Cinderella's Glass Slipper

Book by VERA MORRIS,
Music and Lyrics by BILL FRANCOEUR

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CINDERELLA’S GLASS SLIPPER

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CHARACTERS
(In order of speaking)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th># of lines</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>TROUBADOUR</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ATTILA</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BRUNHILDA</td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLEOPATRA</td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STEPMOTHER</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MOUSE</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CINDERELLA</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>APPRENTICE</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MISTRESS HAUGHTY</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAJORDOMO</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PRINCE</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FAIRY GODMOTHER</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PUMPKINHEAD</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LADY URSULA-URSULA</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LADY BLOSSOM</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CAPTAIN</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LADY VINE</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LIEUTENANT</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUEEN</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CITIZEN 1</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CITIZEN 2</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ADDITIONAL PARTY GUESTS</td>
<td>as/if desired</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

For preview only
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 One: The palace. Night of the Grand Ball.
Scene Two: The palace again. The following day.

SEQUENCE OF MUSICAL NUMBERS

MC 1  Once Upon A Time—Prologue....Troubador, Company
MC 2  Ladies of Fashion....................Stepmother, Stepsisters
MC 3  Hear Ye! .................................Majordomo, Stepmother,
      Stepsisters, Mistress
      Haughty
MC 3a Ladies of Fashion—Reprise......Stepmother, Stepsisters
MC 4  Dream of Tomorrow .................Cinderella
MC 4a Cinderella’s Waltz ..................Instrumental
MC 5  Don’t-Cha Worry ....................Fairy Godmother,
      Apprentice, Attila, Mouse,
      Pumpkinhead
MC 6  Entr’acte ..............................Instrumental
MC 7  The Grand March ....................Majordomo, Chorus
MC 7a The Presentations ...................Instrumental
MC 7b Cinderella’s Waltz ....................Instrumental
MC 8  Behind the Mask....................Prince, Cinderella
MC 8a Cinderella’s Waltz ....................Instrumental
MC 9  Did You Hear the News? ...........Majordomo, Chorus
MC 9a Dream of Tomorrow .................Cinderella, Prince
MC 9b Did You Hear the
      News?—Reprise........................Company
MC 10 Once Upon A Time—Epilogue....Company
CINDERELLA’S GLASS SLIPPER

PROLOGUE

AT RISE: MUSIC CUE 1: “Once Upon a Time—Prologue.” A lone TROUBADOUR wanders IN strumming a LUTE. He proceeds DOWN CENTER. Or he can ENTER down the aisle of the auditorium.

TROUBADOUR: (Sings.)
In a kingdom far away lived a girl,
So young, fair and good-hearted,
Regarded as an angel,
So they do tell.

(COMPANY begins to wander IN. SPOTLIGHT UP on CINDERELLA.)

In her mansion she did work day and night,
For her kin, thus, as their servant,
Yet fervent in her own mind,
That she one day would find true love.

TROUBADOUR/CHORUS: (Sing.)
Cinderella, Cinderella was the maiden’s name.
Little cinder girl, so lost and all alone was she, she became
Cinderella. Cinderella, from your deep despair you’ll climb,
In a royal kingdom, once upon a time.

(During music interlude, SPOTLIGHT FADES on CINDERELLA.
SPOTLIGHT UP on PRINCE.)

TROUBADOUR: (Sings.)
Now in this kingdom, far away, lived a prince,
As young, handsome and charming,
Disarming as he could be,
As he should be.

And the prince one day would search for a bride.
He’d vow he would embrace her
And grace her in his own mind,
And on that day he’d find true love.

(SPOTLIGHT FADES on the PRINCE.)

TROUBADOUR/CHORUS: (Sing.)
Cinderella, Cinderella, don’t you hesitate.
Little cinder girl a rags to riches fairytale, just you wait.
Cinderella, Cinderella, how those wedding bells will chime
In a royal kingdom once upon a time.
Cinderella, Cinderella was the maiden’s name.
Little cinder girl, so lost and all alone was she, she became
Cinderella. Cinderella, from your deep despair you’ll climb,
In a royal kingdom once upon a time.

**TROUBADOUR:** *(Sings.)*
In a royal kingdom once upon a time.
*(At end of song, COMPANY strolls OUT. TROUBADOUR is the last to
EXIT, strumming his LUTE.)*

**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,
able 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, CONSULT PRODUCTION NOTES at end of playbook.)*

**AT RISE:** ATTILA, the timid cat, is snoozing by the fireplace.

**ATTILA:** *(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 LEFT. 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 LEFT.) 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. STEPSISTERS 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.

ATTILA: (Thinks it’s all a game. Delighted to play, he repeats the chant.)
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, ATILLA nods to indicate he’s watching the “broomie.” BRUNHILDA slams down the broom in an attempt to whack him. ATILLA 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 ATILLA on the backside, and he leaps into the air on the impact.)

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

**BRUNHILDA:** (Indicates UP RIGHT.) Out!

**ATTILA:** Out!

**CLEOPATRA:** Out!

**ATTILA:** Meow! (ATTILA leaps OUT of the kitchen UP RIGHT as STEPMOTHER ENTERS from STAGE LEFT. She is already dressed for the ball. Fancy gown, jewels. STEPMOTHER is a social-climbing snob. Not a nice person.)

**STEPmother:** (Reacts on seeing ATILLA flying from the kitchen.) 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.) Sorry. (Sits on stool at big table.)
STPMOTHER: (Moves CENTER.) Broom? Ugh! To think that one of my beautiful daughters—

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

STPMOTHER: (Continues tirade. 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 STEPSISTERS cringe as if they were being struck with a rolled-up newspaper. MUSIC CUE 2: “Ladies of Fashion.” Speaks.) You, Brunhilda, and you, Cleopatra, are young ladies of fashion and promise.

(Sings.) Gorgeous, glamorous, ravishing, radiant.

Lovely’s the first word that comes to mind.

Winsome, graceful, dainty, delicate.

Artistically matchless and so refined.

Ladies of fashion and taste are you,

The crème de la crème, they will see.

When gentlemen look, we respond “yoo-hoo!”

BRUNHILDA: (Sings.) Yoo-hoo!

CLEOPATRA: (Sings.) Yoo-hoo!

STPMOTHER: (Sings.)

A rich wife some day you will be.

(Speaks.) Yes, young ladies, you are delicate and refined, lovely to look at and charming to hear. (STEPSISTERS look into AUDIENCE with idiotic grins.)

STEPSISTERS: (Delighted by the flattery. Speak.) Yes, Momsy.

STPMOTHER: (Furious. Speaks.) Don’t call me “Momsy!”

STEPSISTERS: (Speak.) No, Momsy.

BRUNHILDA: (Sings.)

Bewitching, enchanting, entralling, entrancing.

Unbridled femininity down to the core.

CLEOPATRA: (Sings.)

Beguiling and dazzling, intriguing, divine.

We leave them all reeling and begging for more.

STPMOTHER: (Sings.)

Ladies of fashion and grace are you.

Young men will be falling your way.

Like a turtle dove calling, respond “Coo-coo!”

BRUNHILDA: (Sings.) Coo-coo!

CLEOPATRA: (Sings.) Coo-coo!

STPMOTHER: (Sings.) We’ll have a big wedding some day!
STEPSISTERS: (Sing.) Ladies of fashion and taste are we,
The crème de la crème, they will see.

STEPSISTERS: (Sing.) Yoo-hoo!
STEPSISTERS: (Sing.) Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
STEPSISTERS: (Sing.) A rich wife some day you will be.
STEPSISTERS: (Sing.) A rich wife some day I will be.

ALL THREE: (At end of song.) You are both to read lovely books,
think lovely thoughts and wear lovely things.

STEPSISTERS: (Delighted by the flattery.) Yes, Momsy.
STEPSISTERS: (Furious.) Don’t call me Momsy!
STEPSISTERS: No, Momsy. (STEPSISTERS giggle stupidly. STEPMOTHER frowns.)

STEPSISTERS: (Hopeful.) Perhaps, tonight at the ball, you might
attract the attention of a young gentleman. (STEPSISTERS giggle stupidly. STEPMOTHER frowns.) A young gentleman who might pop
the question.

CLEOPATRA: (Curious.) What question?

STEPSISTERS: “Will you marry me?”

CLEOPATRA: Why would I want to marry my mother?

STEPSISTERS: (Temper explodes.) Auuuuuuuugggggh! (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.

STEPSISTERS: Be quiet, 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.)

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

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

MOUSE: Squeak, squeak, squeak. (STEPSISTERS scream. MOUSE, knowing STEPMOTHER and STEPSISTERS 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 was chasing her.)
STPMOTHER: Help! Help!
BRUNHILDA: (Hoists the hem of her robe, thus revealing a pair of ugly stockings. She stomps about.) Get away! Get away!
CLEOPATRA: (Also 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!
STPMOTHER/STEPSISTERS: (Even though MOUSE has retreated with its loot, they continue to moan and wail.) Shoo, shoo! Get away, Mouse! Help!
STPMOTHER: Where’s Cinderella?
BRUNHILDA: Cinderella!
CLEOPATRA: Cinderella! Cinderella!
BRUNHILDA: Where are you, Cinderella!
WOMEN: Cinderella! Cinderella!
CINDERELLA: (ENTERS STAGE RIGHT.) Here I am. (STPMOTHER and STEPSISTERS 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, STEPSISTERS “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, stepsisters. I’ll speak to Attila 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, STEPSISTERS stick their tongues out at CINDERELLA.)
STEPSISTERS: Naw, naw. Selfish, selfish Cinderella.
STPMOTHER: Silence! (STEPSISTERS 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.

STPMOTHER: 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.

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

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

STPMOTHER: Little! You call all I do for you “little”? I’ll have none of your impudence. (To STEPSISTERS.) Now, girls, you must hurry and get ready for the Grand Ball at the palace. I’ve been ready for hours. (STEPSISTERS 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.

STPMOTHER: 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.

STPMOTHER: 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 the vain STEPSISTERS, then at CINDERELLA, then back to STEPSISTERS 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.

STEPSISTERS: 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.)

STEPSISTERS: 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.

STEPSISTERS: (Disappointed.) Oooooh, pooh.

APPRENTICE: (ENTERS RIGHT. A young girl, shabbily dressed.) Good evening to one and all. (She curtsies. STEPMOTHER and STEPSISTERS 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.
STEPMOTHER: 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.
STEPMOTHER: Feed one beggar and, before you know it, there’s a line outside the door. Out. Out!
STEPSISTERS: 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, sits on the floor and 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!
STEPMOTHER: We know that. (Indicates their gowns.) I’m dressed for it and so are you.
STEPSISTERS: (Hold up their ball gowns in front of their ugly bathrobes.) 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!
STEPMOTHER: We might agree if we knew what you were talking about.
MAJORDOMO’S VOICE: (From OFF RIGHT.) Hear ye! Hear ye! News from the palace! News from the palace!
STEPMOTHER: Cinderella, run outside and fetch the fellow in.
CINDERELLA: Yes, Stepmother. (Runs OUT RIGHT.)
MISTRESS HAUGHTY: So unexpected, so marvelous!
STEPMOTHER: 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.
STEPMOTHER: 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 RIGHT, talking
to the unseen MAJORDOMO.)

CINDERELLA: This way, sir.
STEPMOTHER: Whatever can he be proclaiming? (MAJORDOMO
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
MAJORDOMO.) Tell them the news!

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

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

MAJORDOMO: Certainly not. The Grand Ball will go on as planned.

(STEPMOTHER, STEPSISTERS give sigh of relief.)

STEPMOTHER: Then what’s all the fuss? (MUSIC CUE 3: “Hear Ye!”)

MAJORDOMO: (Sings.) As you know, the queen is a widow.

STEPSISTERS: (Speak.) Uh-huh.

MAJORDOMO: (Sings.) She has one child, only one, the royal prince.

STEPSISTERS: (Speak.) Oh, yes, the prince!

MAJORDOMO: (Sings.) She’s decided that her only royal kiddo...

STEPSISTERS: (Speak.) Go on.

MAJORDOMO: (Sings.)

Though of late he’s been most difficult to convince.
Her majesty, with pageantry has unequivacably decided, she’s
decided.

Yes, the queen...

STEPMOTHER/STEPSISTERS: (Sing.) Yes, the queen!

MAJORDOMO: (Sings.) Has decided...

STEPMOTHER/STEPSISTERS: (Sing.) Has decided!

MAJORDOMO: (Sings.) That the prince...

STEPMOTHER/STEPSISTERS: (Sing.) That the prince!

MAJORDOMO: (Sings.) That her one and only son, the royal Prince...

STEPSISTERS: (Sing.) The royal Prince!

MAJORDOMO: (Sings.)

That the handsome and the charming royal Prince...

STEPMOTHER/STEPSISTERS/HAUGHTY: (Sing.) The royal Prince!

MAJORDOMO: (Sings.) Yes, the queen...

STEPMOTHER/STEPSISTERS/HAUGHTY: (Sing.) Yes, the queen!

MAJORDOMO: (Sings.) Has decided...

STEPMOTHER/STEPSISTERS/HAUGHTY: (Sing.) Has decided!

MAJORDOMO: (Sings.) She’s decided...
STEPMOTHER: (Speaks.) Decided what?!

MAJORdOMO: (Bangs staff to the floor three times. Sings.)
   Hear ye! Hear ye, good subjects of the realm.
   The queen has handed down a proclamation.
   Hear ye! Hear ye, good subjects of the realm.
   Come one and all and join the celebration!
   Yes, the queen...

ALL: (Sing. Include APPRENTICE, CINDERELLA and CHORUS if desired.)
   Yes, the queen!

MAJORdOMO: (Sings.) Has decided...

ALL: (Sing.) Has decided!

MAJORdOMO: (Sings.) That the prince...

ALL: (Sing.) That the prince!

MAJORdOMO: (Sings.) That her one and only son, the royal Prince...

ALL: (Sing.) The royal Prince!

MAJORdOMO: (Sings.)
   How exciting, how delightful that the prince...

ALL: (Sing.) That the prince!

MAJORdOMO: (Sings.) Yes, the queen...

ALL: (Sing.) Yes, the queen!

MAJORdOMO: (Sings.) Has decided...

ALL: (Sing.) Has decided!

MAJORdOMO: (Sings.) She’s decided...

STEPMOTHER: (Speaks.) Majordomo! Please! What is the news from the castle?!

MAJORdOMO: (Sings.)
   Hear ye! Hear ye, good subjects of the realm.
   Rejoice today and raise your finest chalice.
   Hear ye! Hear ye, good subjects of the realm.
   I come with joyful tidings from the palace.

STEPMOTHER: (Speaks to AUDIENCE. Droll.) I’m going to strangle the man!

MAJORdOMO: (Speaks.) Patience, madam, patience.
   (Sings.) Through careful thought and contemplation,
   I bring good news to all the nation!
   Pardon my commentary, I’m a mere emissary,
   With a secondary role that’s ordinary, yet necessary.
   Plenipotentiary as defined in the dictionary
   Is the power to act with royal staff,
   Indeed, in fact, the power to act on their behalf...
ALL: (Speak; confused.) What?!

MAJORdOMO: (Sings; hushed gossip; growing faster and faster.)
   Though the queen is somewhat wary and the prince somewhat contrary,
   And I hear involuntary, though it’s quite hereditary, customary,
   Still extraordinary, revolutionary! (He gasps for breath.)
   Yes, the queen...

ALL: (Sing.) Yes, the queen!

MAJORdOMO: (Sings.) Has decided...

ALL: (Sing.) Has decided!

MAJORdOMO: (Sings.) That the prince...

ALL: (Sing.) That the prince!

MAJORdOMO: (Sings.) That her one and only son, the royal Prince...

ALL: (Sing.) The royal Prince!

MAJORdOMO: (Sings.)
   That the handsome and the charming royal Prince...

ALL: (Sings.) The royal Prince!

MAJORdOMO: (Sings.) Yes, the queen...

ALL: (Sing.) Yes, the queen!

MAJORdOMO: (Sings.) Has decided...

ALL: (Sing.) Has decided!

MAJORdOMO: (Sings.) That the prince shall... (Speaks.) Marry!

ALL: (Speak; happily.) Marry?! (MUSIC OUT.)

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

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

MAJORdOMO: That’s yet to be decided. (Booming voice.) All females attending the Grand Ball are eligible. Tonight the future Princess for the kingdom will be selected! (This is too much for the STEPSISTERS. They gush. “Oh! Oh! Oh!” They run this way and that way. MISTRESS HAUGHTY bounces up and down. STEPMOTHER 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, STEPMOTHER regains her composure. Holds one finger up for emphasis.)

STEPMOTHER: Cease! (STEPSISTERS 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. (STEPSISTERS giggle.)

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

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ALL THREE: (Sing.) A princess some day you/I will be! (MUSIC OUT.)
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. (STEPMOTHER and STEPSISTERS freeze. They look at CINDERELLA. Hold for a moment. They can’t believe what they heard. The THREE breaks into raucous laughter.)
ALL THREE: Hahaha!
CINDERELLA: I don’t see what’s so funny.
STEPMOTHER: 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.) True.
STEPMOTHER: 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. (STEPSISTERS tilt their chins upward in exaggerated fashion. Pull back their shoulders.)
STEPMOTHER: 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 STEPSISTERS to EXIT. They do, each carrying her ball gown and repeating the lesson.)
STEPMOTHER: “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 OUT after her DAUGHTERS. APPRENTICE remains silent and inconspicuous DOWN RIGHT. 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? (MUSIC CUE 4: “Dream Of Tomorrow.” Speaks.) It would be nice to
have a pretty dress and dance with the prince. (Sadly.) If he saw me looking like this, I’m sure he’d run away. (Sings.) Look at me, what a mess, in this ragged worn out dress. Tangled hair, what a sight, dirty face, quite a fright. Blistered hands, calloused feet, working in the cold and heat. Dawn to dusk, every day, can’t live this way.

If I dream of tomorrow, will I see skies of blue? If I wish upon a star, will my wishes come true? If I follow a rainbow, will I find treasure there? Is there no one to answer my prayer?

Living here, so alone, every day they gripe and groan, “Don’t do this!” “Don’t do that!” “Stop conversing with your cat!” “Make the beds!” “Sweep the floor!” “Cinderella, wait, there’s more!” “Scrub the pots!” Fetch the wood!” Wonder now...

If I should dream of tomorrow, will I conquer my fear? If I wish upon a star, will it take me from here? If I follow a rainbow, will it bless me with gold? Will my fairytale ever unfold?

So I wait and I wonder and I wonder and wait. Yet I know in my heart I will live A most wonderful life in a faraway place In a magical kingdom some day. (MUSIC OUT. 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 will 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.) 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.

End of Script Preview
PRODUCTION NOTES

STAGE PROPERTIES

The kitchen: Fireplace; kettle; wood for the kindle; two stools; broom; scattered straw; small work table with: spools of thread, cloth, ribbons, two fans, two pairs of gloves; full-length standing mirror; 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 (Putting it on a low platform will make it look more regal, but is strictly optional.), two benches.

ACT ONE

BROUGHT ON: Ugly bathrobe, ugly stocking, paper rollers in hair, head feathers (BRUNHILDA, CLEOPATRA); ball gown (BRUNHILDA); dancing slippers/shoes, stick-on star for nose (CLEOPATRA); scrub 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).

ACT TWO

BROUGHT ON, Scene One: Staff (MAJORDOMO); fans (BRUNHILDA, CLEOPATRA); ribbon sash over jacket, large medal or medallion for ribbon sash (PRINCE); mask on stick (MISTRESS HAUGHTY, CINDERELLA).

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).

COSTUMES

Basic fairy-tale wardrobe as suggested in script. The GUESTS at the Grand Ball should look as “rich” as possible, the queen the 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 stepsisters 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 AND BRUNHILDA: These are comedy roles. The stepsisters 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.
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