

Cinderella

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Cinderella
Stepmother
Matilda
Griselda
Frump
Gertrude (Gert)
Fairy Godmother
Prince
Queen
King
Prime Minister
Duke Of The Palace
Ensemble
Ladies In Waiting
Lords of the Court
Footman
Driver
Mouse/Horse #1
Mouse/Horse #2
Mouse/Horse #3
Mouse/Horse #4
Mouse/Horse #5
Mouse/Horse #6
Mouse/Horse #7
Mouse/Horse #8

Scene One

(#1 Overture. Curtains open and lights up on Stepmother's House. Cinderella, dressed in rags, is sweeping the floor.)

Stepmother: (Offstage) Cinderella! (Enters) Have you finished sweeping yet? I do not want to see one speck of dust on this floor. We have very important guests coming this evening.

Cinderella: Yes, mother dear.

Stepmother: Good. And once you're finished, you may escort yourself to your room. We don't want our important guests to see the ugly maid now, do we?

Cinderella: Yes, mother dear. (She finishes sweeping then exits.)

Stepmother: Girls! (The Stepsisters come running in. Frump and Gertrude are fighting over a necklace. Matilda and Griselda are arguing about who is prettier. They come from opposite sides.) Girls! (getting their attention) This is not proper behavior to have in front of our guests, is it?

Matilda: Guest? Who is it? Who's coming?

Griselda: She said "guests" you stupid, ugly- (Matilda gasps cutting her off. They start bickering again)

Gertrude: Who's coming, mother?

Frump: I'm too tired to entertain any guests tonight. Can't they come another evening? (Prime Minister and the Duke enter. The stepsisters, realizing their guests, stop bickering and stand up in a proper manner)

Duke: Good evening, ladies. I came here tonight to present this invitation to your residence. (he holds it out and Matilda grabs it. The stepsisters gather around as Matilda opens it)

Prime Minister: The Prince is giving a ball! On this wonderful evening, his royal highness is seeking a bride to become his future queen. (The Stepsisters shriek in excitement.)

Duke: Each maiden in the land will have the chance to share a dance with the Prince.

Prime Minister: Only one suitable maiden will be chosen by the Prince to be wed!

Duke: Do you accept this invitation?

Stepmother: Yes, indeed, sire! I know the Prince will choose one of my precious daughters to marry. They are quite the catch, aren't they? (The stepsisters begin to argue over the Prince. Duke and Prime Minister look at each other uncomfortably)

Matilda: He'll choose me because I'm the prettiest!

Griselda: In your dreams, big nose!

Frump: He'll choose me because I'm the best dancer!

Gertrude: With those big feet? Try not to step on him! (they continue to argue, Cinderella peaks in, unnoticed)

Stepmother: (getting their attention) Girls...girls! (to the Duke and Prime Minister) Thank you both for stopping by. (she crosses to them) We shall see you tonight! (Duke and Prime Minister exit) Now, girls. We have a very exciting night to attend and very little time to get ready. Go pick out your prettiest dress and your finest jewelry. We must impress the Prince tonight, for I'm sure he will choose one of my daughters to be his bride! (The

Step-sisters run off) Cinderella! (Cinderella enters, rushing in) I have a job for you. (thinking) I need you to dust every inch of this house tonight.

Cinderella: Mother, I have already dusted the house this morning-

Stepmother: Well, do it again!

Cinderella: Yes, mother dear. (she stares at Stepmother, hesitating to speak)

Stepmother: Do you have something to say?

Cinderella: Well, I-I just overheard something about a ball and-

Stepmother: And what? You think *you* are invited? (she laughs) It would take a fairy godmother to make you presentable enough to attend a royal ball! Better get to dusting, dearie. (She exits)

Cinderella: Yes, mother dear. (she picks up a feather duster and begins to clean. Four Mice, Cinderella's friends, enter)

Mouse #1: Cinderelly! Cinderelly!

Mouse #2: Why are you always working, Cinderelly?

Mouse #3: Shouldn't you be getting ready for the ball?

Mouse #4: And putting on a beautiful dress?

Cinderella: Oh, I wish I could, but mother said I have to stay and tidy the house tonight.

Mouse #5: You are always working.

Mouse #6: And cleaning all day long.

Mouse #7: Why don't you ask if you can go to the ball?

Mouse #8: I'm sure if you asked nicely, she would say yes!

Cinderella: (she laughs) Oh, you really are so kind-

Stepmother: (offstage) Cinderella!

Mouse #1: We better get going, Cinderelly!

Mouse #2: We don't want to be cat bait! (the Mice scatter off)

Stepmother: (enters) Cinderella! You stupid girl! Come help me get into my gown. (she exits)

Cinderella: Coming, mother dear! (she begins to run to one side of the stage)

Matilda: (Enter) Cinderella! You lazy thing – come help me fix my hair. (she exits. Cinderella runs to the other side)

Griselda: (Enters) Cinderella! Come help me lace up this corset! How can I go to the ball if I can't fit into my gown! Hurry up! (She exits.)

Frump: (*Enters hoping on one foot*) Cinderella! I need you! I can't find my other shoe! (*Cinderella looks for the shoe. Frump hops offstage and exits.*)

Gert: (*Enters*) Cinderella! Help me find my stockings! How can I put on my shoes without my stockings? UGH! (*Cinderella looks for the stockings. Gert exits. Cinderella runs back and forth as she gets called*)

Stepmother: (*offstage*) Cinderella!

Matilda: (*offstage*) Cinderella! Hurry!

Griselda: (*offstage*) Cinderella! What are you doing?

Frump: (*offstage*) Cinderella! My shoe!

Gert: (*offstage*) Cinderella! Help me!! Ugh!

Cinderella: (*Cinderella cleans up items on the floor.*) Oh my. There always seems to be something I need to do. And it never seems to be enough!

(#2 *In My Own Little Corner* begins.)

CINDERELLA: I'm as mild and as meek as a mouse
When I hear a command I obey
But I know of a spot in my house
Where no one can stand in my way
In my own little corner
In my own little chair
I can be whatever I want to be
On the wing of my fancy
I can fly anywhere
And the world will open its arms to me
I'm a young Norwegian princess or a milkmaid
I'm the greatest prima donna in Milan
I'm an heiress who has always had her silk made
By her own flock of silkworms in Japan!
I'm a girl men go mad for, love's a game I can play
With a cool and confident kind of air
Just as long as I stay
In my own little corner
All alone in my own little chair
I can be whatever I want to be
I'm a thief in Calcutta
I'm a queen in Peru
I'm a mermaid dancing upon the sea
I'm a huntress on an African safari
It's a dangerous kind type sport and yet it's fun
In the night I sally forth to seek my quarry
And I find I forgot to bring my gun!
I am lost in the jungle
All alone and unarmed
When I meet a lioness in her lair!
Then I'm glad to be back
In my own little corner
All alone
In my own
Little chair

Stepmother: (*Enters*) When I call you Miss Queen of the cinder pile, I mean for you to come! Immediately! What on earth were you doing? Here, fix this. (*Cinderella helps fasten her gown.*)

Matilda: (*Enters*) Look at this hair! How can I go to the ball looking like a hurricane? Are you trying to spoil everything for me? (*Cinderella tries to fix her hair, but it is hopeless.*)

Griselda: (*Enters*) Fasten this, Cinderella. (*Cinderella fastens her necklace, almost dropping it.*) Look out, clumsy fingers! I got into my corset all by myself with no help from you. What were you doing that you couldn't help me?

Frump: (*Enters hopping with one shoe on.*) If you had any pride in the way you look, you'd help me get off to the ball with both my shoes on. Where is my other shoe?

Gert: (*Enters with her stockings dangling down to her shoes.*) I found my stockings and they're dirty thanks to you. Ugh!

Stepmother: Fasten this!

Matilda: Pin this!

Griselda: Button this!

Frump: (*Sinks into chair.*) Find my shoe!

Gert: Help me with my stockings!

Stepmother: My handkerchief!

Matilda: My gloves!

Griselda: My purse!

Frump: My shoe! My other shoe!

Gert: Who cares about your shoe? I need help with my stockings! (*Frump and Gert stick their tongues out at each other.*)

(*Cinderella exits and finds each of these.*)

Stepmother: Isn't she dreadful?

Matilda: Miserable.

Griselda: Lazy.

Frump: Ugly, too.

Gert: Ugly and dumb! Ugh! (*Cinderella re-enters with the items*).

Stepmother: Now, are we all ready? No thanks to you, Miss. Let me look at my lovely daughters. Matilda, stand up straight. Griselda, pull in your tummy! Frump, put your feet together. Now, let me see how you look. Yes, you are really quite beautiful. One of you will catch the eye of the Prince tonight. I feel it in my bones. Matilda, stop scratching! Frump, put your feet together! Griselda, stop looking at the end of your nose!

Matilda: We must go, Mother.

Frump: We'll be late for the ball.

Gert: But where is the carriage?

Stepmother: The carriage! You miserable girl, I told you to order it early. Can't you ever do as you are told?

Cinderella: The carriage is waiting, Mother dear, just outside the door.

Stepmother: Why didn't you say so, stupid girl? Come along girls. Frump, walk straight!

Frump: My feet hurt.

Matilda: You'll never be a Princess!

Frump: Neither will you!

Griselda: The Prince will choose me, won't he, Mother?

Gert: No he'll choose me! I'm the prettiest! (*Sticks her tongue out at all of them.*)

Stepmother: All right girls. Out, out, out to the carriage!

(*The stepsisters exit jabbering to each other. Stepmother looks at them as they exit.*)

Stepmother: Don't they look lovely?

Cinderella: May I help you into the carriage, Mother dear?

Stepmother: Indeed, you may not! Don't even stick your head out the door. I don't want anyone to see you. You look terrible! Horribly ugly! Go scrub your face and don't forget to scrub this floor! (*She exits.*)

Cinderella: Yes, Mother dear. Goodbye. I hope it's a lovely ball! (*Left alone she begins to sweep the floor. She looks at her torn clothes. Music begins. She turns the broom upside down and curtsies.*) I am honored, Your Highness, to dance with you. (*She begins to dance with the broom.*) Oh, Your Highness, this is a lovely ball and you are a wonderful dancer. (*pause for a "response"*) Why, thank you, Your Highness. (*she pauses and the music fades*) Oh, I wish I really were at the ball.

Scene Two

(*Fairy Godmother enters disguised wearing a cloak.*)

Fairy Godmother: (*speaking to a tune*) Fol-de-rol and fiddley dee, Fiddley faddley foodle. All the wishes in the world are poppy cock and twaddle.

Cinderella: (*startled*) Who might you be?

Fairy Godmother: Fol-de-rol and fiddley dee, Fiddley faddley foodle. All the dreamers in the world are dizzy in the noodle.

Cinderella: What's wrong with dreaming? Isn't every girl dreaming and wishing she were at the ball tonight?

Fairy Godmother: Why aren't you there?

Cinderella: My stepmother...(*not wanting to speak badly of her*)...well, somebody has to mind the house.

Fairy Godmother: Have you ever thought about leaving them?

Cinderella: Leaving my stepfamily? Oh, no I could never. Stepmother would never forgive me. (*beat*) Why don't you believe in wishes and dreams...that once in a while something marvelous and magical can happen?

Fairy Godmother: Well I don't say that I don't believe that once in a while something marvelous and magical can happen. Tell me, what would you wish?

Cinderella: Why, I'd wish for an invitation to the ball!

Fairy Godmother: (*pulls out a torn up invitation*) Right here. There's an invitation. (*hands it to her*)

Cinderella: Oh! But it's torn.

Godmother: Oh, don't wait for everything to be perfect. Now what else would you dream of? (*Cinderella gives in to the Fairy Godmother's "game" and plays along, wishing for everything she wants*)

Cinderella: Uh...a gown, I'd imagine! A beautiful gown with jewels and a tiara of diamonds!

Fairy Godmother: And on your feet?

Cinderella: Why, the most beautiful pumps, I'd imagine!

Fairy Godmother: Or something better- Venetian glass slippers!

Cinderella: Oh, yes! Oh, how silly, I'd be the envy of all. But how would I get to the ball?

Fairy Godmother: Hmm...this pumpkin over here. (*She picks up a pumpkin*) I could turn it into a golden carriage!

Cinderella: And horses!

Fairy Godmother: We can find some mice in the garden.

Cinderella: I might know of some mice! And a fox as a footman and a raccoon as a driver. Why, this is fun! The only way this could all be true is if...if you were a fairy godmother! (*The Fairy Godmother reveals her beautiful dress underneath her cloak.*) But you were just- W-who are you?

Fairy Godmother: Why, I'm your Fairy Godmother!

Cinderella: (*she circles Fairy Godmother in amazement*) Are you really my Fairy Godmother?

Fairy Godmother: Well, of course, my child! Now, I must make all the dreams we joked about come true!

Cinderella: But that's so improbable...Implausible...

(#3 Impossible)

GODMOTHER: Impossible for a plain yellow pumpkin to become a golden carriage.

Impossible for a plain country bumpkin and a prince to join in marriage, And four white mice will never be four white horses!

Such fol-der-rol and fiddle-de-dee of course is impossible!

But the world is full of zanies and fools

Who don't believe in sensible rules

And won't believe what sensible people say.

And because these daft and dewey-eyed dopes keep building up impossible hopes, impossible things are happening every day.

CINDERELLA: Impossible!

GODMOTHER: Impossible!

CINDERELLA: Impossible!

GODMOTHER: Impossible!

CINDERELLA: Impossible!

GODMOTHER: Impossible!

BOTH: Impossible!

Cinderella: But, if you could be a beggar woman not five minutes ago and now you're my fairy godmother, anything is possible, right?

Godmother: I suppose so!

Cinderella: You could change it all! You can make it all happen!

Godmother: No, but you can change it all. You can make it all happen.

Cinderella: No, never I could.

GODMOTHER: You're right... It's all so impossible! For a plain yellow pumpkin to become a golden carriage. Impossible! For a plain country bumpkin and a prince to join in marriage, And four white mice will never be four white horses!

Such fol-der-rol and fiddle-de-dee of course, is impossible!

CINDERELLA: But, the world is full of zanies and fools. Who don't believe in sensible rules. And won't believe what sensible people say...

BOTH: And because these daft and dewey-eyed dopes keep building up impossible hopes, impossible things are happening every day.

(#4 *Transformation.* Fairy Godmother waves her magic wand and Cinderella spins offstage. The Mice enter as Horses. A Footman and a Driver enter.)

(#5 *It's Possible.* Cinderella enters wearing a beautiful gown and glass slippers.)

CINDERELLA: It's Possible! For a plain yellow pumpkin to become a golden carriage!

It's Possible! For a plain country bumpkin and a prince to join in marriage!

GODMOTHER: And four white mice are easily turned to horses!

Such fol-der-ol and fid-dle-dee of course, is

Quite Possible!

CINDERELLA: For the world is full of zanies and fools

GODMOTHER: Who don't believe in sensible rules

CINDERELLA: And won't believe what sensible people say

BOTH And because these daft and dewey-eyed dopes keep building up impossible hopes

Impossible things are happening every day!

CINDERELLA: It's Possible

GODMOTHER: It's Possible

CINDERELLA: It's Possible

GODMOTHER: It's Possible

CINDERELLA: It's Possible

GODMOTHER: It's Possible

ALL: It's Possible!

Cinderella: Oh, Fairy Godmother, how could I ever thank you?

Fairy Godmother: Oh, you can't! But, Cinderella, I must tell you something. All this magic is very powerful, but it will end at midnight tonight. Now, go to the ball in the name of every girl who has ever wished to go to a ball in a beautiful dress. In the name of every girl who has ever wanted to change the world she lived in. Go with the promise of possibility! (The Footman and Driver escort Cinderella offstage)

Cinderella: (waving as she exits) Goodbye Fairy Godmother!

Scene Three

(#6 Palace. The set changes to the Palace Ballroom with two thrones upstage. The King and Queen enter as they prepare for the ball. They are arguing)

Queen: A fine father you are!

King: What do you mean a "fine father"?

Queen: I mean you never worry about him.

King: Why should I worry about him?

Queen: Because he isn't happy!

King: Oh, he's happy alright.

Queen: If he's happy, why doesn't he get married?

King: If he's happy, why should he get married? (he laughs. The Queen gives him a stern look and he stops. Prince enters)

Prince: Hello, Mother. Father.

King: Hello, my boy. (crossing to him) How are you feeling?

Prince: Fine, father.

King: You're not unhappy or anything, are you?

Prince: Why no father.

King: Ah-ha! Just what I thought.

Queen: Good. Besides, tonight you will have a chance to dance with plenty of suitable ladies to meet the woman who will ensure your happiness.

Prince: To tell you the truth, I'm not quite looking forward to dancing with all those...candidates.

Queen: Candidates?

Prince: Every grasping maiden in the Kingdom, each one determined to show that she would be the perfect princess for me.

King: I know how you feel, my boy. (Queen gives him a look)

Queen: (crossing to the Prince. fixing his shirt) Every maiden in the Kingdom is honored to dance with you and should you treat each one with the same honor.

Prince: Yes, of course, mother. I just wish it didn't feel like a trial.

King: At least a trial doesn't last forever!

Queen: (ignoring the King) Just dance with them. Speak with them. Listen. You will know when you are dancing with the right one.

King: And if nothing else (*patting the Prince on his shoulder*) you'll get very good at dancing. (#7 *Fanfare*)

Queen: It's time!

King: Let the trial begin! (*The King, Queen, and Prince cross to the thrones. King and Queen take a seat and the Prince stands by them. Prime Minister and Duke enter. They bow*)

Prime Minister: Your majesties. Tonight is the night your son, our prince, will find the girl who shall become his future queen.

Duke: To commence this evening, the Lords and Ladies of the court present a traditional waltz. (*Prime Minister and Duke gesture as Lords and Ladies enter. They step aside as the music begins. #8 The Waltz. After the dance ends, Stepmother and Stepsisters enter. The Prime Minister and Duke form a line of maidens for a chance to dance with the Prince. The Queen is enthused but the King is clearly bored.*)

Queen: (*beaming*) Exhilarating isn't it?

King: I'm afraid our son is having a worse time than I am.

(*As the dialogue continues, the Prince takes turns dancing with a Lady in Waiting. The Duke hands one off after the other.*)

Stepmother: Stand up straight, Matilda. Griselda, stop chewing your nails. Gertrude, pull up your stockings! You look disheveled. Frump, put your feet all the way in your shoes.

Frump: (*Whining*) Mother my feet hurt. Terribly!

Matilda: That's because there's so much of them, Big Foot!

Frump: You horrible girl. I wish warts on your nose!

Stepmother: Smile girls and stop bickering. What would the Prince say if he heard you?

Griselda: Where is the Prince? I don't see him anywhere.

Frump: He's right there! You just can't see any farther than the tip of your nose!

Gert: Because it's so big! (*She sticks her tongue out at Matilda.*)

Stepmother: (*talking to herself*) I must say my daughters look a thousand times better than any of those wretched creatures. (*Turns back to the girls. The Duke approaches.*)

Duke: (*putting his hand out to Matilda*) Madame?

Matilda: Looks like I get to dance with the Prince first- ha! (*the other stepsisters sign and whine*)

Stepmother: Smile, Matilda! Be personable!

(*The Prince and Matilda begin to dance.*)

Matilda: Your Highness, may I say something personal?

Prince: Yes?

Matilda: I think...I think...

Prince: You think...?

Matilda: Very nice weather for this time of year.

Prince: (sarcastically) You really should not be so personal.

Matilda: But my mother told me to say something personal.

Prince: (signaling to the Duke) Perhaps you should return to your mother for further instructions. (the Prime Minister returns Matilda to the line. Frump is now dancing with the Prince. She winces with each step she takes.)

Frump: Ow...ow...ow...

Prince: Are you feeling alright?

Frump: (smiling through the pain) Yes, of course! Why would I not be... dancing with you...ow...ow...ow.

Prince: Perhaps you should rest your feet. (He signals the Prime Minister. Frump goes back to the line, limping. He brings Griselda over to the Prince. She dances stiffly with her tight corset.)

Griselda: (Looking around) What a lovely castle you have.

Prince: Well, it really belongs to the entire royal family.

Griselda: One day I'm going to live in a big castle, with a handsome prince...like you... (She giggles and snorts. The Prince signals the Prime Minister. He takes Griselda back. As the Prime Minister begins to lead Gertrude to the Prince, Cinderella appears in a beautiful ballgown. Everyone turns and stares as she walks down the ballroom. She is unrecognizable. The Prince takes Cinderella's hand and leads her to the center. They begin to dance.)

King: Now the party is looking better!

Queen: I wonder who she is.

King: Watching him dance with that lovely creature - you know it takes me back.

Queen: To where?

King: To the first time I danced with you, my darling. (The Queen rolls her eyes.)

Stepmother: I wonder who she is.

Matilda: I never saw that girl before.

Griselda: Well, whoever she is, it's clear she likes her best.

Prince: Why have I never met you before?

Cinderella: Well...I don't get out much.

Prince: I have a strange feeling that something has just happened to me and I don't know what it is.

Cinderella: That's exactly the way I feel.

Prince: Do you have any idea what it might be?

Cinderella: No.

Prince: Well, let's think back over our history together.

Cinderella: It isn't very long, is it? *(The Prince smiles, shaking his head)*

(#9 Ten Minutes Ago begins.)

PRINCE: Ten minutes ago, I saw you. I looked up when you came through the door. My head started reeling you gave me the feeling the room had no ceiling or floor.

Ten minutes ago, I met you, and we murmured our "How do you dos?". I wanted to ring out the bells and fling out my arms and sing out the news. I have found her, she's an angel, with the dust of the stars in her eyes. We are dancing, we are flying, and she's taking me back to the skies! In the arms of my love, I'm flying over mountain and meadow and glen. And I like it so well that for all I can tell I may never come down again. I may never come down to earth again.

CINDERELLA: Ten minutes ago I met you and we murmured our "How do you dos?". I wanted to ring out the bells and fling out my arms and to sing out the news.

"I have found him. I have found him."

DANCE BREAK

CINDERELLA: In the arms of my love, I'm flying over mountain and meadow and glen. And I like it so well that for all I can tell I may never come down again.

BOTH: I may never come down to earth again.

Cinderella: You are an excellent dancer.

Prince: As are you.

Cinderella: I really must be going.

Prince: Why?

Cinderella: Because I promised my F- *(cutting herself off)* my Godmother. She would be worried if I were late.

Prince: Your Godmother will forgive you if you're a little late.

Cinderella: Oh no, she won't. I have a strange kind of Godmother.

Prince: You're a strange kind of girl. You haven't told me your name yet.

Cinderella: It's a silly name. You wouldn't like it.

Prince: Of course I would. Whatever you are called is the most beautiful name in the world.

(#9a Clock Strikes Twelve. The chime of a clock is heard. It is midnight.)

Cinderella: *(in panic)* Oh, no! Midnight! I must go. Thank you for such a wonderful evening. *(She quickly bows and rushes off. In the rush, she trips and one of her glass slippers falls off and is left behind. Everyone gasps.)*

Prince: *(calling after her)* Please...wait! I didn't even get your name...*(he notices the shoe and picks it up. The King and Queen go to the Prince.)*

King: What has happened, son?

Prince: I don't know. We were dancing and then she suddenly ran away. *(holding the slipper)* All I have is this glass slipper. *(beat)* I've just got to find her!

Queen: We will, son. We will.

Prince: Prime Minister, Duke, see that this slipper is tried on every young maiden in the kingdom- every last one no matter how unlikely she looks. Keep trying until you find the food that fits the slipper. Do you understand? (Hands the slipper to the Prime Minister.)

Prime Minister: Yes, your highness.

Duke: We will search every inch of this kingdom!

(*The Prince runs off followed by the King and Queen.*)

Stepmother: (Overhearing the conversation) Sir, my lovely daughters will happily try on this tiny glass slipper...I'm sure one must be the right fit. (The Stepsisters are bickering)

Prime Minister: His royal highness will be trying the slipper on every maiden in the land as soon as the sun rises.

Stepmother: Very well then. Girls! It's time to get the house ready for a visit from the Prince. Off to the carriage! (She exits)

Matilda: Imagine deserting the Prince on the dance floor!

Gertrude: Imagine even getting the chance to dance with him!

(*The Ladies In Waiting gather around the sisters with overlapping complaints. #10 Stepsisters Lament*)

MATILDA: Why would a fellow want a girl like her, a frail and fluffy beauty?

GRISELDA: Why can't a fellow ever once prefer a solid girl like me?

FRUMP: She's a frothy little bubble

With a flimsy kind of charm

GERTRUDE And with very little trouble

I could break her little arm!

FRUMP: Ow! Ow!

MATILDA: Why would a fellow want a girl like her so obviously unusual?

GRISELDA: Why can't a fellow ever once prefer a usual girl like me?

FRUMP: Her cheeks are a pretty shade of pink

GERTRUDE: But not any pinker than a rose is

MATILDA: Her skin may be delicate and soft

GRISELDA: But not any softer than a doe's is

FRUMP: Her neck is no whiter than a swan's

GERTRUDE: She's only as dainty as a daisy

MATILDA: She's only as graceful as a bird

STEPSISTERS: So why is the fellow going crazy?

ALL: Oh, why would a fellow want a girl like her a girl who's merely lovely

Why can't a fellow ever once prefer

A girl who's merely me?

What's the matter with the man?

What's the matter with the man?

What's the matter with the man?

FRUMP: Yes, he's witty, so disarming

And I really like the way he holds a room

GRISELDA: Clever cunning, ever charming

How do I make him see I'm special?

MATILDA: It's a pity

OTHERS: It's a pity

GERTRUDE: I'm as pretty

OTHERS: I'm as pretty
ALL: Plus I've got the patience
Of a perfect saint
So I'm waiting
Always waiting
Nevertheless
I'm in a mess
GRISELDA: Loosen my dress
Help me I'm starting to faint!
ALL: Why would a fellow want a girl like her
A girl who isn't dizzy
Why can't a fellow ever once prefer
A high-strung girl like me
FRUMP: Her cheeks are a pretty shade of pink
OTHERS: (What's the matter with the man?)
GRISELDA: But not any pinker than a rose is
OTHERS: (What's the matter with the man?)
MATILDA: Her skin may be delicate and soft
OTHERS: (What's the matter with the man?)
GRISELDA: But not any softer than a doe's is
FRUMP: Her neck is no whiter than a swan's
OTHERS: (What's the matter with the man?)
GERTRUDE: She's only as dainty as a daisy
OTHERS: (What's the matter with the man?)
MATILDA: She's only as graceful as a bird
Ladies: (What's the matter with the man???)
ALL: So why is the fellow going crazy?
Oh, oh
Why would a fellow want a girl like her
A girl who's merely lovely?
Why can't a fellow ever once prefer
A girl who's merely me?
What's the matter with the man?
What's the matter with the man?
What's the matter with the man?
GERTRUDE: She's the matter
Let me at her!!!
ALL: What's the matter with the man?
What's the matter with the man?
What's the matter with the man?
What's the matter with the man?

(The Ladies In Waiting all complain as they exit. The sisters follow behind.)

Scene Four

(Stepmother's House (#12 Lovely Night). Cinderella is humming and dancing while she wipes down a table. The Stepsisters and Stepmother enter, returning from the ball.)

Stepmother: What a magnificent night! (sees Cinderella) Cinderella! What are you doing?

Cinderella: Oh! Welcome back! I was just... pretending that I went to the ball.

Matilda: You could never imagine such a thing!

Gert: You had to be there.

Griselda: The dancing! The food!

Frump: The standing. My poor feet! (*she sits down*)

Stepmother: Well, at any rate, you weren't invited. So you could never imagine what wonders we saw.

Cinderella: Maybe I have more imagination than you think!

(#11 Driving Through The Moonlight.)

CINDERELLA: When you're driving through the moonlight on the highway, when you're driving through the moonlight to the dance, you are breathless with a wild anticipation, of adventure and excitement and romance. Then at last you see the towers of the palace, silhouetted on the sky above the park, and below them is a row of lighted windows, like a lovely diamond necklace in the dark!

MATILDA: It looks that way

GRISELDA: The way you say

STEPSMOTHER: She talks as if she knows

CINDERELLA: I do not know, these things are so, I only just suppose. I suppose that when you come into the ballroom, and the room itself is floating in the air, if you're suddenly confronted by his highness, you are frozen like a statue on the stair. You're afraid he'll hear the way your heart is beating, and you know you mustn't make the first advance, you are seriously thinking of retreating then you seem to hear him asking you to dance. You make a bow, a timid bow, and shyly answer "yes."

STEPSMOTHER: How would you know, that this is so?

CINDERELLA: I do no more than guess

STEPSISTERS: You can guess till you're blue in your face, But you can't even picture such a man!

FRUMP: He is more than a prince

GERTRUDE: He's an ace!

CINDERELLA: But sisters, I really think I can—

STEPSMOTHER: Can what?

CINDERELLA: I think that I can picture such a man

STEPSISTERS: He is tall...

CINDERELLA: And straight as a lance.

STEPSISTERS: And his hair...

CINDERELLA: Is dark and wavy.

STEPSISTERS: His eyes...

CINDERELLA: Can melt you with a glance.

STEPSISTERS: He can turn a girl to gravy!

CINDERELLA: And I can imagine it.

MATILDA: I imagine it too!

FRUMP: I can imagine it, and I have no imagination.

STEPSMOTHER: I am throwing caution to the wind! I am imagining it as well!

CINDERELLA: I Imagine what that girl would be feeling when dancing with the Prince!

(#12 A Lovely Night)

CINDERELLA: A lovely night, a lovely night, a finer night you know you'll never see.

MATILDA: You meet your prince, a charming prince, as charming as a prince will ever be

GRISELDA: The stars in a hazy heaven tremble above you

GERTRUDE: While he is whispering

FRUMP: Darling, I love you

CINDERELLA: You say goodbye, away you fly, but on your lips you keep a kiss all your life, you'll dream of this

ALL: Lovely, lovely night!

MATILDA: A lovely night, a lovely night

GRISELDA: A finer night you'll know you'll never see

GERTRUDE: You meet

OTHERS: You meet

GERTRUDE: Your prince

OTHERS: Your prince

FRUMP: A charming prince. As charming as a prince will ever be

ALL: La la la, la la la, la la la. The stars in a hazy heaven tremble above you. While he's whispering

STEPMOTHER: Darling, I love you

ALL: You say goodbye, away you fly, but on your lips you keep a kiss, all your life you dream of this. Lovely, lovely night!

(Music fades. *Stepmother, stepsisters, and Cinderella are getting along for a short moment laughing and dancing.*)

Stepmother: (becoming conscious of her behavior) Well, that was nice imagining but that's all it was. Off to bed girls! We must get a good night's rest for when the Prince comes to visit tomorrow. That shoe will fit one of you, I just know it. (She makes shooing motion and *Stepsisters run offstage.*) Cinderella! Prepare the house! By sunrise there better be a basin with steaming hot water ready and this house better be spotless.

Cinderella: Yes, mother dear. Anything else?

Stepmother: (pointing her finger at Cinderella) And you shall not come out of your room after The Prince arrives. You are a dreadful sight. (she exits)

Cinderella: Yes, mother dear. Goodnight!

(*Cinderella smiles and hums as she prepares the house. The Mice enter.*)

Mouse #1: Cinderelly, Cinderelly!

Mouse #2: Did you go to the ball?

Mouse #3: Was it magnificently amazing?

Mouse #4: Did you dance in your beautiful dress?

Mouse #5: Did you dance with the Prince?

Cinderella: Oh, yes, I did! And it was magnificently amazing! The music, the dancing...the Prince! I can't believe I danced with the Prince! And although I may never see him again, I will remember him...and cherish the night forever.

Mouse #6: Cinderelly, I wish you could dance with him again.

Mouse #7: Maybe the Fairy Godmother can work her magic again!

Mouse #8: Or we could make you another gorgeous gown!

Cinderella: I wish she could. But you can't have too many wishes, can you? Now, off to bed my little friends. I must get the house cleaned up for mother. (The Mice exit followed by Cinderella.)

Scene Five

(#13 *Trying on the Slipper.* The Ladies In Waiting enter and stand in a line. The Prime Minister is at the front of the line and the Duke is trying to fit the slipper on each lady. The Prince stands to the side watching. As each lady takes her turn, each one grunts as they try to shove their foot in.)

Duke: (to Prince) I'm sorry, sir, it seems that none of these ladies is the owner of this glass slipper. (The Ladies sign as they exit.)

Prince: She has to be out there somewhere. I am not giving up!

Prime Minister: There is one more residence on our list to visit.

Prince: That must be her!

Prime Minister: Shall we hurry along then?

Duke: After you, sire. (*Prince, Duke, and Prime Minister exit.*)

(The Stepsisters and Stepmother enter dressed in bathrobes. Stepmother is pacing back and forth. Frump sits in a chair while Cinderella brings in the basin. Frump puts her feet in and Gert waits impatiently by her. Matilda and Griselda are squeezing their feet to try to make them smaller.)

Stepmother: Don't be so slow, Cinderella. Help us!

Gertrude: Frump, hurry and take your feet out of that bath. The Prince will be here any minute! Besides, you know perfectly well your feet will never fit that shoe!

Frump: But it feels soooooo good!

Griselda: (*crossing to them*) I need to soak mine too. Hurry, Frump!

Matilda: No, it's my turn!

Gertrude: (*She throws a temper tantrum.*) No, it's my turn. It's my turn. It's my turn.

Stepmother: There's no more time. I think I hear them coming. Cinderella, I don't want them to see you. Go to your room, you ugly child. (*Prime Minister, Duke and The Prince enter. The Stepsisters all stand up*) Hello, your royal highness. Girls, bow. (*They each trip over each other as they bow.*) Welcome to our beautiful, humble home.

Duke: Good day to you Madame and to your charming – uh – to your daughters.

Prime Minister: Good day, Madame. We've come from the palace and if you were at the ball last night you know why we are here.

Stepmother: Oh, yes. We were at the ball. Lovely ball. I think that you'll find that that slipper fits one of my daughters.

Prime Minister: Which one of you ladies care to try on the slipper first? (*They fight over who is going to sit in the chair first. Matilda runs to the chair and sits*)

Duke: Madame...

Matilda: (*introducing herself, staring at the Prince*) Matilda! (*She has her toes curled under as the duke tries to squeeze it on. She stands up and trips. Griselda hurries to sit down and sticks her tongue out at Matilda. The Duke takes the shoe from Matilda and tries it on Gertrude.*)

Griselda: Let me try it by myself. No, no. I don't want you to help me. I can do it. (*She struggles, but it's no use. She gets up.*)

Gert: (*Grabbing the shoe and sitting.*) Give that to me. It's going to fit me because I'm the prettiest of everyone and I am going to marry the Prince! (*The Duke and Prime Minister wait patiently, but it does not fit. Duke grabs the shoe from her but she refuses to let go. Finally, Duke pulls the shoe away and Gertrude falls back. He turns to look at Frump as it is obvious she cannot wear the shoe.*)

Frump: Hey, what about me?

Prime Minister: (*ignoring Frump*) Is there anyone else in the house?

Stepmother: No, there is nobody else here. (*Fairy Godmother appears*)

Fairy Godmother: What about Cinderella?

Prince: Cinderella?

Duke: Where did...? (*to Stepmother*) Who's Cinderella?

Stepmother: (*taking the Duke aside*) Oh, she's just our maid...There would be no use trying the slipper on her. She didn't even attend the ball!

Prime Minister: Our instructions are clear madame. We must try the slipper on everyone.

Duke: (*to Prime Minister and Prince*) I will check the rest of the house to make certain there is no one else here. (*he exits*)

Stepmother: (*crossing to Fairy Godmother*) How dare you come poking your nose into my business! Who are you?

Fairy Godmother: Oh, I'm no one dear.

Duke: (*reenters*) Very well. There's no one else here.

Stepmother: Well, I told you- (*Cinderella enters*)

Prime Minister: (*to Duke*) You must've not looked hard enough.

Stepmother: Cinderella! (*to Prime Minister*) My apologies. (*to Cinderella*) Cinderella, go back into your room!

Prince: (*to Duke*) Try the slipper on this girl!

Duke: Madame... (*he gestures for her to sit in the chair. The Stepmother and Stepsisters share shocking looks. The Duke tries the slipper on Cinderella and it fits perfectly. The Stepsisters gasp and Stepmother faints. The Prince crosses to her.*)

Prince: I have found you! Cinderella... (*now on one knee*) Will you make me the happiest Prince in the world and marry me? (*Stepsisters gasp. Stepmother faints again*)

Stepmother: (*interrupting*) What is this nonsense? She is only a maid. Surely you wouldn't want to marry a maid-

Cinderella: Oh, Stepmother, I wish you'd be happy for me. (*Everyone freezes. Fairy Godmother waves her wand over Stepmother and Stepsisters. They unfreeze and have a sudden change in their demeanor.*)

Stepmother: Well, Cinderella, are you going to say yes to the Prince?

Matilda: If you don't, I will!

Cinderella: (*crossing to Prince*) Yes, of course I will marry you! (*pause*) But, what about my Stepmother and Stepsisters?

Prince: They can come visit the palace whenever they please.

Duke: (*quietly*) Or Cinderella can visit *their* home. (*Prime Minister elbows him as to shush*)

Gertrude: Oh, that would be grand!

Griselda: Cinderella, I am so happy for you!

Frump: Yes, Cinderella. We shall miss you.

Cinderella: I shall miss you all. I will come visit you and you will come visit me at the palace.

Prince: (*to Cinderella*) Come on, my dear. We have a wedding to plan! (*They exit and the Prime Minister and Duke follow.*)

Stepmother: Girls, it's time to get ready for a royal wedding! (*The Stepsisters laugh as they exit. Stepmother follows.*)

Scene Six

(Palace (#6 Palace) The Prince, Queen, King, Prime Minister, Lords, and Ladies are gathered around for the wedding. The King and Queen sit on their thrones.)

King: How are you feeling, my boy?

Prince: I'm feeling...happy.

Queen: What did I tell you?

Prince: You were right.

King: Well, I hope that feeling lasts as long as you both live.

Queen: Can you quit the sarcasm for one night?

King: I'm only joking. I am happy for you, my boy. (*The Queen looks at the Queen*) And I of course am happy with you, my dear.

(The Stepmother and Stepsisters enter. Although their attitude towards Cinderella has changed, they still bicker with each other)

Matilda: Griselda, quit stepping on my dress!

Griselda: That wasn't me! It was Frump! Besides, no one here is even going to look at your ugly face! (*she sticks her tongue out at Griselda*)

Frump: (*to Matilda*) Yeah, you're not the one marrying the Prince!

Gertrude: Can I just say I would have looked prettier in a crown...

Matilda: Oh, please you trip over air! (*the Stepsisters bicker over each other*)

Stepmother: (*getting their attention*) Girls...girls! Tonight is about celebrating Cinderella. Quit your bickering! Be elegant for the King and Queen. (*The Prime Minister escorts the King and Queen to the Stepmother and Stepsisters.*)

Prime Minister: Madame, ladies. I would like to introduce you to their royal highnesses, The King and Queen. (*The Stepmother and Stepsisters bow.*)

Stepmother: It is an honor, your highnesses. What a lovely palace you have.

Queen: Why, thank you. We are so happy you could attend our ball. I have never seen my son so happy, and that is all thanks to your beautiful, kind daughter, Cinderella.

Stepmother: Yes, yes, of course! She gets it from me. (*she laughs*)

Griselda: (*crossing to the King and Queen. She bows*) Your highnesses, what a lovely ball the other night. Might you have any other sons up to be wed?

Frump: Or two!?

Gertrude: Or three!?

Queen: (*awkward laugh*) Oh, aren't you girls...charming. The wedding should begin any moment. Enjoy the festivities! (*she crosses back to her throne*)

King: (*following*) Aren't you glad our son didn't choose any of those... girls? (*the Prime Minister and Duke cross downstage to address the crowd*)

Prime Minister: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. We gather this evening to celebrate the marriage of the Prince and our future queen, Cinderella.

Stepsisters: (*interrupting loudly*) Whoo! Yes Cinderella! That's our sister!

(#14 **Cinderella's Entrance.** Cinderella enters in her ballgown. She crosses to the Prince)

Duke: Do you, Prince James, promise to stand by Cinderella, and to be kind, loyal, and caring?

Prince: Yes, I do.

Duke: Do you, Cinderella, promise to stand by Prince James, and to be kind, loyal, and caring?

Cinderella: I do! (*Cinderella and the Prince hug. Everyone claps and cheers.*)

(#15 **It's Possible Reprise.** Fairy Godmother enters)

FAIRY GODMOTHER: It's Possible! It's Possible! It's Possible! It's Possible! It's Possible! It's Possible!

ALL: It's Possible! For a plain yellow pumpkin to become a golden carriage!

CINDERELLA, PRINCE: It's Possible! For a plain country bumpkin and a prince to join in marriage!

GODMOTHER: And four white mice are easily turned to horses! Such fol-der-ol and fid-dle-dy dee of course, is quite possible!

ALL: For the world is full of zanies and fools. Who don't believe in sensible rules. And won't believe what sensible people say. And because these daft and dewey-eyed dopes keep building up impossible hopes Impossible things are happening every day!

STEPMOTHER: It's Possible

STEPSISTERS: It's Possible

QUEEN, KING: It's Possible

PRINCE: It's Possible

CINDERELLA: It's Possible

GODMOTHER: It's Possible

ALL: It's Possible!

Musical Numbers

In My Own Little Corner - Cinderella

Impossible - Fairy Godmother, Cinderella

It's Possible - Fairy Godmother, Cinderella, Horses, Footman, Driver

The Waltz - Ladies in Waiting, Lords of the Court

Ten Minutes Ago - Prince, Cinderella, Ladies in Waiting, Lords of the Court

Stepsister's Lament - Stepsisters, Ladies in Waiting

Driving Through the Moonlight - Cinderella, Stepsisters, Stepmother

A Lovely Night - Cinderella, Stepsisters, Stepmother

It's Possible (Reprise) - Company