

Cinderella

cast list:

Cinderella.....Jennifer Smeraldo

Prince Christopher Rupert Windemere
Vladimere Karl Alexander Francois Reginald
Launcelot Herman Gregory JamesDan Pascoe

Prince's Man-Servant.....Adrien Ruggerio

Royal GuardsLou Gerstle and Jared Roberts

HeraldAdam Orseck

Beulah (Cinderella's Stepmother)Taylor Whidden

Joy (Cinderella's Stepsister).....Maureen Hozempa

Portia (Cinderella's Stepsister).....Stacie Gogo

King Maximillian Godfrey Ladislaus Leopold
Sidney Frederick John.....Christopher Lucas

Queen Constantina Charlotte Ermintrude
Gwinyvere Maisie Marguerite AnneKaitlin A. Taber- Miller

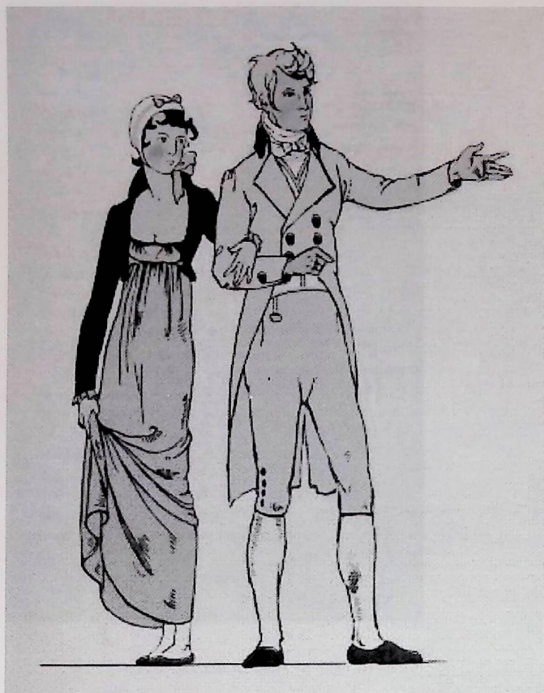
ChefJessica Krupski

StewardBrandon Wood

GodmotherGreta Kleckner

Minister.....Andrew Margallis

Townswomen.....Tara Contrera, Ashley Firestine, Marisa Rose Keena,
Jessica Lech, Casey Lynch, Deirdre Lynch, Dara Rees, Jessi Teevan.



1810

















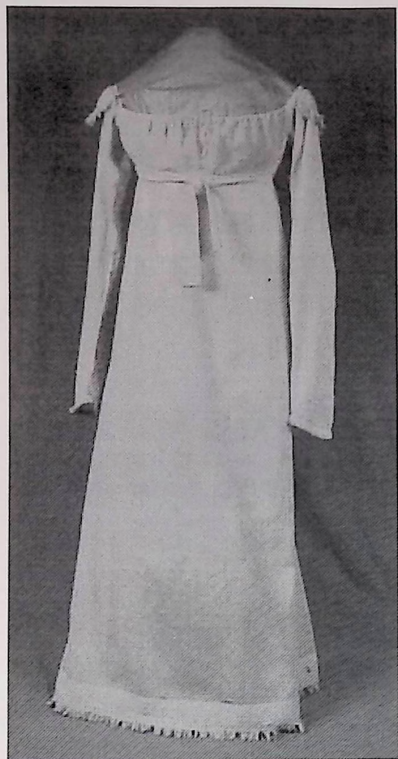






1813





1790's









Cinderella

scene breakdown: with 1-intermission following I-4

	Overture	I-1	I-2	I-3	I-4	II-1	III-1	III-2	III-3
	Beulah's kitchen SR of Throne room	Town Square	Beulah's kitchen SR of Throne room	Throne room SL of Beulah's kitchen	Beulah's kitchen SR of Throne room	The Royal Ballroom	Beulah's kitchen SR of Throne room	Throne room SL of Beulah's kitchen	Town Square then Beulah's kitchen
Cinderella	✓		✓		✓	✓	✓	✓	
Prince Christopher...	✓			✓		✓	✓	✓	✓
Prince's Man-servant	✓			✓		✓		✓	✓
Royal Guards	✓	✓				✓		✓	✓
Herald		✓			✓	✓		✓	✓
Beulah (Step-mother)		✓	✓		✓	✓	✓		✓
Joy (Step-sis)		✓	✓		✓	✓	✓		✓
Portia (S-sis)		✓	✓		✓	✓	✓		✓
King Max				✓		✓		✓	
Queen Maisie				✓		✓		✓	
Royal Chef		✓		✓		✓			
Royal Steward		✓		✓		✓			
Godmother		✓			✓				✓
Royal Minister		✓				✓			
Townswomen		✓				✓			✓

	III-4	III-5	III-6
	Throne room SL of Beulah's kitchen	Town Square	The Royal Ballroom
Cinderella		√	√
Prince Christopher...	√	√	√
Prince's Man- servant	√	√	√
Royal Guards	√	√	√
Herald	√		√
Beulah (Step- mother)			√
Joy (Step-sis)			√
Portia (S-sis)			√
King Max	√		√
Queen Maisie	√		√
Royal Chef			√
Royal Steward			√
Godmother			√
Royal Minister			√
Townswomen			√







ACT I

Music 1: OVERTURE

Scene i

Music 2: CURTAIN MUSIC ACT I

SCENE: *The Public Square. At Rise, a busy afternoon is interrupted by a trumpet fanfare. Groups of townspeople look up from their chores and their shopping, pedestrians stop in their tracks and children pour out of houses to see what is happening. The HERALD is standing on a platform stage center (GROUND PLAN #1) between two red-faced trumpeters, the source of the fanfare. His stiff-backed formality barely conceals his excitement at his own news.*

(OPTIONAL: The GODMOTHER appears in front of the curtain and, with a wave of her wand, brings the curtain up. Then, with successive waves, she awakens the town from a frozen tableau. Once she has brought the town to life, she exits.)

Music 3: THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL

HERALD:

The Prince is giving a ball!

TOWNSPEOPLE *(Surprised and delighted with the news):*

The Prince is giving a ball!

The Prince is giving a ball!

~~HERALD *(Reading from a scroll..he tries to deliver the whole message without taking a breath):*~~

His Royal Highness, Christopher Rupert
Windemere Vladimere Karl Alexander
Francois Reginald Launcelot Herman—

LITTLE BOY:

Herman?

HERALD:

—Herman Gregory James

(Breathes)

Is giving a Ball!

TOWNSPEOPLE:

The Prince is giving a ball!
The Prince is giving a ball!

(The crowd scatters to spread the news. From different areas of the stage, the following lines are sung by characters in distinct groups: a family—father, mother and daughter; a group of girls; a second group of girls.)

FATHER:

Our daughter's looking dreamy-eyed.

MOTHER *(Providing the obvious explanation):*

The Prince is giving a ball.

DAUGHTER *(Dreamy-eyed):*

They say he wants to find a bride;
He may find one at the ball.

FIRST GIRL *(To SECOND GIRL):*

If only he'd propose to me.

SECOND GIRL *(To THIRD GIRL):*

I pray that he'll propose to me.

THIRD GIRL *(To herself):*

Why *shouldn't* he propose to me?

WOMAN:

I wish I hadn't married Sam.

WOMAN *(to daughter):*

Pull in your little diaphragm.

OLDEST SISTER *(Smugly):*

I'll wear a gown of satin jade.

YOUNGER SISTER:

And me, I'm in a pink brocade.

KID SISTER *(Putting her inconsolable chin on her two little fists):*

And me, I'm in the second grade!

TOWNSPEOPLE:

The Prince is giving a ball!
The Prince is giving a ball!

HERALD:

His Royal Highness, Christopher Rupert,
Son of Her Majesty, Queen Constantina
Charlotte Ermintrude, Gwinyvere Maisie—

LITTLE BOY *(Same one as before):*

Maisie?

HERALD:

—Maisie Marguerite Anne is giving a ball!

TOWNSPEOPLE:

The Prince is giving a ball!
The Prince is giving a ball!

SLOPPY GIRL:

I wish I didn't like to eat.

BAD GIRL (*à la Mae West*):

I wish I were demure and sweet.

-STUDIOUS GIRL (*With spectacles*):

I wish I were a bolder girl.

GRANDMA:

I wish I were a younger girl.

KID SISTER (*Same one as before*):

I wish I were an older girl!

TOWNSPEOPLE:

The Prince is giving a ball!
The Prince is giving a ball!

HERALD:

His Royal Highness, Christopher Rupert,
Son of His Majesty, King Maximillian
Godfrey Ladislaus Leopold Sidney—

TOWNSPEOPLE:

Sidney?

HERALD:

—Sidney! Frederick John
Is giving a ball.

TOWNSPEOPLE:

The Prince is giving a ball!
The Prince is giving a ball!
The Prince is giving a ball!

(The song ends with everyone frozen in a tableau)

Music 4: CINDERELLA MARCH

(STEPMOTHER, JOY and PORTIA enter as the freeze is broken. They walk in time to the music and behind them the town comes to life in pantomime.)

The three are dressed magnificently and walk with an obvious sense of their own importance. The STEPMOTHER is rather imperious, as befits a proper stepmother, but there is no happy light in JOY and no suggestion of intelligence in PORTIA. In fact the two stepsisters have been named in direct opposition to their true demeanor, for we

will never see a true smile cross JOY's face, and it is obvious PORTIA isn't bright enough to be a great lawyer like her namesake.

TOWNSPEOPLE pass them on the street and greet them and get nothing more than a rather sour formal bow in return. Strange looks come over the faces of the TOWNSPEOPLE, and as the trio passes through the town square we see behind them the object of the strange looks: a young girl invisible behind a prodigious pile of packages and parcels.

As the STEPMOTHER, PORTIA and JOY cross out of the picture, the parcels teeter ominously and the girl halts, gaining control of them just in the nick of time. As she pauses to catch her breath and re-balance her load, we see her face for the first time, peeking through the wall of packages. It is CINDERELLA.

STEPMOTHER (Reenters impatiently): Cinderella! Come along home now. You're cluttering up the street!

The STEPMOTHER exits and CINDERELLA picks up her packages and follows. As she does, the town disappears and CINDERELLA's House appears (GROUND PLAN #2).

Scene ii

While the "Cinderella March" continues, JOY, PORTIA and the STEPMOTHER enter the house. CINDERELLA enters with great difficulty, her pile of packages too tall, too wide, and too big for the doorway to the modest house. But somehow she makes it.

As soon as CINDERELLA enters, the family starts ordering her about. During the next sequence, CINDERELLA somehow satisfies every demand without making a mistake or missing a beat. She is a very efficient girl who always completes everything demanded of her. By the end she will have done everything asked of her and successfully served tea as well. The music continues as underscoring until she shuts the window for the final time.

STEPMOTHER: Cinderella, the door.

(She closes the door.)

JOY: Cinderella, close the window.

(She closes it, but it springs back open.)

PORTIA: *(expecting CINDERELLA to pull it out):* Cinderella, my chair.

(CINDERELLA pulls out her chair for her)

STEPMOTHER: Cinderella, close the window.

(She closes it, but it springs back open.)

JOY: Cinderella, my chair.

(CINDERELLA comes toward her)

PORTIA: Cinderella, close the window.

(She closes it, but it springs back open.)

JOY: Cinderella, my chair!

(CINDERELLA pulls out her chair for her)

STEPMOTHER: Cinderella, make some tea, honey.

PORTIA: Cinderella, iron my dress. I'll need it.

STEPMOTHER: Cinderella, lay out my new gown for this evening.

JOY: Cinderella, wash my gloves for tomorrow.

PORTIA: Cinderella, it's freezing!

(She leaves the fireplace, where she is making tea to close the window. It springs back open.)

STEPMOTHER: Cinderella, poke the fire.

(She returns to the fireplace.)

JOY: Cinderella, close the window.

(She closes the window. It springs open.)

PORTIA: Really, Cinderella.

STEPMOTHER: Cinderella, really.

JOY: It's freezing!

(CINDERELLA closes the window. It opens.)

PORTIA: Close the window.

(CINDERELLA gives her a cup of tea.)

JOY: Close the window.

(CINDERELLA gives her a cup of tea.)

STEPMOTHER: Close the window, Cinderella!

(CINDERELLA gives her a cup of tea and closes the window firmly and finally.)

(Music Stops)

Now, my daughters, I want to talk to you.

(CINDERELLA approaches with a smile)

Well, not you—I want to talk to my own daughters.

(CINDERELLA, still trying to smile goes meekly to her corner by the fireplace. JOY and PORTIA smugly gather around their mother.)

JOY: That girl always wants to sit down. No wonder she never gets anything done.

STEPMOTHER: Now, Joy . . .

JOY: Yes Ma'am.

STEPMOTHER: . . . and Portia . . .

PORTIA: Yes, Ma'am.

STEPMOTHER: As you well know, my little moppets, this *may* be the most important year of your lives. The Prince has returned from his studies abroad, and this ball that's been given in his honor is for one purpose only.

PORTIA: They want him to choose a bride.

(She laughs her goofy laugh.)

STEPMOTHER: Every girl in the kingdom wants to marry the Prince. Including you, Portia.

PORTIA: Uh-huh.

STEPMOTHER: And you, Joy.

JOY: *(Sourly)*: Uh-huh.

STEPMOTHER: On our shopping tour today I bought you the most beautiful materials and all the frills and froufrou my purse could afford. *(Her voice hardens.)* So whether or not you marry the Prince, you'll both have to marry somebody this year.

PORTIA *(Snapping into frightened obedience)*: Yes, Ma'am.

JOY: Yes, Ma'am.

STEPMOTHER *(Her voice softening again)*: Now there's one thing you must remember. When you want to marry a man, you can't rely on your beauty alone. Now, Portia—you are named for a great lawyer.

PORTIA: Uh-huh.

STEPMOTHER: I want you to show off your intellect as well as your beauty. Do you understand?

PORTIA: Naturally.

STEPMOTHER: And Joy, I want you to live up to your name. I want you to be vivacious and alert as well as beautiful.

JOY: Uh-huh.

STEPMOTHER: That does not mean, however, that I want you to neglect your appearance. Our family has always been noted for its fascinating women. So now let's all go upstairs and get our beauty sleep. I'm exhausted from all that shopping. Tomorrow I'm going to have to get a massage. That's the only thing that does me any good—a good pounding. That's what your father used to say.

PORTIA (*Following her to the stairs*): I'm all tired out, too, ma, going from store to store the way we did.

(JOY and PORTIA climb the stairs arguing with each other.)

JOY: You're tired?

PORTIA: Yes, I'm tired.

JOY: I suppose you think you're the only one that's tired!

PORTIA: Well, who bought the most?

JOY: That has nothing to do with it!

PORTIA: That has everything to do with it!

STEPMOTHER: Go to bed, both of you!

PORTIA (*To JOY as they exit*): Leave me alone . . . You're always picking on me . . . Ma!

STEPMOTHER: That's right, don't raise your voices.

(*She is at the bottom of the stairs and turns to see CINDERELLA standing there expectantly.*)

Well, you—don't stand there gaping at me. Tidy up those tea things.

CINDERELLA: Yes ma'am.

(*She turns on her heel and goes upstairs. CINDERELLA brings a dishpan with water and a rag to the table and washes the tea things.*)

CINDERELLA (*Happily*): I wonder why they're so tired, looking at all those beautiful things and buying so many of them! I was too excited to be tired.

(*She looks around the room. Music starts.*)

Music 5: IN MY OWN LITTLE CORNER

CINDERELLA: Oh, I love this room—when they've all gone out and there's nobody here but me.

(Drying a teacup, she dances around the room happily.)

STEPMOTHER (Off): Cinderella!

CINDERELLA (Stopping, frightened): Yes, ma'am?

STEPMOTHER: Stop jumping around down there like an elephant!

We can't sleep for the racket!

CINDERELLA: Yes, ma'am.

(She crosses past the table to her little chair in the corner by the fireplace. She is penitent, not angry.)

I was just going to sit down, anyway. (Brightening) I love sitting down right here.

(The lights change as she muses, the music becomes gentler and she sings.)

CINDERELLA:

I'm as mild 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 milk
maid,
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.

(She dances around a bit.)

I can be whatever I want to be.
I'm a slave 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 type of 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.

(Blackout)

SCENE iii

Music 6: CHANGE OF SCENE (THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL)

In the blackout the House unit is moved upstage, the Fireplace unit is brought downstage and spun around, the drop descends and we are in the Royal Dressing Room (GROUND PLAN #3).

The QUEEN sits at a chair sewing a button on the KING's trousers. The KING, clad only in his shirt and underwear, strides angrily across the room to bang the window shut and drown out the voices from the street. They both wear their crowns.

VOICES (Offstage, singing): The Prince is giving a ball! The Prince is giving a ball!

KING (Derisively imitating the crowd): The Prince is giving a ball!

(Pointing an accusing finger at his wife)

You got us into this!

QUEEN (Happily): We had to do something to celebrate the 21st birthday of our son—

(Bursting into song)

—His Royal Highness, Christopher Rupert . . .

KING: Maisie . . .

QUEEN: . . . Windemere Vladimir . . .

KING: Maisie . . . MAISIE!

(He has shouted her down)

I know all his names. I'm his father.

QUEEN: A fine father you are!

(She hands him his trousers.)

KING *(Starting to put them on)*: What do you mean,

(Imitating her)

"A fine father you are"?

QUEEN: I mean you never worry about him.

KING *(A little breathless from the physical effort of balancing on one leg)*:

Why should I . . . worry about him?

QUEEN: Because he isn't happy!

KING: How do you know?

(He is now struggling to make his trousers meet at the waistline—obviously a futile project.)

QUEEN: He doesn't seem to have any interest in anything—or anyone.

KING *(Not a man to face unpleasant facts)*: Oh, he's happy all right.

QUEEN *(As if this clinches the argument)*: If he's happy, why doesn't he get married?

KING *(Still trying to make the top button approach the top buttonhole)*: If he's happy why . . . should he . . . get married?

(He gives up the struggle. The two top buttons have to stay unbuttoned. He sits down, defeated.)

QUEEN: Look at your pants!

KING: How could I have gained so much weight in five years?

QUEEN: Because that's all you've *done* for five years—gained weight! You haven't worn a court costume because we haven't given a ball for five years. You've done nothing to give your subjects any fun—not a festival! Not a fair! Not a pageant! You've done nothing to make your people love you!

KING *(Smiling smugly)*: Ah, but they do anyway.

(She gives him a cool silent glance.)

Don't they?

(She shakes her head slowly and emphatically.)

Oh.

QUEEN: The royal tailor will have to make you another suit.

KING: That'll cost money.

QUEEN: Don't start to worry about what you're going to pay the tailor. Wait until you see what this ball is going to cost.

KING: Maisie, this is no time to splurge. The exchequer is very low and I can't afford . . .

QUEEN: I have the chef and the steward outside waiting to report their plans for the dinner.

KING: The dinner!

QUEEN: Certainly. You can't give a ball without a dinner.

(She has gone to the door and opened it)

Come in, gentlemen.

KING *(In an irritated whisper)*: Don't have them in here!

(He grabs his dressing gown and holds it across his non-meeting trousers as the CHEF and the STEWARD enter. They sing.)

Music 7: YOUR MAJESTIES

CHEF *(Bowing)*:

Your majesties.

STEWARD *(Bowing)*:

Your majesties.

CHEF *(Handing the QUEEN a long list which she unrolls)*:

A list of the bare necessities.

KING *(In an irritated whisper)*:

A list of the bare necessities for what?

QUEEN:

For seventeen hundred guests!

KING:

That seems a lot.

(Spoken)

Don't have any king crab.

CHEF: Very well, Your Majesty.

KING: I hate to see that written on a menu—"king crab"—seems like a comment on my disposition.

(QUEEN glares at him and then starts to read from the list.)

QUEEN:

(Sung)

A thousand baby lobsters for the salad.

KING: Wow!

QUEEN:

And five hundred pheasant for the pie.

KING: Ai-Yai!

QUEEN:

A thousand pounds of caviar.

KING: A thousand!

QUEEN: Hush.

KING:

It's more than the sturgeon can supply!

CHEF:

I told the steward to get us
Forty acres of lettuce
And six hundred suckling pigs for roasting—

KING:

What about the marshmallows?

QUEEN:

Who wants marshmallows?

KING:

I do.

QUEEN:

Why?

KING:

For toasting!

STEWARD (Handing another list to the QUEEN):

Now if it please
Your Majesties,
I have a list of wine—
The best of all
The vintages
From every nation's vine.

KING (Querulously):

I want the wine of my country!

QUEEN:

Hush! Hush! Hush!

STEWARD:

Sherry and port and muscatel,
Kimmel and eau de vie,
Dry champagne and sweet moselle,
Burgundy and chablis,
Aquavit and liebfraumilch,
Hock and chocolate malted-milch,
Brandy, drambuie and vodka,
White and crystal clear!

KING (*Rising with great determination*):

I want the wine of my country!
I want the wine of my country!

(*He throws out his arms expansively, the robe drops to the floor revealing his belly bursting between the non-meeting trousers.*)

I want the wine of my country,
The wine of my country is beer!

(*A button pops off his trousers and they fall to the floor.*)

QUEEN: Obviously!

Music 7A: YOUR MAJESTIES DANCE

The CHEF and STEWARD are joined by other chefs, stewards, and assistants until the stage is lined with men in white coats and tall white hats presenting in a dance every footstuff known to man for the KING and QUEEN's inspection. Other preparations for the ball—decorations, clothing, garlands, etc.—are also brought on by other members of the Palace staff for royal approval. The dance builds to a rousing ending.

After the applause, the QUEEN ushers the line of staff members off the stage and gives the KING a final nod of her head as if to say, "So there." He remains seated, resigned to the inevitability of paying for and attending a ball he is not looking forward to.

PRINCE (*Entering and crossing to the KING*): Hello, father.

KING (*Turning around, as if having been awakened from a nap*):

Oh . . . uh . . . hello, my boy. Thought you were going for a ride.

PRINCE: I am, sir. The groom is bringing my horse around at three o'clock.

KING: Christopher, how are you feeling?

PRINCE: Fine, father.

KING (*Making it a leading question*): You're not unhappy or anything—are you?

PRINCE: Why no, father.

KING (*Immediately comforted*): That's what I thought.

(*He beams*)

Ah! That's fine!

PRINCE: It seems to me, sir, that *you* look a little tired.

KING (*Grouchily*): I am tired, when I think of that darn ball.

(*The QUEEN enters, unseen by the men, starts to cross to them, but stops when she hears the words about the ball. She steps back out of their sight lines, ready to get an earful.*)

You know, that ball you're giving—with my money.

PRINCE: Oh that. Well, to tell you the truth, sir, it isn't a night I'm looking forward to, dancing with all those . . . candidates.

KING: Candidates?

PRINCE: Every simpering girl in the Kingdom, each one determined to show that she would be the perfect princess for me.

KING: Yes, I know how you feel. More fun to chase one girl than to be stampeded by a whole herd of them!

PRINCE: One thing is sure: whoever I marry, it won't be anyone I meet at the ball!

KING: Know how you feel, my boy. I'd feel the same . . . only . . . there's one thing we mustn't forget. Your mother's got her heart set on giving this affair.

PRINCE: Yes, I know.

(*The QUEEN starts as if about to go in and confront them*)

KING: Uh . . . Christopher . . .

(*The QUEEN stops and continues to listen.*)

If you talk to your mother about this, don't let her know how you feel. Tell her that you . . . that you love the idea of the ball. Know what I mean?

(*Confidentially, man to man*)

Make her feel good about it. Now I'll tell you . . .

(The QUEEN, smiling, enters the room. The KING coughs to signal the Prince.)

Oh, hello, my dear. We . . . Christopher and I . . . were just . . . just . . .

PRINCE: I was just saying, Mother, how much I'm looking forward to the ball. It sounds wonderful.

QUEEN *(Smiling)*: Does it?

PRINCE: Yes. I was wondering if I could help you at all . . . I mean in any of the preparations.

QUEEN *(Pretending to be taken in by these fumbling men)*: Well, yes, dear. Maybe you can.

(There is a very awkward silence as she looks from one to the other, and neither knows what more to say about it, or how to carry the lie on any further.)

PRINCE *(Looking out the window)*: And I . . . I see they're bringing my horse around from the stables now.

(He turns back and, on his way out of the room, stops to kiss his mother. Then, he waves airily to his father and exits. The QUEEN, not offended by their deceit, but touched by it, blows her nose to hold back the tears in her eyes.)

KING: Have you got the sniffles? Getting a cold?

(The QUEEN shakes her head.)

Better take something for it.

(She nods.)

Don't want to have a red nose at the ball.

(He chuckles at his own feeble joke.)

QUEEN *(Getting the tears out of her voice)*: I'll be over it by then.

(She gives her nose a good blow now.)

KING: Maisie . . .

QUEEN: What?

KING: That boy isn't unhappy.

QUEEN: How do you know?

KING: I asked him. He says he's feeling fine.

QUEEN: Did he?

(Smiling)

You know something?

KING: What?

QUEEN: I love you.

(She leans over the back of the KING's chair, puts her arms around him and kisses him on the side of his head.)

KING *(With great dignity)*: Naturally you do. I'm the King.

QUEEN: Nothing to do with it. *(She sings.)*

Music 8: BOYS AND GIRLS LIKE YOU AND ME

QUEEN:

Boys and girls like you and me
Walk beneath the skies.
They love just as we love,
With the same dream in their eyes.
Songs and kings
And many things
Have their day and are gone,
But boys and girls like you and me,
We go on and on.

KING:

They walk on ev'ry village street,
They walk in lanes where branches meet,
And stars send down their blessings from the
blue.

QUEEN:

They go through storms of doubt and fear,
And so they go from year to year,
Believing in each other as we do,

BOTH:

Bravely marching forward, two by two.

Boys and girls
Like you and me

QUEEN:

Walk beneath the skies.

KING:

They love just as we love,

QUEEN:

With the same dream in their eyes.

BOTH:

Songs and kings
And many things
Have their day and are gone,

But boys and girls like you and me,
We go on and on.

(They stroll off, arm in arm.)

Blackout.

As the scene changes back to CINDERELLA's House (GROUND PLAN #2), the HERALD appears downstage and reads from a scroll.)

Music 9: CHANGE OF SCENE

HERALD: Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye all! A royal proclamation!

A holiday is hereby proclaimed! Let every bank be closed!

(An unseen crowd cheers.)

Let every shop be closed!

(Cheers)

Let every school be closed!

(Shrill cheers from children)

Today is the day of the ball!

(Cheers. Lights up on CINDERELLA's House. The STEPMOTHER, JOY and PORTIA are in the final stages of dressing for the ball. The following sequence, again finds CINDERELLA meeting every demand with blinding speed and uncanny efficiency. This time she actually anticipates each new request and reaches for the article an instant before it is asked for.)

Scene iv

STEMMOTHER: Cinderella! My gloves!

JOY: Cinderella, more curls!

PORTIA: Cinderella, more ribbons!

STEMMOTHER: Cinderella's no help at all . . . a very disorganized girl.

PORTIA (*Pointing at CINDERELLA, she talks to STEPMOTHER*): Ma, no brains. When you haven't got it, you haven't got it. Cinderella hasn't got it!

JOY: Cinderella, my fan!

STPMOTHER: Cinderella, my lorgnette!

JOY: Cinderella, my reticule!

PORTIA: Cinderella, my handkerchief!

CINDERELLA (*picking up three bouquets*): The carriage is here! Oh, you all look so beautiful!

JOY: Yes, don't we?

STPMOTHER: Cinderella, the flowers!

(She hands each a nosegay as she passes)

Come along, girls.

(They exit)

CINDERELLA (*Calling after them, happily*): Have a good time!

(Still smiling, she crosses to the fireplace)

Music 10: IN MY OWN LITTLE CORNER (REPRISE) into FOL-DE-ROL

CINDERELLA:

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 am in the royal palace, of all places!
I am chatting with the Prince and King and
Queen,
And the color on my two stepsisters' faces
Is a queer sort of sour-apple green!
I am coy and flirtatious when alone with the
Prince—

(She laughs flirtatiously as she imagines a conversation with the PRINCE.)

Ha, ha, ha! Oh, la, Your Highness, you shouldn't say such things!

(The GODMOTHER appears at the window, unnoticed by CINDERELLA.)

I'm the belle of the ball
In my own little corner,
All alone
In my own
Little chair.

(The GODMOTHER has watched everything. She is a sensible type of woman, showing no sign of any magic qualities. They come later.)

Oh, I wish. . . I wish. . .

GODMOTHER (Singing):

Fol-de-rol and fiddledy dee,
Fiddledy faddledy foddle,
All the wishes in all the world
Are poppycock and twaddle!

(CINDERELLA looks up on hearing her GODMOTHER'S voice and rushes to the window.)

CINDERELLA: Godmother! I'm so glad to see you!

GODMOTHER: I thought you might be lonely, and I knew what you'd be doing.

CINDERELLA: What?

GODMOTHER (Singing to the strain of "In My Own Little Corner"):

I just knew I would find you
In that same little chair
In the pale pink mist of a foolish dream.

CINDERELLA: What's wrong with that?

GODMOTHER (Sings):

Fol-de-rol and fiddledy dee,
Fiddledy faddledy foodle,
All the dreamers in all the world
Are dizzy in the noodle.

CINDERELLA: What do you suppose *every* girl is doing tonight? I mean every girl who isn't at the ball? She's dreaming and wishing she were really there.

GODMOTHER: But why aren't *you* really there?

CINDERELLA: My Stepmother . . . well, somebody had to mind the house.

GODMOTHER: Do you know what I would do if I were you? I'd leave them. I'd just up and get out of the house. **They**

make you work harder than a servant. If you want to be a servant, you can go to some other place and be paid.

CINDERELLA: You mean leave my Stepmother? I don't think if Father were alive he would like that. Do you think so?

(Pause)

GODMOTHER: Aren't you going to ask me in?

CINDERELLA: Oh, forgive me, Godmother . . . of course! Come round to the door.

(CINDERELLA crosses to the doorway. As her back is turned, there is a flash of light and the GODMOTHER is standing calmly by the fireplace.)

GODMOTHER: Don't bother.

(CINDERELLA turns quickly, amazement on her face)

CINDERELLA: How did you get in?

GODMOTHER *(Shrugs)*: The window.

CINDERELLA *(Quite bewildered)*: The window.

GODMOTHER: The window. Aren't you going to offer me some tea?

(The fire suddenly lights by itself behind the GODMOTHER, unseen by CINDERELLA.)

CINDERELLA: Oh, I'm terribly sorry. . . I'll just light the fire. . .

(She turns to the fireplace and sees the fire going.)

But it was out!

(CINDERELLA reaches out to touch the tea kettle, but pulls her hand away quickly. Unseen by CINDERELLA, the GODMOTHER motions to an empty vase on the kitchen table and flowers appear in it.)

CINDERELLA: And the kettle's hot! It's most curious. . .

(She turns and notices the flowers)

Flowers! But I'm sure. . . You brought them, didn't you?

(CINDERELLA is very pleased to have solved at least this mystery.)

GODMOTHER: I thought they'd brighten the room. Your water's boiling.

CINDERELLA (*Turning to fix the tea*): Please sit down. I'll have this in a minute.

GODMOTHER: Thank you.

(She motions to a chair and it moves across the floor until it is neatly under her and she sits)

CINDERELLA (*Bringing the tea, she sits next to GODMOTHER*): You know, I'm so awfully glad you happened to come by tonight. I was getting very lonely.

GODMOTHER (*Wisely*): I thought you might be.

CINDERELLA (*Pouring tea*): Godmother, do dreams never, never come true?

GODMOTHER: Oh, I wouldn't say never—just seldom.

CINDERELLA: That's not very often, is it?

GODMOTHER: Not very often is precisely what "seldom" is.

You're a nice godchild, but you ask very foolish questions.

CINDERELLA: I wish you believed in wonderful things. I wish you believed that once in a while something marvelous and magical could happen.

GODMOTHER (*Measuring her words*): Well, I don't say that I don't believe that once in a while something marvelous and magical can't happen.

(She has picked up a small broom that had been propped up against the wall by the table.)

CINDERELLA: For instance, do you believe in guardian angels?

GODMOTHER (*Contemplating the broom*): Well-I-I, I can't say I don't believe in them.

(At this point, the end of the broom gleams like a shining star for a few seconds and then goes out. The GODMOTHER puts her hand on CINDERELLA's head.)

Only thing is, it's dangerous to believe too much in good fairies and guardian angels.

CINDERELLA: Why?

GODMOTHER: Oh, you get to lean on them too much. You get in the habit of sitting back and expecting them to do all the work for you. You've got to help yourself, you know.

CINDERELLA: I know. I think about it a lot, but then I don't know what to do. And so I always wind up just wishing and dreaming. I don't suppose *that* does any good at all.

GODMOTHER: Well, I don't say that it doesn't do any good at all. As a matter of fact, everything has to start with a wish. *Nothing* happens without wishing.

CINDERELLA: Do you know what I was wishing tonight? Just before you came?

GODMOTHER (*Grimly*): I'm almost afraid to hear.

CINDERELLA (*Crossing to window*): Do you see that pumpkin out in the yard?

GODMOTHER: I nearly stumbled over it in the dark.

CINDERELLA: The moon is shining on it now. Well, I was wishing that that pumpkin would turn into a great big royal golden carriage that would take me to the ball tonight.

GODMOTHER: What were you going to do for horses?

CINDERELLA: White mice. Four white mice would turn into horses! Beautiful white prancing steeds.

GODMOTHER: Were you going to drive them yourself?

CINDERELLA: Oh, no. There'd be a coachman and a footman and two flunkies on the back seat.

GODMOTHER: Where were *they* coming from?

CINDERELLA: They could be the four baby rats I saw down in the cellar yesterday.

(*She looks up at her GODMOTHER*)

Oh, I know what you're going to say. Fol-de-rol and fiddledy dee.

GODMOTHER: Yes. Fol-de-rol and fiddledy dee!

CINDERELLA: It's impossible, I suppose.

GODMOTHER: Impossible.

CINDERELLA: Just the same, it was what I was wishing and I am still wishing it.

GODMOTHER: Nonsense.

CINDERELLA: I'm wishing it very hard.

GODMOTHER: You are?

CINDERELLA: Yes, I am.

(*The end of the broom begins to shine again.*)

Music 11: IMPOSSIBLE (Underscore)

CINDERELLA: If only I could have some magical help. If only I had a guardian angel or if my Godmother were a Fairy Godmother.

GODMOTHER: Ha, ha! Good joke! Ho, ho! Very funny!

CINDERELLA (*Very resolutely*): I am wishing—in the name of every young girl who ever wanted to go to a dance and was told she couldn't—I am wishing that I may go to that dance tonight! I wish that, by some kind of magic or abracadabba or fol-de-rol and fiddley dee, that all the kind hearts in the world will put their heads together. . .

GODMOTHER: All the kind hearts put their *heads* together?

CINDERELLA: You know what I mean . . . that all the kind hearts and good souls will wish with me and that you, Godmother, will help me with every ounce of strength and cleverness you possess!

GODMOTHER (*Weakening, her voice softening*): Cinderella. . .

CINDERELLA (*Opening her eyes*): Yes, Godmother?

(*The GODMOTHER, on the brink of giving in, becomes sensible again.*)

GODMOTHER: It's impossible!

CINDERELLA (*Temporarily discouraged, her voice growing dull*): Impossible. I suppose so.

GODMOTHER (*As if making her last stand, now sings*):

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-de-rol and fiddley 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 dewy-eyed dopes

Keep building up impossible hopes
Impossible things are happening every day!
Impossible!

CINDERELLA:

Impossible?

GODMOTHER:

Impossible!

CINDERELLA (*Gloomily*):

Impossible?

GODMOTHER:

Impossible!

CINDERELLA:

Impossible!

BOTH:

Impossible!

(*Dialogue over music*)

CINDERELLA: "Impossible things are happening every day." . . .
Is that true, Godmother?

GODMOTHER (*Grudgingly*): Well, yes, I suppose so . . . in a way.

CINDERELLA: Then I continue to build up my impossible hope
for tonight and I officially wish . . .

GODMOTHER: Officially wish?

CINDERELLA: I officially wish, and wish and wish all those
things I said about the pumpkin and the mice and the
rats.

GODMOTHER: Impossible!

CINDERELLA (*Closing her eyes determinedly*): Just the same, I'm
wishing it!

GODMOTHER (*Singing, but without her former conviction*):

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—

CINDERELLA (*Shouting*): They will!

GODMOTHER:

Such fol-de-rol and fiddledy dee of course is
Impossible!

CINDERELLA (*Singing earnestly, as if trying to sing her wish true.*)

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

(GODMOTHER, overwhelmed, joins her and sings with equal enthusiasm)

BOTH

And because these daft and dewy-eyed dopes
Keep building up impossible hopes
Impossible things are happening every day.

Music 12: THE TRANSFORMATION

(The GODMOTHER waves her "broom wand" and the TRANSFORMATION begins. At designated moments in the music the house disappears, MICE dance on and become HORSES, the pumpkin turns into a magnificent golden carriage and the FOOTMAN and COACHMAN appear with a gorgeous full-length cape which they drape around CINDERELLA. (OPTIONAL: The carriage crossover can be done in silhouette. See GROUND PLAN #4.) They also place a tiara in her hair and ball slippers on her feet. CINDERELLA's eyes are closed and she is unaware of what's happening.)

GODMOTHER: Cinderella. . . Look!

(Turns her around)

CINDERELLA: G-g-godmother! It's the coach and horses I wished for! And even the coachman and the footman!

(She turns to GODMOTHER)

But how?

(GODMOTHER smiles)

You?

GODMOTHER (*Shrugging her shoulders*): Fol-de-rol and fiddledy dee.
It's magic.

CINDERELLA (*Realizing that she has had the cape on.*): But . . . I don't understand. . .

GODMOTHER: . . . and you don't have to. Come on! If you don't hurry, the ball will be over before you get there.

(CINDERELLA starts to the carriage, then runs to GODMOTHER and hugs her.)

CINDERELLA: Oh, Godmother, thank you! Thank you, it's wonderful!

(She walks slowly to the carriage, examining it in wonder, and sings to the GODMOTHER.)

Music 13: IT'S POSSIBLE—FINALE ACT ONE

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!

CINDERELLA:

Such fol-de-rol and fiddledy dee of course is
Quite possible!

(They start to get into the coach.)

BOTH:

It's 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 *(Triumphantly)*:

And because these daft and dewy-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!

BOTH:

It's pos-si-ble!

(CINDERELLA and the GODMOTHER are now seated in the carriage and it carries them off to the ball as the curtain falls.)

End of ACT I

ACT II

Music 14: ENTR'ACTE

Scene i

Music 15: CURTAIN MUSIC ACT II

SCENE: Outside the Palace (GROUND PLAN #5). A clock in a tower in the distance clearly shows the time—11:30. GODMOTHER enters with CINDERELLA, a FOOTMAN follows closely behind. The ball is in progress behind a scrim.

GODMOTHER: Now, you must go in and do exactly as I told you.

CINDERELLA: Aren't you coming with me?

GODMOTHER: Heavens, no. I've been to so many of these things I couldn't stand another. Furthermore, all I can do is give you your wish. How it turns out from here is up to you.

(Music Fades Out)

CINDERELLA: But I'm afraid to go in there all by myself.

GODMOTHER: You needn't be except for one thing: Do not stay beyond twelve o'clock. See that you are in the coach and off for home before the clock strikes twelve.

CINDERELLA: Why is it so important that I leave before twelve?

GODMOTHER: You just obey and don't ask any questions.

CINDERELLA: But, Godmother . . .

(The GODMOTHER disappears in a puff of smoke.)

Where are you? Where did she go?

(The FOOTMAN just shrugs his shoulders.)

She just . . . vanished out of sight! Did you ever see anything like that before?

FOOTMAN: Many times.

CINDERELLA: It's the first time I've seen it happen.

FOOTMAN: You'll see worse than that happen if you're not out of here before midnight.

CINDERELLA (*Collects herself with a deep breath*): I'm ready.

(They exit. The scrim raises and the scene changes to the ball in progress, but no one seems very excited with the proceedings, least of all the PRINCE. He is bored and obviously not interested in any of the ladies being paraded by him.)

Music 16: GAVOTTE

Scene ii

Everyone dances to a stately and staid gavotte. Among the couples who dance by are JOY with a stout partner and PORTIA with a very short one whom she holds helpless in her embrace. The STEPMOTHER is dancing with a clumsy man.

CLUMSY MAN: It's a long time since we danced together, Beulah!

STEMOTHER: Not long enough.

(They dance away, she trying to escape both his company and his feet. The QUEEN leads in the KING.)

QUEEN (*Beaming*): Exhilarating, isn't it?

(The KING is unconvinced, but gamely musters a smile.)

QUEEN: Anyway, we are doing it for our son.

KING: I'm afraid he's having a worse time than I am. Look at him.

(They cross to their thrones on the side of the room, and the PRINCE dances center with a young girl who seems not to please him at all. A FOOTMAN comes toward him with another girl on his arm.)

FOOTMAN (*Presenting the girl*): Your Highness.

(The PRINCE bows to his partner, takes her and dances off. As the FOOTMAN turns to go, we see the STEPMOTHER slipping money into his hand.)

KING (*Stage whisper*): How long do you think we have to stay?

QUEEN: Until the very end.

(The KING winces. The STEPMOTHER slips a bribe to one of the footmen who takes JOY to the PRINCE. PORTIA who hasn't seen this maneuver, crosses to the STEPMOTHER.)

PORTIA: I've lost track of the Prince. Where is he?

STEPMOTHER: He's dancing with Joy.

PORTIA (*Brightly*): He is?

(*STEPMOTHER points. PORTIA's face changes.*)

Oh, *that* Joy. I want a chance at him.

STEPMOTHER: You shall have it.

(*She crooks her finger at another footman who approaches, and she takes money for him out of her purse, speaking to PORTIA at the same time.*)

Remember what I told you. Beauty is not enough. You must show him you have brains, like your namesake, Portia, in "The Merchant of Venice."

(*The PRINCE has danced into the scene with JOY. Two more joyless people would be hard to imagine. PORTIA dashes from her STEPMOTHER to the PRINCE's side. She tries to bombard him with her conversation, while JOY keeps trying to block her view.*)

PORTIA (*To the PRINCE*): Do you know what I want to be? A lawyer!

(*The PRINCE nods politely, taking this information in his stride.*)

Some day I'll stand up in the courtroom . . .

Music 17: CINDERELLA'S ENTRANCE

(*CINDERELLA appears at the top of the steps. She is now dressed in a stunning shimmering ballgown, absolutely beautiful from head to toe. The PRINCE turns his head and sees her.*)

PORTIA (*Continues talking although the PRINCE is obviously distracted*): . . . and I'll say to some old judge or something about how like the quality of mercy is not strained, know what I mean? I'll say it splashes down like the doo from . . . heaven?

(*During PORTIA's speech, groups of guests stop dancing as they notice CINDERELLA at the top of the stairs. PORTIA, of course, is the last to notice, but finally she too falls silent. Everyone stands like a statue holding his breath as CINDERELLA descends the stairs and the PRINCE, like a man in a trance, moves to meet her at the bottom. There, he bows and she curtsies. He offers his arm, she takes it, and the dance continues, this time with a bit more spirit. After a*

moment, the silence of the guests is shattered and suddenly everyone in the room is buzzing with excitement and curiosity, everyone asking "Who is she?")

KING: Now the party is beginning to look better!

QUEEN: I wonder who she is.

(The guests continue asking each other "Who is she?" but no one seems to know.)

All of a sudden he is a different boy! His face has lighted up.
He is dancing with a new spring in his step.

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.

QUEEN: I wonder who she is.

STEPMOTHER *(From other side of stage)*: I wonder who she is.

PORTIA: Who is she?

JOY: I never saw the girl before.

STEPMOTHER: Well, whoever she is, it's clear to me he likes *her* the best.

PORTIA: Funny. She doesn't look very intellectual.

(JOY gives her sister the kind of look this remark deserves. The dance goes on. As it does, the PRINCE leads CINDERELLA out into the garden. The scrim descends. The clock in the tower now shows it to be 11:40.)

Scene iii

PRINCE: I have never met you before, have I?

CINDERELLA: No. . . . I don't get out much.

PRINCE: I don't even know your name.

(CINDERELLA just smiles.)

Mine is Christopher.

CINDERELLA: Yes. I know—Christopher Rupert Wyndemere Vladimir Karl . . .

PRINCE: I don't use all those names. I would like you to call me just Christopher.

CINDERELLA *(Overwhelmed)*: You would?

(He nods. Then after a pause he speaks again.)

Music 18: TEN MINUTES AGO

PRINCE: Have you a strange feeling that something has just happened to you and you don't know what it is?

CINDERELLA: Yes, that is exactly the way I feel.

PRINCE: And you have no idea what it may be?

(CINDERELLA opens her mouth to answer honestly and eagerly, but thinks better of it.)

CINDERELLA: . . . No, I have no idea.

(Shyly)

I wonder how we can find out . . . what . . . it is.

PRINCE: Let us think back over our history together.

CINDERELLA: It isn't very long, is it?

(The PRINCE smiles and shakes his head and then he starts to sing.)

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-do's.
I wanted to ring out
The bells and fling out
My arms and to 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!

PRINCE (*Spoken*): I have told you how I felt. You haven't described your feelings.

CINDERELLA: Well, they're very much the same as yours.

(*She sings*)

Ten minutes ago I met you,
And we murmured our how-do-you-do's.
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—

(*The PRINCE now takes her in his arms and they dance for several measures of the refrain.*)

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!

PRINCE: May I show you around the Royal Gardens?

CINDERELLA: I would like that very much.

(*PRINCE offers CINDERELLA his arm. She accepts and they exit. As they go off right, the two STEPSISTERS enter left in great indignation. They haven't been eavesdropping long, but just the picture of CINDERELLA and the PRINCE walking off arm-in-arm is enough to set them off.*)

Music 19: STEPSISTERS' LAMENT

JOY:

Why would a fellow want a girl like her,
A frail and fluffy beauty?
Why can't a fellow ever once prefer
A solid girl like me?

PORTIA:

She's a frothy little bubble
With a flimsy kind of charm,
And with very little trouble
I could break her little arm!

JOY:

Oh, oh, why would a fellow want a girl like
her,
So obviously unusual?
Why can't a fellow ever once prefer
A usual girl like me?

PORTIA:

Her cheeks are a pretty shade of pink,
But not any pinker than a rose is.

JOY:

Her skin may be delicate and soft,
But not any softer than a doe's is.

PORTIA:

Her neck is no whiter than a swan's.

JOY:

She's only as dainty as a daisy.

PORTIA:

She's only as graceful as a bird.

BOTH:

So why is the fellow going crazy?

BOTH:

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?

*(They exit, one off stage right and the other off stage left. The scrim
is now taken out and we are back at the ball.)*

Music 20: WALTZ FOR A BALL (CINDERELLA WALTZ)

Scene iv

*(The music begins and we are swept back into the ballroom for the
Grand Waltz. There is a decidedly different air this time—everyone
has been caught up into the romantic mood of the waltz. The stage is
filled with swirls of people, color, and electricity. Things are
looking up.*

*After the first section of music, the COMPANY breaks into a reprise
of "Ten Minutes Ago" which signals the sweeping entrance of*

CINDERELLA and the PRINCE. Now they are the focus of the waltz, while guests continue to dance and sing. The KING and QUEEN come down from their seats and cut in on the PRINCE and CINDERELLA, the KING dancing with CINDERELLA and the QUEEN with her son. All the while, the STEPMOTHER is trying to find a suitable partner for herself, and JOY and PORTIA end up dancing with each other. After several bars, the PRINCE hands the QUEEN back to the KING and takes CINDERELLA in his arms. They all waltz around the room bringing the dance to a grand and glorious finish.

MUSIC 21: WALTZ (Underscore)

PRINCE: The ballroom is too crowded.

CINDERELLA: It's nicer out here.

PRINCE: Yes, it is, with the moon beaming down on us.

(They are looking up at the moon, together. The time is 11:50. Suddenly CINDERELLA realizes she has to leave.)

PRINCE: What is the matter?

CINDERELLA: I must go!

PRINCE: Why?

CINDERELLA: Because I . . . I promised my Godmother.

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

CINDERELLA: Oh, no, she won't. You don't understand . . . I have a strange kind of Godmother.

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

(Pause)

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.

(He takes her hand)

Whatever your name is . . . I love you . . . I will always love you.

(She looks up at him, and the clock fades from her mind.)

You don't say anything. I have just told you that I love you and you don't say anything.

CINDERELLA: I'm afraid to. I'm afraid I might wake up.

PRINCE: Are you sure you are asleep?

CINDERELLA: Oh, yes!

PRINCE: Are you dreaming that I am about to kiss you?

(This is going too fast for CINDERELLA. She can't think of an answer. He takes her in his arms gently. It is a slow, shy, not a very long, but a very important kiss.)

It is strange how things happen. A girl I never saw before comes down a flight of stairs and my whole life is changed. Suddenly I am in a different world. I am deeply in love, and yet I don't know *why* I am in love, do you?

CINDERELLA: Do I what?

PRINCE: Do you know why I am in love?

(CINDERELLA shakes her head and smiles)

What did you think I meant?

CINDERELLA: I thought you meant, do I know why I am in love.

PRINCE: Well, do you? I mean are you?

CINDERELLA: Oh, yes.

PRINCE: And do you know why?

CINDERELLA: No, but I don't care why.

PRINCE: I always want to know *why* I do anything, why I feel anything. And so I ask myself why you, a stranger, are suddenly the only kind of girl I could love, and you are the only one of your kind. Why? Why is the sound of your voice the sweetest sound in the world? Why is the color of your hair the only color a girl's hair should be? Why would I rather hold you in my arms than do anything else in the world? Why?

CINDERELLA: Because, Your Highness . . .

PRINCE: Christopher.

Music 22: DO I LOVE YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL?

CINDERELLA: Christopher . . . because that's the way you feel.

PRINCE: But why do I feel that way? What makes you so miraculous?

CINDERELLA *(Smiling)*: Your imagination.

PRINCE: Then what makes my imagination so miraculous?

(CINDERELLA laughs and shakes her head to indicate she doesn't know, but she seems to be loving every minute of the interview just the same. The PRINCE starts to sing.

PRINCE:

Do I love you
Because you're beautiful?
Or are you beautiful
Because I love you?
Am I making believe I see in you
A girl too lovely to
Be really true?
Do I want you
Because you're wonderful?
Or are you wonderful
Because I want you?
Are you the sweet invention of a lover's dream,
Or are you really as beautiful as you seem?

(CINDERELLA and the PRINCE gaze into each other's eyes. She speaks over the music of the second refrain as it starts.)

CINDERELLA: Maybe you do just imagine me. Maybe I am imagining you. . . .

(She sings)

Am I making believe I see in you
A man too perfect to be really true?
Do I want you because you're wonderful?
Or are you wonderful because I want you?

BOTH:

Are you the sweet invention of a lover's dream,
Or are you really
As wonderful as you seem?

(When the song finishes, he starts to gather her in his arms again.)

PRINCE: Now tell me your name.

(CINDERELLA is about to when . . .)

Music 23: TWELVE O'CLOCK

CINDERELLA *(Pulling away from him)*: The clock!

(The PRINCE turns to look at the clock which is striking twelve, and in that moment CINDERELLA pulls away from him and dashes off.)

The PRINCE turns back to her but she is gone! He catches a glimpse of her running through the crowd as the scene changes back to the ballroom. He dashes through the crowd after her, but is intercepted again and again by people trying to greet him or stop him. He brushes past them as quickly as he can, but they are too many for him.

CINDERELLA arrives at the top of the stairs, stumbles for a moment, then regains her footing and dashes out. Finally, the PRINCE makes his way to the top of the stairs, but she is gone. He looks down and sees something on the ground in front of him. He bends down, and, on a chord from the orchestra, he picks the object up. It is the glass slipper.

The PRINCE stands alone puzzled, dejected and defeated as the curtain falls.)

(Curtain. End of Act II.)

ACT III

Music 24: ACT III PRELUDE (Cinderella March—Complete)

Scene i

Music 25: CURTAIN MUSIC ACT III

SCENE: CINDERELLA'S House. It is the morning after the Ball. STEPMOTHER, JOY and PORTIA in their dressing gowns are having a late breakfast. CINDERELLA is of course cooking and serving them during the scene.

STPMOTHER: What a night! What a magnificent affair.

CINDERELLA (*Playing innocent*): Were there many people there?

STPMOTHER: Oh, I should say about five thousand.

(Turning to her daughters)

What would you say, girls?

PORTIA: I would say about ten thousand.

JOY: Or twelve!

CINDERELLA: It must be a very large ballroom at the palace.

JOY: About a half a mile long.

STPMOTHER: And what beautiful music for dancing!

CINDERELLA: Did you dance, too?

STPMOTHER: I should say I did! I met an old beau of mine, and he practically monopolized me.

CINDERELLA: Was he a good dancer?

STPMOTHER: Light as a feather.

(The STEPMOTHER stops massaging her feet and inserts them in the bucket of hot water CINDERELLA has filled in front of her.)

CINDERELLA: Did any of you get to dance with the Prince?

JOY: Did any of us get to dance with the Prince?

PORTIA: Did you hear what she said? Did we get to dance! I danced about an hour with him.

JOY: You danced about an hour with him?

PORTIA: Didn't you?

JOY: Well, of course I did, if you did.

CINDERELLA: Did you know everyone there?

STEPMOTHER: Nearly everyone. All except a Princess who came in very late and left very early. I had no idea who she was.

CINDERELLA: (*Interested and stopping whatever she is doing at the moment*): Did she dance with the Prince?

PORTIA: Y-y-yes. I think I saw her dancing with him once.

JOY: That's right, just once.

CINDERELLA: Do you think he liked her?

JOY: (*Making a noise that means yes and no or so-so*): N-n-yeh.

STEPMOTHER: She was only there for a few minutes.

JOY: Did you go to sleep right after we left?

CINDERELLA: No. I stayed up till . . . a little after midnight.

STEPMOTHER: What were you doing all that time?

CINDERELLA: Dreaming.

STEPMOTHER: Dreaming what?

CINDERELLA: Oh, what it must be like at the ball.

STEPMOTHER: You couldn't possibly dream what it was like unless you were there.

CINDERELLA: Well, I was trying to.

JOY: Well, you just couldn't,

CINDERELLA: Maybe I have more imagination than you think. I have been dreaming and trying to feel just the way you must feel—the way all girls must be feeling—looking forward to the ball all that time and finally *the* night arrives, and you put on the most beautiful dress you have ever worn in your life . . . and off you go! I think I can almost feel what it's like. I imagine . . . I imagine

. . .

(*In high excitement she starts to sing.*)

Music 26: WHEN YOU'RE DRIVING THROUGH THE MOONLIGHT

CINDERELLA (*Sings*):

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,

(Retard)

Like a lovely diamond necklace in the dark!

PORTIA:

It looks that way—

JOY:

The way you say.

STEPMOTHER (*Puzzled and vaguely suspicious*):

She talks as if she knows.

CINDERELLA (*Tactfully*):

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—

(Retard)

Then you seem to hear him asking you to
dance!

You make a bow

A timid bow

And shyly answer "yes"—

STEPMOTHER:

How would you know

That this is so?

CINDERELLA (*Humbly*):

I do no more than guess.

JOY AND PORTIA (*Singing loud like two very devout choir singers*):

You can guess till you're blue in the face

But you can't even picture such a man.

JOY:

He is *more* than a prince—

PORTIA:

He's an *ace*!

CINDERELLA:

But sisters, I really think I can—

STEPMOTHER:

Can what?

CINDERELLA:

I think that I can picture such a man. . . .

JOY AND PORTIA (*Reverently starting to sing a hymn to his charms*):

He is tall—

CINDERELLA:

And straight as a lance!

JOY AND PORTIA:

And his hair—

CINDERELLA:

Is dark and wavy.

JOY AND PORTIA:

His eyes—

CINDERELLA:

Can melt you with a glance!

JOY AND PORTIA:

He can turn a girl to gravy!

(Underneath the following spoken dialogue reprise melody of "Ten Minutes Ago")

CINDERELLA (*Spoken*): When he waltzes he whirls you around so that your feet never touch the floor.

PORTIA: That's right, they don't!

CINDERELLA: And he makes you feel that you weigh nothing at all.

JOY: That's right, he does!

CINDERELLA: He leads you around the crowded ballroom, then out onto the terrace . . .

PORTIA: That's right . . .

JOY: He does?

PORTIA: Didn't he lead *you* out onto the terrace?

JOY: I guess he did. I was so faint with joy I didn't know what was happening to me.

PORTIA: Me, too.

CINDERELLA: Out on the terrace . . .

(The STEPMOTHER and the two sisters are all ears now, leaning forward, under the spell.)

. . . you stop dancing.

JOY: Yes?

CINDERELLA: You walk.

PORTIA: Yes?

CINDERELLA: You stop walking.

JOY: Y-yes?

CINDERELLA: You talk . . .

(By now the other three women are completely under the same spell of romance as is CINDERELLA, and they listen with wide eyes and beautiful faces.)

CINDERELLA: Then . . .

PORTIA: You stop talking?

CINDERELLA: That's right.

JOY: Then . . .?

CINDERELLA: You start thinking!

JOY *(As if this makes everything clear.)*: Oh.

(JOY then realizes she still doesn't understand)

PORTIA *(Who never made any pretence of understanding)*: Start thinking what?

CINDERELLA: Thinking . . . how wonderful it all is!

STEPMOTHER: How wonderful *what* all is?

CINDERELLA: Everything.

(She is as dreamy-eyed with memories as only someone it had actually happened to can be. She sings.)

Music 27: A LOVELY NIGHT

CINDERELLA:

A lovely night,
A lovely night,
A finer night you know you'll never see.
You meet your Prince,
A charming Prince,
As charming as a Prince will ever be!
The stars in a hazy heaven
Tremble above you
While he is whispering,
"Darling, I love you!"
You say goodbye,

Away you fly,
But on your lips you keep a kiss,
All your life you'll dream of this
Lovely, lovely night.

(The STEPMOTHER, JOY and PORTIA have momentarily forgotten their disdain for CINDERELLA and have gotten wrapped up in her description. CINDERELLA has her family audience in the palm of her hand.)

Then the STEPMOTHER and the two sisters, as they do with everything else, try to take over. They act out the fantasy the way it should happen—to them! CINDERELLA watches with a friendly smile, genuinely entertained. Where CINDERELLA's version was full of romance and hope, the version we see now is filled with laughs, accompanied by, among other things, a ricky-tick piano.)

PORTIA (sings):

A lovely night,
A lovely night,

JOY *(Her deadpan sourness contrasting with PORTIA's intolerable effervescence):*

A finer night you know you'll never see.

STPMOTHER:

You meet your Prince,
A charming Prince,

JOY:

As charming as a Prince will ever be!

PORTIA:

The stars in a hazy heaven
Tremble above you

JOY:

While he is whispering

PORTIA:

"Darling, I love you!"

STPMOTHER:

You say goodbye,
Away you fly,

JOY:

But on your lips you keep a kiss

PORTIA:

All your life you'll dream of this

ALL THREE:

Lovely, lovely night.

(The three are so pleased with their presentation and themselves that they launch into a kind of encore. They grow quite carried away with it all and march about the room in a broad and absurd parody of themselves. Perhaps in their minds' eyes, they are even more beautiful—but to ours, they are only funnier. CINDERELLA sits and watches with genuine delight, obviously happy that they are having such a good time.)

PORTIA:

A lovely night

JOY *(Trying to upstage her, as usual):*

"How lovely!"

PORTIA *(Doing the same):*

A lovely night

JOY:

"How lovely!"

PORTIA:

A finer night you know you'll never see.

JOY:

"How lovely!"

PORTIA:

Shush! You meet . . .

JOY:

. . . Your Prince!

PORTIA:

A Char . . .

JOY:

. . . ming Prince!

STEPMOTHER:

As charming as a Prince will ever be!
The stars in a hazy heaven . . .

JOY:

. . . Tremble above you

STEPMOTHER:

While he is whispering . . .

PORTIA:

"Darling, I love you!"

STEPMOTHER:

You say goodbye,
Away you fly,

JOY:

But on your lips you keep a kiss . . .

PORTIA:

. . . All your life you'll dream of this

ALL THREE:

Lovely, lovely night.

(They all sigh deeply and hold the picture for a moment. When the applause is over, a decidedly more peaceful version of the song begins as an underscore to the following dialogue. The STEPMOTHER suddenly becomes conscious of what has been done to her and she becomes her old self.)

Music 28: A LOVELY NIGHT (CODA)

STEPMOTHER: Worst nonsense I ever heard! Rubbish and drive!

(Turning on her two daughters)

And you, listening to her . . . and even aping her very words!

JOY: But mother . . .

STEPMOTHER: Enough! Go to your room!

PORTIA *(As she and JOY exit)*: It's all Cinderella's fault.

JOY: Imagine her trying to imagine what it was like at the ball.

PORTIA: It wasn't anything like that.

JOY: Nothing like it at all.

PORTIA: You know what they always say—

JOY: An idle mind is the devil's workshop.

PORTIA: That's what they always say.

STEPMOTHER *(Turning to CINDERELLA)*: And you, clean this place up. It looks like a pig pen!

CINDERELLA *(Meekly)*: Yes, ma'am.

(The STEPMOTHER exits. CINDERELLA goes straight over to her own little corner, sits in her own little chair and muses.)

CINDERELLA *(Picks up the broom and sings the following as if the broom were the PRINCE.)*

The stars in a hazy heaven
Trembling above me,
Danced when he promised
Always to love me.
The day came through,
Away I flew,
But on my lips he left a kiss—

All my life I'll dream of this
Lovely, lovely night.

(Blackout.)

Scene ii

Music 29: DO I LOVE YOU (UNDERSCORE)

(The scene now changes to the Royal Dressing Room. The KING and QUEEN stand together, listening to the PRINCE. The HERALD stands slightly behind the PRINCE, holding in his hands a cushion upon which sits the glass slipper.)

PRINCE: I know it belongs to her.

KING: What are you going to do?

(Pause)

PRINCE: Sir, may I have your royal guards to send through the kingdom in search of her?

KING: Of course you may.

PRINCE: And your Secret Service, may I call them in to help me?

KING: Yes, of course. They never find out anything, but you can try.

PRINCE: I will try everything! I will search every inch of the kingdom for the owner of this slipper.

KING (Looking at the slipper): That's what I would do.

(He breaks out of his reverie to see the QUEEN staring at him. He speaks to her.)

Well, I would.

PRINCE (Speaking to the HERALD): See that the slipper is tried on every young girl in the kingdom, every last one no matter how unlikely she looks. You are to keep trying until you find the one that fits. Do you understand?

HERALD: Yes, sir!

PRINCE: Find that girl!

(The HERALD bows and exits. The QUEEN signals to the KING that he should leave, too.)

KING: I will . . . just . . . go speak with the Chief of my Secret Service.

(He exits.)

QUEEN: Chris . . .

(The PRINCE has been lost in thought, but now looks up.)

Suppose you *don't* find her.

PRINCE: I *must* find her.

QUEEN: Before last night you knew nothing about her. You know nothing about her now except that she danced prettily and that she looked pretty.

PRINCE: I know that she's the loveliest thing on earth, and I will never be happy without her.

QUEEN: Why do you think that?

PRINCE: I don't know *why* . . . and I don't expect you to understand, Mother.

QUEEN: But I do understand, Chris. I know it doesn't take long to . . . to feel the way you do about this girl.

(The PRINCE gives her a quick look)

But there is one fact I want you to face. You may never see her again . . . I don't want you to waste your life on a dream. I want you to be in love with a real girl.

PRINCE: She is real.

QUEEN: She was real last night. If she doesn't come back, she will never be real again, will she?

(The PRINCE turns away.)

Chris . . . be honest with yourself. Does your future happiness really depend upon your finding her? Or are you telling yourself that? Don't be angry with me. Think over what I am saying. Ask yourself if this is not just an illusion, an infatuation with something that doesn't exist at all.

(She looks deeply concerned, worried and sympathetic, too. But she realizes that she can only do so much and that the PRINCE must decide his future for himself.)

PRINCE *(Walking away from his mother to the window, addressing a CINDERELLA who is not there)*: You're somewhere out

there. I don't know where. You said last night that you thought we were dreaming. Maybe you were right. Maybe my mother is right. How can I know? How can one ever know?

(He sings)

Music 30: DO I LOVE YOU (Reprise)

PRINCE:

Do I love you
Because you're beautiful?

QUEEN *(About ten feet away from him)*:

Or is she beautiful
Because you love her?

PRINCE:

Am I making believe I see in you
A girl too lovely to
Be really true?
Do I want you
Because you're wonderful?

QUEEN:

Or is she wonderful
Because you want her?

PRINCE:

Are you the sweet invention of a lover's dream?
Or are you really as beautiful as you seem?

(The lights fade out on the scene.)

Scene iii

Music 31: THE SEARCH

The Scene shifts back to the Public Square.

This entire scene consists of the HERALD and various royal guards trying to find the foot that fits the slipper. At first it may seem that the slipper is searching for the right foot, but with every woman from six years old to ninety-three faced with the possibilities of marrying the PRINCE, it is only a matter of time before a hundred feet are searching for the slipper. Perhaps a few girls play a game of "keep-away" with the guards after one gets ahold of the slipper.

Perhaps a fight breaks out between an old lady and a teenager. Perhaps a beauty shows her leg and the HERALD forgets what he's there for.

Whatever the choreographer and the director work out, the "Search" ends at CINDERELLA's House, which is moved into position as the Public Square is struck in the dark.

Scene iv

SCENE: CINDERELLA's House. The STEPMOTHER is seated, JOY and PORTIA stand behind her, the HERALD is kneeling in front of the STEPMOTHER with the slipper. The STEPMOTHER is trying with great determination to squeeze her foot into the slipper. After a few grunts of pain, she gives up.

STPMOTHER: It almost fits . . . does that count?

PORTIA (*Snatching the slipper*): Mother . . . honestly! It's my shoe. I'd know that shoe anywhere.

(STPMOTHER reluctantly yields the chair to PORTIA, who sits and struggles with the slipper.)

You see? It fits perfectly!

(She stands triumphantly and promptly falls on her face.)

JOY (*Pulling the slipper off PORTIA's foot*): Let me try! Let me try!

(She sits and tries to get the slipper to cooperate with her foot. When the HERALD reaches to take the slipper back, she slaps his hand. The slipper simply won't fit on her foot, however.)

JOY (*Turning to PORTIA*): What have you done to it? You've shrunk it!

(As she and PORTIA join in an ad lib argument, the HERALD neatly picks up the slipper.)

HERALD: Is there anyone else in the house?

STPMOTHER: No, there is nobody else here.

GODMOTHER (*Appearing at the window*): What about Cinderella?

STPMOTHER: Nonsense!

HERALD: Who's Cinderella?

STPMOTHER: Why, she's just a sort of chimney sweep and general helper here. There would be no use trying the slipper on her.

HERALD: We have instructions to try the slipper on everyone.

GODMOTHER: Try upstairs.

(The HERALD and GUARDS go upstairs)

STEPMOTHER *(To GODMOTHER)*: How dare you come poking your nose into my business?

GODMOTHER: I thought this was the Prince's business. He is the one who is trying to find the missing girl, isn't he?

PORTIA: But Cinderella?

(She laughs her goofy laugh and even JOY looks almost amused)

GODMOTHER: Well, *she's* a girl.

HERALD *(Returning)*: There's nobody up there.

GODMOTHER *(Genuinely surprised)*: No one there?

STEPMOTHER *(Triumphantly)*: I told you so.

(The men troop out. The STEPMOTHER gloats at GODMOTHER who looks very thoughtful.)

PORTIA: Isn't that just like Cinderella? She hasn't even finished the laundry.

JOY: Or the floor.

PORTIA: And someone should really sweep out the fireplace . . .

(They begin to exit, continuing to list the things CINDERELLA could be doing. The GODMOTHER crosses downstage, quite perplexed.)

GODMOTHER: I don't understand . . . Cinderella not there . . . where could she be?

(Pause. Suddenly her face lights up)

Of course! I know . . .

(Blackout.)

Music 32: TRANSITION TO PALACE

(The lights come up on the Palace Garden, GROUND PLAN #5 with the hedge units in.)

Scene v

(CINDERELLA is discovered alone in the garden. She sees someone coming from one side of the stage and hides. The PRINCE enters and

sits on a bench. He looks most dejected. The HERALD holds the cushion with the slipper.)

PRINCE: . . . and you tried the slipper on every young maiden?

HERALD: Every young maiden that could be found. I'm sorry, Your Highness.

PRINCE: Mother was right. I'll never find her. Either she doesn't exist or she's fled the Kingdom. It is all a foolish dream.

PRINCE (To HERALD): Thank you. You may go.

(The PRINCE bows his head, more dejectedly than before. The HERALD turns to leave, but pauses a moment, looking at the PRINCE. Very quietly and with compassion, he places the cushion with the slipper next to the PRINCE on the bench. The PRINCE does not look up. The HERALD motions with his head to the guards and they exit silently.)

The PRINCE after a moment looks over and notices the slipper. He picks it up and studies it. He starts to smile, but shakes it off. In a gesture of utter defeat, he casually tosses the slipper over his shoulder and into the bushes up center. The GODMOTHER appears, catches the slipper, and exits.

Believing everyone has gone, CINDERELLA enters on the other side of the stage. She is clearly very unhappy, and seems to be just idly wandering, totally lost in thought, or perhaps memory. She doesn't see the PRINCE sitting on the bench. The PRINCE watches her wander across the stage. His expression and his voice when he speaks are utterly ingenuous.

PRINCE: Who are you?

CINDERELLA (Startled and embarrassed): Oh . . . Oh! I'm sorry. I didn't think . . . Excuse me, Your Highness, I had no idea anyone was here . . . I'm sorry.

(Ashamed of her shabby dress and dirty face, he quickly goes to leave.)

PRINCE: Wait!

(She freezes. He walks over to her.)

You look familiar, somehow . . . at least I think you do under all that grime. Do you work in the Palace?

CINDERELLA: No, Your Highness.

PRINCE: I'm sure I've seen you before . . . or someone who resembles you. Do you by any chance have a sister?

CINDERELLA: Two, Your Highness.

PRINCE: These sisters, were they at the ball?

CINDERELLA: Yes, Your Highness.

PRINCE: Do they look like you?

CINDERELLA: Well, they're stepsisters, Your Highness.

PRINCE: Stepsisters. Oh.

(He sits on the bench again, giving himself up again to his sadness. CINDERELLA looks around, uncertain of what to do. Her PRINCE does not even remember her, and she herself is uncertain whether she was really the girl in last night's dream that the PRINCE fell in love with. Perhaps she decides that she should leave, but she finds she can't.)

CINDERELLA: Is there anything wrong, Your Highness?

PRINCE: Just the end of a dream. A dream that didn't come true about a glass slipper that didn't fit anyone.

CINDERELLA *(Coming closer to him)*: Oh, Your Highness, you mustn't give up hope.

PRINCE: It was just a waste of time, a wild goose chase. It was impossible.

CINDERELLA: But, Your Highness, impossible things happen every day.

PRINCE *(Skeptically)*: And even foolish dreams come true?

CINDERELLA: Oh, yes, Your Highness. If you wish hard enough and believe in what you're wishing, even foolish dreams come true.

(She has drawn closer and closer to him. Now he looks at her very closely, as if for the first time.)

PRINCE: Why do I feel . . . or am I just imagining . . . Who are you?

(CINDERELLA has moved down center, facing out.)

CINDERELLA *(Embarrassed)*: Oh . . . I'm just a girl from the village. I think I'd better go. My stepmother will be wondering where I am.

(She starts to leave)

PRINCE *(Stopping her)*: Your stepmother wouldn't mind if you were a little late.

(He repeats the sentence to himself, trying to recall why it sounds so familiar)

. . . wouldn't mind if you were a little late . . .

CINDERELLA: Really, Your Highness, I must go.

PRINCE: Yes, I suppose you must.

CINDERELLA *(Backing away, reluctantly)*: Well. Goodbye, Your Highness.

PRINCE: Yes, goodbye.

(She moves farther away and begins to turn to go)

Wait!

(She hurries back toward him, but stops. She is confused and a little frightened. She would blurt out all her feelings to him, but she is afraid that perhaps it was a dream and perhaps he would laugh at her. Meanwhile, the GODMOTHER has entered up center, unnoticed by the pair. In her hand is the glass slipper the PRINCE had thrown away. She sneaks over to the bench and replaces it upon the cushion and exits unseen.)

At least tell me your name.

CINDERELLA: Oh, it's a silly name. You wouldn't like it.

(CINDERELLA hasn't heard anything that could convince her she isn't making a fool of herself. After telling the PRINCE to believe in his dream, she is about to give up on her own. She turns and begins to leave. The PRINCE has turned and walked in the other direction, back toward the bench, wrestling with the familiarity of her words.)

PRINCE: Silly name . . . wouldn't like it . . .

(He suddenly sees the slipper back upon its cushion. He seizes it up triumphantly.)

Stop!

(CINDERELLA stops and turns around to face him. He crosses slowly to her.)

Did anyone try this slipper on you?

CINDERELLA *(Uncertain how to answer)*: No . . . Your Highness.

(Slowly, the PRINCE kneels in front of CINDERELLA, removes her shoe and places the glass slipper on her foot. It fits perfectly.)

PRINCE (*Rising*): I have found you. And I still do not know your name.

CINDERELLA: My name is Cinderella.

PRINCE: The most beautiful name in the world.

Music 33: THE SLIPPER FITS

(The PRINCE and CINDERELLA engage in the longest and most impassioned embrace yet. They kiss. They have found each other. Music segues to THE WEDDING.)

Music 34: FINALE—THE WEDDING

(In full view of the audience, the scene changes back to the ballroom for The Royal Wedding. The company enters from both sides of the stage and helps prepare the scene for the wedding. The PRINCE and CINDERELLA are taken off to either side of the stage and, blocked by members of the company, are dressed for the wedding. The wedding processional begins when the preparations are completed. This is a grand and wonderful wedding, and everyone in the kingdom, JOY, PORTIA and the STEPMOTHER included, have been invited.

At the appropriate point in the music, the PRINCE and CINDERELLA are standing in front of the MINISTER. The music stops as he says. . .

MINISTER: Dearly Beloved . . .

(And, appearing at the top of the stairs for her final godmotherly comment—)

GODMOTHER:

Impossible things are happening every day.

ENTIRE COMPANY:

Do I love you
Because you're beautiful?
Or are you beautiful
Because I love you?
Am I making believe I see in you
A girl too lovely to
Be really true?
Do I want you
Because you're wonderful?
Or are you wonderful

Because I want you?
Are you the sweet invention of a lover's dream?
Or are you really as wonderful as you seem?

(Curtain)

Music 35: BOWS

Music 36: EXIT MUSIC