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To Cathy...my wife and inspiration.

Cast of Characters

(In order of appearance:)

THE PRINCE

RAGS, THE GODFATHER

STEPMOTHER

CINDERELLA

BEAUTY

GRACE

Settings

Scene One: Cinderella's home, late afternoon.

Scene Two: The Grand Ballroom at the Palace of the Prince, that night.

Scene Three: Cinderella's home, just after midnight.

Scene Four: Cinderella's home, the next morning.

Acknowledgments

The premiere of *Cinderella and the Fairy Godfather* was presented by Children's Theatre To Go, Inc. at Reynolds Performance Hall in Conway, Arkansas, on May 11, 2005, under the direction of Bob May, with set design by Joe Meils, costume design by Nikki Webster, under the stage management of Andi Schultes, with the following cast:

THE PRINCE	Colley Baily
RAGS, THE GODFATHER	Michael Nickerson
STEPMOTHER	Pasty L. Paul
CINDERELLA	Daisy Owings
BEAUTY	Shelia Stainfield
GRACE	Allison Babcock

Special thanks to my sister/editor, Vicki May-York.

CINDERELLA AND THE FAIRY GODFATHER

by Bob May

Scene 1

(At Rise: The stage is empty. There is no set, only the black curtains. A trumpet fanfare is heard and the PRINCE enters and holds up a glass slipper.)

PRINCE. I am the Prince of this kingdom and I must find the foot that fits this glass slipper. When I find the young lady whose foot slips into this slipper...she will be my bride and Princess.

(PRINCE goes into the audience with the slipper. He tries it on the feet of several children in the audience. Of course it doesn't fit any of them.)

(RAGS enters. He is a fairy godmother in training. He has a day's growth of beard and wears clothes that look more like rags. He also wears a suggestion of a tutu.)

RAGS. Excuse me. May I have your attention? Hello? *(He shouts.)* Be quiet! Thank you. *(To the PRINCE:)* Hey you, Prince guy. I think you're too early. Please you gotta get out of here.

PRINCE. But I must find my Princess?

RAGS. You'll find her, but not right now.

(PRINCE gets back on stage.)

PRINCE. When?

RAGS. Look will you leave.

PRINCE. Who are you?

RAGS. The name is Rags, and I'm a fairy Godmother.

PRINCE. Are you dressed for some kind of masquerade party?

RAGS. Will you please leave the stage and let me do my job.

(RAGS raises his hand/wand and there is a sound effect that lets the PRINCE know RAGS means business.)

PRINCE. You better not mess this up.

RAGS. I'll do my best.

(The PRINCE exits.)

RAGS. *(To the audience.)* Hi.

CHILDREN. Hi.

RAGS. Oh boy. I think I'm in big trouble. *(He talks to himself.)* Relax. *(To the children.)* Hello.

CHILDREN. Hello.

RAGS. We already said that, didn't we? I'm sorry. I'm a little nervous and confused. You see I'm supposed to be a Fairy Godmother, but as you can see I'm not much in the Godmother department. I'm more of a Godfather. *(Does a Marlon Brando impression.)* I'm gonna make you an offer you can't refuse. *(The Godfather theme is heard briefly. He speaks in his normal voice.)* You see there ain't many Godfather jobs around. I've been waiting so long for one that my clothes have rotted, and that's how I got my nickname, Rags. But, I waited patiently all this time for my first assignment. There's a shortage of Godmothers so I volunteered for this assignment. Godmother I ain't, but since I supposed to be one I found this tutu to help with the fairy part. And for my first Godmothering duty I'm supposed to help this young girl named...a...her name is? Sleeping Beauty. No, that's not it.

CHILDREN. Cinderella.

RAGS. That's right, and I think she marries a prince? Is that right?

CHILDREN. Yes.

RAGS. Alright. You're all a big help. Thanks. Hey, I think you can help me a lot. You see, sometimes I get so excited I can't think straight. If that happens, you can help me. Will you do that?

CHILDREN. Yes.

RAGS. When I get too excited I will ask you, “What do I do?” and you tell me, “relax.” Can you remember that?

CHILDREN. Yes.

RAGS. Let’s try it. What do I do?

CHILDREN. Relax.

RAGS. I think you can do better than that. What do I do?

CHILDREN. Relax.

RAGS. That will do. I feel a lot better about this assignment knowing that you are here to help me. Now, as a fairy Godmother I am supposed to help who?

CHILDREN. Cinderella.

RAGS. And who does she live with?

CHILDREN. Evil stepmother and sisters.

RAGS. That’s right...an evil stepmother and was it one or two step-sisters?

CHILDREN. Two.

RAGS. Two. Alright, here we go. *(He chants:)*
One stepmother, two stepsisters, and no fellas.
I must meet and talk to the maiden Cinderella.
Show us their house...make it come into view.
Do it now, I command, do it on my cue.

(RAGS waves his hand/wand and the set of the Stepmother’s house appears. A magic sound accompanies this. The set was behind a black curtain or scrim and the curtain was raised to reveal the set. It consists of a table and three chairs and a fireplace.)

RAGS. Hey, this is easy, especially with your help. Thank you. You’re all helping me fulfill my dream.

(MOTHER enters.)

MOTHER. CINDERELLA!!! CINDERS!!! CINDERELLA, WHERE ARE YOU?

(MOTHER exits.)

RAGS. Who was that?

CHILDREN. The stepmother.

RAGS. She's not very nice.

(CINDERELLA enters.)

CINDERELLA. I'm here, stepmother.

RAGS. This must be Cinderella?

CHILDREN. Yes.

RAGS. Hi, Cinderella.

CINDERELLA. *(She sees RAGS and screams.)* Help there is a homeless man in our house.

RAGS. I'm here to make your dreams come true.

CINDERELLA. HELP ME!!!!

RAGS. This isn't going as planned.

CINDERELLA. HELP!!!

RAGS. Don't do that.

CINDERELLA. Don't hurt me. Help.

RAGS. Okay. Sorry. Call me when you need me. *(He chants quickly:)*
Enough of this flap.
I disappear on my finger snap.

(RAGS snaps his fingers and vanishes. A sound effect accompanies this effect.)

CINDERELLA. Help. Stepmother, please come quick.

(MOTHER enters.)

MOTHER. What are you yelling about Cinderella?

CINDERELLA. Didn't you see him? A strange man was in the house.

MOTHER. Are you trying to get out of work again?

CINDERELLA. Please don't leave me in this house alone tonight.

MOTHER. You are so jealous that your stepsisters are going to the Prince's ball tonight, and you don't get to go. So you are just trying to cause a problem.

CINDERELLA. No, stepmother, I would never do that.

MOTHER. You know, I only keep you as part of this family in memory of your father, my dear, departed husband.

CINDERELLA. Thank you, stepmother, for looking after me. I do miss my daddy.

MOTHER. You are not in the same social circle as my two beautiful daughters.

CINDERELLA. I understand.

MOTHER. Just remember that your job around this house is to serve the lovely Beauty and the eloquent Grace.

(BEAUTY enters and demands the attention of CINDERELLA.)

BEAUTY. Mama, I can't get my dress buttoned up.

MOTHER. Cinderella, you heard Beauty.

(CINDERELLA runs to help BEAUTY.)

CINDERELLA. Let me help you stepsister.

BEAUTY. Do you like my dress? I hear the Prince's favorite color is purple.

CINDERELLA. Your dress is beautiful just like your name, and I'm sure the Prince will love it.

(GRACE enters.)

GRACE. Mummy, where is Cinderella? My hair won't do what I want it to do.

CINDERELLA. I'll fix it for you, Grace.

(CINDERELLA runs to fix GRACE's hair.)

GRACE. Ouch. You're pulling it.

CINDERELLA. Please forgive me.

GRACE. Make sure it looks good. I hear the Prince likes red hair that is soft like mine.

BEAUTY. He likes purple dresses.

(She sticks out her tongue at GRACE.)

GRACE. Red hair.

(She sticks out her tongue at BEAUTY.)

BEAUTY. Purple Dresses.

GRACE. Red hair.

BEAUTY. Doesn't.

GRACE. Does.

BEAUTY. Doesn't.

GRACE. Does.

(The two sisters begin to fight. MOTHER steps in and breaks them up.)

MOTHER. Enough!

CINDERELLA. I hear he likes honesty.

(ALL stop and look at CINDERELLA.)

ALL. Huh?

MOTHER. How would you know?

CINDERELLA. Don't most people like honesty and accept a person for whom they are and not what color their hair or dresses are?

MOTHER. You sound like the moral of a stupid fairy tale. Remember your place, Miss Cinderella.

CINDERELLA. Yes, stepmother.

GRACE. The sheets on my bed need to be washed.

BEAUTY. And you've not cleaned my room yet today.

CINDERELLA. I was just wondering...

MOTHER. What is it?

CINDERELLA. Why is it I can't I go to the Ball tonight?

(ALL three laugh at CINDERELLA.)

MOTHER. Books are books, but some have different titles. The title of your book reads servant. And servants don't go to Prince's ball at the palace.

BEAUTY. Mama, we're going to be late if you continue to explain things that should be obvious to her.

MOTHER. Now remember Beauty show the Prince your grace, and Grace let him see your beauty.

GRACE. We better leave now, or we'll miss the Ball completely.

MOTHER. Cinderella, as your name reflects, I want the cinders from the fireplace removed before midnight when the ball is over and we get home. We'll need a fire to warm us from the cold. Come, darlings.

(MOTHER, GRACE, BEAUTY exit.)

CINDERELLA. I sure miss my daddy. I wish I had a fairy godmother to help me. But that sort of thing doesn't really happen.

(RAGS enters in a puff of smoke. A sound effect accompanies his entrance.)

RAGS. Wish and Ta Da...you get me.

(CINDERELLA screams and hides behind a chair.)

CINDERELLA. You're back. Don't hurt me. What do you want?

RAGS. I won't hurt you. I'm here to help you.

CINDERELLA. Get out of here.

RAGS. I'm the fairy Godmother you just wished for.

CINDERELLA. Fairy Godmothers don't have beards and look like hobos.

RAGS. Alright, I'm not your regular kind of Fairy Godmother. And I do look like a homeless person. I was hoping this tutu would help

make me look more like the part, but hey don't judge a book by its cover. I am here to help you.

CINDERELLA. I think you should just leave.

RAGS. Ask them.

(He points to the audience.)

CINDERELLA. What are you talking about?

RAGS. The children that are helping me.

CINDERELLA. Children? I don't see anyone but you. Now you really are scaring me. Please leave.

RAGS. Oh, you can't see them. Here, I can fix that. *(He chants a spell:)*

Friends of mine they are.

Let her see them near and far.

They want to help Cinderella.

All are good gals and good fellas.

(RAGS waves his wand. A sound effect is heard. CINDERELLA sees the audience and screams.)

CINDERELLA. How did you all get into my house?

RAGS. These are my friends, and we're all here to help you. Aren't we?

CHILDREN. Yes.

RAGS. I didn't hear you!

CHILDREN. YES!!!

CINDERELLA. How can you help me?

RAGS. Ah...I don't know. I can't remember. *(To the audience:)* Help me! What do I do?

CHILDREN. Relax.

(RAGS gives a thumbs up to the audience.)

RAGS. We are going to get you to the Prince's Ball.

CINDERELLA. I can't go there. I'm not in the accepted social circle.

RAGS. I've always found social circles very square. Hey, do I look like a fairy Godmother?

CINDERELLA. To be honest you're not what I imagined one to look like.

RAGS. Just like nurses...everyone thinks they are women. There are male nurses, so I guess there can be men Godmothers. Don't judge a book by its cover.

CINDERELLA. My Stepmother said my book was not supposed to go to the ball.

RAGS. Well, we're about to prove her wrong. No one should be left out. Come on let's go.

CINDERELLA. I can't go looking like this.

RAGS. You look fine. Come on. You can be my date. With our rags for clothes, we do sort of match.

CINDERELLA. *(To the audience:)* Tell him what I need.

CHILDREN. A dress.

RAGS. A dress? I think she looks fine. Alright. I'll get her a dress.
(He chants:)

We need a dress...everything is a big fat mess.

I must confess...I never thought about getting her a dress.

(He waves his wand and a dress falls from the flies. A sound effect accompanies this. It is an ugly dress. He holds it up in front of CINDERELLA.)

RAGS. How's this?

CHILDREN. NO!

CINDERELLA. The dress must look elegant, but not too showy.

RAGS. I don't have a clue how to produce a dress like that.

CINDERELLA. Maybe one of the children can help you.

RAGS. Good idea. (*RAGS goes into audience and asks several children to help.*) Who can help me? What kind of dress should she wear? Do you know?

(He selects a young girl.)

RAGS. You look like you know. Will you wave my wand and put Cinderella into the right dress. Now think hard on what you want. Everybody help her. Concentrate. Everyone count to ten with me.

(RAGS leads the children in counting.)

RAGS and CHILDREN. 1...10! Now wave the wand!

(Meanwhile the lights on stage have faded. CINDERELLA has exited and is changing dresses. The child in the audience waves the wand. A spell sound is heard as the lights come up on CINDERELLA in a new ball gown.)

RAGS. It worked. She's beautiful. Thank you. Let's give this young lady a big round of applause. Give yourself a round of applause too.

CINDERELLA. Yes, thank you. I look gorgeous.

RAGS. Yes, you do. But the dress is missing something. I know ... Gloves.

CINDERELLA. What?

RAGS. You need some gloves. You know the kind that goes half way up your arm.

CINDERELLA. If you think so.

RAGS. (*To the children:*) Everyone shut their eyes and think hard of the kind of gloves we need. Go on shut them. Good. Now keep them shut while I chant the magic spell. (*Chants a spell:*)
We don't need gloves for winter...or gloves to garden.
The stepsisters need boxing gloves, I beg their pardon.
What we need is a pair of elegant gloves and no mess...
Gloves that will go with Cinderella's beautiful new dress.

(RAGS waves his wand, a spell sound is heard, and CINDERELLA holds a pair of gloves in her hand [if not on].)

RAGS. It worked. You can open your eyes now.

CINDERELLA. They match my dress perfectly. But do I really need gloves?

RAGS. These children are very good with fashion.

CINDERELLA. How am I supposed to get to the ball?

RAGS. I believe I turn a banana into a boat, and you sail to the ball. *(To the audience:)* Isn't that right?

CHILDREN. Pumpkin.

RAGS. Turn a pumpkin into a coach. Oh, that's right. *(He puts a pumpkin into the fireplace.)* And mice become the horses that pull it. But I have a better idea for the horsepower. *(He chants:)*
Pumpkins to coaches...with the greatest of ease
Turn now as swift as the summer breeze
Mice into horses...it will be very odd.
I say turn now into a fancy hot rod!

(RAGS waves his wand and the fireplace flips around to become the pumpkin/coach. It looks like a pumpkin, but it is more of a car, roadster, hot rod. A sound effect accompanies this.)

CINDERELLA. Wow, this is truly a dream come true.

RAGS. You deserve this. You work hard and shouldn't be left out. Let me look at you.

(CINDERELLA poses like a model and in doing so raises her dress. She is barefoot.)

RAGS. You look great.

CINDERELLA. Shouldn't I have some shoes on?

RAGS. Oh, that's right...shoes. You need special shoes. *(To the audience:)* What kind of shoes does she wear?

CHILDREN. Glass slipper.

RAGS. Right. Glass slippers. *(RAGS chants:)*
Her feet are bare...she needs some shoes
Wood, leather, paper are no-can-does
Magical shoes, clear as water and as light as the wind

Glass slippers we want and this is the end.

(He waves his wand. A sound effect is heard. CINDERELLA lifts her dress and she has on glass slippers. This can be accomplished by having the actress playing CINDERELLA walk out with shoes on. She takes them off when she gets to her place and puts them behind her. Shows her bare feet, lowers the dress, slips the shoes on her feet, lifts her dress, and presto...magic...she has the glass slippers on.)

CINDERELLA. Thank you. Thank you all.

RAGS. Now, get in that hot rod and ride.

(CINDERELLA gets in the coach, exits. A hot rod engine sound effect is heard.)

RAGS. *(To the children:)* We did it. We got Cinderella to the Prince's Ball. I have proven that I can be a Godmother. But I feel that I forgot something. Time? Something about time? She has to be back home at a certain time.

CHILDREN. Midnight.

RAGS. Oh, that's right. She has to be back home by midnight or the hot rod will turn back into a pumpkin and her dress will turn to rags. Oh boy... *(He begins to forget.)* What do I do?

CHILDREN. Relax.

RAGS. Thank you. Relax. I must go to the ball myself and warn Cinderella.

(RAGS exits on the run into the audience as the stage lights fade to black. The house lights fade up as he runs around the audience and through the aisles trying to find his way to the Palace. He ad-libs the entire time. Once the scene has been changed he exits at the back of the house. Music should play during this. In the original production, "The Flight of the Bumblebee" was played.)

Scene 2

(At Rise: MOTHER, BEAUTY, and GRACE are discovered in the Royal Ballroom. Waltz music is heard.)

MOTHER. Here we are girls...the grand ballroom at the palace of the Prince. Take it all in.

(She begins to take deep breathes in and motions with her hands as though pulling the moment into her being.)

MOTHER. Beauty.

(BEAUTY breathes in deep and does the hands motion.)

MOTHER. Grace.

(GRACE takes a deep breath and begins to cough uncontrollably. MOTHER slaps on GRACE's back until she regains control.)

BEAUTY. Where is he?

MOTHER. I think I see him over there.

GRACE. How's my hair, mommy?

MOTHER. Very red.

BEAUTY. And my dress?

MOTHER. Just as your name reflects, beautiful and purple.

BEAUTY. Mama, how old is the Prince?

MOTHER. He just turned eighteen.

BEAUTY. But mama, I'm thirty-two.

MOTHER. Why do you think we are here?

GRACE. I'm only twenty-nine, and he's mine.

BEAUTY. In your dreams.

GRACE. One is born with beauty...grace is taught.

BEAUTY. Beauty begets grace. I have them both.

GRACE. He will be mine.

BEAUTY. No, he won't; he'll be mine.

GRACE. Mine.

BEAUTY. Mine.

(The sisters begin to fight. MOTHER steps in and breaks the girls up.)

MOTHER. Enough. Come girls, stop all this fighting. Lets go introduce ourselves to His Majesty.

(MOTHER, GRACE, BEAUTY exit. RAGS enters in a ball gown. His face is covered with a kerchief, and he talks in a falsetto.)

RAGS. Hello there. Is this the Prince's Ball? *(He lowers the kerchief.)* Hey, it's me. Rags. Don't laugh. This is all I could find at Cinderella's house. After all there aren't any men living there. Have you seen Cinderella here at the ball yet?

CHILDREN. No.

RAGS. Excuse me; I must find her.

(RAGS exits and CINDERELLA enters. If the children say anything about RAGS she can respond and say she'll go find him.)

CINDERELLA. What am I doing? I shouldn't really be here. I can't even decide if I should put these gloves on. I think my stepmother was right. I just don't fit in.

(PRINCE enters. PRINCE and CINDERELLA look at each other and then do a take to the audience as they instantly fall in love with one another. A corny cartoonish-like sound effect will help this moment.)

PRINCE. Hello.

CINDERELLA. Hi.

PRINCE. You look confused.

CINDERELLA. I can't decide whether or not to wear these gloves.

PRINCE. Try them on and let's see.

(CINDERELLA puts the gloves on.)

CINDERELLA. I don't like them.

(CINDERELLA takes the gloves off and gives them to the PRINCE. He puts them in his pocket.)

PRINCE. With or without them...your hands are as beautiful as you are.

CINDERELLA. Don't be foolish.

PRINCE. Aren't you excited to be at the Prince's Ball?

CINDERELLA. It's an honor I have always dreamed of.

PRINCE. Are you a dreamer?

CINDERELLA. Yes.

PRINCE. I'm a dreamer too.

CINDERELLA. This dream is a nightmare. Seeing how the others at this ball are acting I realize my stepmother was right...

PRINCE. Stepmother?

CINDERELLA. I'm not in the same social class as they or the Prince are. And I really shouldn't be here.

PRINCE. What do you mean by social class?

CINDERELLA. I'm just a servant.

PRINCE. You don't look like one. You look like a princess to me.

CINDERELLA. These are not my clothes.

PRINCE. Clothes don't make the person. Honesty does. I hate dressing like this.

CINDERELLA. Then why are you here?

PRINCE. I was hoping to meet an honest young girl like you.

CINDERELLA. I'm surprised that you even looked at me... My dress is not the Prince's favorite color.

PRINCE. Purple?

CINDERELLA. Yes, and my hair is not—

PRINCE. Red?

CINDERELLA. Don't most boys want to be just like the Prince?

PRINCE. How does anyone really know what the Prince likes?

CINDERELLA. It's in all the magazines and newspapers. I read about him all the time.

PRINCE. Don't believe what others tell you. Nobody really knows what the Prince likes, except the Prince. I hear he likes people who think for themselves and dream.

CINDERELLA. Thinking like that hasn't helped me a lot in my life. Dreams don't come true. I really shouldn't even be at this ball. I'm going to leave.

(CINDERELLA begins to leave.)

PRINCE. Before you do that...may I have this dance?

CINDERELLA. Do you see those girls over there?

PRINCE. The one in the purple dress and the other with red hair?

CINDERELLA. Dance with them. They are more what the Prince is looking for.

PRINCE. Please dance with me.

CINDERELLA. What?

PRINCE. Let's dance and talk some more. Let me convince you I'm not so "foolish."

(The PRINCE takes CINDERELLA in his arms and they dance off stage. MOTHER, GRACE, and BEAUTY enter.)

MOTHER. There he goes.

GRACE. Who is he dancing with?

MOTHER. I've never seen the girl before. She looks like a foreigner.

BEAUTY. How can you tell?

MOTHER. Foreigners all look alike. I mean, look at the color of that frumpy dress she's wearing. That with the color of her hair...she has to be a foreigner. Doesn't she know what the Prince likes?

GRACE. And glass slippers.

BEAUTY. Oh, how tacky. Why would anyone in our social circle wear glass slippers?

(RAGS enters with his face covered and talks in a falsetto.)

RAGS. Good evening ladies, have you seen a graceful young girl wearing a beautiful white gown and glass slippers?

MOTHER. Oh, we've seen her. Please tell me you are the fashion police.

BEAUTY. Here they come mother.

MOTHER. *(Pushes the sisters downstage right.)* Dance with your sister. You don't want the Prince to think you're unpopular. At any cost keep dancing, dance with anyone.

(GRACE and BEAUTY begin to dance together.)

MOTHER. *(To RAGS:)* Come on sister, dance with me. We might be old, but we're not dead.

(MOTHER grabs RAGS and begins to dance with him upstage center. The PRINCE and CINDERELLA enter downstage left. All bow to the PRINCE.)

CINDERELLA. Are they bowing to you?

PRINCE. It doesn't mean anything.

CINDERELLA. You're the Prince... *(CINDERELLA bows.)* ...oh, I'm so embarrassed.

PRINCE. Why?

(CINDERELLA runs from the PRINCE to downstage right, BEAUTY leaves GRACE and grabs the PRINCE pushing him downstage left. GRACE captures CINDERELLA and dances with her downstage right.)

BEAUTY. May I have this dance?

PRINCE. But I...

GRACE. Mama says I have to dance with someone.

BEAUTY. Do you like the color of my dress?

PRINCE. Leave me alone.

RAGS. I must get to her.

CINDERELLA. I want to go home.

PRINCE. Come to me.

(PRINCE breaks free of BEAUTY and heads towards CINDERELLA. GRACE sees the PRINCE coming towards her and pushes CINDERELLA upstage center towards MOTHER and RAGS.)

GRACE. Who needs you?

(GRACE grabs the PRINCE. Since BEAUTY is alone she grabs RAGS and pulls him downstage right and begins to dance.)

BEAUTY. I can't be alone.

(MOTHER dances with CINDERELLA.)

MOTHER. You look very familiar.

CINDERELLA. I must leave.

MOTHER. Keep dancing; don't blow this for my daughters.

GRACE. Do you like my red hair?

PRINCE. Where did she go?

RAGS. Excuse me.

(RAGS breaks free of BEAUTY and moves to CINDERELLA and MOTHER. He taps MOTHER on shoulder and talks in a falsetto.)

RAGS. Cutting in.

(MOTHER doesn't respond. He lowers his voice as he pushes MOTHER downstage right towards GRACE and the PRINCE.)

RAGS. CUTTING IN!

(RAGS dances with CINDERELLA. MOTHER pushes GRACE out of the PRINCE's arms and begins to dance with PRINCE.)

MOTHER. He's mine.

(GRACE, seeing that she is alone, runs downstage left to dance with BEAUTY.)

MOTHER. Which one of my daughters...

CINDERELLA. Please...

MOTHER. ...did you like the best?

GRACE. He liked me.

BEAUTY. Me!

RAGS. It's me.

PRINCE. Neither one.

CINDERELLA. ...let me go.

MOTHER. What?

CINDERELLA. Who?

BEAUTY and GRACE. No!

RAGS. It's me, Rags.

PRINCE. Excuse me Madame.

RAGS. You must leave the ball by midnight.

CINDERELLA and PRINCE. Excuse me.

(CINDERELLA pushes RAGS downstage left; PRINCE breaks from MOTHER and pushes her downstage left. BEAUTY and GRACE see the PRINCE alone downstage right and run to him.)

BEAUTY and GRACE. He's mine.

(BEAUTY and GRACE try to get to the PRINCE but end up back together downstage right. PRINCE unites with CINDERELLA upstage center and MOTHER and RAGS are downstage left.)

PRINCE. What is your name?

MOTHER. Your dress looks very familiar.

CINDERELLA. I can't believe I said the Prince was foolish.

PRINCE. Where do you live?

BEAUTY. He liked me better than you.

RAGS. She still doesn't get it.

GRACE. Did not.

CINDERELLA. Let me go.

MOTHER. You can't leave me.

(A clock begins to chime.)

RAGS. Watch me.

(RAGS leaves MOTHER and MOTHER grabs dress and pulls it off RAGS, revealing his Fairy Godfather/Mother rags.)

BEAUTY. Did.

GRACE. Didn't.

(RAGS runs to CINDERELLA and takes her by the hand. He pulls her away from the PRINCE.)

RAGS. Come on.

(RAGS and CINDERELLA begin to run from PRINCE.)

PRINCE. Wait.

(The PRINCE grabs for her and rips her dress off and then begins after CINDERELLA. The stepsisters stop him.)

GRACE and BEAUTY. You're not going anywhere.

(CINDERELLA trips and loses a glass slipper. RAGS helps CINDERELLA up.)

CINDERELLA. You?

RAGS. Your dress will turn to rags.

CINDERELLA. What dress?

PRINCE. *(Struggles to get free of the sisters' grip.)* Where are you going?

RAGS. I suggest we get out of here.

CINDERELLA. But my slipper.

RAGS. No time. Let's go.

(CINDERELLA runs into the audience with RAGS.)

PRINCE. Come back. You are my future Princess.

(The PRINCE breaks free from BEAUTY and GRACE's hold, picks up the slipper, and runs into the audience followed by MOTHER, BEAUTY, and GRACE. There is a chase throughout the audience as the set is shifted back to the house. When the shift is completed CINDERELLA and RAGS exit back of house. The PRINCE, MOTHER, BEAUTY, and GRACE are discovered in a light special downstage left.)

MOTHER. Hey this is my dress.

PRINCE. And this dress has turned to rags.

BEAUTY. Mother, what is going on?

GRACE. I'm so very frightened.

MOTHER. It's obvious that whoever the two of them were they were in cahoots and were here to win the Prince's favor. But it didn't work. Did it Prince-e-poo? Which one of my daughters do you want to marry?

GRACE. He likes my red hair.

BEAUTY. Purple, and my dress.

GRACE. My hair.

BEAUTY. My dress.

GRACE. Hair.

BEAUTY. Dress.

(They begin to fight. MOTHER breaks them up.)

MOTHER. Enough

PRINCE. I will marry the woman whose foot belongs in this glass slipper. I will search every house in the Kingdom tomorrow morning until I find her.

MOTHER. Why waste your time? I'm sure you will find your Princess at our house.

(The lights fade to black.)

Scene 3

(At Rise: RAGS and CINDERELLA are discovered back at the house.)

CINDERELLA. I just didn't belong there. I was stupid to dream it, and you were crazy to even think so. Pumpkins, hot rods, and glass slippers? *(She takes off the one slipper she still has on and throws it off stage.)* Where is my old dress? I feel comfortable in it. I can't believe I said the Prince was foolish.

(She begins to dress.)

RAGS. I'm sorry I couldn't help you relax any more than I did.

CINDERELLA. You better find some clothes and get out of here. You sure are not much of a fairy godmother.

RAGS. *(As he dresses into his old clothes:)* It didn't go that bad. You met the prince and I think he liked you. *(To the children in the audience:)* Don't you think he did?

CHILDREN. Yes.

CINDERELLA. I'm sure my stepmother recognized me, and she'll punish me for being there.

RAGS. No, she was too busy worrying about her daughters.

CINDERELLA. They will be here any minute, and I was supposed to clean the fireplace and have a warm fire to greet them.

RAGS. That's not a problem. I think. *(He talks to the audience:)* Help me? What do I do?

CHILDREN. Relax.

RAGS. Thank you. You want a clean fireplace and warm fire...you shall have it. *(He chants:)*

Soot and ashes be gone

Flames don't flicker turn right on

Wood and fire find a home here

Cozy and warm for stepmother dear.

(He waves his hands and a spell sound is heard, dust from the fireplace blows around the room, and then there is a fire in the fireplace.)

CINDERELLA. I'm not sure how you did that, but thanks. And now I think you should go. You have failed as a Godmother. Please just leave me alone.

(MOTHER is heard off stage.)

MOTHER. Come along girls.

RAGS. I'll be around if you need me.

CINDERELLA. I won't.

(RAGS exits. MOTHER, GRACE, and BEAUTY enter.)

MOTHER. Cinderella, this house needs a shining. The Prince will be here in the morning looking for his Princess bride.

CINDERELLA. I will get right on it, stepmother.

(CINDERELLA exits.)

MOTHER. You girls better get your beauty sleep so you'll be fresh for the Prince in the morning.

BEAUTY. Good night, mother.

(BEAUTY kisses MOTHER on the cheek.)

GRACE. Mother, would it be alright if I got some grace sleep instead of beauty sleep?

(GRACE kisses MOTHER on cheek.)

MOTHER. Of course, Grace.

BEAUTY. It'll take more than grace sleep to help you.

GRACE. You can't sleep enough.

BEAUTY. Can.

GRACE. Can't.

BEAUTY. Can.

GRACE. Can't.

(BEAUTY and GRACE begin to fight. MOTHER breaks them up.)

MOTHER. Enough.

(BEAUTY and GRACE exit.)

MOTHER. Cinderella...

(CINDERELLA enters with a broom.)

MOTHER. ...don't mess this opportunity up for your sisters.

CINDERELLA. I will clean all night long.

MOTHER. See that you do.

(MOTHER exits. CINDERELLA begins to clean. RAGS enters.)

RAGS. Do you want some help?

CINDERELLA. I thought you were gone?

RAGS. Let me help you.

CINDERELLA. Chant some words and use that magic wand of yours to make this house fit for a Prince.

RAGS. My magic wand doesn't seem to be working the way I want it to. I'd rather use some good old-fashioned elbow grease.

CINDERELLA. Fine. Start cleaning.

(CINDERELLA throws RAGS a cloth and they begin to clean as the lights fade to black. The sound of a cock crowing is heard in the black.)

Scene 4

(At Rise: MOTHER is discovered.)

MOTHER. *(Yelling to her daughters:)* Rise and shine girls, the Prince has already been to every house on the west side and not found his Princess. That means he'll be here soon. *(Yells for CINDERELLA:)* Cinderella!!!

(CINDERELLA enters. Her face is full of dirt marks and her dress is a mess from having cleaned all night.)

CINDERELLA. *(Yawning:)* Yes, Stepmother.

MOTHER. I'm impressed at how clean the house looks.

CINDERELLA. Thank you.

MOTHER. Have you ironed Beauty's purple dress?

CINDERELLA. It's starched and ready.

MOTHER. What about Grace's red hair?

CINDERELLA. I curled it while she slept.

MOTHER. When the Prince gets here I want you to disappear. Be nowhere in sight. How embarrassing it would be if he were to discover that you were living here with us.

CINDERELLA. Yes, Stepmother. I will do as you wish.

(BEAUTY enters.)

BEAUTY. Mother, my dress has not been ironed.

MOTHER. Cinderella?

CINDERELLA. I swear I did it. Right before I combed and curled Grace's hair.

(GRACE enters. Her hair is windblown.)

GRACE. Mommy, look at my hair.

MOTHER. Cinderella, what have you done?

CINDERELLA. This is not my fault.

MOTHER. I think you did this on purpose.

CINDERELLA. You must believe me. I know who did this. RAGS!!!

(There is a knock at the door.)

MOTHER. He's here. We can talk about this later. Right now I want you to get out of sight. Don't embarrass us.

CINDERELLA. As you wish.

BEAUTY. I can't be seen with my dress like this.

GRACE. Me neither, my hair is a mess.

MOTHER. He's only looking at feet today.

(PRINCE enters. A trumpet fanfare.)

PRINCE. Didn't you hear my knock?

(They all bow.)

MOTHER. What an honor to find you, dear Prince, at our home.

(MOTHER holds her hand out for PRINCE to kiss and PRINCE ignores it.)

MOTHER. Your search for the foot that fits the glass slipper is over.

PRINCE. I hope you are right. This is the last house in the Kingdom. I must try this slipper on all the women in the household.

MOTHER. You're looking at all of them, your Highness.

(BEAUTY and GRACE lift their right foot to the PRINCE.)

PRINCE. I can tell this slipper won't fit either of their feet.

MOTHER. But your Highness, you must give my girls a chance.

PRINCE. Very well.

(BEAUTY and GRACE fight over who will sit and try slipper on first. BEAUTY wins.)

BEAUTY. *(As he tries the slipper on BEAUTY's foot:)* I'm sorry my purple dress looks so ugly.

PRINCE. No fit.

(GRACE laughs at BEAUTY and pulls her out of the chair. GRACE sits. PRINCE tries the slipper on GRACE's foot.)

GRACE. My red hair usually reflects perfection.

PRINCE. Your feet are as flat as your hair. Thank you for allowing me to search your house for my Princess. I'm sorry I didn't find a fit. Are there any other women in this house?

MOTHER. Well...

PRINCE. You hesitate, Madame? Is there another woman in this house?

MOTHER. Yes there is.

PRINCE. May I see her?

MOTHER. You're looking at her. You haven't let me try the slipper on.

PRINCE. But Madame.

MOTHER. You said you would put the slipper on every woman in the Kingdom until you found the perfect fit.

PRINCE. I did say that. Very well.

(The PRINCE tries the slipper on MOTHER and it fits.)

MOTHER. Bingo. I am your Princess.

PRINCE. It can't be so.

MOTHER. But the shoe fits. Come to Mama.

(MOTHER holds out arms for PRINCE. RAGS enters.)

RAGS. Hold on there.

PRINCE. Not you again?

RAGS. Yes, I'm the fairy Godmother.

PRINCE. You don't look like one.

RAGS. I might not look like a fairy Godmother, but does she look like your Princess?

PRINCE. I've been to every house in the Kingdom, this is the last house, and this is the foot that fits. I have to believe it if the shoe fits.

RAGS. I believe you have a pair of gloves from the mystery girl?

PRINCE. Yes, I do.

RAGS. Try it on the mother. If they don't fit, you must acquit.

(PRINCE tries glove on MOTHER.)

PRINCE. It doesn't fit.

RAGS. They are hiding the perfect match for both. *(To audience:)* Aren't they?

CHILDREN. Yes.

MOTHER. Do you mean Cinderella?

PRINCE. Is this true?

MOTHER. It can't possibly be her. She wasn't at the ball.

PRINCE. I demand to see her.

MOTHER. Cinderella!

(CINDERELLA enters.)

CINDERELLA. How may I serve you stepmother?

MOTHER. Show this impatient Prince that your foot doesn't fit into this slipper.

(MOTHER begins to take off the slipper.)

MOTHER. Beauty, help me get this slipper off? *(In a whisper:)* Do you have something to stuff into this slipper?

BEAUTY. *(Pointedly:)* Yes, mother, I can help you.

(BEAUTY helps MOTHER take the slipper off and as she does so she stuffs a kerchief into it. She then hands the slipper to the PRINCE.)

BEAUTY. Here you go, Dude.

(The PRINCE takes the slipper and tries it on CINDERELLA and it doesn't fit.)

PRINCE. I'm sorry it doesn't fit.

CINDERELLA. I am not your Princess.

MOTHER. And that means I am.

(MOTHER moves to the PRINCE's arm.)

RAGS. Try the gloves.

MOTHER. If the shoe doesn't fit, it doesn't matter if the gloves do.

PRINCE. She's right! I have found my Princess.

MOTHER. When do we get married?

(MOTHER takes PRINCE's arm.)

RAGS. *(To the children:)* There's something wrong. What did she do? Why didn't the slipper fit?

CHILDREN. She put something into the shoe.

RAGS. Wait a minute, Prince. *(RAGS checks the slipper and pulls out the kerchief.)* Let Cinderella try the slipper on now.

(The PRINCE slips the slipper on CINDERELLA with ease.)

PRINCE. A perfect fit.

RAGS. And the gloves?

(The PRINCE puts the glove on CINDERELLA's hand with ease.)

PRINCE. I have found my Princess at last.

RAGS. Yes you have.

BEAUTY. But I thought you like purple?

GRACE. No, he likes red hair.

PRINCE. Purple and red are among the things I enjoy, but honesty is what I love.

MOTHER. Come along girls, we don't need to be here and witness this fiasco.

(MOTHER, BEAUTY, and GRACE exit. The PRINCE gets on one knee.)

PRINCE. Will you be my Princess and marry me?

CINDERELLA. I can't do this. I said you were foolish.

(She runs into the audience and hides.)

PRINCE. Come back. Where did she go?

RAGS. She's somewhere out there hiding among friends.

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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