

IF THE SLIPPER FITS

By Dan Neidermyer

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(7 Males; 13 Females; or 2 Males; 18 Females. Highly-flexible. The roles of the “Advisors to the King” and the “Royal Proclaimer” could be played female. Plus as many or as few extras as desired.)

ADVISORS TO THE KING

CLOVIS..... (13 lines)
THOMAS (12 lines)
LOUIS (13 lines)
HARCOURT (10 lines)

THE KING (41 lines)
THE PRINCE (83 lines)

STEPSISTERS

ZILLA..... (51 lines)
GERMAINE (29 lines)
HERMIONE (12 lines)
THEODOSIA (17 lines)
ZELLA..... (29 lines)
PRECIOUS..... (19 lines)

STEP-MOTHER DUELLA..... (36 lines)
CINDERELLA (32 lines)
FAIRY GODMOTHER..... (21 lines)
THE QUEEN (4 lines)
ROYAL PROCLAIMER..... (14 lines)
COURTIER PRISCILLA (4 lines)
COURTIER CHARISSE (3 lines)
COURTIER MOLLY (2 lines)

PLUS EXTRAS

SEVERAL TOWN CRIERS
SEVERAL HERALDS
SEVERAL OF THE KING’S GUARD
MICE/HORSES FOR CINDERELLA’S COACH
TOWNSPEOPLE

NOTE: SEVERAL MEMBERS OF THE NOBILITY ARE
“PRESENTED” AT THE KING’S GRAND BALL. THESE “ROLES”
ARE NON-SPEAKING AND CAN COME FROM THE EXTRAS.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

All the action of this delightful tale takes place in and around the King's Palace and in the Step-mother's/Stepsisters' home. The time is now.

PROLOGUE.....Courtyard in front of the royal palace.
SCENE #1.....The Great Room in the King's Palace
SCENE #2.....The Step-mother's/Stepsisters' home
SCENE #3.....The Step-mother's/Stepsisters' home
SCENE #4A.....The Great Room in the King's Palace
SCENE #4B.....The Step-mother's/Stepsisters' home
SCENE #5.....The Step-mother's/Stepsisters' home
SCENE #6.....The Great Room in the King's Palace

A WORD ABOUT THE SET

Obviously, this tale is greatly helped by a magnificent palace! But should all the palace builders be busy during your time of production, "lighting" could do quite nicely or several set pieces such as large thrones or regal banners hanging from the ceiling could suggest the King's palace. Artificial trees and plants could also enhance your set. Thus, "CINDERELLA" can be performed on a set as elaborate or as simple as can be accomplished for your production. After all, the fun is in the "telling and staging" of this exciting tale!

Oh, yes---about the STEP-MOTHER'S/STEPSISTERS' HOME---this could be off to the side---almost a hovel. Or once again, "lighting" could create the illusion of a room in a less-than-wondrous abode. After all, with six very lazy stepsisters and one rather ill-mannered/ill-tempered step-mother and only one chamber maid---what do you think the place would look like!?

PROPS

CINDERELLA Broom, mop, cleaning supplies, etc..
STEPSISTERS Clothing (ball gowns, shoes, apparel) and tissue which they dump on the floor in front of Cinderella
PRINCE A plastic sword (s) and a crown for his new princess And---of course---the "slipper!"

CONCERNING THE COACH

As everyone knows---the Fairy Godmother enables Cinderella to go to the King's grand ball---in style! In a coach created from a pumpkin! Drawn by beautiful white prancing steeds, complete with footmen and man-servants! Indeed, the whole nine yards! Okay---time to use your creative imagination!

"Prancing steeds and footmen," etc., can be cast members costumed to look like well-groomed and handsome-liveried mice! In some areas of this country, floral shops and rental agencies have "Cinderella coaches" available for rental for weddings, proms, etc. Or your set engineer can be truly creative! Failing all else, remember: though it would be grand, a "coach" is not necessarily needed for the excitement of this story. Let the audience use their imaginations...which in many instances is far better than any prop or set that can be constructed!

COSTUMES

From a fashion standpoint---this story is best set in medieval times. The costumes can be as elaborate or as simple as desired. ALL CAST MEMBERS can also attend the King's grand ball. Thus, most cast members will need two costumes, at the director's discretion.

AUDIO

This production can be enhanced by the use of appropriate music underscoring several scenes (as suggested in the script) and various sound effects.

pg 1 Solemn, majestic, impressive music suggesting royalty
pg 3 Exciting music appropriate for a fun dueling
pg 24 Trumpets heralding a royal announcement
pg 28 A fascinating music heralding the entrance of a most unique individual
pg 38 Music appropriate for the entrance of a pumpkin carriage
pg 39 The beautiful music at the King's grand ball
pg 40 Majestic trumpets heralding the entrance of the King and Queen
pg 40 Majestic trumpets heralding the entrance of the Prince
pg 41 Majestic medieval dance music
pg 53 Majestic medieval music (Prince and Cinderella dance)
pg 56 The striking of a large clock---twelve times!
pg 65 Ringing church bells---their peals making a most joyous announcement
pg 66 Appropriate music for the curtain call
Moments before the curtain goes up.

AUDIO: Solemn, majestic, impressive music suggesting royalty fills the darkened staging area.

As far back as anyone can remember----

Fairy tales---such as "CINDERELLA"---were stories told by parents to their children. Long, long, long before the days of the printing press, books, videos, and the internet, parents taught valuable "life lessons" by weaving a story around the truth to be told or throughout the lesson to be learned. Thus, learning was interesting, fascinating, and fun! Because the learning came "in" a story!

And when those children became parents, they in turn re-told the very same fairy tale they had been told as children to their children...and then those children upon becoming parents re-told that very same story to their children...and so on---telling and re-telling and re-telling yet again the very same story down through generation-to-generation-to-generation...until no-one could ever remember a day when the fairy tale wasn't a part of their culture or growing up!

Many countries have the story of "Cinderella" within their folklore; each country's folktale slightly different; yet always sharing a very similar theme: "Look beyond appearances!"

This scripting uses as its basis the "Cinderella" story told and re-told throughout medieval France. A young maiden---forced to work quite hard by her step-mother and step-mother's several daughters---magically finds happiness and joy! Her name was derived from the fact that she had no place to sleep at night except on a pile of ashes and cinders in a very dark, very dank cellar. Yet no matter! This young maiden had qualities to be desired and emulated by everyone---young and old alike! And that's the reason for the telling of this story---yet again!

THEN:

PROLOGUE

Courtyard in front of the royal palace. A spotlight illuminates a fine and handsome PRINCE fencing SEVERAL OF HIS SUBJECTS. (NOTE: The PRINCE can fence with any member (s) of the cast available. This action is "fun," not serious, not even too well executed. It is what it is---rapid, quick action introducing a magnificent prince!)

THEN:

In another section of the staging facility---A spotlight illuminates a group of four very wise, quite learned, sage and bearded ADVISORS (to the king) deep in serious conversation. Their demeanor suggests they are grappling with a grave problem. (NOTE: THEY have been in this solemn discussion for quite some time. Thus, when the light comes up, the audience hears)

LOUIS: Somebody---absolutely---must tell the King!

THOMAS: (Quickly) Before it's too late.

HARCOURT: But which one of "us?"

CLOVIS: Why must "we" tell him?

LOUIS: We're the King's advisors. Who else would tell him?

CLOVIS: (Fretting) But after we tell him, we may no longer be his advisors.

THOMAS: Nonsense. Our King is not like that.

CLOVIS: Everyone becomes "like that" when someone gives them news they don't want to hear. Remember in Ancient Greece?

HARCOURT: Ancient Greece?!

CLOVIS: The messenger bringing bad news was often
(Completes his statement by pulling his right index finger across his throat)

THOMAS: This is not Ancient Greece.

HARCOURT: And our King is not like that.

CLOVIS: (Smugly) Well, we shall see what we shall see, won't we? But I hope we've all got our heads so we can see what we will see.

LOUIS: Clovis, do you want our kingdom to be **without** an heir to the throne?! Do you know what that could mean?

THOMAS: Our enemies would think us weak. Our enemies might attack.

HARCOURT: Without a future king, rebellion could break out within our kingdom. Some local baron trying to seize the throne, trying to proclaim himself “King,” could wage war on us.

THOMAS: We could all be--- (Completes his statement just as Clovis did--- with his right index finger being pulled across his throat)

LOUIS: Our kingdom lost!

THOMAS: Surely, our King knows our concerns already.

LOUIS: “Knowing” and “doing something about it” are two completely different things!

HARCOURT: So we're back to square one. One of us must tell the king. So who will it be?

LOUIS: Why just one of us?

CLOVIS: Yes, if we must, why not **all** of us?

General ad-libbed agreement among the learned, sage, and thoughtful advisors.

AS:

The spotlight fades to black!

IMMEDIATE DISSOLVE to another area of the stage...where the PRINCE continues to fence SEVERAL OF HIS SUBJECTS---- just practice of course! The PRINCE is doing a magnificent job, thrilling actually! in a humorous, even hilarious way!

AUDIO: Exciting music appropriate for this fun dueling!

At an appropriate time in the action---the ROYAL PROCLAIMER compliments the PRINCE.

ROYAL PROCLAIMER: Surely, O Prince, you are becoming more and more skillful! What fine young maiden would not find you “her prince in shining armor?”

The remark from the Royal Proclaimer reduces the PRINCE to an emotional state that could only be described as “forlorn.”

PRINCE: Alas, there is no such young maiden.

ROYAL PROCLAIMER: None, my prince?

PRINCE: None.

ROYAL PROCLAIMER: None nowhere in our whole entire kingdom?

PRINCE: (Shaking his head, "No," and sighing) None.

ROYAL PROCLAIMER: Have you looked throughout our whole, entire kingdom?

PRINCE: Many, many, many times...everywhere!

ROYAL PROCLAIMER: And---

The PRINCE shrugs his shoulders and holds up his hands in a gesture indicating-- "No-one! Nowhere! No how!"

THEN:

PRINCE: (Getting an idea) Unless---

The PRINCE moves immediately to and into the audience. HE begins to talk with various audience members, asking many if he or she knows where he could meet someone to become his princess...or perhaps he or she knows someone who could become his princess.

SIMULTANEOUSLY----

SEVERAL TOWN CRIERS rush into the staging facility, EACH TOWN CRIER tells a section of the audience:

TOWNS CRIERS: (Repeat as often as needed to inform the total audience) The prince must find a princess! The prince must find a princess! The prince must find a princess!

The TOWN CRIERS exit--

AS: The learned, sage, and bearded ADVISORS to the King enter, entreating the King, who is deep in thought.

LOUIS: Your Majesty, something absolutely---

CLOVIS: Positively---

THOMAS: ---and most definitely---

HARCOURT: ---and completely undeniably---

LOUIS: ---no ifs, ands, or buts---

CLOVIS: ---no two ways about it---

HARCOURT: ---surely something---

CLOVIS: ---"must" be done!

KING: But what?

LOUIS: Command your son to find a---

ALL THE ADVISORS: ---“**princess!**”

KING: I cannot command my son to do that.

LOUIS: (Endeavoring to explain his reasoning) “Without” a princess---

KING: (Gravely) I know the consequences.

THOMAS: Our kingdom must have a future king.

KING: Our kingdom has a future king---my son.

CLOVIS: A future king “after” your son.

KING: (Very exasperated) I have tried. Believe me---I have tried to urge my son to do his duty.

HARCOURT: Then, you must try again. You must bring the Prince to his senses on this matter.

KING: And how do you suggest I do this?

CLOVIS: Do whatever must be done to help the prince find a princess.

LOUIS: The consequences of **not** having an heir to the throne could be dire.

THOMAS: Serious.

HARCOURT: Even dangerous for us.

CLOVIS: Please, Your Majesty, heed our advice. Do something.

THOMAS: Talk to your son, the Prince.

The KING begins moving toward an exit.

KING: All right. I will talk to my son---the Prince---one more time.

ALL THE ADVISORS: Go for it, your majesty.

Exiting---

KING: But no guarantees.

The ADVISORS follow the King. ALL exit.

SCENE ONE

THE GREAT ROOM IN THE KING'S PALACE.

The PRINCE and his father the KING are in the middle of a rather heated discussion.

The sage, learned, bearded---even wizened---ADVISORS are standing off to the side, much as a group of sage, learned, bearded---even wizened---advisors do.

The ADVISORS listen intently, nodding---together as one--- whenever the king says something with which they agree...which---truthfully---is quite often.

PRINCE: But, father---

KING: (Strongly; determined; very much the "King") No! The time for debating this issue has long since passed!

PRINCE: But, father, it's the truth!

KING: The truth is you are much, much, much too picky.

*The ADVISORS **nod** their agreement, even ad-lib their agreement.*

PRINCE: "Picky?!"

KING: (Being quite truthful) You have searched the "entire" kingdom?

PRINCE: Every town, every village, every house.

KING: Wholeheartedly?

PRINCE: Of course, with my whole heart.

KING: Your finding a princess is very important to the future of our kingdom.

*Again, the ADVISORS **nod** their total agreement, even ad-lib their agreement.*

THEN:

ADVISORS: (All together; resolute and compelling) We must have an heir to the throne.

PRINCE: (Sadly) I have found no-one!

KING: (Simply can't believe his son) That is very, very difficult to believe.

PRINCE: (Very definite) No-one.

KING: (Simply cannot believe what he is hearing) No-one?

PRINCE: (Very, very definite) No-one.

ADVISORS: (Are you really sure?) No-one?

PRINCE: (Yes, yes, I'm really sure) No-one.

KING: (Absolutely incredulous) How can that be possible?!

The PRINCE'S answer----a shrug of his shoulders.

THEN:

The PRINCE walks toward the audience and speaks directly to the audience.

PRINCE: (Speaking directly to the audience) It's true. For the last year, I've traveled to every town, every village, every everywhere throughout our kingdom, searching, searching, every day, looking, looking, searching, searching everywhere for a beautiful young lady who someday could be my princess.

The PRINCE now moves into the audience. HE looks as if he is "searching" for something, for someone.

PRINCE: Perhaps there is a princess here---

Once again, the PRINCE "works" the audience for several moments, once again asking several individuals in the audience, "Could you be my princess? (Or some variation of such).

THEN:

The PRINCE turns to his father---

PRINCE: (To the King) See, father, no-one!

The KING now speaks directly to the audience.

KING: NO princess among "ALL" of you!? I don't believe that. Is there NO princess among "ALL" of you?

*The KING now "works" the audience...during which...the PRINCE also interacts with the audience and the king. The KING and PRINCE **ad-lib** for several moments.*

FINALLY:

KING: (Directly to the audience) My son---the Prince---is so picky. I want him to find the most beautiful girl in our entire realm; But no, not my son. He is so-o-o picky---- (Now sing-song like) ---“picky-picky-picky!” My son---the Prince---he must have the “perfect” princess! Who is perfect in every way?

PRINCE: Not in “every” way, father; But definitely in the most important ways--- (Points to his heart) ---in attitude, in kindness, and in caring about others. My princess must---

KING: Always with the “my princess must!”

PRINCE: But a princess caring about others---that is very, very important.

KING: (Informing/educating his son) A princess commands, not cares.

PRINCE: (Informing/educating his father) The princess and I must set an example for everyone else in the kingdom to follow.

KING: Enough! I'll tell you what “you must!” You must find a princess.

ADVISORS: Here here!

PRINCE: (Not to be cowed) A princess must care about our people.

KING: (Exasperated) She'll live in a palace! She'll have servants! She will command--- (HE points his finger in a “commanding” way at his advisors; EACH ADVISOR immediately bows) ---everyone else obeys.

PRINCE: My princess will not be a tyrant! Nor will I!

KING: (With a determined firmness) Enough! No more talk!! As King, I command you--- (Pointing to the prince) ---to find a princess. Now!!

The ADVISORS applaud the king!

PRINCE: That's a command that I cannot---

ADVISORS: (Looking at the prince askance) What?

KING: (Interrupting the prince) That's a command **you must obey!**

Again, the ADVISORS applaud the king!

PRINCE: (Correcting the king) Yours is a command I would love to obey if and when I find the right---

The KING turns and begins to exit; the ADVISORS solemnly following.

KING: (Will hear absolutely no more) You will find the right princess.

The PRINCE follows his father, exiting.

PRINCE: How?

KING: I'll tell you how. We will hold a grand---

BOTH have exited, thus cutting off the king's statement.

SCENE TWO

FROM SIX DIFFERENT AREAS OF THE STAGING FACILITY---

DUELLA: (Shouting meanly) CINDERELLA!

ZILLA: (Shouting meanly) CINDERELLA!!

ZELLA: (Shouting meanly) CINDERELLA!!!

GERMAINE: (Shouting meanly) CINDERELLA!

HERMIONE: (Shouting meanly) CINDERELLA!!

THEODOSIA: (Shouting meanly) CINDERELLA!!!

PRECIOUS: (Shouting meanly) CINDERELLA!!!

DUELLA: Where are you?

ZILLA: Where are you?

ZELLA: Where are you?

GERMAINE: Where are you?

HERMIONE: Where are you?

THEODOSIA: Where are you?

PRECIOUS: Where are you?

DUELLA: You haven't cleaned up the kitchen yet! And it's been almost ten minutes since breakfast!

ZILLA: You haven't ironed my dress yet! And it's been almost ten minutes since breakfast!

ZELLA: You haven't cleaned up my room yet! And it's been almost ten minutes since breakfast!

GERMAINE: You haven't cleaned my boudoir! How can I even possibly get dressed when my boudoir is so filthy! With clothes thrown everywhere?

HERMIONE: You haven't waxed my bedroom floor! I told you my floor needed to be swept, scrubbed, and waxed before I got up this morning! You haven't done it! I'm going to tell mother!

THEODOSIA: You haven't emptied the trash in the kitchen or taken out the garbage! Our whole home is beginning to stink of garbage! Cinderella, you're so lazy! So very, very lazy!

PRECIOUS: Always, I'm last to get anything done---for me! Don't you think about anyone else but yourself, Cinderella? I need my hair combed out---**right now!!!**---or I'm not getting out of bed. Not looking like this! I'll scare someone. I scare myself!

SIMULTANEOUSLY----

DUELLA: And there's trash out on the yard!

ZILLA: And there's trash out on the yard!

ZELLA: And there's trash out on the yard!

GERMAINE: And there's trash out on the yard!

HERMIONE: And there's trash out on the yard!

THEODOSIA: And there's trash out on the yard!

PRECIOUS: And there's trash out on the yard!

DUELLA: CINDERELLA.

ZILLA: CINDERELLA.

ZELLA: CINDERELLA.

GERMAINE: Where is that girl?

HERMIONE: What's she doing now?

THEODOSIA: She should be cleaning my room. That's what she should be doing now!

PRECIOUS: She's probably doing nothing! Just off in a corner daydreaming somewhere! Lazy, lazy, very lazy Cinderella!!!

DUELLA and the STEPSISTERS now argue!

DUELLA: No, she should be cleaning the kitchen!

ZILLA: No, she should be ironing my dress!

ZELLA: No, she should be cleaning my room!

GERMAINE: No, she should be cleaning my boudoir!

HERMIONE: No, she should be sweeping, scrubbing, and waxing my bedroom floor!

THEODOSIA: No, she should be emptying the trash in the kitchen and taking out the garbage.

PRECIOUS: No, I want something done for me! I'm always last--last--last--**last!!!** No more! I want something done for me!!
NOW!!!

Absolutely horrendous ad-libbed argument!

AS:

*CINDERELLA enters, sweeping the floor.
ALL THE STEPSISTERS "fly" toward Cinderella, who is continuing to sweep the floor, working quite hard. The STEPSISTERS keep demanding---*

ZILLA: My dress, Cinderella, needs ironing. And NOW!

ZELLA: My room, Cinderella, is so trashed. You haven't cleaned it since yesterday. I need it cleaned. And NOW!

ZILLA: What are you doing now that is so-o-o important my dress must wait to be ironed!?

ZELLA: No, no, not what Zilla wants! You always do what she wants first! I want my room cleaned NOW!!!

THEN----

DITTO FOR ALL THE STEPSISTERS---each repeating her own demands!

FINALLY:

ZILLA: How selfish of you, Zella!

ZELLA: Selfish of me? Cinderella always does your work first!

ZILLA: (Quickly; quite baby-ish) Not true. Not true. Not true.

ZELLA: (Quickly; quite baby-ish) It is. It is. It is.

ALL THE STEPSISTERS ARGUE ALONG THE SAME LINE simultaneously!

MEANWHILE: CINDERELLA continues sweeping. And in a few moments, SHE will scrub the floor on her knees....even as the STEPSISTERS argue loudly!

ALL THE STEPSISTERS take tissues out of handbags they are either carrying or pick up off a table (depends upon the set). EACH dabs her rather lousy make-up with the tissues.

ZILLA; What're you doing now, Cinderella?

ZELLA: She's so lazy, scrubbing the floor when she should be cleaning my room. Up in my room, there are clothes thrown everywhere!

ZILLA: Whose fault is that?!

ZELLA: Cinderella's! She should have picked them up this morning before she made breakfast!

ZILLA: Yes, Cinderella takes so much time to get so very, very little done.

BOTH ZILLA and ZELLA throw their used tissues onto the floor.

CINDERELLA: Please don't throw trash on the ground, Zilla and Zella.

ZILLA and ZELLA: (Making "fun" of Cinderella) "Please don't throw trash on the ground, Zilla and Zella."

ZILLA: Why not?

ZELLA: What's the big idea? Yelling at us, Cinderella! It's only a piece of tissue.

ZILLA: Yeah.

GERMAINE, HERMIONE, AND THEODOSIA: (Dropping tissue) Yeah. It's only a piece of tissue!

PRECIOUS: (Dropping tissue) And here's my "tissue!" It'll go away---in time!

GERMAINE: Yeah, when Cinderella picks it up!

AS---

ALL THE STEPSISTERS laugh uproariously!

THEN: HERE WE GO AGAIN!

ZELLA: But she should be cleaning my room.

ZILLA: No, she should be ironing my dress.

ZELLA: (Correcting her sister) No, my room.

ZILLA: (Correcting her sister) No, my dress.

ZELLA: My room!

ZILLA: My dress!

ALL THE STEPSISTERS JUMP INTO THE FRAY, ARGUING OVER WHAT CINDERELLA SHOULD BE DOING "NOW!"

Loud, mean, harsh noise! (Qualifies for noise pollution!)

DUELLA enters, "flying" at Cinderella, who continues to scrub The floor and also pick up the discarded tissues. DUELLA is screeching---

DUELLA: Cinderella, the kitchen hasn't been cleaned after breakfast! What's wrong with you this morning? You made breakfast---

ZILLA: (Becoming animated) You call what she made "breakfast?" My eggs were as hard as rocks!

THEODOSIA: So was my toast. It was as hard as a brick in the king's palace!

DUELLA: My French toast wasn't much better. Honestly, you'd think you could do a better job, Cinderella! Since you make breakfast every day. Haven't you learned anything?!

DUELLA and the STEPSISTERS walk toward the audience---- each to a different area of the stage and speak directly to the audience.

DUELLA: That's what Cinderella was meant to do---work for me and my six beautiful daughters.

ZILLA: That's what Cinderella likes to do---work for me, my sisters, and my wonderful step-mother.

ZELLA: That's the only thing Cinderella knows how to do---work for me, my sisters, and my delightful mother.

GERMAINE: Quite frankly, I don't think Cinderella does enough around here!

HERMIONE: You ask me, "We live in a dump!" Cinderella, can't you do something about this dump?

THEODOSIA: I wish Cinderella would do something different for a change---like do something for me **first!**

PRECIOUS: NO!! ME FIRST!!

DUELLA and the STEPSISTERS now rush back to Cinderella, EACH demanding Cinderella do something for her! Mega-demanding!!

SEVERAL HERALDS enter---shouting: then exiting:

HERALDS: Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! By order of His Majesty the King! The Prince is searching for a princess! Who will be the Prince's princess?

Immediate reaction from the six step-sisters.

ZILLA: (Very loud and very pushy) Me! Me! ME!!

ZELLA: (Looking at her sister; louder, even pushier) No! Me!
Me! ME!!!

Very much the ripple effect: EACH SISTER pushing the other out of the way, shouting---

GERMAINE, HERMIONE, THEODOSIA, and PRECIOUS: ME!
ME! ME!! ME!! ME!!!

ALL THE STEPSISTERS rush about the stage, very excited, shouting----

ALL THE STEPSISTERS: Me! Me! ME!!! ...Me! Me!! ME!!!
...Me! Me! ME!!!

DUELLA: Just imagine! One of my six lovely daughter's a "princess!" Of course----TO ME---every one of my six wonderful daughters is a princess---even if they all trash everywhere they go! BUT to be an "actual" princess to a "for real" prince!!! **WOW!!!**

ZILLA: Me! Me! ME!!! I want to be a "for real" princess!

ZELLA: Me! Me! ME!! I have always dreamed of being a "for real" princess swept off my feet by a handsome prince in shining armor!

GERMAINE: Ah, to be a princess! My lifelong dream!

HERMIONE: I would look so good wearing all those jewels!
Imagine me---a princess!

THEODOSIA: The prince, need look no further than ME!

PRECIOUS: I would be a "precious" princess!!

THEN:

ALL THE STEPSISTERS dance around to the tune of "Ring Around the Rosie!"

ALL THE STEPSISTERS: I'm going to be a princess. I'm going to be a princess. I'm going to be a princess.

DUELLA: And as the mother of a princess, I will have only the finest of clothes...the finest of fine foods...the finest of everything! I will be rich, rich, rich! And I will have everything I want, PLUS I will have my six daughters, one of whom will be a "for real" princess.

ALL THE STEPSISTERS: (Continuing to dance around, singing) I'm going to be a princess. I'm going to be a princess. I'm going to be a princess.

DUELLA: Hmmm! I wonder what you call the mother of a princess? What will be my official title? "Princess mother?" No, no, someday my princess will be queen. Then, I'll be the "queen mother!"

All the while, CINDERELLA has been scrubbing the floor or sweeping and/or picking up trash.

SUDDENLY, the KING enters. At his entrance, EVERYONE onstage falls silent. CINDERELLA keeps working.

SEVERAL HERALDS follow the King. THEY listen intently to the King's proclamation.

AUDIO: *Trumpets heralding a royal announcement.*

KING: To find my son, the handsome Prince, a princess, let it be known I am giving the grandest ball of all time. I invite the most beautiful of young ladies to this ball which will be held at the palace! The ball will be a grand event. So, come one, come all!

The King exits while the SEVERAL HERALDS and the ROYAL PROCLAIMER move throughout the staging facility, announcing/proclaiming----

SEVERAL HERALDS AND THE ROYAL PROCLAIMER: The King is giving a grand ball to find the prince a princess! Come one, come all.

The SEVERAL HERALDS AND THE ROYAL PROCLAIMER repeat the proclamation as needed throughout the staging facility.

To which, ALL THE STEPSISTERS---all a-twitter!---scream---

ALL THE STEPSISTERS: *(With so much excitement each cannot contain herself) I will! I will! I will! I'll be there!*

THROUGHOUT THE AUDIENCE

TOWNSPEOPLE enter the staging facility and tell everyone in the audience:

TOWNSPEOPLE: The king is giving a ball! I'm going! The king is looking for a princess! I hope he will choose me!

After telling people throughout the staging facility, the TOWNSPEOPLE exit.

THEN:

ALL THE STEPSISTERS swing into action.

ZILLA, GERMAINE, and PRECIOUS: Oh, I must be the most beautiful girl attending the king's ball.

ZELLA, HERMIONE, and THEODOSIA: "I" will be the most beautiful at the king's ball!

ZILLA: No, it will be me.

ZELLA: Wrong, sister! It will be me!

ALL THE STEPSISTERS PURSUE THE SAME ARGUMENT/ LOGIC!

I will be the most beautiful! I will become princess! It will be me! etc.

FINALLY:

DUELLA: Wrong, my lovely daughters! It will be "all" of you!

ALL THE STEPSISTERS: "ALL" of us?!

DUELLA: "I" want to be the mother of a princess. Though I already consider all of you princesses, one of you must win the heart of the prince! And become a "for real" princess. (Becoming a drill sergeant) Am I understood?

ZILLA, HERMIONE, and PRECIOUS: Yes, mother. It will be me.

ZELLA, GERMAINE, and THEODOSIA: No, it will be me. You can count on me, mother, to catch the prince's eye!

THEN:

SIMULTANEOUSLY

DUELLA AND ALL THE STEPSISTERS: (Shouting loudly, meanly) Cinderella! Cinderella! Cinderella!

DUELLA: ALL THE STEPSISTERS: My ball gown needs pressing. My nails must be polished! My hair must be made! My hair must be done! Me to look stunning! My dress must be ironed! My shoes need polished!

DUELLA AND ALL THE STEPSISTERS: Hurry, Cinderella! Time's a-wasting!

DUELLA and ALL THE STEPSISTERS keep making demands on Cinderella. As THEY do so, EACH exits the stage, then quickly reenters, carrying a ball gown and/or shoes and/or other apparel needed to attend a ball. EACH throws the items down on the floor...into a big heap! ...EACH continues to make loud demands upon Cinderella

(Ad-libbed).

THEN:

DUELLA and ALL THE STEPSISTERS exit, ad-libbing their excitement about the King's grand event.

SCENE THREE

THE STEP-MOTHER'S/ STEPSISTERS' HOME

Left alone, CINDERELLA starts picking up and working on the items thrown to the floor by Duella, Zilla, and Zella.

CINDERELLA: Work, work, work. Always work. And then more work and never, never, never any opportunity just to be me. And I wish...I wish...I'd really like to go to the king's grand ball....but I will never, never be able to---

CINDERELLA begins to cry.

AUDIO: A fascinating music heralding the entrance of a most unique individual.

SUDDENLY:

A radiance enters the area where Cinderella lies crying. The radiance becomes brighter and brighter.

THEN:

FAIRY GODMOTHER: (Graciously calling)

Cinderella....Cinderella---

CINDERELLA: (Looking up; thinking the one calling her is a step-sister) I'll do your work---

FAIRY GODMOTHER: (Continuing to graciously call her)
Cinderella---

CINDERELLA gets up and begins working again.

CINDERELLA: I'm back to work.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: You were crying.

CINDERELLA: (Still thinking it is one of her step-sisters) Only for a moment.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Cinderella, how can I help you?

CINDERELLA: (Continuing to think it is her step-sister) You? Help me?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: That's why I've come here.

CINDERELLA looks up and discovers----

CINDERELLA: (Startled; amazed) Who are you?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: "Your" fairy godmother.

CINDERELLA: My fairy godmother!?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Now please---tell me. Why are you crying?

CINDERELLA: Because I am not able to go to the King's ball.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Wasn't everyone in the kingdom invited?

CINDERELLA: Even if I was invited---

THROUGHOUT THE STAGING FACILITY

SEVERAL HERALDS continue to proclaim the King's announcement.

HERALDS: Hear ye! Hear ye! Everyone in the kingdom is invited to the king's grand ball. The King plans to find the prince a princess at the grand ball.

The SEVERAL HERALDS exit.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: You "are" invited, Cinderella. And you should go.

CINDERELLA: But how could I go to such a grand event? I've got no beautiful clothes and no way to get me there.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Perhaps I could be of help to you, Cinderella.

CINDERELLA: You could!?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Would you like to go to the King's ball, Cinderella?

CINDERELLA: Oh, yes! Yes!!

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Would you like to meet the handsome prince?

CINDERELLA: Oh, yes! Yes!! What girl in the kingdom wouldn't?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Then you must.

CINDERELLA: But I can't.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: You can't?

CINDERELLA: I've already tried to tell you. I have no fancy gown to wear to the ball, only these rags. And even if I did have a fancy ball gown, I would have no way to get to the ball. I have no carriage to take me to the king's palace.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: (Beckoning to Cinderella to follow her) Then, come with me.

CINDERELLA: (Reluctant to leave her work) But the work I must do. Zilla, Zella, Germaine, Hermione, Theodosia, and Precious...they'll be most upset if I haven't ironed their ball gowns or shined their shoes.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Forget Zilla, Zella, Germaine, Hermione, Theodosia, and---and---

The FAIRY GODMOTHER appears to be having a "senior moment"...and positions herself in such a way so the audience will add---

AUDIENCE: Precious!!

CINDERELLA: But the work they want done.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: (As SHE exits) You're going to the king's ball.

CINDERELLA: I am!?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: And you'll be---

The FAIRY GODMOTHER has already exited, followed by CINDERELLA---

CINDERELLA: (as SHE exits) I will!?

SCENE FOUR A

THE GREAT ROOM IN THE KING'S PALACE---

A spotlight illuminates many SERVANTS hustling/bustling about the great room, making preparations for the king's grand event.

AS:

THREE COURTIERs---PRISCILLA, CHARISSE, and MOLLY---address the Prince.

PRISCILLA: The king's ball will certainly be a grand event!

PRINCE: But---regrettably---a useless event.

CHARISSE: Useless?

PRINCE: My father thinks he will find me a princess.

MOLLY: That's the whole reason the king is giving the ball.

PRINCE: There will be no future princess at the king's ball.

PRISCILLA: But so many, many beautiful girls from all over the kingdom are planning to attend.

PRINCE: I'm not just looking for a beautiful girl.

CHARISSE: Who would make a better princess, my Prince?

PRINCE: Someone who cares about people.

PRISCILLA, CHARISSE, and MOLLY: Why? Your princess will have servants to do everything.

PRINCE: But servants can't give a future princess the right attitude about caring about others. (Indicating his heart)
Servants can't do that for anyone else, let alone a future princess.

PRISCILLA: The people of the kingdom won't care if you have a very beautiful princess.

PRINCE: I will care! And someday, I will be "King!" My "Queen" must care about the people of our kingdom.

PRISCILLA: But what about the princess' love for you, my Prince?

CHARISSE: Should the princess not love you first and foremost?

PRINCE: Love me, love the people of my kingdom. And---

The PRINCE is "cut off" by the SIX STEP-SISTERS who are entering the staging area, shouting----

SCENE FOUR B

THE STEP-MOTHER'S/STEPSISTERS' HOME

ALL THE STEPSISTERS enter, shouting loudly, harshly---

ALL THE STEPSISTERS: Cinderella! Cinderella! Cinderella!
Cinderella!!

ALL THE STEPSISTERS truly look affright! Their hair is in huge curls; beauty cream is caked all over their faces. They're all wearing the ugliest of housecoats, and THEY'RE demanding-- The following dialogue is spoken very rapidly---almost no time for taking a breath----

ZILLA: Is my gown ready for the ball?

ZELLA: I need you to comb out my hair.

GERMAINE: I need you to paint my nails chartreuse to match my eye shadow.

HERMIONE: Hurry up, Cinderella!

PRECIOUS: Where are you, Cinderella?

THEODOSIA: What are you doing, Cinderella?

ZILLA: You better be getting our ball gowns ready, Cinderella!

ALL THE STEPSISTERS: You better be working, Cinderella!

ALL THE STEPSISTERS: Cinderella! Cinderella! Cinderella!!

After looking around, ALL THE STEPSISTERS make a realization----

ALL THE STEPSISTERS: (Looking at each other; nodding in agreement) She's gone!!

ZELLA: Where could she be?

ZILLA: And right when I need her the most; she up and leaves.

GERMAINE: Who does Cinderella think she is?!

*ALL THE STEPSISTERS start crying, loudly, almost fiercely---
THEN:*

ZILLA, GERMAINE, and HERMIONE: Momma! Momma!

THEODOSIA: Cinderella's---

PRECIOUS: ---nowhere to be found.

DUELLA enters---

DUELLA: What!?

ALL THE STEPSISTERS: Cinderella's nowhere to be found!

DUELLA: Impossible!

GERMAINE and HERMIONE: But true.

DUELLA: Where would that child go?

PRECIOUS: And before I'm ready to go to the king's grand ball!

GERMAINE: How will the prince ever choose me, looking like this?!

HERMIONE: Or me!?

THEODOSIA: Cinderella must get me ready to go to the king's grand ball. How dare she go anywhere before I'm ready!?

GERMAINE: Truth, Theodosia. It would take more than Cinderella to get "you" ready to see the prince.

THEODOSIA: (Indignant) Speak for yourself.

GERMAINE moves toward the audience, speaking directly to the audience.

GERMAINE: (Speaking to the audience) What do you think?
Are "we" ready to see the prince?

DUELLA rushes forward to speak to the audience.

DUELLA: (Urging her daughters) No, don't ask! I'll tell you
(Takes one look at all six daughters) No, you're definitely not ready to see anyone! Especially the prince!!

*DUELLA'S remark hurts ALL THE STEPSISTERS' feelings.
THEY wail and boo hoo! (Loudly) and exit (hurriedly).*

DUELLA: (Looking around the staging area) Where is that Cinderella? (Realizing Cinderella is not to be found) Oh, that Cinderella. She's going to be the death of me yet.

BY DAN NEIDERMYER

DUELLA exits.

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