

CINDERELLA
a traditional English-style panto
created especially for the murder/mystery
Panto Can Be Murder

by

David Jacklin

SIXTH DRAUGHT
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NOTES:

This traditional English panto has been created specifically as the “onstage” part of the backstage murder/mystery thriller comedy **Panto Can Be Murder**. It is designed to fit into the playing of **Panto Can Be Murder**, with entrances and exits time-able to facilitate the playing of the mystery.

It *can* be played separately, but only if the producing group also has permission to perform **Panto Can Be Murder**. Note that it is a part of the murder/mystery script and any performances of it alone count as performances of the whole and royalties for each performance apply. However, if it is played at, say, Christmas as a stand-alone panto, then later in the season, the murder/mystery is played, you can save a LOT on costumes, set, props, etc. Not to mention additional promotional tie-ins.

CHARACTERS:

The Fairy Godmother, an older woman

Cinderella, a pretty girl in her late teens/early twenties

Buttons, a comic character, male, in his early twenties

Baron Hardup, a comic character, male, in his late fifties or early sixties

Baroness Hardup, the Wicked Stepmother, the Dame, usually played by a male, forties or fifties

Griselda Hardup, an Ugly Stepsister, usually played by a male, in their twenties

Ammonia Hardup, an Ugly Stepsister, usually played by a male, in their twenties

Prince Charming, Principal Boy, usually played by a female, in their twenties

Dandini, the Prince’s friend, male, in his twenties

The Chamberlain, doubled by Buttons

The Ghost of Cinderella’s Mother, doubled by The Fairy Godmother

SCENES:

Act One:

Prologue - in one

A street in Snoresalot, rural “England”

The Royal Forest

The kitchen of Hardup Hall

The Royal Forest

The kitchen of Hardup Hall

Act Two:

Prologue - in one

The Royal Ballroom

The Royal Forest

The kitchen of Hardup Hall, late at night

The kitchen of Hardup Hall, next morning

The library of Hardup Hall

The Royal Ballroom (The Walkdown)

CINDERELLA
a panto for Panto Can Be Murder
ACT ONE
Prologue

FAIRY: Well, I really had to hurry fast
To get here right on time.
We have to start right on the dot
To get you home by bedtime.
Now, just a moment, where's me specs?
I know I've got them here.
I'd like to see the girls and boys
Who make the noise I hear.
Oh, there you are! It's nice to see
That you've all come today
To hear the lovely fairy-tale
That we are here to play.

(FX 2: Fairy Underscore)

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A pretty girl was born one day,
Her parents loved her true.
Her name was Ella, and I know
That you'll soon love her, too!
Poor Ella's mother died too soon,
With Ella not yet grown,
And Ella's father struggled on
To raise her on his own.
And that's where our story will begin,
That's all you need to know,
So, to the village of Snoresalot,
On magic wings we'll go!

(LX 2: BLACK; FX 3: CINDERS THEME; LX 3:UP.)

CINDERELLA: Hello, everybody. My name is Ella. But I spend so much time tending the fires here in draughty old Hardup Hall that everyone calls me "Cinderella" – 'cause I'm always covered in cinders! We don't have much money at Hardup Hall but we try to be happy, especially happy today and do you know why? My father should be home today! He's been trying to find money to keep us going at Hardup Hall. It's been pretty lonely, but my friend Buttons will always cheer us up. He always makes me laugh! Have any of you seen him? He's about this tall and has got buttons all over. Can you help me? We'll just call for him and I'm sure he'll come. Come on ... all together. One, two three...Buttons! ...Buttons!

(FX 4: A sports car approaches and halts with squealing tires.)

That must be his bicycle now. He must out here. (She exits.)

(LX 4: FADE TO BLACKOUT. LX 5: LIGHTS UP .)

BUTTONS: Hi, kids! ... Oh , come on – work with me! I’m called Buttons – ‘cause I’ve got so many buttons! So when I say “Hi, kids!” you all say “Hi, Buttons!” Here we go! Hi, Kids! ... That’s it! Cinderella’s father’s coming home today so I’ve been doing a bit of shopping. I’ve bought lots of stuff. (Holds up odd objects.) I got this. And this ... and this ... I don’t know why I got that, but I did. And I got one of these, too! I mean, you can’t have too many of those, can you? Oh, and this book: “Silly Rhymes For Modern Times”:

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn.
The sheep’s in the meadow. The cow’s in the corn.
Where’s the little boy who looks after the sheep?
He’s under the haystack, with Little Bo Peep!

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And sued for fifteen grand in damages.

Mary had a little lamb.
Its fleece was white as snow
Which everyone thought very strange,
‘Cause fleas are black, you know.

So, was Cinderella here? ... Isn't she pretty? ... Can I tell you a secret? I love her! I do! You can't tell anyone! Especially Cinderella! You promise?

CINDERELLA: *(Entering.)* Promise what, Buttons?

BUTTONS Ah!! That...that...that they’ll all brush their teeth after every meal.

CINDERELLA: Odd sort of promise, Buttons.

BUTTONS: Can’t be too careful.

CINDERELLA: No! Gum disease is a very serious issue. Oh, Buttons, father’s coming home today! Isn’t that wonderful?

BUTTONS: Marvellous – and maybe he'll bring home a sack of money.

CINDERELLA: You know, Buttons, money can't buy happiness.

BUTTONS: But, it makes an amazing substitute.

CINDERELLA: Buttons, you're always fooling.

(FX 5: BARON'S ENTRANCE)

BUTTONS: The Baron! Theme music, you see.

CINDERELLA: *(As the BARON enters.)* Father!

BUTTONS: What's shakin', Baron?

BARON: Buttons! Still fooling, I see. *(He slaps BUTTONS on the back.)*

BUTTONS: Ow!

CINDERELLA: Have you been home yet, Father?

BARON: No, I was driving to Hardup Hall when I ran into some people from the village.

BUTTONS: Anybody hurt?

BARON: *(To CINDERELLA)* They told me you were here. So I walked over.

CINDERELLA: What about the lovely carriage you spent our last gold piece on?

BARON: Ah! I sent it on ahead because inside is a special surprise ... for you.

CINDERELLA: A special surprise!

BARON: I talked to my brother who made it big in real estate.

BUTTONS: Re-branding Trump Towers?

BARON: And, he knew of a wealthy widow with two girls of her own! I knew it was more than just a hunch. Ella, my dear, brace yourself. I'm married!

CINDERELLA: Married! I have a stepmother...?

BARON: And a pair of w-w-wonderful stepsisters to boot.

CINDERELLA: We'll brush each other's hair; double date -- triple date! And live happily ever after!

BARON: I hope so, but, I never really had a look at her until we said the I do's. But after we did ...

BUTTONS: Did what?

BARON: After the vicar said "man and wife", she threw back her veil ...

BUTTONS/CINDERELLA: She threw back her veil?

BARON: She threw back her veil ...

BUTTONS/CINDERELLA: Uh-huh?

BARON: And my forecast of sunny days turned into a severe thunder storm warning!

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(FX 6: THUNDER. LX 6: DRAMATIC LIGHTING.)

BARONESS: *(Entering.)* Henry! Henry Hardup!

BARON: Right here, Imogene.

(LX 7: SLOW RESTORE.)

BARONESS: Henry! Heel!

BARON: Yes, my love.

BARONESS: You said you owned "Hardup Hall". It's more like "hardly habitable hall"!

BARON: There are a few things that need fixing.

BARONESS: Fixing? It needs demolition! Not a servant anywhere to be found.

BARON: Oh, my dear, we have a butler, a footman, a stableboy, a groundskeeper, a ...

BARONESS: Well, then, where are they?

BARON: My dear, meet Buttons. *(Indicates him.)*

BARONESS: Is that a man or a monkey? Either way, it's got to go.

BUTTONS: You look familiar, ma'am. Didn't a house fall on your sister? *(She smacks him.)* Ow!

BARONESS: Don't mock my family. Why is this beggar looking at me? Go away, beggar!

BARON: Oh, this isn't a beggar, Imogene. This is my Ella. She's my pride and joy.

BARONESS: You're proud of that ... that ... Cinder-ella?

CINDERELLA: *(Attempting to hug her.)* Welcome to our family, stepmother.

BARONESS: Paws off! *(Using hand sanitizer.)* Of course you're delighted.

CINDERELLA: I know you and my new step-sisters will be very happy at Hardup Hall.

BARONESS: Oh, we shall. The cinder-creature will be our personal maid. I need a bath. Go draw me one – not too hot, with perfumes.

BARON: Buttons, go do that, please.

BARONESS: Henry! The monkey's not coming anywhere near my ablutions!

BUTTONS: Thank God for that, your Gruesomeness – I mean, Baroness.

CINDERELLA: Are my new sisters at the Hall?

BARONESS: They came on the train with all their baggage. Bottoms! Go fetch the bags.

BUTTONS: – and the luggage, too?

BARONESS: I'm watching you, my boy! My bath, cinder-creature!

CINDERELLA: Not too hot, with perfumes.

(CINDERELLA exits.)

BARONESS: Henry!

BARON: Yes, dear ... heel!

(The BARONESS exits, followed by the BARON.)

(LX 8: STATE BRIGHTENS.)

BUTTONS: Do you believe her? Well, I'm staying right here. The gruesome twosome will have to come down this road. That's not fair of me. I'm sure they'll get along so beautifully with Cinders, people will call them the Beautiful Step-sisters. What do you think?

(FX 8: SISTER'S ENTRANCE. AMMONIA and GRISELDA enter through the house, weighed down with bags, parcels etc.)

AMMONIA: It's hot! My feet hurt! How much further is it? Are we there yet?

GRISELDA: Look at all these people, just sitting here. Waiting for the new iPhone?

AMMONIA: Hands off, mate! Hey, sis! He tried to pinch me package.

GRISELDA: Never heard you complain before. Here's one you'd like, sis.

AMMONIA: How's that?

GRISELDA: He's got a pulse!

AMMONIA: Oh, nice! You only ever said "no" once, and then you didn't hear the question. How about this one? Go for a boy-toy, then?

GRISELDA: Yummy! How old do you think he is?

AMMONIA: When he was a boy, there *were* no toys.

(As they pause for breath, BUTTONS, DSC, speaks.)

BUTTONS: Oh, my word! What a pair! They make their mother look good!

AMMONIA: *(On stage.)* Look, sis. The bell-hop.

BUTTONS: I'm Buttons. I'm Baron Hardup's handyman.

GRISELDA: Really? We're the Baron's new step-daughters.

AMMONIA: I'm Ammonia, but my friends call me Moanie! You can call me Miss Hardup.

GRISELDA: Now, I know you look at me and say "Kate Middleton", but I'm Griselda! Gristle to my friends.

AMMONIA: If you had any friends. Now, make yourself useful, you handsome cab and call me a fool.

BUTTONS: No problem. You're a fool!

AMMONIA: I mean, make yourself foolish, you useful cab and call me handsome.

BUTTONS: No, I cannot tell a lie!

AMMONIA: Make yourself useful, you fool, and call me a hansom cab.

BUTTONS: In this town? Not likely. It's shank's mares for you.

GRISELDA: I can't walk anymore! You! Take this luggage to Hardup Hall.

AMMONIA: And don't drop it! It's all top line: Wal-mart, Giant Tiger – not easily replaced.

*(AMMONIA and GRISELDA pile their luggage into
BUTTONS' arms.)*

BUTTONS: How about a tip?

GRISELDA: Fine. Here's a tip. Ready? *(She slaps him on the ear.)* Watch it, bub! When you get to the Hall, draw our baths.

AMMONIA: Turn down our beds.

SISTERS: And get our dinner on the table!

BUTTONS: Right! Dinner in the bath, table on your bed and your drawers down. Got it!

(BUTTONS exits.)

GRISELDA: Moanie, look! Little children! We love children, don't we, Moanie?

AMMONIA: Of course, we do – FRIED!

(The SISTERS laugh.)

GRISELDA: 'Course, we don't know them, really. They've never had the pleasure.

AMMONIA: Allow us. We're the Beautiful Step-sisters. *(“Oh, no, you're not!”)*

SISTERS: Oh, yes we are! ... *(Oh, no you're not!)* Oh, yes we are! ... *(Oh, no you're not!)* We are! We are! We are! ... *(You're not! You're not! You're not!)* We are! We are! We are! ... *(You're not! You're not! You're not!)* We are!

(You're not!) We are! (You're not!) We are! (You're not!) This could go on all night.

GRISELDA: And who's the most beautiful? Me, right? *(No!)*

AMMONIA: They're not that stupid! People, people, in the hall, aren't I the most beautiful of all? *(No!)* Who asked you?

GRISELDA: You're fooling yourself, Moanie. I've got a face like a movie star.

AMMONIA: Yeah – Charlie Chaplin!

GRISELDA: Why you -

(The SISTERS begin a screeching slap-fight. Finally:)

AMMONIA: Let's not quarrel, Gristle! You'll meet Mr. Right one day. Or Mr. One Day, right?

GRISELDA: Oh, I'm in love already. *(Points at someone in the audience)* That one down there's been making kissy faces at me.

AMMONIA: *(Looks out)* That's not a kissy face – he's choking on his toffee!

SISTERS: And, I'm the most beautiful! *(No!!)*

(The SISTERS exit. LX 10: BLACKOUT. FX 9: FAIRY ENTRANCE (INSTRUMENTAL) LX 11: LIGHTS UP DSR. Enter The FAIRY GODMOTHER.)

FAIRY: What a pair those two girls are!
The way they dress is quite bizarre!
And really they're so very mean –
The meanest pair I've ever seen.
But now we'll have to change the scene
To the Royal Forest, all in green.
I'll simply wave my magic wand . . .
Blasted thing! The battery's gone!

(She bangs her wand and waves again. It works this time.)

(LX 12: LIGHTS REVEALING...)

SCENE TWO: THE EDGE OF THE FOREST

FAIRY: And here's the Prince's Royal Green! Oops! I'm not supposed to be in this scene. Later, taters!

(She exits and DANDINI enters.)

DANDINI: There it is, your highness! Yonder lies the castle of your father!

(Enter PRINCE CHARMING.)

PRINCE: I see it, Dandini. But why do my steps grow slower with each pace I take?

DANDINI: I dunno, but it's really a pain. Don't you want to see your chums again?

PRINCE: A prince has no friends.

DANDINI: Ta very much, I think!

PRINCE: Apart from you, Dandini. It's so hard to live in a Royal Palace, with everyone bowing and scraping.

DANDINI: Must have been awful.

PRINCE: And, now with my father dead, I am the Crown Prince for real. Endless tedium and affairs of state. A wearisome burden.

DANDINI: Yeah, you might get carpal tunnel. *(Mimes signing)*

PRINCE: Oh, I know the toil is not hard – but it's so boring! Would that I were free to be an everyday, common-as-muck sort of person ... like you, Dandini.

DANDINI: Ta very much. *(Aside)* “Charmin’”, my Aunt Fanny!

PRINCE: Ah, the poor are so much happier than the rich!

DANDINI: When was the last time you wore a pair of socks twice?

PRINCE: Don't try to cheer me, my friend. I know! Let us change habits – let me be you and you be me! And then you might see how hard it is to be a prince.

DANDINI: And you can wear socks that didn't come fresh out of a plastic bag.

PRINCE: That sounds wonderful! Everyone's always said we look alike.

PRINCE: Dandini, we've been away for so long, who'll know what we look like?

DANDINI: Maybe, but what are you going to do about your accent?

PRINCE: Eck-sent? What eck-sent?

DANDINI: You talk like you've got a mouth full of marbles.

PRINCE: Should I talk like you do, then? "Oi sigh, guv'nah, pip-pip, cheery-ho."

DANDINI: Not bad. But 'ow am I gonna sound like a toff?

PRINCE: Oh, that's not hard, at all. First thing.

DANDINI: Right. First thing.

PRINCE: When you breath, your lungs fill with what?

DANDINI: Smog.

PRINCE: Very funny. Air! Now, what do you have on your head?

DANDINI: An 'at.

PRINCE: Hair! And you find wolves in a ...?

DANDINI: Forest.

PRINCE: Lair! Now put them all together.

DANDINI: Smog-'at-forest?

PRINCE: Air-hair-lair!

DANDINI: Air-hair-lair?

PRINCE: Air-hair-lair! (*Holds out his hand*)

DANDINI: Air-hair-lair! (*Etc. They shake hands with people in the audience.*)

PRINCE: Brilliant! Tomorrow, I'll declare a Royal Hunt and give every one a chance to meet "your 'ighness" (*Bows. Putting his sash on DANDINI.*) If you wear this, no one will know that I'm me and you're you. I mean, you're you and I'm me. I mean ... Never mind. Yonder lies the castle of my father.

DANDINI: I beg your pardon! (*Brushing him aside.*) Two paces behind, meh good fellow – or it's off with your head!

PRINCE: (*Bows*) Forgive me, your Royal 'ighness. A'ter you, your Royal 'ighness!

(They exit. LX 13: BLACKOUT. FX 10: PRINCE MUSIC TO FAIRY. LX 14: DR again. Enter The FAIRY GODMOTHER.)

FAIRY: Did you all hear what I just heard?
There's a Royal Hunt next day
I'll set it up so Cinder's there
And let Nature take its way.
But, I've no time right now to rhyme! *(Grimaces.)*
I'll write Cinderella a note!
It's down here somewhere! *(Takes a Post-it™ notepad from her bodice.)*
I'll leave her a couple of tiny hints:
"There's a Royal Hunt in the Forest tomorrow,
So be there – and meet your Royal Prince." *(She writes the note.)*
I'll put this note by the kitchen stove,
And then, she'll find true ... loave!
Look, you think it's easy rhyming all the time?
Try it for a while and see. I'll just stick it here.

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(She sticks the note to the scenery. FX 11: SCENE CHANGE; LX 15: LIGHTS UP. The FAIRY GODMOTHER exits. Enter BUTTONS.)

BUTTONS: Hi, kids! ... Has Cinderella been here? ... Her two step-sisters have got her working so hard. Are they ever mean! And are they ever ug – oh, look! A note.

(BUTTONS takes the note and reads it.)

"There's a Royal Hunt in the Forest tomorrow, so be there – and meet your Royal Prince."

(The BARON enters behind BUTTONS.)

Well, what does that mean?

(The BARON taps BUTTONS who jumps.)

BUTTONS: Yeech! Stop doing that!

BARON: What's up?

BUTTONS: There's a strange note –

BARON: Yes, I've heard you sing! But what's that piece of paper?

BUTTONS: It's a strange note.

BARON: And what's it say?

BUTTONS: Nothing. It can't talk. It's paper.

BARON: What's written on it?

BUTTONS: There's a Roy'l 'unt.

BARON: Don't know them.

BUTTONS: Don't know who?

BARON: The Lunts. Roy and his wife.

BUTTONS: Not Roy Lunt! A. Royal. Hunt! It says I'll meet my Prince. Look! *(Shows him.)*

BARON: *(Reads it.)* Well, it's not for me!

BUTTONS: It's not for me!

BARON: Well, who can it be for?

SISTERS: *(OFF.)* I feel pretty, oh, so pretty, I feel pretty and witty and bright!

(The BARON and BUTTONS exchange a look and shudder.)

BUTTONS & BARON: I hope it's not for them!

(Enter the SISTERS, in night attire.)

SISTERS: *(Sung)...* Oh, I pity
Any man who tries to run, tonight!
Daiddle-diddle-deedle-day! Tradition!

BARON: Ah, my ug ... mazing step-daughters! Relaxing, are you?

GRISELDA: This amount of hotness takes work.

AMMONIA: We're turning in early to get our beauty sleep.

BUTTONS: I'd sleep in late, if I were you.

GRISELDA: Disgusting thought. And, here's the list of what Cinderella has to do while we're sleeping.

AMMONIA: Where is Miss Prissy No-shoes?

BUTTONS: Cleaning your combat boots.

GRISELDA: Well, fetch her in, step-meal-ticket!

BARON: At once, my dear ... *(He turns away.)* ... lummoX. I'm sorry, my boy, you're on your own.

BUTTONS: Oh, thanks a lot.

(The BARON exits.)

AMMONIA: Oh, Buttons!

BUTTONS: Yes?

AMMONIA: Remember that beauty sleep comment?

BUTTONS: Yes. *(AMMONIA pokes him in the eye.)* Ow! That was wicked of you!

(BUTTONS exits, holding his face.)

GRISELDA/AMMONI: *(High-fiving.)* Wicked!

(Enter CINDERELLA.)

CINDERELLA: Did you want me, step-sisters?

AMMONIA: No, but we're stuck with you.

GRISELDA: Listen, Cinder-one, we noticed that you had all of fifteen minutes to eat today.

AMMONIA: So – ! Here's a to-do list – to do before you go to bed!

(AMMONIA pulls out a multi-page document.)

CINDERELLA: That's a long list.

(The SISTERS back CINDERELLA around the stage as they read the list.)

AMMONIA: Before tomorrow, you must: Clean up my mess and hem up my dress!

GRISELDA: Darn my socks and wind the clocks!

AMMONIA: Boil us some porridge and clean out the storage!

GRISELDA: Sweep off the mats and re-block our hats!

AMMONIA: Make up my bed and build us a shed!

GRISELDA: And when you've done that – Page Two ... *(Turns the page.)*

AMMONIA: Go feed the hen and clean out her pen!

GRISELDA: Fetch in some sticks and point up the bricks!

AMMONIA: Weed all the flowers and scrub out the showers!

GRISELDA: Rake up the leaves and bring in the sheaves!

AMMONIA: Distill me a simple!

GRISELDA: And – squeeze my pimple!

SISTERS: Want to hear page three? Ha-ha-ha!

CINDERELLA: But, I can't possibly do those jobs tonight! Can you help?

GRISELDA: Besides, we're off on a weekend excursion to the spa over in *(nearby town)*.

AMMONIA: They do a complete beauty make-over in thirty minutes.

CINDERELLA: So, you'll be ... how long?

GRISELDA: Three days.

CINDERELLA: I guess no one from Hardup Hall will be going to the Royal Hunt.

AMMONIA: Obviously not.

GRISELDA: Don't be foolish.

SISTERS: Royal Hunt! What Royal Hunt?

CINDERELLA: *(Takes the note from her pocket. Reads.)* "There's a Royal Hunt in the Forest tomorrow, so be there – and meet your Royal Prince."

AMMONIA: Griselda!

GRISELDA: Ammonia!

SISTERS: A Prince! *(To CINDERELLA.)* Give it!

CINDERELLA: Daddy gave it to me!

AMMONIA: And we're taking it from you! Give it!

CINDERELLA: No! No! No!

GRISELDA: Yes! Yes! Yes!

CINDERELLA: No! No! No!

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(The SISTERS chase CINDERELLA but she avoids them until: FX 11: THUNDER. LX 15: DRAMATIC STATE. THE BARONESS DOES NOT APPEAR! A long moment of hesitation on stage.)

AMMONIA: Mummy!

GRISELDA: Mummy!

AMMONIA: She hit me back, Mummy!

GRISELDA: You should come and see this!

CINDERELLA: It's my note. They can't have it!

(A pause while they look around.)

GRISELDA: Well, you should have given it to us!

CINDERELLA: No, Daddy gave it ... !

AMMONIA: Oh, did he? And, why should you have a note and not my daughters? Not us?

GRISELDA: That note says that the Prince will be at the Royal Ball – Royal Hunt ... Mummy.

SISTERS: We want to go to the Hunt! *(Pause.)* And we shall! *(Pause.)* Yippee!

(The SISTERS celebrate like little girls.)

CINDERELLA: *(Looking off.)* But, I want to go to the Hunt, too!

AMMONIA: How can you go to a Royal Hunt, you dirty girl? You haven't a thing to wear.

CINDERELLA: I'll wear this. It's my best dress.

GRISELDA: Wrong! It's your only dress.

CINDERELLA: My only dress?

GRISELDA: I ... uh ... we ... uh ... Mummy put all your clothes in the bonfire.

CINDERELLA: No! PERUSAL COPY ONLY

AMMONIA: Right, because, uh, you really have no, what do you call it – fashion sense, ducky. I mean look at that ... you call that a sleeve ... *(Tears the sleeve.)* The other one's just as bad ... *(Tears the other.)* You call that a hemline? ... *(Tears the hem.)* ... and, and, and just look at that collar! *(Tears the collar.)*

CINDERELLA: My lovely dress! It's nothing but rags, now!

GRISELDA: So put on your big-girl panties and deal with it!

AMMONIA: Oh, I forgot!

SISTERS: We burned them! Ha-ha-ha! Don't you think we're sweet? *(No!)* Go lick a parking meter!

(AMMONIA and GRISELDA exit. CINDERELLA is left alone on stage.)

CINDERELLA: Well, boys and girls, they certainly are mean, aren't they? *(Cries of "Yes!" from the CHILDREN.)* Yes, they sure are mean. *(Pause.)* I wonder where Buttons is? You haven't seen him, have you? *(Cries of "No!" from the CHILDREN.)* Maybe, if we all called for him, he'd come. Buttons! Buttons!

(The CHILDREN join in. This continues until BUTTONS's entrance. CINDERELLA looks for BUTTONS around the stage, and out the doors, calling for him. Enter BUTTONS.)

BUTTONS: Hi, kids! ... Is Cinderella here? Oh, Cinders! Your pretty dress!

CINDERELLA: My Stepmother ... my stepsisters tore it to shreds.

BUTTONS: Oh, dear. That's too bad.

CINDERELLA: What's going on, Buttons? Why were you so late?

BUTTONS: Tell you later, Cinders. Well ... how about that Royal Hunt?

CINDERELLA: What? Yes! I so wanted to meet Prince Charming.

BUTTONS: What for?

CINDERELLA: Well, he might look like the star of a movie.

BUTTONS: Yeah, but it might be Sharknado.

CINDERELLA: Yes, that'd be awful. I wonder where the Baron – I mean, where my father is?

BUTTONS: Right. Baron! Baron! No, I'm not supposed to see . . . So, Cinders, how've you been keeping? Been to any good balls, lately?

CINDERELLA: Oh, Buttons – you are so funny! Ha, ha, ha!

BOTH: Baron!

(The BARON enters behind BUTTONS and taps BUTTONS on the shoulder, scaring him.)

BUTTONS: Ah! Will you stop that?

BARON: Force of habit. If you knew what's been going on out there – I mean, what's been going on here – Cinderella?

CINDERELLA: Buttons was cheering me up.

BARON: What did he do? Fall down dead? Ha, ha! Sorry, not funny. *(Notices CINDERELLA's dress)* Goodness me! How did your dress get torn?

CINDERELLA: You'd better ask Mummy – I mean, Step-mummy – I mean, my step-sisters!

(CINDERELLA exits, crying.)

BARON: I wish I could. I mean, oh dear, she's awfully excitable.

BUTTONS: Nothing gets past you, does it, Baron? It's the Baroness.

BARON: Her step-mother can be somewhat harsh, I fear.

BUTTONS: You fear? I'm shakin' in me old boots! Why did on Earth you marry her?

BARON: Plainly speaking, we needed money!

BUTTONS: Why not sell the family heirlooms?

BARON: Pawned those ages ago!

BUTTONS: Well, you've got a chest full of medals, there. Hock them!

BARON: I couldn't! My medals are very important to me! I wear them everywhere. I pin them on my morning suit, on my evening suit.

BUTTONS: Did you wear them on your birthday?

BARON: Of course! I pinned them on my birthday suit!

BUTTONS: Ouch!

BARON: So, don't try to interfere with my medals – don't meddle with my medals! Ha-ha-ha! *(To audience.)* Meddle with my medals? You get it? Oh, well, please yourselves. *(The BARON exits – laughing.)* It's the way I tell 'em!

BUTTONS: Well, at least somebody laughs at his jokes! Caio, caio!

(BUTTONS exits.)

(A BIG pause.)

(FX 12: SCENE CHANGE (INSTRUMENTAL))

(LX 17: BLACKOUT.)

(LX 18: LIGHTS UP.)

(Enter PRINCE CHARMING.)

PRINCE: My lords, ladies and gentleman - pray silence for his highness, Prince Charming!

(FX 13: ROYAL FANFARE (INSTRUMENTAL))

- DANDINI: *(Entering.)* A very subjective morning to all my peasants! *(The PRINCE coughs.)* I mean ... a very pleasant morning to all my subjects. My lords; my ladies; my all the rest of you. Welcome to the Roy'l 'unt. This is an 'unt with a difference. This 'unt is a treasure 'unt! Why, did I hear you ask?
- PRINCE: I don't think you did.
- DANDINI: Because chasing a frightened little fox all over the countryside is cruelty to animals. That's wrong! Cruelty should be restricted to people.
- PRINCE: That's not what ...
- DANDINI: Instead, you will be chasing something more valuable than a mangy old fox-skin. My servant Dandini, here, has hidden a shiny new gold piece somewhere in the forest. So, on your marks; get set; take off! *(Turns to PRINCE.)* Not bad, eh?
- PRINCE: For a beginner ... your 'ighness! Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll take off!
- DANDINI: Take off? Take off where?
- PRINCE: The point was to allow me to get away from me du'ies – I mean, my duties.
- DANDINI: Yeah, but what happens when this lot don't find a gold piece hid in the woods?
- PRINCE: Why wouldn't they find it?
- DANDINI: Well, it looks just like this one ... *(DANDINI produces the coin.)* ... because it is this one. I was too busy picking up your socks to hide it.
- PRINCE: Well, just put it ... uh ... put it over ... *(Puts coin behind a tree.)* ... there! Someone's sure to find it there.
- DANDINI: Yeah, stuck behind a tree, in the middle of a forest. Blindingly obvious, there!
- (FX 14: SISTERS' ENTRANCE)*
- SISTERS: *(OFF.)* Yoicks, tallyho! Yoicks, tallyho!
- (The SISTERS enter, riding hobby-horses.)*
- GRISELDA: Where's everyone gone? Are we late? Where's the prince?

AMMONIA: Sorry for our tardiness. Griselda was trying to get mounted. But he wouldn't cooperate.

GRISELDA: Oh, what you said! (*AMMONIA's hobby-horse 'rears' up*) Easy, big fellow! Moanie often gives her mount a pain in the ... hind-quarters!

AMMONIA: Yes, and I'm looking at her.

GRISELDA: Eyes to yourself! Oo, look at this one, Moanie.

AMMONIA: Ain't he pretty? Got a girlfriend, dimples?

PRINCE: No.

GRISELDA: Want one?

PRINCE: I am the Prince! – s's servant.

SISTERS: Servant! Eeeuwww! Servant cooties!

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(The SISTERS push the PRINCE away.)

GRISELDA: (*Affecting a bad posh accent.*) Ay've nevah bin 'andled layk thet in me laif.

AMMONIA: Not since last Saturday night.

PRINCE: (*Indicates DANDINI.*) This is the Prince.

AMMONIA: Oh, yummie! 'ere – 'old hower 'orses.

(The SISTERS step off the hobby-horses and give them to the PRINCE.)

GRISELDA: (*Vamps DANDINI.*) So we're 'ere; we've got hower 'orses. Where's the 'unt?

DANDINI: The "unt"? Well, yes, it's an 'unt – a hunt – but not for foxes.

AMMONIA: Oh, I was looking forward to squishing some defenceless creatures. (*Referring to the audience.*) Starting right out there!

DANDINI: We don't hunt cuddly little creatures anymore. This hunt is for hidden treasure.

AMMONIA: Treasure! I love it! Let's go. It's been ages since I went for a tramp in the woods!

GRISELDA: Yes, I remember his screams when you finally caught him.

AMMONIA: I let him go – he was ‘way under the limit! What’s the treasure then?

PRINCE: A gold piece!

AMMONIA: Did someone pull your chain, Mr. Whiskers?

GRISELDA: Yeah, shut it! Sophistica’ed folk is talkin’.

DANDINI: Good luck.

AMMONIA: What, you think we’re going to go tromping through these woods?

GRISELDA: If you tell us where it is, we’d both be so grateful to you – know what I mean?

DANDINI: I’m afraid I do! But what about the other people?

AMMONIA: We won’t tell if you don’t!

GRISELDA: (Draws a water-pistol) Now, where’s that gold piece hidden?

DANDINI: But, I’m the prince!

GRISELDA: (Draws a water-pistol) We’ve soaked better princes than you. Where’s the gold?

DANDINI: Shan’t say.

GRISELDA: Right! Waterlogged prince, it is!

(FX 15: CHASE MUSIC (INSTRUMENTAL); LX CUE 19: LIGHTS UP IN AUDITORIUM. The ensuing chase goes around the stage and into the auditorium, squirting as much of the audience as possible. The PRINCE watches them and laughs. Eventually DANDINI regains the stage.)

DANDINI: Here, I thought servants like you were supposed to protect princes like me!

(The SISTERS regain the stage.)

GRISELDA: We’re going to find you, Princey!

AMMONIA: Where are you?

DANDINI: It's every prince for himself!

(DANDINI exits.)

AMMONIA: *(To GRISELDA.)* Can't half run, can he, Gristle?

PRINCE: His highness was a varsity track-man.

GRISELDA: Did you hear something, Moanie?

AMMONIA: Yes. It sounded like a fish flapping its gums. Shut up, fish face!

(The SISTERS squirt with him. The PRINCE exits.)

GRISELDA: Me squirter's nearly empty! Where did that miniature prince go?

AMMONIA: Let's head him off. He's in the woods; we can grab him by those walnuts!

GRISELDA: Oh, what you said!

SISTERS: Don't you just love us? *(No!)* Blow it out your ear!

(FX 16: PLAYOFF. The SISTERS exit. Enter CINDERELLA with a bundle of sticks.)

CINDERELLA: Hello, boys and girls! ... I need some firewood for the fires at Hardup Hall. Actually, I thought I might catch a glimpse of the Prince, too. You can't blame me for that, can you?

(Enter The FAIRY GODMOTHER disguised as an old woman.)

FAIRY: Oh, goodness me! Oh, gracious! I'm so lost – so lost in the dark forest.

CINDERELLA: Pardon me, grandmother, but you seem to be troubled. May I help you?

FAIRY: was trying to find the path, but the forest is so dark.

CINDERELLA: Which path did you want?

FAIRY: I was gathering firewood. I was going that way ... no that way ... no, that way.

CINDERELLA: Take this bundle, grandmother. It's enough for, tonight. *(Gives her the sticks.)*

FAIRY: But, you'll need it.

CINDERELLA: No, I won't – really.

FAIRY: There's some wood by that tree, yonder.

CINDERELLA: This tree?

FAIRY: No, that tree! *(The one with the gold coin behind it.)*

CINDERELLA: Well, I'll just go pick them up, right now. *(CINDERELLA goes to the trees.)* And, there, now I have plenty, too ... oh! Look at this! It's a gold piece! *(Picks up the sovereign.)*

FAIRY: Really? Why, that must be the treasure for the Royal Hunt!

CINDERELLA: Roy Lunt?

FAIRY: And, now it's yours, to do with as you will.

CINDERELLA: Really? Mine? I could buy a new dress – a beautiful new dress.

FAIRY: Why do you want a new dress?

CINDERELLA: My step-sisters ruined this dress and burned all the rest of my clothes!

FAIRY: *(Coughing.)* Oh, oh, my lungs. Oh, dear.

CINDERELLA: Are you ill?

FAIRY: I haven't eaten a thing for days.

CINDERELLA: No food? Oh, I've been so selfish! Here! You need this more than I.

FAIRY: But you wanted a new dress!

CINDERELLA: What's a dress, compared with food for a kindly old woman? Take it, please!

FAIRY: *(Taking the coin.)* God bless you, Cinderella. You've got your mother's kind spirit.

CINDERELLA: Take care of yourself. Good ...

(As CINDERELLA turns to go The FAIRY GODMOTHER gestures. LX: SPECIAL ON CINDERELLA. FX 17: SPELL

UNDERSCORE. CINDERELLA is frozen to the spot. The FAIRY GODMOTHER throws back her hood.)

FAIRY: Who could doubt Cinderella was good?
She gave sticks and gold for warmth and food!
The least I can do is help her out;
That's what Fairy Godmothers are all about.
The prince and she must fall in love.
All it will take is a little shove
From me – and won't that be lovely, then?

*(The FAIRY GODMOTHER gestures and exits. LX 21:
RESTORE. CINDERELLA "awakens".)*

CINDERELLA: ...bye! Old woman! Where'd she go? And, how did she know my name?

(The PRINCE enters.)

CINDERELLA: Old woman! Old woman!

PRINCE: I'm sorry, were you talking to me?

CINDERELLA: Oh! You're not an old woman!

PRINCE: Not the last time I checked. Are you in need of help? May I offer some assistance?

CINDERELLA: There was an old woman here, just a moment ago. I gave her my firewood, but she's gone and left that. And, I found a gold coin and gave it to her. I see she's taken that.

PRINCE: I've seen no one but you, young ... lady.

CINDERELLA: Well, that's strange. Who are you?

PRINCE: I am the ... Dandini. That's right, I am the Dandini -- of the Prince's staff.

CINDERELLA: Oh, your royalness, sir. *(She bows.)*

PRINCE: Oh, none of that, please! I'm ... just the Prince's valet. I'm a servant.

CINDERELLA: Oh! That's what my step-sisters have made of me. A ragged servant.

PRINCE: Your step-sisters?

CINDERELLA: Oh, my story would be dull after life at the Palace: the Royal Prince, the lords, the ladies, the beautiful people in beautiful clothes.

PRINCE: There are ugly people in beautiful clothes. Have you never met a lord or lady?

CINDERELLA: Well, my father's a baron, actually, but we're awfully poor. And, even if there are ugly people in beautiful clothes at the Palace, nobody wears rags like these.

PRINCE: *(Takes her hand.)* My dear, I think you are the most beautiful woman I've ever seen!

CINDERELLA: But, I'm just a little cinder girl.

PRINCE: A cinder girl? I'll change that, if you'll be mine.

CINDERELLA: Be yours? Oh, my!

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*(The PRINCE holds her close and they nearly kiss. LX 22:
RESTORE STATE. FX 18: Dandini music.)*

DANDINI: Prince! Oh, Prince! Princey-wincey!

(The PRINCE is distracted and CINDERELLA, confused by her emotions, runs away.)

PRINCE: Young lady! Young lady!

(A dishevelled DANDINI enters.)

DANDINI: That's it – I quit! I'll wash your socks and pick up your underwear, but I won't be chased through the woods by those two thugs. I'm going back to beauty school.

PRINCE: *(Shouts after CINDERELLA.)* Don't leave! Come back! Come back!

DANDINI: No, you can't sweet talk me into staying. I've quit. It's hair and nails for me.

PRINCE: Oh, my friend, I've lost her. The woman of my dreams – and she didn't even tell me her name!

DANDINI: I've noticed that about women in my dreams. 'oo are you talkin' about?

PRINCE: The woman I've searched for all my life!

DANDINI: Ain't you the lucky one, then? All's I got was Frick and Frack, back there!

PRINCE: Dandini, she's perfection, itself!

DANDINI: Except she's a little – (He looks around.) – incorporeal.

PRINCE: I turned my head and she disappeared. I can't lose her! What shall I do?

DANDINI: Call out the Guard. Have 'em turn over every tree and drag her back.

PRINCE: Fool! (*Snaps his fingers.*) I have it! Dandini, announce a Royal Ball – and command every girl of marriageable age in the Kingdom to attend!

DANDINI: Every one? Even those two gorgons from the last scene? I'll quit, I will.

PRINCE: No, you won't. I command you to remain at my side, old comrade!

DANDINI: That's lovely for some, innit?

PRINCE: To the Palace! You've ten thousand invitations to write out – then deliver them by hand to every girl in the land!

DANDINI: How about this? We go back to the palace...

PRINCE: And...?

DANDINI: I'll send 'em all a text!

PRINCE: Ha, ha! You cheer me up, Dandini! Now, get writing! The sooner you finish, the sooner I see my cinder girl again! To the Palace!

(The PRINCE and DANDINI exit. LX 24: BLACKOUT. FX 20: SCENE CHANGE LX 25:DUMMY; FX 21: DUMMY; LX 26:DUMMY. LX 27: LIGHTS UP)

CINDERELLA: Oh, good morning, boys and girls! (*She yawns*) Oh! I was working so late and up so early, too, but I've done every single task that my wicked step-sisters gave me.

(Enter The BARON.)

BARON: Ella! What are you doing, working so early? You're just like your mother. (*Kisses her forehead.*) Always thinking of others. I wish some in this house had the same disposition – but I'm not saying who.

CINDERELLA: Griselda and Ammonia came in late last night. Perhaps they're still asleep.

SISTERS: (OFF.) Physical! Physical! Let's get physical! Physical!

(Enter GRISELDA, energetically, and AMMONIA, tuckered out. Both wear track suits. They do a jazzercise routine.)

GRISELDA: Well, that's got my juices pumping! Princey won't be able to keep his hands off. (AMMONIA collapses on a chair.) 'Smatter, Moanie? Too much getting "Physical! Physical!"

AMMONIA: Not the kind of physical I thought you meant. I'll need a physical..

GRISELDA: It works for me. I've lost forty pounds of ugly fat.

AMMONIA: Did you look behind you?

GRISELDA: The Prince'll drop dead when he sees me.

AMMONIA: Shock will do that to you.

BARON: What's with the sudden physical-fitness craze?

GRISELDA: There's a Prince out there in the wild, roaming about. We need to be in shape to reel him in!

BARON: Well, lumpy's a shape.

GRISELDA: How dare you! I have the body of a goddess!

BARON: Well, give it back – you're stretching it!

AMMONIA: I've been told my skin is like peaches and cream.

BARON: What, fuzzy and curdled?

(Four thunderous door-knocks.)

CINDERELLA: Oh, someone knocked.

GRISELDA: I told you she was smarter than she looks.

AMMONIA: She'd have to be!

SISTERS: Hey, cinder-girl, answer it!

CINDERELLA: Yes, step-sisters.

(CINDERELLA exits.)

BARON: Ella's done nothing to deserve your unkindness. You've got her waiting on your every whim.

AMMONIA: We don't have her waiting. We tell her our every whim as soon as we think of it – and she'd better get cracking on it, pronto!

(Enter CINDERELLA with four invitations.)

BARON: Was someone at the door?

CINDERELLA: Someone from the Prince! We are commanded to attend the Royal Ball tonight!

(CINDERELLA gives the invitations to the BARON.)

GRISELDA: I knew the Prince had the hots for me! One taste of the Gristle and they come begging for more.

AMMONIA: Fat chance, fat fanny. It's me he's after.

GRISELDA: Give us the invites! Give!

BARON: Take it easy! Everyone gets one. The Baron and Baroness Hardup, Miss Ammonia Hardup ... Miss Griselda Hardup...and Miss Ella Hardup.

CINDERELLA: Oh, thank you!

GRISELDA: Don't bother with one for that little rag-ball. She's not going!

AMMONIA: She sure isn't – give it!

(AMMONIA grabs at CINDERELLA's invitation)

BARON: If my daughter wishes to go to the Ball, she certainly shall. Ella?

GRISELDA: Look at the rags she wears! She'd be a disgrace to Hardup Hall – if that's possible.

(GRISELDA grabs at CINDERELLA's invitation.)

BARON: If my daughter wishes to go to the ball, then she may!

CINDERELLA: Oh, don't quarrel, please! They're right. I've nothing to wear except these rags.

- BARON: Then, we'll get you all new clothes!
- AMMONIA: Not with Mummy's money, you won't!
- BARON: Very well, I've not been able to bring myself to do it, yet, but – tomorrow, my medals go up on Ebay.
- CINDERELLA: Daddy, not your medals!
- GRISELDA: How much do you think you'd get for those dirty old things?
- BARON: Look here, the Victoria Cross ... the Military Cross ... and the ... er ...
(Examines it closely) ... the ... er ...
- AMMONIA: The Hot Cross Bun?
- BARON: The India Cross! Worth maybe five thousand.
- AMMONIA: And you told Mummy you were skint! Things are going to get pretty nasty around here when she finds out you lied!
- BARON: Nastier than they already are? And how are you going to tell her?
- (The SISTERS exchange a look and take deep breaths.)*
- SISTERS: Mummy! Mummy! Mummy!
- BARON: You can shout till the cows come home ... or you can cow till the shout comes home ... because your Mother is not home. And, now, dear Ella – let us find you the most beautiful dress we can, so you can go to the ball!
- CINDERS: Oh, Daddy, thank you!
- GRISELDA: You're mean!
- AMMONIA: I want a new dress!
- BARON: Go to the barn and get a horse blanket. There's some oats out there, too. Goodbye, girls! *(He exits. And comes back on with ripped pieces of paper.)* And . . . *(There is a long pause.)* Oh, dear! Oh, look what's happened! Your evil mother, my wife, Cinderella's stepmother has torn poor Cinderella's invitation to the ball into pieces! Now, poor Cinderella can't go to the ball!
- AMMONIA: Oh, well, then . . . there's no reason for us to stay, is there? Come along, Moanie -- I mean Gristle – elda.

(The BARON exits, followed by the SISTERS.)

CINDERELLA: I only want to go to the Ball, because I might see Dandini again, and now I've lost the chance. Oh, my Wicked Step-mother and my Ugly Step-sisters have made my life so miserable! *(She breaks down and cries.)*

(And continues to cry. And continues to cry. BUTTONS enters.)

BUTTONS: Hiya, kids! ... *(Kneels beside her)* Cinders! Are you crying?

CINDERS: No, Buttons, I'm all right. What are you doing here – already? My step-mother and -sisters haven't left for the ball, yet.

BUTTONS: Don't hand me that! Actually, your step-mother and sisters have already gone to the ball – already – remember?

CINDERS: Oh, right! And ... my invitation to the Royal Ball got torn up!

BUTTONS: Oh, no! Who did it? As if I didn't know.

CINDERS: My Wicked Stepmother did.

BUTTONS: Don't cry – we'll just Scotch Tape™ it back together. *(Begins to arrange the pieces)* Oh, no! I just realized something!

CINDERS: What?

BUTTONS: I'd have to invent Scotch Tape™ first! I know! Let's have a ball of our own, right here!

CINDERS: A ball of our own?

BUTTONS: We just have to pretend. Just imagine – the Royal Palace! The Royal Footmen! The Royal Ballroom! The Royal Musicians begin to play ...

(FX 24: WALTZ.)

The Blue Danube – or the other one. And there! Waiting for you with open arms is a man who loves you better than anyone else.

(BUTTONS takes CINDERELLA in his arms: they begin to dance.)

CINDERS: Where did you learn to waltz, Buttons?

BUTTONS: I got a free six-month trial at the Arthur Murray dance school once. The instructor said there wasn't a thing they could teach me. Do you feel better, now?

CINDERS: I do, Buttons – for a while. And, then I remember how terrible my life is!

(The music fades as CINDERELLA turns away and cries.)

BUTTONS: Cinders, you do know there are people who love you, don't you? Someone in this very room, for instance.

CINDERELLA: This room? Oh! I love you too, Buttons.

BUTTONS: No, Cinders. I love you!

CINDERELLA: And I love you, too. We'll always be friends, Buttons.

BUTTONS: No, Cinders, I love you! Marry me. I've got nearly six quid saved up. We could have a wonderful life together, with the pitter-patter of tiny Buttons.

CINDERELLA: Oh, Buttons – I didn't realize. I'm sorry, I don't love you that way. But we'll always be friends, won't we?

BUTTONS: What? Oh, sure! Sure! What fellow doesn't want to always be friends? Well, I guess I'll be off to bed, now, Cinders. Goodnight. See you in the morning. As always. As if nothing has changed.

(BUTTONS exits slowly.)

CINDERELLA: And, now Buttons' feelings are hurt! Nothing is going right.

(A knock at the door. The FAIRY GODMOTHER enters, in her cloak.)

FAIRY: Oh, help me, please. May I warm myself at your fire?

CINDERELLA: Oh, dear. Grandmother, you must come in. Sit down by the fire.

FAIRY: I shall, my dear. Were you talking about a Royal Ball?

CINDERELLA: The Royal Ball at the Palace. But how can I go, in rags, with no invitation?

FAIRY: Anything is possible if you believe hard enough, Cinderella!

(LX CUE 29: BLACKOUT. FX 23: Thunder. During the Blackout the FAIRY GODMOTHER's cloak is removed.)

*On the Restore she is revealed in all her glory. LX CUE 30:
RESTORE.)*

You shall go to The Ball!

CINDERELLA: Who are you?

FAIRY: I've got wings, a wand and sound effects. Who do you think I am?

CINDERELLA: The Tooth Fairy?

FAIRY: I'm your Fairy Godmother! Yesterday, you helped me in the woods, now I shall help you to go to the Ball! First we'll need some extra hands. Is there someone who can help?

CINDERELLA: Well, there's Buttons, but he's sleeping.

FAIRY: Then let's wake him up, again! Children, you can help. We'll all call Buttons three times, but very loudly Ready? Buttons! Buttons! Buttons!

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(She gestures with her wand. BUTTONS enters in a night-shirt, and holding his teddy-bear.)

BUTTONS: Where am I? *(Sees The FAIRY GODMOTHER.)* Wow! I'm on Dancing With The Stars!

CINDERELLA: Buttons! This is my Fairy Godmother.

BUTTONS: Pull the other one!

FAIRY: And we are going to make sure Cinderella goes to the Ball!

BUTTONS: To the Ball? I'm your man, your Fairy-ship!

FAIRY: First, go get a pumpkin.

BUTTONS: A pumpkin! We've got those!

FAIRY: Wait, wait, wait!

BUTTONS: Right, right, right.

FAIRY: The biggest one you've got!

BUTTONS: The biggest? Oh, me aching back!

(BUTTONS exits.)

CINDERELLA: How can a pumpkin help?

FAIRY: Have a little faith, my dear. You must believe!

(Enter BUTTONS, pushing a large pumpkin.)

FAIRY: *(Patting the table.)* Now, up here with it.

(BUTTONS can't lift the pumpkin.)

FAIRY: A big strong boy like you?

(She lifts the pumpkin with one hand and puts it on the table.)

BUTTONS: Wow! Are you on the Russian women's track and field team?

FAIRY: *(She consults a paper.)* Two white mice!

CINDERELLA: I've got two pet mice!

FAIRY: Fetch them in!

(CINDERELLA exits.)

FAIRY: *(Checks the paper.)* Buttons, get a rat.

BUTTONS: A rat? I'll catch me death of plague.

(BUTTONS exits; CINDERELLA enters with the mice in a cage.)

CINDERELLA: Here are the mice.

(The FAIRY GODMOTHER puts the cage on the table.)

FAIRY: *(Checks the paper.)* Got a lizard?

CINDERELLA: Maybe in the garden? *(She starts out.)* Oh, it's raining!

(CINDERELLA exits.)

FAIRY: *(Calls after.)* Never mind the rain, dear!

(BUTTONS enters with rat.)

BUTTONS: A reindeer! Do I look like Santa Claus?

FAIRY: Never mind. Rat on the table, please.

BUTTONS: *(As a hippy.)* Rat on! Rat on!

(Enter CINDERELLA with lizard.)

CINDERELLA: Would you believe it? There was lizard right outside the door!

FAIRY: *(Checking her paper.)* Now: the pumpkin for a coach; the mice for horses; the rat, a coachman, and the lizard, a tall and good-looking footman.

BUTTONS: You may be stretching that last.

FAIRY: But you'd better take everything out into the garden, Buttons.

BUTTONS: But I ..just... brought it ...! Ahhh!

(BUTTONS exits SR pushing the table.)

FAIRY: Now, leaves and moss for your gown.

(CINDERELLA goes off and exits.)

(FX 24: TRANSFORMATION.)

FAIRY: All right, it's magic time, boys and girls. You have to help me now. Cross your fingers and say "She shall go to the ball! She shall go to the ball!" That's it! Keep going! Now, Cinderella! Steady!

(CINDERELLA'S double enters, back to the audience.)

With shining silk and fine-spun thread,
Gems to sparkle on your head,
Jewels made of stardust, sparkling as they fall,
Ready, Princess Crystal? You shall go to the Ball!

(LX 31:TRANSFORMATION. There is a pyro flash (or blackout/restore) and she is replaced by the real CINDERELLA in a ballgown)

CINDERELLA: Oh, Fairy Godmother, is this real?

FAIRY: Not real; better! It's magic! But listen, Cinderella! This magic will fade at midnight. So you must be home by twelve o'clock, for on the last stroke of twelve, your beautiful gown will turn to rags, your coach become a pumpkin. Now, to the Ball in Royal state, away you go, my dear, but keep in mind that at midnight, the magic will disappear!

(CINDERELLA exits. FX 29: coach, then music.)

FAIRY: Don't forget, dear! The stroke of midnight!

(LX CUE 32: FADE.)

END OF ACT ONE

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CINDERELLA
a panto for Panto Can Be Murder
ACT TWO
Prologue

(FX 30: ENTR'ACTE LX CUE 34: OPENING STATE. Enter The FAIRY GODMOTHER.)

FAIRY: Parents and children, welcome back.
The show will soon be back on track.
The scene that you've been waiting for
Is finally at hand.
The Prince's Ball is underway
With every beauty in the land;
(Our casting budget's limited,
You have to understand.)
And Cinderella's nearly here,
Her coach is drawing nigh.
I just hope she keeps in mind
The rules of pantomime:
All fairy magic must run out
At the final midnight chime.
Right then, I'm off! Toodles! Cheery-bye!

(The FAIRY GODMOTHER exits. LX 35: CROSSFADE. FX 31: Classical dance music is heard. The CHAMBERLAIN stands at the top of the stairs. At the end of the dance, the CHAMBERLAIN comes down the stairs and DANDINI approaches him.)

DANDINI: Quite the party, innit?

CHAMBERLAIN: *(Icily.)* Did you speak?

DANDINI: The Prince's Ball. All the la-de-dah's la-de-dahncin'. I'm more into hip-hop, meself.

CHAMBERLAIN: Then why not hip-hop on out of here? Have you not got socks to pick up?

DANDINI: I already picked up his socks for the night and he told me to take off.

CHAMBERLAIN: There's a window. Flap your arms and take off. Where is the Prince?

DANDINI: He said he'd show up when his special someone arrived.

(The CHAMBERLAIN looks off and snaps into action.)

CHAMBERLAIN: The Prince is here! Finally! Now the ball can begin!

(The CHAMBERLAIN takes up his position at the door.)

DANDINI: He gets there, sooner or later. Which is not bad, for a Royal.

CHAMBERLAIN: That's very nearly treasonous, Dandini! If I reported that to the Prince ...

DANDINI: He'd laugh, 'cause he's got something you don't: a sense of humour!

(The CHAMBERLAIN knocks with his staff.)

CHAMBERLAIN: My Lords, My Ladies, and the rest of you – pray be upstanding for His Royal Highness, The Prince Charming!

(FX 32: Royal Fanfare. The PRINCE enters and crosses to DANDINI.)

PRINCE: Having a ball, Dandini?

DANDINI: 'Avin' a ball, sir. Every young woman in the kingdom is here – and a few that only wish they were young.

PRINCE: So, I see. It's rather daunting. But, I haven't seen my cinder girl anywhere.

DANDINI: There's plenty still to come. Do you know how long horse and carriage takes? Some of them had to leave before they got the invitation!

(The CHAMBERLAIN announces.)

CHAMBERLAIN: Your Highness, My Lords, My Ladies, and I really don't care about anyone else, Baron Henry Hardup, V.C., M.C., I. C., D. V. D.

(Enter BARON HARDUP. The CHAMBERLAIN exits. FX 33: MILITARY FANFARE.)

BARON: *(He comes to the PRINCE.)* Your Highness.

PRINCE: *(Shaking hands.)* Evening, Baron. Delighted to see you again. Tell me, how are things at dear old Hardup Hall?

BARON: Oh, everything's falling down, falling apart and falling over.

PRINCE: Good heavens! But how is your health, my dear Baron?

BARON: That's what I was talking about!

(They laugh. The CHAMBERLAIN, in a state of panic, enters.)

CHAMBERLAIN: *(Frightened and stuttering.)* My lords, my ladies and my gentlemen – *(He reads from a card.)* – the popular, gorgeous and vibrant Baroness Imogene Hardup!

BARON: Oh blast, I was hoping they'd get lost.

(FX 34: THUNDERCRASH. LX CUE 36: LIGHTNING. Enter The BARONESS who sweeps down the stairs. The CHAMBERLAIN exits hurriedly.)

PRINCE: *(As she approaches)* That the new wife, Hardup?

BARON: I wouldn't call her new, sir.

PRINCE: I'm sorry.

BARON: You're sorry?

BARONESS: Henry! You were supposed to wait! We told you we'd only be another 14hours.

BARON: Well, Gristle and Moanie – I mean, Griselda and Ammonia – said they weren't leaving until they were beautiful. I couldn't wait six days. I mean – er – I couldn't wait ... to present you to His Royal Highness. Your Highness, may I present my wife, the Baroness Imogene Hardup?

BARONESS: *(Curtseys)* Your Grace. I've never met a prince before.

PRINCE: *(Bows)* I promise you, a prince still puts on his trousers one leg at a time.

BARONESS: I'd like to see that.

BARON: Imogene!

BARONESS: I mean, I like to see that you're so down to earth, your Grace. You know, not at all stuck up. *(She takes his arm.)* You must meet my daughters.

PRINCE: Surely, you can't have grown daughters of your own, Baroness?

BARONESS: Oh, aren't you a flatterer? *(She hits him with her fan.)* I have two.

BARON: But, dear, you've forgotten –

BARONESS: Two, Henry! You saw them at the Royal Hunt, your Highness.

PRINCE: Quarry? I mean, really?

BARONESS: My two darlings: Ammonia and Griselda Hardup. Do you remember them, now?

(Behind her, DANDINI mimes a pickle puss and a fat slob.)

PRINCE: Oh! Those two horrib – ly handsome girls are yours?

BARONESS: Every delicious bit of them. They so enjoyed the Hunt, didn't they, Henry?

BARON: They are excellent at sport, sir – sumo wrestling, rugby, bare-knuckles boxing ...

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(The CHAMBERLAIN enters.)

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CHAMBERLAIN: Your Highness, My Lords, My Ladies, assorted sundries – Misses Ammonia and Griselda Hardup!

(Enter AMMONIA and GRISELDA. The music ends with a loud tuba 'fart': They look at each other.)

AMMONIA: It wasn't me!

GRISELDA: Well, it wasn't me! *(They look at the CHAMBERLAIN.)*

CHAMBERLAIN: May I have your tickets?

SISTERS: Ticket? My face is my ticket!

CHAMBERLAIN: Very well. I have instructions to punch all tickets. *(The SISTERS hand over their invitations, which the CHAMBERLAIN takes.)* You're on your own. *(The CHAMBERLAIN exits. The SISTERS walk down with false poise, mistaking astonished stares for admiring gazes.)*

BARONESS: Aren't they delightful?

PRINCE: Astonishing!

DANDINI: Oh, you can do better than that, your Highness.

PRINCE: *(Smiling.)* Dandini, go walk into the moat. *(DANDINI turns to leave.)*
Stop! I have a better idea.

BARONESS: They've been panting to meet you, your Highness.

PRINCE: And wagging their tails? Ha-ha! Dandini! Amuse the ladies ... *(DANDINI's mouth drops open.)*

BARONESS: Oh, but ... the girls wanted –

PRINCE: ...while we browse the smorgasbord, Baroness. Baron?

(The PRINCE offers her his arm: she cannot refuse him.)

BARONESS: That will be lovely, thank you

BARON: Borgas-shmord? When I was in Denmark, they had the loveliest
borgashmords.

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(The PRINCE leads them away. The SISTERS survey the ballroom.)

AMMONIA: Griz, look! *(Pointing out.)* There he is!

GRISELDA: There who is?

AMMONIA: The butch one I was telling you about.

GRISELDA: Oh him – no chance with him, girl!

AMMONIA: Yeah? The whole of the interval, he was pounding on my dressing room door.

GRISELDA: And how did that end?

AMMONIA: He finally got out.

GRISELDA: Where's the Prince? I'm determined to engage him in witty conversation.

AMMONIA: That'd be a one-sided conversation. You haven't got the brains of a hedgehog.

GRISELDA: No, but my sister has the face of one.

AMMONIA: Oh, look, look! Here he comes!

GRISELDA: Right! Watch me sweep him off his feet.

AMMONIA: *(Looking at GRISELDA's behind.)* Well, you've got a big enough dust pan.

(DANDINI kisses their hands.)

Oooh! I'll never wash that hand again.

GRISELDA: As if she ever washed it before.

DANDINI: Ladies, you look very ... healthy tonight. *(To GRISELDA.)* And, what a charming dress you're wearing.

GRISELDA: Thank you, Your Nibble-ship. I'm wearing my Wild West bra.

AMMONIA: It rounds them up and heads them out.

DANDINI: Ahem. *(To AMMONIA.)* And those are lovely ear-rings you're wearing.

AMMONIA: Oh, I just saw them in the window.

GRISELDA: Yeah. On the curtains.

AMMONIA: I've turned the heads of royalty before now.

GRISELDA: And the stomachs of everybody else.

AMMONIA: *(Pushes GRISELDA.)* Get your hams off him, glue-fingers!

(The SISTERS begin a cat-fight.)

DANDINI: Ladies! I'm delighted to inform you: I'm not the Prince.

AMMONIA: 'Ow d'ja mean? Not the Prince?

DANDINI: I'm actually the Prince's valet.

GRISELDA: *(Shouts across the Ballroom)* Daddy! What's a valet?

BARON: It's a geological depression between two ridges usually formed by erosion or glaciation.

GRISELDA: *(Beat.)* Not a valley! A Prince's Valet!

BARON: Oh! A servant who picks up dirty socks.

SISTERS: Eeuuww!!!

AMMONIA: This sock-picker said he was the Prince!

DANDINI: Oh, no, I didn't!

GRISELDA: Oh, yes, you did!

DANDINI: Oh, no, I didn't!

AMMONIA: Oh, yes, you did!

BARON: I highly doubt that he did. This is His Royal Highness.

SISTERS: Yippee!

(The SISTERS run over to him and kneel.)

AMMONIA: Your High'n'Mighty-ness!

GRISELDA: Your Royal Scrumptiousness!

BARONESS: No, girls, you say "Your Grace".

SISTERS: For who we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful.

PRINCE: *(Bows)* Ladies!

BARON: Well, there's debate ...

BARONESS: Your Grace, may I present my daughters?

AMMONIA: I'm Ammonia. Those who know why call me – Moanie!

GRISELDA: I'm Griselda. Just call me!

BARONESS: As witty as they are beautiful! Aren't they amazing?

PRINCE: I'm at a loss for words.

BARON: May I suggest a few?

PRINCE: Excuse me, ladies. Dandini, with me. *(He crosses and DANDINI follows.)*

DANDINI: Oh, thank you, sir!

PRINCE: Dandini, all these women here tonight but none are my beautiful cinder girl.

DANDINI: Your highness, look around. There are lots of lovely young women here.

PRINCE: But none like her.

DANDINI: And, thank goodness, only two like them.

(A fanfare of trumpets; the CHAMBERLAIN comes in.)

CHAMBERLAIN: My Lords, My Ladies, Ladies and Gentlemen – the Princess Cendrillon!

(CINDERELLA enters in her gown etc.)

DANDINI: Oh, what about that one, your Highness? I've never heard of her but ...

PRINCE: Dandini! That's her! That's my cinder girl!

(The Prince runs over to Cinderella.)

DANDINI: Oh, well, problem solved, then! From that look, I'd say 'is 'ighness is 'ooked.

(He starts toward the SISTERS, then goes the other way.)

PRINCE: Excuse me.

(CINDERELLA turns and sees him.)

CINDERELLA: Oh! Dandini!

PRINCE: *(After a beat.)* Yes! It's I. You came!

CINDERELLA: I – yes, I came.

PRINCE: And the herald said you are – the Princess Cendrillon?

CINDERELLA: Well, he's a herald. He ought to know. Why do you keep staring at me like that?

PRINCE: I don't know of any other way to stare at you. How did you get here?

CINDERELLA: My pet mice brought me – but they're not mice right now. They're horses. But they'll be mice again at midnight. I'm sorry, that doesn't make much sense.

PRINCE: I'm delighted to speak with you whether it makes sense or not. May we dance?

CINDERELLA: We may.

(They dance.)

GRISELDA: Mommy! Why is the Prince dancing with that ugly girl?

AMMONIA: Yeah, he was supposed to dance with that ugly girl! *(Meaning GRISELDA.)*

GRISELDA: Who's ugly?

AMMONIA: I'd say look in a mirror, but it'd break!

(They fight as the PRINCE and CINDERELLA dance past.)

BARONESS: *(Bowing.)* Forgive us, Your Highness!

(CINDERELLA reacts to this.)

CINDERELLA: Why did she say "Your Highness"?

PRINCE: That's what people usually call me.

CINDERELLA: Aren't you Dandini, the Prince's valet?

PRINCE: Actually, I'm ... Charming. *(And he says it charmingly.)*

CINDERELLA: Charming? *(She stops dancing.)* You're the Prince? Prince Charming!

PRINCE: Guilty, as charged.

CINDERELLA: *(Curtsies.)* You highness – *(Rising.)* Wait a minute! Why did you lie to me?

PRINCE: No! I pretended to be Dandini to get out among the people, to find someone who might love me for myself, not for my palace. And, when we met in the woods, I knew right away that – but, Princess, why were you there, dressed in rags?

(The clock begins to strike twelve.)

CINDERELLA: What's that? Oh, no! Midnight, already! I must go. I'm sorry.

PRINCE: Wait! Cendrillon!

CINDERELLA: I'm not Cendri ... ! I must go! I'm sorry!

(The PRINCE catches her and kisses her. She breaks away and runs off.)

Goodbye!

PRINCE: Cendrillon! Wait! Dandini! Stop her!

DANDINI: *(To CHAMBERLAIN.)* Julius, catch that girl before she gets away!

CHAMBERLAIN: What?

DANDINI: Julius, seize 'er!

ALL: *(To audience.)* It's an oldie, but a goodie!

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(The PRINCE runs after CINDERELLA.)

CHAMBERLAIN: My lords and ladies! It would appear that the ball is over!

ALL: Awww!

CHAMBERLAIN: Please proceed in an orderly manner to the nearest exit.

(The PRINCE re-appears.)

PRINCE: Ten thousand gold pieces to whoever finds the Princess Crystal!

(He leaves. There is a sudden rush to the exits.)

DANDINI: What's she like?

CHAMBERLAIN: Well, her bio says she likes long walks on the beach, horse-back riding, quiet evenings by the fire ...

DANDINI: What does she *look* like?

CHAMBERLAIN: Oh! Well, she's wearing a beautiful shimmering ball gown by Dior, a Valenti diamond tiara – oh!, and glass slippers!

AMMONIA: Mommy, you said we could have a prince!

BARONESS: Shut up, you stupid girl! We're going to get ten thousand gold pieces!

GRISELDA: But, I wanted a prince!

BARON: I'll get you a dog and you can call him whatever you want.

DANDINI: As long as you call him and not me.

SISTERS: Call you! Eeeuuww!

(ALL EXIT. LX 36: DOWN. FX36: CHANGE. LX37: UP ; SC 9: IN THE ROYAL FOREST. There is a signpost with three arms: "This way to Hardup Hall; This Way To The Castle; and Don't Go This Way!")

(CINDERELLA enters, in her rags but still with tiara and slippers.)

CINDERELLA: Oh, dear! My horses have turned back into mice; my coachman has turned back into a rat; and my coach is a pumpkin! My beautiful ball gown has turned back to rags. Soon, Princess Cendrillon will disappear and I'll be ragged Cinderella – and the Prince will hate me! I must get back to Hardup Hall, but which way is it? *(She stops in front of the signpost.)* Which way should I go? Should I go this way *(NO!)* Should I go this way? *(NO!)* Should I go this way? *(YES!)* What, this way? *(NO!)* *(Etc. After much confusion and shouting, she decides and points in the right direction.)* I'll go this way, then. *(And sets off the wrong way.)* What? Not that way? This way? Well, I wish you'd make up your minds.

PRINCE: Cendrillon! Cendrillon!

CINDERELLA: Oh, my goodness! It's Charming! He mustn't see me in my rags! But, I can't run in these glass dancing slippers! *(She takes them off and puts them in her pockets)* Now, to run home as fast as I can!

(She exits, just before the PRINCE enters opposite.)

PRINCE: Cendrillon! Cendrillon! Where has she gone? *(He stops to catch his breath.)* She is the only woman in the world for me! *(To audience.)* You know she's the only woman in the world for me, don't you? *(If answer is YES)* Oh, you've heard this story before? *(If answer is NO)* What, you've never heard this story before?

(DANDINI enters, also out of breath.)

DANDINI: Your Highness! Will you wait, please?

PRINCE: Dandini, have you found her?

DANDINI: All I've done is lose meself. Where are we?

PRINCE: In the Royal Wood, not far from Hardup Hall.

DANDINI: Hardup? Not those two 'orrible sisters and their mother?

PRINCE: Oh, they're not bad. Perhaps one of my subjects will find my cinder girl. I've heard them all around, looking.

DANDINI: Ten thousand gold pieces is a lot of incentive.

PRINCE: This way, my friend! There's no time to lose!

DANDINI: Right! This way!

(They exit; the BARONESS and the SISTERS enter opposite.)

BARONESS: Come along, girls! The Princess can't have gone far. Keep searching!

AMMONIA: But, my feet hurt!

GRISELDA: My girdle's killing me!

SISTERS: I'm hungry!

BARONESS: Shutup! When we get the ten thousand gold pieces, as God is my witness, you'll never be hungry again – AND we can dump that stupid old Baron and head for the hot spots: Paris!

AMMONIA: Rome!

GRISELDA: Skegness! *(Or substitute a local small town.)*

BARONESS: I despair sometimes, I really do.

(AMMONIA pulls off a shoe. A fist-sized rock falls out of it.)

AMMONIA: I told you my feet hurt.

GRISELDA: My girdle still hurts.

AMMONIA: Don't show us what's in that!

BARONESS: Stop it, now. We must find that princess. And, your step-father. That little wimp is around here, somewhere. Oh, Princess! *(Her voice is rough*

and nasty, so she coughs and tries again. Sweetly.) Princess! Oh, Cendrillon!

AMMONIA: Come out, come out, wherever you are!

GRISELDA: Come here, my little money-bags!

(They all exit, calling. After a moment, CINDERELLA comes back on. Her tiara is now gone, replaced by her dusting cap)

CINDERELLA: Oh, dear! I'm so lost. I'll never find my way home. Which way should I go? ... I'll try this way. *(She exits but as she does, one slipper falls out of her pocket.)*

BARON: *(Entering.)* Princess! Baroness! Step-daughters! Well, anyway, Princess! *(He stops and fans himself with his court wig.)* I'm not as young as I used to be. Even when I was as young as I used to be, I wasn't as young as I used to be. Oh, I'd like some warm milk and my slippers about now.

BARONESS: *(OFF.)* Henry! Where are you?

BARON: *(Starting to reply.)* I'm over ... *(He changes voice.)* There's nobody here by that name! *(He starts to exit, then stops.)* Don't tell her I was here! *(He runs off.)*

BARONESS: *(Entering.)* Henry! *(She turns to the audience.)* Was my husband here? *(NO)* Are you sure? *(YES)* A little amoeba with beady eyes and no spine? If I could find the Princess and get the ten thousand gold pieces as a reward, I could dump him and his little brat of a daughter. *(She sees the glass slipper.)* What's that? *(She picks it up.)* A slipper? Well, how do you lose one slipper in the middle of the woods and not notice? Stupid person. *(She drops it again.)* And where did those girls of mine go? I've a mind to dump them alongtoo and go off and enjoy myself alone! *(She exits.)* Princess! Princess Cendrillon! Where are you, dear?

BARON: *(Entering.)* Thanks for not telling her I was here! What a mistake marrying her was. Since she's moved in, it's been nothing but trouble. Perhaps, if I can find the princess and get the reward money, we can be happy. What's that? *(He picks up the slipper.)* A dancing slipper? It's fallen off someone's foot. Someone in a hurry. If it was the princess, she must be close by. Perhaps I can find her. *(He drops the slipper and goes off.)* Princess! Princess Cendrillon!

(The SISTERS enter opposite.)

SISTERS: Mommy! Princess! Princey-wincey!

GRISELDA: Oh, phooey! Where did everybody go?

AMMONIA: *(Flopping down at the foot of the sign-post)* My shoes are killing me! *(She takes off her other shoe and another rock drops out of it.)* How do they get in there?

GRISELDA: Moan.

AMMONIA: *(Moans.)*

GRISELDA: No! Moan! As in, hey, idiot!

AMMONIA: What?

GRISELDA: Have you ever been in the woods after dark before?

AMMONIA: No.

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(They look around, spooked by the darkness.)

GRISELDA: I think we should go home.

AMMONIA: But . . .

SISTERS: Which way's home? *(A long frightened pause as they slowly turn to look at the sign-post. They read it.)* Oh, that way! Good!

(They start off and AMMONIA spies the slipper.)

AMMONIA: *(Picking it up.)* Look, Gristle. A slipper!

GRISELDA: *(Grabbing it.)* A glass slipper!

AMMONIA: *(Grabbing it back.)* A glass dancing slipper!

BOTH: *(Both holding it.)* Like a princess might wear to a ball! *(A moment, then:)* Wha'ev'! *(They drop the slipper and exit.)* Mommy! Princess! Princey! Come to Moanie! *(Gristle!)*

(DANDINI enters cautiously.)

DANDINI: I think they're gone!

PRINCE: *(Entering.)* They're not going to harm us, silly.

DANDINI: No, they're not going to harm you. Me, they'd eat alive! *(He looks across and sees the slipper.)* Hello, what's that?

PRINCE: What's what?

DANDINI: Over there! Something shining. *(He crosses and picks up the slipper.)* A glass slipper! Now, that's an odd thing to find in the woods.

PRINCE: A glass slipper? Her glass slipper!

DANDINI: What makes you say that?

PRINCE: Who else but a princess would wear slippers of glass?

DANDINI: Someone with really tough feet?

PRINCE: Don't you see, this is a clue! We'll try this slipper on every young woman in the kingdom and she whom this slipper fits must be my Princess Cendrillon!

DANDINI: Wait a minute. That doesn't make sense. That's a size seven. Half the women in the kingdom must be size seven.

PRINCE: No! Only my Princess will fit into this shoe. Come, Dandini, if we find her, I'll make you Valet in Chief!

DANDINI: I'd rather have the ten thousand gold pieces.

PRINCE: No time for funning now, my friend! Onward!

DANDINI: Right you are, sir! Onward, it is! Wait a minute! I'm already Valet In Chief!

(They exit. Lights down; scene change music. Lights up on HARDUP HALL. BUTTONS enters, late at night.)

BUTTONS: Hiya, kids! ... Well, it's sure late at night, but I wonder if Cinderella got to dance with the Prince. What do you think? I sure hope so. Of course, I'd rather it was me dancing with Cinderella, but that's not going to happen. I sure worry about Cinders. Is it just me or are her step-sisters treating her badly? I think they are. When Cinders' mother was still alive, this was a happy home, but with that nasty old Baroness here, it's nothing but fighting and meanness.

(CINDERELLA suddenly enters, crying and out of breath.)

Cinders! What's wrong?

CINDERELLA: Oh, Buttons! *(She clings to him, weeping.)*

BUTTONS: What's happened? Did you get to the ball?

CINDERELLA: Mm-hm!

BUTTONS: Was there wonderful music?

CINDERELLA: Mm-hm!

BUTTONS: And, lots of bright lights?

CINDERELLA: Mm-hm!

BUTTONS: And, lots of beautiful dresses?

CINDERELLA: Mm-hm!

BUTTONS: And, did you meet the prince?

CINDERELLA: Mm-hm!

BUTTONS: And, did he ask you to dance with him?

CINDERELLA: Oh, Buttons! *(She weeps aloud again.)*

BUTTONS: I knew we'd get to the bottom of it sooner or later.

CINDERELLA: Oh, Buttons! He's kind and handsome and noble and I love him so much!

BUTTONS: Well, then, why are you blubbing all over me buttons?

CINDERELLA: But then ...

BUTTONS: But then?

CINDERELLA: But, then we danced and it was magic!

BUTTONS: Still as clear as mud. But then?

CINDERELLA: But THEN! The clock struck midnight and I remembered that the magic ends at midnight and that I'm not a princess – I'm just little Cinderella from Hardup Hall – and that the Prince will never love me! *(She cries again.)*

BUTTONS: If he doesn't, I'll poke him in the nose, I will!

CINDERELLA: Oh, Buttons, don't! Don't make me laugh!

BUTTONS: You think I wouldn't? Now, you go to bed. You need your sleep.

CINDERELLA: My beauty sleep?

BUTTONS: Never! You're as beautiful as possible, now.

CINDERELLA: Thank you, Buttons. I don't know what I'd do without you. *(She kisses his cheek and suddenly yawns.)* Oh, dear. I am tired! I'd better go to bed. 'Night, Buttons. Thank you.

(CINDERELLA goes off.)

BUTTONS: She just needs to have confidence in herself, doesn't she? But her father doesn't even have the courage to stand up for her. So, I'll have to find a way to give him some courage, too. It sure is dark and spooky in old Hardup Hall, late at night. The way the wind howls through the chimneys, you'd think it was haunted. Do you think there might be – ghosts in Hardup Hall? You do? So do I!

BARON: *(OFF.)* Buttons! Buttons!

BUTTONS: And, now I know just what to do! If I put on a bedsheet and walk into the Baron's room with a candle when he's sound asleep, maybe he'll think I'm a ghost and I can scare him into standing up for himself – and for poor Cinders. Isn't that a great idea? I need a candle and an old sheet! *(He runs off, then returns.)* And, don't tell the Baron I was here! Okay? Oh, goodness, here he comes. I'd better hide!

(He hides behind furniture. The BARON enters.)

BARON: Buttons! Buttons! Have you seen Buttons? *(BUTTONS shushes them. The children should shout: He's behind you!)* He's what? *(He's behind you!)* He's what? *(He's behind you!)* He's where? *(Behind you! BUTTONS sneaks out.)* I can't find him. He must have gone to bed. Ella must be sleeping, too. *(He looks around him.)* Hardup Hall is so cold and lonely, these days. Oh, it wasn't like that when my first wife was alive. There was fun and laughter all the time, here. If only she could be here, now. Then maybe Ella could be happy again.

(From off, we hear a moaning and, at the back of the set, the GHOST of Baron Hardup's first wife appears, seen through mist, with a candle.)

BARON: Who's that? Imogene, is that you? Please, don't start in at this time of night.

GHOST: *(Ghostly.)* Henry Hardup!

(He turns and sees the GHOST.)

BARON: Anna! Anna, is that you!

GHOST: Henry Hardup! What have you done?

BARON: I've not done anything, dear.

GHOST: Our dear, beautiful daughter is so unhappy! What have you done?

BARON: I've ... I've made a mistake, Anna.

GHOST: You have. And, now, you must take steps, Henry.

BARON: What steps?

GHOST: You'll know what steps, Henry. You'll know.

BARON: Anna, is it really you?

GHOST: Make her happy, Henry. Make our beautiful Ella happy again.

(There is a mist and darkness. The GHOST is gone.)

BARON: Anna! Anna, where are you? *(He turns to the audience.)* Did you see her? You did? Was it her? Was it Ella's mother? I think so, too. But how can I see to it that Ella's happy again? I'll have to take steps, but what steps?

BARONESS: *(OFF.)* Henry! Henry Hardup!

BARON: Well, I know *that's* not my Anna. I think the step I need to take right now is – HIDE! *(He hides, then sticks his head out.)* And don't tell HER that you've seen me, all right?

(He hides again, just as the BARONESS appears.)

BARONESS: Henry Hardup! *(She stops and looks for him. To the audience.)* Have you seen him? Well, have you? *(BARON comes out to shush them. "He's behind you!")* He's what? *(“He's behind you!”)* He's where? *(“He's behind you!”)* Where? *(“Behind you!”)* I'll bet. Buttons! BUTTONS!

(The BARON sneaks out; BUTTONS enters with bed sheet and a candle- stick.)

BARONESS: You, there, Bottoms! You're still up?

BUTTONS: Right here, your horror. I mean, your honour.

BARONESS: Have you seen the Baron?

BUTTONS: He hasn't laid eyes on me all night, Gruesome-ness. I mean, Baroness.

BARONESS: What are you doing with one of my sheets?

BUTTONS: I was just making up your stall – your bed.

BARONESS: Very well, then I'm off to bed.

BUTTONS: To get your beauty sleep?

BARONESS: I've no need of that, Bottoms.

BUTTONS: No, it couldn't improve you, your shady-ship. Your ladyship.

BARONESS: If I didn't know better, Bottoms, I'd think that you were smart-mouthing me.

BUTTONS: I'm sure you don't.

BARONESS: Of course, I don't. Because if I did, I'd squash you like a bug, insect!

BUTTONS: Thank you, your slime-ness. I mean, your highness.

BARONESS: Humph! *(She stomps out but stops to look at the audience.)* And, don't think I've forgotten about you, either! *(She exits.)*

BUTTONS: Well, that's her stabled for the night. See what I've got? A candle and a bed-sheet! Now, I'll pretend that I'm a ghost and scare the Baron! Do you think he'd be scared if he saw a ghost?

SISTERS: *(OFF.)* Buttons! Buttons!

BUTTONS: Oh, no! I'll tell you who I'm scared of!

SISTERS: *(OFF.)* Buttons! Buttons!

BUTTONS: Well, looks like no haunting for me, tonight. No ghosts in Hardup Hall today. The Baron will have to find his own courage for today!

(He runs off. Lights to black; end of scene.)

(Lights up: THE KITCHEN AT HARDUP HALL)

(It is the morning after the ball. CINDERELLA arrives, clad in her rags. She seems chipper and goes about her morning chores. She stacks wood, lights a fire and sweeps up. After a while, BUTTONS joins her.)

CINDERELLA: Good morning, Buttons!

BUTTONS: ‘Morning, Cinders. How are you this morning? Feeling better?

CINDERELLA: Well, it’s a new day, Buttons. The sun is shining and the sky is blue! What could go wrong, today?

BUTTONS: Something can go wrong.

CINDERELLA: Like what?

GRISELDA: *(OFF.)* Cinderella!

AMMONIA: *(OFF.)* Cinderella!

BUTTONS: That!

(The SISTERS come in, in their nightgowns, carrying their ball dresses. They throw them at CINDERELLA.)

GRISELDA: Cinderella, clean my ball gown and press it at once.

AMMONIA: No! Clean my ball gown and press it at once.

GRISELDA: Mine, first.

AMMONIA: No, mine!

GRISELDA: I’m oldest!

AMMONIA: I’m dirtiest!

GRISELDA: No argument here! Cinders, go ahead. Do her’s first.

CINDERELLA: I'll do them as soon as I can, sisters, but I have to make breakfast for your mother, first.

AMMONIA: I want my breakfast first!

GRISELDA: No, mine!

CINDERELLA: I'll happily make both your breakfasts first. All you have to do is tell your mother she can wait.

SISTERS: *(A beat.)* Make Mummy's first.

AMMONIA: *(To BUTTONS.)* What are you staring at, plug-ugly?

BUTTONS: I was just marvelling that you can both be every bit as lovely this morning, in your nightgowns and curlers, as you were last night in your ball gowns and combat boots.

GRISELDA: Aw! Isn't that sweet, sis?

AMMONIA: Yeah. *(She smacks him.)* Eyes to yourself, button-boy!

CINDERELLA: Don't you dare hit him!

AMMONIA: You know, Gristle, maybe we should go easy on her today. After all, we went to the ball last night and she didn't!

BUTTONS: Was there wonderful music?

SISTERS: Mm-hm!

BUTTONS: And, lots of bright lights?

SISTERS: Mm-hm!

BUTTONS: And, lots of wonderful costumes?

SISTERS: Mm-hm!

BUTTONS: And did you meet the prince?

SISTERS: Mm-hm!

BUTTONS: And, did he ask you to dance with him?

SISTERS: Uh ... No.

BUTTONS: I know someone who had a better time at the ball than you did.

(CINDERELLA and BUTTONS share a smile.)

AMMONIA: Who?

BUTTONS: Oh, someone who got to dance with the Prince last night.

AMMONIA: There's only one girl who got to dance with the Prince last night and the Prince is out looking for her, now. AND, he's offered ten thousand gold pieces to find her. AND we're going out right after breakfast to look for her.

GRISELDA: So get cracking on those eggs, O cinder-one. Gristle wants ten thousand big ones!

(There is the sound of a trumpet outside.)

CINDERELLA: What could that be?

SISTERS: It's a trumpet, moron! Boy, people say we're dumb!

CINDERELLA: I mean, what could it signify?

(There is a loud knock on the door.)

BUTTONS: Perhaps we could answer the door and find out.

AMMONIA: Well, one of us is paid to answer doors, so maybe that person should do it.

BUTTONS: Good idea. (He looks around.)

GRISELDA: ANSWER THE DOOR! Cinderella, get to work on the breakfast.

*(CINDERELLA steps into the pantry, out of sight, as
BUTTONS opens the door. DANDINI stands outside.)*

BUTTONS: Yes?

DANDINI: *(Pushes in past BUTTONS.)* I am the Prince's messenger! Stand aside!

BUTTONS: *(Moving aside.)* Rat on!

DANDINI: *(Entering.)* This is, I believe, Hardup Hall?

AMMONIA: Yes, I'm Moanie.

GRISELDA: And, I'm Gristle.

DANDINI: I'm sure you are.

SISTERS: Oh, it's sock-boy. Phooey!

GRISELDA: So, what do you want, sock-picker?

DANDINI: I am to inform all young maidens of this village that the Prince will visit each of their homes in turn. They are to be prepared to try on a special slipper which was worn last night at the ball by the Princess Cendrillon.

SISTERS: A slipper?

DANDINI: Yes, a glass slipper which was found in the woods.

SISTERS: Oh, that was mine! I lost it while I was running in the woods.

DANDINI: And, why were you running in the woods?

AMMONIA: Uhm, to... get away from the Prince?

GRISELDA: Right! He's very hands-y, you know.

DANDINI: Well, the proof, as they say, is in the fitting. The Prince commands that every young maiden shall try on the slipper. She whom the slipper fits shall be his wife.

GRISELDA: Say, that's not a bad gig, Moanie.

AMMONIA: Suits me, Gristle. We'll have you to the palace every Christmas. Bring presents.

GRISELDA: Bring 'em yourself. We princesses have other things to do.

DANDINI: Only she whom the slipper fits shall become the Princess Royal.

AMMONIA: Ooh, don't 'e talk all posh-like?

GRISELDA: You know – for a sock-picker!

DANDINI: The Prince will be here this morning. Be prepared.

(DANDINI exits. The SISTERS hold hands and dance in a circle.)

SISTERS: *(Singing.)* I'm going to be a princess! I get to live in a palace!

(CINDERELLA returns with food.)

CINDERELLA: What are you talking about, step-sisters?

SISTERS: *(Stopping their dance.)* Nothing. Nothing at all. Not a thing.

BUTTONS: Oh, yes, you were!

SISTERS: Oh, no, we weren't!

BUTTONS: Oh, yes, you were!

AMMONIA: You want a smack on the ear-hole?

BUTTONS: The messenger said every young maiden, so Cinders deserves a chance, too.

GRISELDA: You know something, Shiny Two Rows? You're absolutely right. *(She puts her arm around him.)*

AMMONIA: Yes, sis. He's right. *(She puts her arm around CINDERELLA.)* She should get everything she deserves.

SISTERS: She absolutely should. *(They shove BUTTONS and CINDERELLA into the pantry and pull the door shut, locking it.)* But she won't!

(They laugh then unlock the door and throw their dresses at CINDERELLA.)

AMMONIA: And clean our ball gowns while you're in there!

GRISELDA: Extra starch on hers!

SISTERS: Mommy! Guess who's coming for a shoe fitting!

(They exit, laughing. BUTTONS pounds on the door and shouts, as CINDERELLA can be heard crying.)

BUTTONS: Let us out of here! You can't do this! Let us out! I'll huff and I'll puff and I ... no, that's the wrong story. Let us out!

(Lights down; end of scene.)

SC 12: THE LIBRARY AT HARDUP HALL

(The SISTERS enter.)

GRISELDA: The Prince has been all over the town, trying on a shoe he found in the woods and it doesn't fit anybody.

AMMONIA: It'll only fit someone who's beautiful and perfect – and that's me!

GRISELDA: Oh, no, it isn't!

AMMONIA: Oh, yes, it is!

GRISELDA: Oh, no, it isn't!

AMMONIA: Oh, yes, it is!

(The BARONESS and BARON enter.)

BARONESS: Oh, do shut up, girls! The Prince will be here any minute. One of you is sure to fit the shoe, so be ready. Maybe you'd better put on another layer of lacquer – I mean makeup – before he comes.

BARON: Here's a trowel.

(There is a knock from off stage.)

BARONESS: No time! They are here. Prepare yourselves, girls.

(Enter The PRINCE & DANDINI.)

PRINCE: Good afternoon, Baron, ladies. You have probably heard that I am trying this shoe on every girl in the kingdom and she whom this shoe fits shall be my wife.

DANDINI: Perhaps! We're not making any promises, here.

GRISELDA: Me, first! Me, first! *(She hikes up her dress, revealing multi-coloured stockings. She sings:)* I get to be a princess! I get to live in a palace!

PRINCE: Dandini. Try it on her.

(DANDINI bends to fit the shoe.)

GRISELDA: *(Singing.)* I get to be a princess! I get to live in a palace! *(She pushes harder.)* I get to be a ... prin- ... cess! I get to ... live in a ... pal- ... ace!

DANDINI: It doesn't fit, your highness.

PRINCE: Well, that's ... disappointing.

GRISELDA: No! It'll go! It's just the toe, that's all. A bit swollen from all the dancing at the ball, last night. Mummy! Make my toe fit!

DANDINI: I really don't think ...

GRISELDA: No, but you should, sock-picker! Mummy!

(The BARONESS sighs and picks up a knife from the desk.)

BARONESS: This is going to hurt you more than it hurts me – but just close your eyes and think of the palace.

(She starts to cut off GRISELDA's big toe.)

GRISELDA: Mummy!

PRINCE: Stop that! *(The BARONESS stops and shrugs.)* I declare that the shoe doesn't fit.

GRISELDA: *(Turning on her mother.)* You were going to cut off my big toe!

BARONESS: You want to be a princess or not?

AMMONIA: All right! She's had her chance. My turn! My turn!

GRISELDA: It won't fit. You've got feet like a hippo.

AMMONIA: You've got hips like a hippo. All right, sock-picker – *(She lifts her skirt and puts her foot out.)* – slide it on! *(DANDINI starts to put the shoe on her – it stops at the heel.)* Come on, push, Valley! I had a stone in my shoe last night – foot's swollen. Now push! *(She pushes so hard that DANDINI goes flying backward.)* Not my fault! It's the sock-picker! He's a wimp. I need a real man to push around. How about you, Princey?

BARONESS: How close to fitting was it?

AMMONIA: *(Holds up her fingers an inch apart.)* Missed it by that much!

BARONESS: How much?

AMMONIA: *(Adjusts her fingers to four inches.)* Well, that much.

BARONESS: Right. Foot up. *(She lifts the knife.)*

AMMONIA: AAAH! *(She screams and runs behind GRISELDA.)* She would have, you know!

BARONESS: Neither one of you? All right. My turn! *(She hikes up her skirts.)*

BARON: Imogene!

PRINCE: Madam, you are already married.

BARONESS: Oh, that doesn't count! I crossed my fingers during the "I do"s.

BARON: Imogene!

BARONESS: Shut up, Henry.

PRINCE: We've searched every house in the Kingdom. Madam, are there any other young women living in this house?

BARONESS: Nope. Nobody. Not a one!

BARON: Now, that's not true, Imogene.

BARONESS: I told you to be quiet, Henry.

BARON: There's my own daughter, sir ...

BARONESS: Quiet!

BARON: IMOGENE! SIT DOWN!

BARONESS: How dare you raise your . . .

BARON: SIT! DOWN! AT! ONCE!

(He glares at her. She sits.)

BARON: Forgive me, your Highness. Domestic difficulties, but I'm sure we can work those out equitably. *(To BARONESS.)* Later! What my wife was saying is that there is, indeed, another young woman in the house. My daughter, Ella.

BARONESS: But, it wouldn't fit her. She's a great gross girl.

BARON: Imogene, no one asked for your editorial comment. Now, shut up.

BARONESS: Henry! Girls, are you going to let him treat me like this?

SISTERS: You tried to cut my toe (heel) off!

BARONESS: I shall leave the room! *(She exits.)*

BARON: Shall I call Ella in, your Highness?

PRINCE: Her name is ... Ella? My princess's name is Cendrillon. They are obviously not the same woman. Dandini, my heart is weary. Let us depart.

(The PRINCE and DANDINI head for the exit. BUTTONS runs in from where he has been listening.)

BUTTONS: Wait! *(The PRINCE and DANDINI stop.)* Now, you listen to me, bub! What kind of a prince are you? You said you were going to try that shoe on the foot of every young woman in the kingdom. We broke out of the pantry where those two locked us and Cinderella is sitting downstairs, right now, crying her eyes out. And, now you're going to walk away and not give Ella the chance. How is that fair? You know what you are? You're a promise breaker, that's what! I've a good mind to bop you one on the nose! So, how do you like *them* apples?

PRINCE: *(He approaches BUTTONS and looks him over.)* Do you know who I am?

BUTTONS: N-n-n-no idea whatsoever, your Royal Highness, sire.

PRINCE: No man has ever dared to call me a promise-breaker. Until you. And, do you know what I'm going to do about that?

BUTTONS: N-n-n-n-no, your lordly majesty, sir.

PRINCE: I'm going to ... keep my promise! Because you're quite right, my friend. What's your name?

BUTTONS: Bu-bu-bu-bu-buttons, sir.

PRINCE: Well, Bu-bu-bu-bu-buttons, please go and ask Miss ... Ella? ... to come here.

BUTTONS: Yes, sir! Thank you, sir! *(He starts to run out.)* You're a prince, sir! Ella! Cinderella! *(He is gone.)*

(There is an awkward pause; the PRINCE sits on the edge of the desk.)

PRINCE: So, Baron Hardup! Been married long?

BARON: About three months, sir.

PRINCE: I see. These aren't your girls, then? *(He nods toward GRISELDA and AMMONIA.)*

BARON: No, sir, they're the Baroness's girls.

PRINCE: Ah, yes. *(Pause.)* I see the resemblance.

(CINDERELLA enters, unsure of herself, followed by BUTTONS.)

BARON: Your Highness, may I present my daughter, Ella?

CINDERELLA: *(Curtseying)* Your Highness.

PRINCE: Oh, we've met before. Dandini, the shoe. *(DANDINI begins to kneel to try the shoe on CINDERELLA.)* No, I shall do it. *(He takes the shoe and kneels in front of CINDERELLA.)* May I?

(She lifts her foot, supported by the BARON. The PRINCE hands her ragged shoe to DANDINI. He slides the glass slipper onto her foot.)

Cendrillon.

CINDERELLA: *(Shaking her head.)* Ella.

BARONESS: *(Entering, sneering.)* Cinder-ella.

BARON: Imogene, my dear, I suggest you be a lot nicer to Ella from now on. Things have changed. In fact, go to your room and think about it! *(The BARONESS leaves.)* My dear Ella.

PRINCE: No. Not Ella.

CINDERELLA: No?

PRINCE: Princess Ella. *(He kisses her hand and looks at the glass slipper.)* It's a shame to put your ragged shoe back on this dainty foot.

CINDERELLA: Your Highness, no need –

PRINCE: Uh, uh! Not your Highness.

CINDERELLA: *(Smiles.)* Charming – no need. I have this. The magic didn't end for these.

(She produces the other shoe and the PRINCE puts it on her, then stands.)

PRINCE: Ladies and gentlemen, please greet my intended wife, the Princess Ella. *(CINDERELLA whispers in his ear.)* Really? Very well. Princess Cinderella.

(All bow, the SISTERS only after being poked by the BARON.)

And I'm sure we shall live happily ever after.

(Lights down. End of scene.)

PERUSA COPY ONLY SC 13: WALKDOWN (PALACE SET)

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(The BARON enters)

BARON: Well, it's lovely to be playing the Palace, again. Just a little joke, but isn't it a nice palace? Hard to believe a full year's gone by since my Ella and the Prince were married. They seem very happy. Speaking of which, my wife's around here somewhere – probably appraising the silverware. Imogene!

(The BARONESS enters)

What have you been doing, dear?

BARONESS: Admiring the artwork.

BARON: Admiring?

BARONESS: Certainly. How much of it do we get?

BARON: Imogene!

(They cross down right. GRISELDA enters.)

GRISELDA: Mummy! They've got some lovely crystal, see?

(She holds up an expensive-looking piece of crystal.)

BARON: Gristle, put that back!

GRISELDA: But, Daddy!

BARON: Back!

GRISELDA: You're going to hate what Moanie's got, then.

(AMMONIA enters partway, struggling with a rope to pull something we don't see.)

AMMONIA: Gristle! Give me a hand here. I've got one of them, but you'd be surprised how heavy a statue is!

GRISELDA: Moanie! Ix-nay on the a-chew-stay.

BARON: Ammonia! What have you there?

AMMONIA: It's just something I was— putting back.

BARON: Ammonia! Griselda! Heel!

SISTERS: Aw, Daddy!

(They stump over to him. BUTTONS comes running on.)

BUTTONS: Hi, kids! ... What do you think of my nice, new coat? Great, isn't it? I'm the new 2nd Valet for the Prince and Cinders – I mean, Princess Cinderella. Wow! Who'd have thought it? Say, have you seen the Baron? *(The BARON is behind him. "He's behind you!")* He's where? *(“He's behind you!”)* No, he isn't. *(“Yes, he is!”; BUTTONS turns.)* Oh, he is!

BARON: Hello, Buttons, old chum. How's life, working for the Prince?

BUTTONS: Absolutely charming!

(DANDINI enters.)

Oh, I'd better look busy. That's the Valet In Chief!

DANDINI: Look lively, now, Buttons. Good day, Baron.

BARON: Good day, Mr. Dandini. Are my daughter and son-in-law keeping you busy?

DANDINI: Run off my feet, Baron. I love it!

(A trumpet fanfare.)

‘Way! ‘Way! ‘Way for Prince Charming!

(The PRINCE enters with a scroll.)

PRINCE: Good day, all. Father-in-law; mother-in-law. (He shudders.) Sisters-in-law.

BARON/BARONESS/SISTERS: Good day, your Highness.

PRINCE: I am so pleased to be able to present to you all the newest member of the Royal Family. Pray silence for the Princess Cinderella – and the infant Princess Anna!

(CINDERELLA enters with an infant in her arms.)

Our first daughter.

*(He kisses CINDERELLA tenderly while the others applaud.
A puff of smoke and the FAIRY GODMOTHER appears.)*

CINDERELLA: Fairy godmother! I didn’t know if I’d ever see you again.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Of course, my dear. And, if not,
I’ll always be watching over you
And over the little princess, too.
And over all you girls and boys,
For that’s what fairy godmothers do.

(LIGHTS DOWN; END OF SCENE)

END OF PLAY