silly as BRUNHILDA is loud. Both girls are convinced they're ravishing beauties.) My
dancing slippers haven’t been polished! How can I go to the ball if my dancing slippers haven’t been polished?

BRUNHILDA: Save your breath, sister. The miserable creature isn’t here.

CLEOPATRA: (Amazed.) Not in the kitchen? But Cinderella is always in the kitchen. She belongs in the kitchen. (Sees ATtilA.) Ask her cat where she is.

BRUNHILDA: Ask Attila? Don’t be simple, Cleopatra. Attila the cat is even more useless than Cinderella. Besides, cats can’t talk.

CLEOPATRA: Cinderella talks to him.

BRUNHILDA: Talks to a cat?

CLEOPATRA: I’ve heard her.

BRUNHILDA: That proves it. On top of everything else, the girl is quite mad. Talks to a cat? A cat? Ha, ha, ha. Can you imagine? (ATtilA sits up, angry.)

CLEOPATRA: Cinderella is quite mad. Yes, yes Brunhilda. Anyone who would talk to a dumb cat has nothing between her ears. Ha, ha, ha.

BOTH: Ha, ha, ha! (This is too much for ATtilA. Although he’s timid, he rears up and makes a terrible hissing sound. SISTERS jump back.)

BRUNHILDA: Sister, did you see that? Attila hissed at us.

CLEOPATRA: The brute. The beast.

BRUNHILDA: I’ll fix that miserable cat.

CLEOPATRA: What are you going to do, sister?

BRUNHILDA: Watch. (She puts her ball gown on the sewing/work table and rolls up her sleeves.) No one, especially Cinderella’s mangy mouse-catcher, hisses at me. (She strides to the broom and seizes it. ATtilA watches in mute fascination. BRUNHILDA chants.) “Here a whack/There a whack/Everywhere a whack, whack.” (Foolishly, ATtilA thinks it’s all a game. Delighted to play, he repeats the chant.)

ATtilA: “Here a whack/There a whack/Everywhere a whack, whack.”

CLEOPATRA: He’s talking!

BRUNHILDA: Nonsense. He just has an unusual way of meowing. (Fake sweetness.) Watch the broomie, Attila. (Foolishly, ATtilA nods to indicate he’s watching the "broomie." BRUNHILDA slams down the broom in an attempt to whack him. ATtilA leaps back. His teeth are chattering, and he clamps one paw over his mouth to silence them.)

CLEOPATRA: Give it another whack, sister. Stupid cat. Useless cat. Cinderella’s cat!
BRUNHILDA: You'll never hiss at me again, you nasty ball of fur!
(Another swipe with the "broomie.")

ATTILA: Meow!!!

CLEOPATRA: Out the door with him, sister! Out the door!

BRUNHILDA: Into the alley with you, Cinderella's cat! (Another
whack, another "meow." BRUNHILDA manages to hit poor
ATTILA on the backside, and he leaps into the air on the
impact.)

ATTILA: Ow! Ow! Meow! Meow! (Rubbing his backside, ATTILA darts
about the kitchen.) Meow! Meow! Meow!

BRUNHILDA: (Indicates UP RIGHT.) Out!

CLEOPATRA: Out!

ATTILA: Meow! (ATTILA LEAPS from the kitchen. STEPMOTHER
ENTERS from STAGE LEFT. She is already dressed for the ball.
Fancy gown, jewels. Reacts, on seeing ATTILA flying from the
kitchen. STEPMOTHER is a social-climbing snob. Not a nice
person.)

STEPmother: What is the meaning of this outrageous behavior?!

CLEOPATRA: It's all Cinderella's fault, Mother. She's taught her cat
to be very rude. He hissed at us.

STEPmother: (Icy.) I wasn't speaking to you, Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA: (Cringes.) Sorry.

STEPmother: I was speaking to your sister, Brunhilda. Explain
yourself, daughter.

BRUNHILDA: What's to explain, Mother? I whacked the cat.

STEPmother: That's not what I meant. (Points.) What is that --
"thing" -- in your hand?

BRUNHILDA: This? It's a "broomie."

STEPmother: (Snarls.) A what?

CLEOPATRA: A broom.

STEPmother: (Furious.) I wasn't speaking to you. (CLEOPATRA
cringes.)

CLEOPATRA: Sorry. (Sits on stool at big table.)

STEPmother: (Moves CENTER.) "Broom?" Ugh. To think that one of
my beautiful daughters--

SISTERS: (Out to AUDIENCE, flattered. Eyelashes fluttering.) We are
beautiful. Sooooo beautiful.

STEPmother: (Moving about, outraged.) --Would be seen with a
"broom" in her hand. As if she were a common servant. What
would the neighbors think? Shame! Shame! Shame! (On each
"Shame!" the SISTERS cringe as if they were being struck with a
rolled-up newspaper.) You, Brunhilda, and you, Cleopatra, are
young ladies of fashion and promise. You're delicate and
refined. Lovely to look at and charming to hear. (SISTERS look into AUDIENCE with idiotic grins.)

SISTERS: (Delighted by the flattery.) Yes, Momsy.

STEPMOTHER: (Furious.) Don’t call me Momsy!

SISTERS: No, Momsy. (STEPMOTHER swallows hard, tries to control her temper. In truth, she knows her two DAUGHTERS are losers, but pretends otherwise.)

STEPMOTHER: You both are to read lovely books, think lovely thoughts, and wear lovely things. (Hopeful.) Perhaps, tonight at the ball, you might attract the attention of a young gentleman. (SISTERS giggle stupidly. STEPmother frowns.) A young gentleman who might pop the question.

CLEOPATRA: (Curious.) What question?

STEPMOTHER: "Will you marry me?"

CLEOPATRA: Why would I want to marry my mother?

STEPMOTHER: (Temper explodes.) Auuuuuuugggggh! (CLEOPATRA cringes.)

BRUNHILDA: Cleopatra isn’t as dumb as she looks. (Out to AUDIENCE.) She’s dumber. Ha, ha, ha.

CLEOPATRA: She’s making fun of me, Momsy. Make her stop. I’m sensitive.

STEPMOTHER: Be quite, Cleopatra. (Points.) And you, Brunhilda—drop that broom! (BRUNHILDA tosses aside the broom, and MOUSE TEETERS IN from DOWN RIGHT. CLEOPATRA sees it, screams.)

CLEOPATRA: Mouse! Mouse! It’s a mouse! (Another scream from CLEOPATRA.)

BRUNHILDA: She knows the cat is gone! (BRUNHILDA screams.)

STEPMOTHER: Where’s Cinderella? She’ll know what to do!

MOUSE: Squeak, squeak, squeak. (STEPMOTHER screams. MOUSE, knowing WOMEN are too scared to do anything, scurries to the large table and plucks away some tasties—a round of cheese, a piece of fruit, a fish. Scurries back to the storeroom and OFF. While this is going on, STEPmother runs behind the mirror and begins to circle it—as if the MOUSE were chasing her. "Help, Help!" BRUNHILDA hoists the hem of her robe, thus revealing a pair of ugly stockings. She stomps about, "Get away! Get away!" CLEOPATRA, too, lifts the hem of her bathrobe to reveal that her hose are even uglier than BRUNHILDA’S. She steps atop the stool at the large table—"Shoo, Mouse -- Shoo." Even though MOUSE has retreated with its loot, WOMEN continue to moan and wail.)

WOMEN: Shoo, shoo!--Get away, Mouse!--Help!
STPMOTHER: Where’s Cinderella?
BRUNHILDA: Cinderella!
CLEOPATRA: Cinderella! Cinderella!
BRUNHILDA: Where are you, Cinderella!
ALL: Cinderella! Cinderella! (CINDERELLA ENTERS from STAGE RIGHT.)

CINDERELLA: Here I am. (STPMOTHER and SISTERS are frozen in position. That is, STPMOTHER has one foot lifted in the action of running. BRUNHILDA has one foot in the air, as if about to stomp on MOUSE. CLEOPATRA has her hands held high, mouth open for another scream. They remain frozen in these awkward positions long enough for CINDERELLA to take the scene. ABOUT CINDERELLA: Sweetness and gentle temper. Even though her face is smudged with dirt and her dress is nothing but tattered rags, we can see that she is beautiful. She wears clumsy shoes, or none at all. She carries a bucket [of water]. Addresses AUDIENCE.) Goodness. I wonder what has happened? (STPMOTHER, SISTERS "unfreeze.")

STPMOTHER: I’ll tell you what’s happened, you wretched child. A mouse!

CLEOPATRA: A terrible mouse!
BRUNHILDA: It was a savage beast! We could have been devoured.
CINDERELLA: (Puts down bucket.) I am sorry, Stepmother, sisters. I’ll speak to Atila about it.
CLEOPATRA: (to BRUNHILDA.) There. What did I tell you? She speaks to cats.

STPMOTHER: (Moves CENTER.) Here we are preparing for the most important event of the social season, and you’re outside, playing in the alley. Selfish, selfish Cinderella. (As if to emphasize their MOTHER’S annoyance, SISTERS stick their tongues out at CINDERELLA.)

SISTERS: Naw, naw. Selfish, selfish Cinderella.
STPMOTHER: Silence! (SISTERS cower.)
CINDERELLA: I wasn’t outside playing. (Holds up bucket.) I went to fetch water.
STPMOTHER: A likely story. You’ve never shown proper gratitude, my girl. When your father died, it was out of the kindness of my heart that I allowed you to stay on. I gave you a place to sleep.

CINDERELLA: (Points to the straw.) Straw on the floor.
STPMOTHER: Food.
CINDERELLA: Whatever is left over from your plates.
STEPMOTHER: Clothing. (CINDERELLA indicates her rags.) What do I ask in return? Almost nothing. Only that you do hard work from morning to night.

BRUNHILDA: Get up before daybreak, carry water, light fires, cook, and wash.

CLEOPATRA: Brush our hair, polish our nails, and make our dresses.

STEPMOTHER: Now, I ask you, am I being unreasonable?

CINDERELLA: I'm grateful for the little I have.

STEPMOTHER: Little! You call all I do for you "little"? I'll have none of your impudence. (To DAUGHTERS.) Now, girls, you must hurry and get ready for the Grand Ball at the Palace. I've been ready for hours. (SISTERS giggle girlishly.) We must leave shortly.

BRUNHILDA: Which reminds me. (She gets her gown from the sewing table, displays it.) Cinderella, you know I have a teeny-tiny, itty-bitty waist. Why did you let it out, instead of taking it in?

CINDERELLA: Because when you tried it on, Brunhilda, you could hardly breathe.

BRUNHILDA: Make her take that back, Momsy.

STEPMOTHER: We can't stay in the kitchen arguing about nothing. We must make ready. Don't call me Momsy. (To CINDERELLA.) Did you sew the pearls on the gloves?

CINDERELLA: Yes, Stepmother.

STEPMOTHER: You won't forget to have hot chocolate ready on our return from the ball?

CINDERELLA: I won't forget.

CLEOPATRA: Did you sprinkle perfume on the fans?

CINDERELLA: Yes, Cleopatra.

BRUNHILDA: I want the prettiest fan.

CLEOPATRA: No, I want the prettiest fan.

BRUNHILDA: It should go to me. I'm more beautiful.

CLEOPATRA: I am!

BRUNHILDA: Me! Me! (CLEOPATRA and BRUNHILDA dash to the sewing/work table. Each picks up a fan and spreads it open. They take turns posing in front of the mirror. CLEOPATRA eventually takes her gown from the dummy [or hanger]. More posing. While this is going on.)

STEPMOTHER: (Points to floor.) I see the print of a cat's paw on this floor. Tsk, tsk. Disgusting. Clean it at once, Cinderella.

CINDERELLA: Attila must have stepped in some mud.

STEPMOTHER: Wretched cat. (CINDERELLA brings the bucket to the "spot," gets down on her knees and begins to scrub with a
brush from the bucket. Business at sewing/work table continues in pantomime. STEPMOTHER looks at her vain DAUGHTERS, then at CINDERELLA. Back to DAUGHTERS and, again, to CINDERELLA. To AUDIENCE:) I cannot endure the sweetness and beauty of Cinderella. She makes my own daughters seem detestable and drab. Therefore, her beauty and sweetness will be kept under smudges of dirt and patches of rags. (To CINDERELLA.) Always remember, Cinderella -- "She who wants to eat bread must earn it."

CINDERELLA: (Scrubbing,) Yes, Stepmother.
CLEOPATRA: (At the mirror.) I am sooooo beautiful. Perhaps the Prince will ask me to dance.
BRUNHILDA: No, he'll ask me.
CLEOPATRA: Me! Me! (They push and shove.)
STEPMOTHER: Girls, girls. Behave. Always set a good example in front of the servants.
SISTERS: Yes, Mother. (LOUD BANGING from outside kitchen door.)
STEPMOTHER: Who can that be? See who it is, Cinderella.
CINDERELLA: Yes, Stepmother.
STEPMOTHER: No beggars. (CINDERELLA EXITS UP RIGHT.)
CLEOPATRA: (Excited.) I imagine they'll have all sorts of delicious things to eat at the Palace.
BRUNHILDA: Sweetcakes and ice cream.
CLEOPATRA: Peppermints and salted cashews. (They rub their tummies.)
BOTH: Yum-yum.
STEPMOTHER: Stop it, both of you! A lady never has an appetite. Never! Tonight you may each have one glass of gooseberry punch and nothing more. (SISTERS are disappointed.)
SISTERS: Oooooh, pooh. (APPRENTICE FAIRY GODMOTHER ENTERS RIGHT. A young girl, shabbily dressed.)
APPRENTICE: Good evening to one and all. (She curtsies. STEPMOTHER/SISTERS frown.)
STEPMOTHER: Who are you?
APPRENTICE: A waif, madam. And a hungry one, at that.
STEPMOTHER: A waif is nothing but a homeless child. A ragamuffin, a castoff. That means you're a beggar.
BRUNHILDA: No beggars here. Out, out.
CLEOPATRA: No charity here. Out, out.
STEPMOTHER: Cinderella!
CINDERELLA: I'm sorry, Stepmother. I tried to stop her. She drifted right by me.
STEFMOTHER: In that case, she can drift right out. (Waving her off.)
Begone, beggar.
BRUNHILDA: Ragamuffin.
CLEOPATRA: Waif.
APPRENTICE: I haven’t had anything to eat for days.
STEFMOTHER: Feed one beggar and, before you know it, there’s a
line outside the door. Out. Out!
SISTERS: Out! Out! (MISTRESS HAUGHTY, a neighbor whose nose is
always in the air, DASHES IN from RIGHT. She is dressed for
the ball. She’s in a state of frenzied excitement. During the
hoopla that follows, APPRENTICE is forgotten. She moves
DOWN RIGHT of fireplace and sits on the floor. Observes.)
MISTRESS HAUGHTY: Wait until you hear the news!
CLEOPATRA: What news?
MISTRESS HAUGHTY: The Grand Ball! There’s a Grand Ball at the
Palace tonight!
STEFMOTHER: We know that. (Indicates MISTRESS HAUGHTY’S
gown.) I’m dressed for it and so are you. (SISTERS hold up
their ball gowns in front of their ugly bathrobes.)
SISTERS: And we soon will be.
MISTRESS HAUGHTY: The majordomo is going up and down the
street announcing something important. It’s so exciting! So
thrilling! So unexpected! Don’t you agree?
MAJORDOMO’S VOICE: (From OFFSTAGE, RIGHT.) Hear ye! Hear
ye! News from the Palace! News from the Palace!
STEFMOTHER: We might agree if we knew what you were talking
about.
MAJORDOMO’S VOICE: Hear ye! Hear ye! News from the Palace!
News from the Palace!
STEFMOTHER: Cinderella, run outside and fetch the fellow in.
CINDERELLA: Yes, Stepmother. (RUNS OUT.)
MISTRESS HAUGHTY: So unexpected, so marvelous!
STEFMOTHER: You’d better sit down, Mistress Haughty. Your nerves
are rattling.
MISTRESS HAUGHTY: Is it any wonder! Yes, yes, I’ll sit down.
BRUNHILDA: Looks to me as if she’s ready to fall down.
STEFMOTHER: Hush, Brunhilda. Remember, manners become a
beauty. (BRUNHILDA and CLEOPATRA giggle loudly. MISTRESS
HAUGHTY sits on bench at table, still thrilled by whatever it is
the MAJORDOMO is proclaiming. CINDERELLA RETURNS,
talking to the unseen MAJORDOMO.)
CINDERELLA: This way, sir.
STPMOTHER: Whatever can he be proclaiming? (MAJOR DOMO ENTERS, a man of great self-importance. He wears a fancy hat with a feather and walks with a long, beribboned staff—his symbol of office.)

MISTRESS HAUGHTY: (Excitedly bouncing up and down on the bench.) That’s him! That’s the Majordomo from the Palace! (TO MAJOR DOMO.) Tell them the news!

STPMOTHER: (Horrible thought.) The ball hasn’t been canceled?

SISTERS: Not that! (CINDERELLA sits on stool by fireplace.)

MAJOR DOMO: Certainly not. The Grand Ball will go on as planned. (STPMOTHER, SISTERS give a sigh of relief.)

STPMOTHER: Then what’s all the fuss?

MAJOR DOMO: As you know, the Queen is a widow.

SISTERS: Uh-huh.

MAJOR DOMO: One child. The Prince.

SISTERS: The Prince. Oh, yes, the Prince! (More giggles.)

STPMOTHER: Go on.

MAJOR DOMO: Her Majesty has decided--

STPMOTHER: (About to explode in frustration.) Decided what?!

(MAJOR DOMO bangs the staff to the floor. Three times.)

MAJOR DOMO: Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! News from the Palace! Her Majesty the Queen has decided it is now time for her son, the Prince—to marry!

ALL: Marry!

CLEOPATRA: (Thrilled.) Did you hear that, sister? The Prince is going to marry!

BRUNHILDA: Who’s he going to marry, Majordomo?

MAJOR DOMO: That’s yet to be decided. (Booming voice.) All females attending the Grand Ball are eligible. Tonight a future Princess for the kingdom will be selected! (This is too much for the SISTERS. They gush. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" They run this way and that way. MISTRESS HAUGHTY bounces up and down.

STPMOTHER takes deep breaths, on the edge of fainting.)

MISTRESS HAUGHTY: Did you hear? Did you hear?

BRUNHILDA: I could be a Princess! Princess Brunhilda!

CLEOPATRA: I could be a Princess! Princess Cleopatra!

BRUNHILDA: Me! Me!

CLEOPATRA: Me! Me!

BRUNHILDA: He can’t marry us both!

CLEOPATRA: Why not?! (Finally, STPMOTHER regains her composure. Holds one up for emphasis.)

STPMOTHER: Cease! (SISTERS grab on to one another for support. MISTRESS HAUGHTY settles down.) Since my daughters each
received an invitation to the Grand Ball, it’s obvious the Prince has noticed them. Girls, I consider this a great opportunity for you both. Make the most of it. (SISTERS giggle.)

MISTRESS HAUGHTY: You heard the Majordomo. Any female is eligible. (Strikes a pose.) I’m unattached. Perhaps he prefers older women.

STEPMOTHER: Don’t be absurd.
MAJORDOMO: You’ll have to excuse me. I have other houses to visit. It’s been a long day.

STEPMOTHER: Don’t let us detain you. (With considerable dignity, MAJORDOMO EXITS, RIGHT.)

MAJORDOMO: Hear ye! Hear ye! News from the Palace! Her Majesty the Queen has decided it is now time for her son, the Prince, to marry. (Voice trailing off.) All females attending the Grand Ball are eligible. Tonight a future Princess for the kingdom will be selected!

MISTRESS HAUGHTY: (Stands.) I must be off. I want to be one of the first to arrive. The early bird gets the Prince.

CLEOPATRA: What would the Prince want with a bird?
MISTRESS HAUGHTY: (To AUDIENCE.) Cleopatra really is a booby. (Laughing gaily, MISTRESS HAUGHTY flutters OUT, UP RIGHT.)

STEPMOTHER: Girls, there’s not a moment to lose. Into your gowns. More powder, more paint. Perfume and mouthwash. I just know one of you is going to make your mother verrrrrrry proud.

CLEOPATRA: I’m going to marry the Prince.
BRUNHILDA: No, I am.
CLEOPATRA: I am!
BRUNHILDA: Me! Me!

CINDERELLA: I wish I could go to the ball. (STEHMOTHER and SISTERS freeze. They look at CINDERELLA. Hold for a moment. They can’t believe what they heard. TRIO breaks into raucous laughter.)

TRIO: Hahaha!
CINDERELLA: I don’t see what’s so funny.
STEHMOTHER: You? You go to the Grand Ball at the Palace?
BRUNHILDA: You’re dusty and dirty. Like always.
CLEOPATRA: You have nothing to wear. (CINDERELLA sadly displays her pitiful rags.)

CINDERELLA: True.
STEHMOTHER: You can’t dance. You’d be laughed at. Imagine, a creature such as you at the Palace. Ha, ha.

CLEOPATRA: Ha, ha.
BRUNHILDA: Ha, ha.
TRIO: Ha, ha, ha.
STEPMOTHER: Enough of that, girls. We must get to the Palace before Mistress Haughty. Who knows how many others will try to beat us to the Prince. Don’t forget—head high, shoulders back. (SISTERS tilt their chins upward in exaggerated fashion. Pull back their shoulders.)
SISTERS: Head high, shoulders back.
STEPMOTHER: Repeat after me -- "I’m beautiful. I’m witty. I’m enchanting. I’m Prince bait." (With a sweeping gesture LEFT, she means for the SISTERS to EXIT. They do, each carrying her ball gown and repeating the lesson.)
SISTERS: "I’m beautiful. I’m witty. I’m enchanting. I’m Prince bait."
STEPMOTHER: Splendid. (She notices CINDERELLA.) And you, Cinderella.
CINDERELLA: (Hoping she might be allowed to go to the ball, after all.) Yes, Stepmother?
STEPMOTHER: (Points.) Get rid of this water bucket. (Head high, STEPMOTHER FOLLOWS after her DAUGHTERS. CINDERELLA moves for the bucket, picks it up.)
CINDERELLA: (Thinking aloud.) I don’t think it would hurt anyone or anything if I went to the Grand Ball. (To AUDIENCE.) Do you? (Steps to table, puts down the bucket. Tries not to cry.) It would be nice to have a pretty dress and dance with the Prince. (She sits, covers her face with her hands and cries softly. APPRENTICE steps forward.)
APPRENTICE: Tears won’t accomplish much. They seldom do.
CINDERELLA: (Hands down.) I thought you left.
APPRENTICE: (Indicates DOWN RIGHT.) I was over there. In the excitement, everyone forgot about me.
CINDERELLA: My stepmother would be angry, but I don’t think people should go hungry.
APPRENTICE: You’re going to give me something to eat?
CINDERELLA: I’ll fix you a basket.
APPRENTICE: You’re kind. (CINDERELLA stands, and begins to fill a small basket with some fruit and vegetables.)
CINDERELLA: But you must leave right away.
APPRENTICE: Why do they call you Cinderella?
CINDERELLA: My real name is Ella. But, on cold winter nights, I like to sleep close to the dying embers in the fireplace. And when I do, I get cinders all over myself.
APPRENTICE: Can’t be much fun living here. They don’t treat you well.
CINDERELLA: Things were different when my father was alive.
APPRENTICE: Don’t you have anyone to care for you?
CINDERELLA: I have myself. And Attila. He loves me.
APPRENTICE: Attila?
CINDERELLA: My cat.
BRUNHILDA'S VOICE: (From OFF LEFT.) Cinderella!
CLEOPATRA'S VOICE: (From OFF LEFT.) Cinderella, Cinderella!
STEMOTHER’S VOICE: (From OFF LEFT.) Wretched child!
CINDERELLA: (Calls LEFT.) Coming, Brunhilda, Cleopatra, Stepmother. (Hands basket to APPRENTICE.) This will hold you for a day or two. Hurry off. You mustn’t be seen. Otherwise, I’ll be punished.
APPRENTICE: Good as gone.
BRUNHILDA'S VOICE: Cinderella! (CINDERELLA runs OUT, LEFT. APPRENTICE moves RIGHT with the basket.)
APPRENTICE: I feel sorry for that girl. I wish there was something I could do. Hmmmm. Maybe there is. (ATTILA ENTERS, RIGHT.)
ATTILA: Meow.
APPRENTICE: You must be Attila.
ATTILA: (Nods affirmative.) Meow.
APPRENTICE: This could be a most unusual night, Attila. Anything could happen.
ATTILA: (As if to imply why.) Meow.
APPRENTICE: You’ll find out. (She EXITS. ATTILA sits on fireplace stool. CINDERELLA hurries back IN.)
CINDERELLA: Gloves, gloves. If it isn’t one thing, it’s another.
(Moves to sewing/work table. Finds gloves.) Here they are. (Checks.) Oh, dear. One of the pearls is loose.
ATTILA: Meow. (CINDERELLA turns, sees him.)
CINDERELLA: It’s you, Attila. Where have you been? (ATTILA shrugs.) Did you hear the wonderful news? Tonight, at the Grand Ball, the Prince is going to select his future bride. (ATTILA applauds with his paws. Moving DOWNSTAGE.) How I’d like to be there. I’ve never been anywhere. I never do anything but cook and scrub. Brush shoes and fasten buckles. It would be fun to pretend I’m at the Palace. It would be fun to pretend I was dancing with the Prince. (Sudden thought.) I know. I’ll pretend you’re the Prince.
ATTILA: (Points to himself, amused.) Me -- ow?
CINDERELLA: We’ll both pretend this kitchen is the Palace ballroom. (She holds out her ragged dress by her fingers, curtsies to ATTILA.) Your Highness, I should be most happy to accept your invitation to dance. (ATTILA gets up and crosses to
CINDERELLA, happy to play along. He bows in gentlemanly fashion.)
ATTILA: Meow.

BEGIN IMAGINATION WALTZ SEQUENCE
(SOUND: Litting WALTZ MUSIC. LIGHTING: Shifts to a ROSE COLORED mood. Romantic. ATTILA and CINDERELLA waltz about the kitchen. Faster and faster they whirl. Finally, they dance OFF, LEFT. MOUSE ENTERS from storeroom and moves in front of fireplace, watching the OFFSTAGE dance. The DANCERS RETURN, only now, in her daydream, CINDERELLA is dancing -- with the PRINCE! He wears some sort of military tunic with a ribbon sash across the chest. They spin around a few times. ATTILA RETURNS, crosses RIGHT and bows to MOUSE, who curtsies. CAT and MOUSE dance. The WALTZ PLAYS on a bit longer. CINDERELLA dances with her eyes closed, lost in her lovely thoughts. The OFFSTAGE VOICES intrude.)
BRUNHILDA'S VOICE: Cinderella! Cinderella!
CLEOPATRA'S VOICE: Where are you, Cinderella?
STEPMOTHER'S VOICE: Never around when she's wanted! Cinderella! (MUSIC WINDS DOWN. The PRINCE backs OFF, LEFT. LIGHTS BACK TO NORMAL. MOUSE scurries BACK INTO storeroom. CINDERELLA takes a few more spins by herself.)
TRIO OF VOICES: Cinderella!!! (The harsh VOICES snap CINDERELLA from her dream. She startles back to reality.)
END IMAGINATION WALTZ SEQUENCE

CINDERELLA: It was such a nice daydream. Such a lovely fancy.
ATTILA: Meow. (MOUSE sticks its head IN from storeroom.)
MOUSE: Squeak, squeak, squeak. (ATTILA does his best to look ferocious, bolts after MOUSE.)
ATTILA: Meow, meow, meow!
MOUSE: (Retreating.) Squeaksqueaksqueak. (ATTILA springs INTO the storeroom.)
CINDERELLA: (To AUDIENCE.) Poor Attila. He tries so hard to be ferocious. The truth of the matter is -- he wouldn’t harm a fly. (APPRENTICE ENTERS RIGHT, talking over her shoulder to someone who has yet to appear.)
APPRENTICE: You'll find Cinderella quite worthy.
CINDERELLA: (Alarmed.) What are you doing back here? I told you you mustn’t be seen. (Looks LEFT.) What if my Stepmother sees you? It'll go hard with me.
APPRENTICE: Pish-posh. There's nothing to worry about. I've brought someone to see you.
CINDERELLA: Who?
APPRENTICE: Your Fairy Godmother.
CINDERELLA: (Amazed.) My Fairy Godmother? (To AUDIENCE.) I didn’t know I had one. (FAIRY GODMOTHER ENTERS.)
FAIRY GODMOTHER: Everyone has a Fairy Godmother, but not every Fairy Godmother chooses to appear and lend a helping hand. (ABOUT FAIRY GODMOTHER: she’s a lovable grandmother type. Wears a long dress, maybe a tiara on her head. Carries a long "magic wand" with a star on the top end.)
CINDERELLA: (Curious, a step to her.) Are you really my Fairy Godmother?
FAIRY GODMOTHER: ’Course I am. (Indicates.) My apprentice says you need help.
CINDERELLA: Apprentice?
FAIRY GODMOTHER: Someone has to train future Fairy Godmothers.
APPRENTICE: I go from place to place to see what’s going on in the world. It’s good experience.
CINDERELLA: You’re not a waif?
FAIRY GODMOTHER: An apprentice Fairy Godmother must be adept at disguises. Otherwise, she’ll be of no use. Let me have a good look at you. (Gestures.) Turn ’round and ’round. Do as I say, child. (APPRENTICE moves to table, sits on bench. She takes an apple from the bowl of fruit, munches.)
CINDERELLA: Maybe I’m still daydreaming.
FAIRY GODMOTHER: ’Round and ’round, I say. (CINDERELLA turns ’round and ’round, like a model showing off a new dress.)
FAIRY GODMOTHER: Dear me, no. That dress will never do.
APPRENTICE: Never do.
FAIRY GODMOTHER: It’s nothing but patches and threads.
CINDERELLA: What are you talking about?
FAIRY GODMOTHER: Your gown for the Grand Ball at the Palace. You can’t go dressed in that.
APPRENTICE: (To AUDIENCE.) Won’t do at all. (CINDERELLA stops turning.)
CINDERELLA: I’m not going to the Grand Ball.
APPRENTICE: Of course you are, my child.
CINDERELLA: I can’t dance. I’m only a servant. (FAIRY GODMOTHER and APPRENTICE laugh good-naturedly.) Besides, I don’t want to go.
FAIRY GODMOTHER: How you carry on, Cinderella. Weren’t you dancing with the cat? And dancing nicely, too.
CINDERELLA: How did you know?
APPRENTICE: A Fairy Godmother knows everything.
FAIRY GODMOTHER: There's nothing wrong in being a servant, Cinderella, but you are less than a servant. Much less. You're treated shabbily, and it's most unfair. You have a good heart and you are kind. When you say you don't want to go to the Grand Ball, you're not being honest. You only say that so you won't be disappointed.
CINDERELLA: (Sadly.) That's true. There's nothing I'd rather do than attend the Grand Ball.
FAIRY GODMOTHER: And so you shall.
CINDERELLA: I don't see how.
FAIRY GODMOTHER: Trust me. (All business.) You know the big chest in the attic?
CINDERELLA: Yes. It belonged to my mother. It's empty.
(FAIRY GODMOTHER stifles a laugh, knowing CINDERELLA is in for a big surprise.)
FAIRY GODMOTHER: Off to the attic with you. I think you'll find something pleasing in the empty trunk. (To AUDIENCE.) Empty trunks are always interesting. (Waving her DOWN LEFT.) Off you go.
CINDERELLA: But how?
FAIRY GODMOTHER: I simply flick my magic wand three times.
(Demonstrates.) Turn about once. (Does so.) Hop on one foot. (Does this.) And one and all will think I am you.
APPRENTICE: It's called magic. I'm not good at it yet.
CINDERELLA: But, but --
FAIRY GODMOTHER: Hurry, child. You're wasting time.
(CINDERELLA doesn't know what to believe. She looks to FAIRY GODMOTHER and, then, to APPRENTICE. Next, to AUDIENCE.)
CINDERELLA: What shall I do? (Whatever the response, or none at all, CINDERELLA runs OFF, DOWN LEFT.)
FAIRY GODMOTHER: You were right. Cinderella is quite worthy.
APPRENTICE: How is Cinderella going to get to the Grand Ball?
FAIRY GODMOTHER: What's that?
APPRENTICE: She can't walk. Wouldn't look right.
FAIRY GODMOTHER: Hmmmmmm. I hadn't thought of that. She'll need a coach. Fetch me the pumpkin. It'll do nicely.
APPRENTICE: One Pumpkinhead coming up. (APPRENTICE jumps up and runs OFF, UP RIGHT.)
FAIRY GODMOTHER: She'll need a horse and a coachman. Hmmmm. What do we have here, I wonder? (ON CUE: MOUSE RUNS from store room.)
MOUSE: Squeaksqueaksqueak. (ATTILA RUNS from store room, chases MOUSE.)
ATTILA: Meowmeowmeowl
FAIRY GODMOTHER: What’s this? (MOUSE circles FAIRY GODMOTHER and CAT circles after MOUSE.)
MOUSE: Squeaksqueaksqueak.
ATTILA: Meowmeowmeowl!
FAIRY GODMOTHER (Commands.) That’s enough of that! (CAT and MOUSE skid to a stop.) Let me get a good look at you. (With the wand, she indicates fireplace.) Stand over there. Stand tall. (Both CAT and MOUSE “stand tall” and march to fireplace, turn around to face FAIRY GODMOTHER. Studying them.) Not bad. Not bad at all. (Points wand at CAT.) You’ll be the horse. You’ll pull the coach.
ATTILA: I’m a cat!
FAIRY GODMOTHER: For a few hours, you’ll be a horse. A beautiful horse. Trim and sleek and high-stepping. It only takes a little bit of magic.
MOUSE: Squeak, squeak.
FAIRY GODMOTHER: You’ll be the coachman.
ATTILA: I’m a mouse, not a man.
FAIRY GODMOTHER: I’ve known more than one man that I’ve considered a mouse. So don’t carry on about it. You want to help Cinderella, don’t you?
ATTILA: Yes!
MOUSE: She’s good to me. Always dropping bits of cheese on the floor and never setting out a trap.
FAIRY GODMOTHER: There we have it. All we need now is the coach.
APPRENTICE’S VOICE: (From OFF RIGHT.) One coach coming up. (APPRENTICE ENTERS, GESTURES RIGHT, as PUMPKINHEAD ENTERS. ABOUT PUMPKINHEAD: The actress wears a flowing green gown. Pumpkin cutout for a head [CONSULT PRODUCTION NOTES].)
PUMPKINHEAD: What’s up, Fairy Godmother?
FAIRY GODMOTHER: The old “pumpkin-into-a-coach” routine. (To AUDIENCE.) It’s an oldie but a goodie.
APPRENTICE: It’s for Cinderella. She’s going to the Grand Ball.
PUMPKINHEAD: Delighted. She is a charming girl. I see her sometimes when she comes to fetch water from the well.
FAIRY GODMOTHER: (Points with wand.) Over there, Pumpkinhead. With the others. (PUMPKINHEAD joins MOUSE and ATTILA.)
PUMPKINHEAD: How do we look?
FAIRY GODMOTHER: Like nothing much, at the moment. But give me time.
APPRENTICE: Only one coachman? Only one horse?
FAIRY GODMOTHER: That's the whole point. Everyone will drive up to the Palace with large coaches and many horses and far too many footmen. Each trying to outdo the other. Cinderella will be simplicity itself. A gorgeous, small coach trimmed in real gold and silver. One beautifully-attired footman and one champion horse that will rival anything in the royal stables. The effect will be -- stunning!
APPRENTICE: (Impressed.) Stunning! (MOUSE, ATILLA, PUMPKINHEAD applaud.)
TRIO: Stunning.
FAIRY GODMOTHER: That's enough. You'll have me blushing.
STEPMOTHER'S VOICE: (From OFF LEFT.) Cinderella!
BRUNHILDA'S VOICE: Cinderella! Cinderella!
CLEOPATRA'S VOICE: Where are you, Cinderella?!
FAIRY GODMOTHER: Quick -- hide! Leave them to me.

(APPRENTICE runs OUT, UP RIGHT. MOUSE and ATILLA dash INTO the storeroom. PUMPKINHEAD runs CENTER, looks LEFT and RIGHT searching for a hiding place. Finally, she runs behind the table and scoots down so that the "pumpkinhead" rests on the edge of the table -- looking as if it belonged with the foodstuff. IN STORMS STEPMOTHER, FOLLOWED by her DAUGHTERS. CLEOPATRA and BRUNHILDA are now wearing their ball gowns. Paper hair rollers replaced with feathers. CLEOPATRA has a small star glued to the tip of her nose.)

STEPMOTHER: Cinderella, where are you?!(FAIRY GODMOTHER does her "magic" number. She flicks the wand three times at STEPMOTHER. Turns about once. Hops on one foot. She "sounds" as much like CINDERELLA as possible.)

FAIRY GODMOTHER: (Impersonating CINDERELLA.) Here I am, Stepmother. In the kitchen. Where I usually am.

STEPMOTHER: The gloves, the gloves. The gloves for my daughters.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: On the sewing table. With the fans.

(CLEOPATRA and BRUNHILDA march to the sewing table and pick up gloves and fans. Return to STEPMOTHER.)

STEPMOTHER: Ah, tonight will be stellar. Remember, daughters, enchant the Prince, bewitch him with your charms; bedazzle him with your rare beauty. (Of course, CLEOPATRA and BRUNHILDA can't do any of this, but a mother can always
hope. In way of reply, SISTERS giggle stupidly.) Enough with the giggles! (SISTERS cling to one another for support. To FAIRY GODMOTHER/CINDERELLA.) Are not my daughters beyond compare? Did you ever see such loveliness? They are perfection. (SISTERS separate and grin foolishly to FAIRY GODMOTHER/CINDERELLA.)

BRUNHILDA: Perfection.
CLEOPATRA: Double perfection with jelly beans on top.
FAIRY GODMOTHER: You look, uh, unusual, Brunhilda.
BRUNHILDA: Once the Prince gets a look at me, I’m as good as wed.
CLEOPATRA: I’m the one he’ll wed. Me! Me!
FAIRY GODMOTHER: You look, uh, unusual, too, Cleopatra. But, uh, what’s that star on the tip of your nose?
CLEOPATRA: It’s a beauty mark.
FAIRY GODMOTHER: I thought you were supposed to wear a beauty mark on your chin or on your cheek. Not on the tip of your nose.
CLEOPATRA: Shows how much you know about fashion. Drab little Cinderella.
BRUNHILDA: Sad little Cinderella.
STEPMOTHER: Little Mistress Nobody. Ignore the wretch. She hates you both because you are beautiful.
CLEOPATRA: Beautiful. (She steps in front of FAIRY GODMOTHER, scoffs, LEAVES STAGE via auditorium AISLE -- or EXITS UP LEFT.)
BRUNHILDA: I am beautiful. (Same business. Steps in front of FAIRY GODMOTHER, scoffs, LEAVES the STAGE and up the AISLE [or UP LEFT.])
STEPMOTHER: Still wishing you could go to the Grand Ball, Cinderella? Hee, hee. How people would chuckle if they saw you walk in. (Harshly.) Don’t waste time while we’re gone. Scrub the front steps, dust all the furniture and turn down the beds. And don’t forget the hot chocolate. (Gaily.) Girls, girls, wait for Mother! (She FOLLOWS after BRUNHILDA and CLEOPATRA.)
FAIRY GODMOTHER: (Mimicking STEPMOTHER.) Girls, girls, wait for Mother.
PUMPKINHEAD: (Lifts head somewhat.) Are they gone?
FAIRY GODMOTHER: They’re gone. (PUMPKINHEAD stands.)
PUMPKINHEAD: What dragons!
FAIRY GODMOTHER: Never mind about them. (Calls DOWN RIGHT and UP RIGHT.) Mouse. Attila. Apprentice. (They RETURN.)
ATTILA: (Salutes.) Reporting for duty, Fairy Godmother.
MOUSE: Squeak, squeak. All we need now is Cinderella. (In contrast to the harsh tones of STEPMOTHER and SISTERS, those ONSTAGE say the name sweetly.)
ALL: Cinderella. . . Cinderella. . . where are you, Cinderella?
FAIRY GODMOTHER: (Looks DOWN LEFT.) We're waiting, child.
   (Hold for impact. CINDERELLA ENTERS. How beautiful she is! With her ball gown, scrubbed face, and brushed hair, we hardly recognize her. [NOTE: She might wear a wig to heighten the transformation from kitchen slave to someone who does, indeed, look like a storybook princess.])
APPRENTICE: Can it be? Is this the same girl? Is this Cinderella?
   (CINDERELLA takes a few steps, as if she were walking on a cloud, stops.)
CINDERELLA: (Nervously.) Do -- do -- do I look all right?
APPRENTICE: You look fantastic. (CINDERELLA smiles. OTHERS applaud.)
FAIRY GODMOTHER: You are truly beautiful, Cinderella, because your heart is truly beautiful. True beauty is within.
CINDERELLA: How can such a beautiful gown be in an empty trunk?
FAIRY GODMOTHER: (Winks to AUDIENCE.) We know, don't we?
CINDERELLA: And my dancing slippers -- (Lifts hem of gown.
   Indicates.) They're made of spun glass. (NOTE: Some silver sequins on shoes will look good.)
APPRENTICE: (Indicates.) This is Pumpkinhead, Cinderella.
   (CINDERELLA is surprised to see such an odd creature.)
CINDERELLA: Pumpkinhead?
FAIRY GODMOTHER: Pumpkinhead will be your coach.
APPRENTICE: (Indicates.) Attila will be your carriage horse.
ATTILA: (Bows.) Meow.
FAIRY GODMOTHER: Mouse, your footman.
MOUSE: Squeak, squeak.
FAIRY GODMOTHER: (Points wand into aisle -- or UP LEFT.) By the time the four of you reach the bend in the road, the magic will have taken hold.
CINDERELLA: I can hardly believe it.
ALL: Believe it.
FAIRY GODMOTHER: One thing, Cinderella, and this is most important.
CINDERELLA: Yes?
FAIRY GODMOTHER: The magic will not last forever. You must be home by midnight.
CINDERELLA: Midnight?
FAIRY GODMOTHER: Otherwise, the coach will turn back into a pumpkin.
APPRENTICE: The horse back into a cat.
FAIRY GODMOTHER: The footman returns to being a mouse.
MOUSE: Squeak, squeak.
FAIRY GODMOTHER: Your lovely gown will change into rags, and you’ll wonder where the magic went.
CINDERELLA: I understand. I must be back in the kitchen by midnight.
FAIRY GODMOTHER: Until that time -- the night is yours. Run along, my dear. Enjoy being young. Enjoy the Grand Ball at the Palace.
CINDERELLA: I will, Fairy Godmother, I will. Thank you.
FAIRY GODMOTHER: (To MOUSE, ATTILA, PUMPKINHEAD.) What are you waiting for? Don’t stand about wasting time. To the bend in the road.
TRIO: To the bend in the road. (MOUSE, ATTILA, PUMPKINHEAD EXIT into AUDIENCE and up the AISLE and OUT. Or OUT UP LEFT.) FAIRY GODMOTHER passes the wand over CINDERELLA’S head.)
FAIRY GODMOTHER: "Shiver and quiver, my little tree, Silver and gold throw down over me." (Exclaims.) Let the magic of this night begin.
CINDERELLA: Thank you again, Fairy Godmother. Thank you! (CINDERELLA runs AFTER the OTHERS. FAIRY GODMOTHER and APPRENTICE wave goodbye.)
BOTH: Goodbye, Cinderella. Goodbye.
FAIRY GODMOTHER: Enjoy yourself.
APPRENTICE: Have fun.
BOTH: Goodbye, goodbye.

END OF ACT ONE
(If you wish an INTERMISSION, it comes here. If you wish the action to be CONTINUOUS, it works this way: CURTAIN will CLOSE and we hear MUSIC, to be followed by the ENTRANCE of the Grand Ball PARTICIPANTS, through the AUDITORIUM.)
ALL: (To AUDIENCE.) If the shoe fits -- wear it! (MUSIC. Tableau.)
END OF PLAY

PRODUCTION NOTES

STAGE PROPERTIES
The Kitchen: Fireplace, kettle, wood for the kindle, stool (2), broom, scattered straw, small work table with: spools of thread, cloth, ribbons, two fans, two pairs of gloves. Full-length standing mirror, optional dressmaker’s dummy or clothes tree with Cleopatra’s gown on a hanger. Table with small bench, basket of vegetables, fruit, round of cheese, fish on a plate.
The Palace: Throne-like chair for Queen (Putting it on a low platform will make it look more "regal." Strictly optional.), two benches.

ACT ONE
Brought On: Ugly bathrobe, ugly stocking, paper rollers in hair (BRUNHILDA, CLEOPATRA); ball gown (BRUNHILDA); dancing slippers/shoes (CLEOPATRA); bucket with brush (CINDERELLA); hat with feather, long staff with ribbons (MAJORDOMO); sash (PRINCE); wand and optional tiara (FAIRY GODMOTHER); pumpkin mask or cutout (PUMPKINHEAD); head feathers (BRUNHILDA, CLEOPATRA); stick-on star for nose (CLEOPATRA).

ACT TWO
Brought On, Scene One: Staff (MAJORDOMO); fans (BRUNHILDA, CLEOPATRA); ribbon sash over jacket (PRINCE); mask on stick (CINDERELLA); large medal or medallion for ribbon sash (PRINCE).
Brought On, Scene Two: Staff (MAJORDOMO); ledger and quill or feather pen (LADY URSULA-URSULA); Cinderella’s slipper (PRINCE); fan (STEPMOTHER); two pairs of shoes (CINDERELLA); glitter or confetti (APPRENTICE).

SOUND: Waltz music for Cinderella’s daydream (ACT ONE), march music for Grand Procession opening of Act Two. Waltz music for Cinderella and Prince (can be same waltz as used for Cinderella’s daydream). Optional "Boom" when sisters and Stepmother are changed from nasty to nice.
COSTUMES: As suggested in script. Fairy-tale wardrobe. (Consult Sheila Smolensky’s Costuming For Children’s Theatre -- Pioneer Drama Service.) The GUESTS at the Grand Ball should look as “rich” as possible -- the QUEEN richest of all. The PRINCE might wear a white tunic or jacket with a ribboned sash across his chest, dark trousers. CINDERELLA’S gown, of course, should be as beautiful as you can manage. Her entrance for the Ball in ACT ONE should be a visual delight. No female onstage should have a gown prettier than the one CINDERELLA is wearing. She might have a tiara in her hair. Shoes, if possible, should “sparkle.” Use sequins or glitter. The bathrobes CLEOPATRA and BRUNHILDA wear in ACT ONE might be men’s robes. The bigger the better -- since they immediately establish the fact the sisters have deplorable taste in finery. Big laugh with their awful stockings -- maybe candy-striped. Perhaps slippers with curled toes.

MISCELLANEOUS

DRESSING UP THE SCENES: Both the kitchen and the Palace work nicely as described. However, if you have the means, you might add a kitchen back wall (backdrop). For the Palace, you might add a hanging chandelier, if you have the overhead space. Some leafy plants. A painted screen RIGHT and LEFT of the throne will add royal atmosphere.

PUMPKINHEAD: For the "head" you can use a Halloween pumpkin mask, stage makeup, or paint a bushel "basket" with an opening for the head to slip through.

CLEOPATRA & BRUNHILDA: These are comedy roles. The sisters are too stupid and silly to be genuinely nasty. Play them for laughs. One might have a long nose, the other a pointed chin. Their hairstyles are absurd. One might stand with her toes pointed outward, the other inward.

THE DANCES: A little special choreography won’t hurt. The daydream waltz with the Cat, and then the Prince, should be charming; and the waltzes at the Palace should be graceful and pleasing to the eye and ear. The play becomes a "musical" when the dances are on.

FLEXIBLE CASTING: If you want a larger cast, then add additional GUESTS for the Grand Ball. For smaller cast, LADY BLOSSOM and LADY VINE can double in the roles of CITIZEN #1 and
CITIZEN #2. The designated male roles are: MAJORDOMO, CAT, PRINCE, LIEUTENANT, CAPTAIN. However, if you want another female role, CAT ("Attila") can be portrayed as female. For more male roles, PUMPKINHEAD and MOUSE will work. Play also works easily with an all-female cast.

ARENA STAGING: Use aisles for entrances and exits and keep stage properties to a bare minimum for good viewing on all sides.

Suggested stage setting - "THE GLASS SLIPPER"

"Kitchen" ACT ONE

Upstage

exit to outside

worktable

dressmaker's dummy

standing mirror

stool

bench

Table

exit to house

exit to storeroom

Stage Right

fireplace

exit to house

Stage Left

Downstage

"Room in Palace" ACT TWO

Upstage

throne-like chair

Downstage
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