

# CINDERELLA 1

**Prince:** I don't know how I came up with it.

**Dandini:** How YOU came up with it!?

**Prince:** I must be cleverer than I look. Well, there's no time to lose. We need some invites, right away, so... to Clinton's Cards!

**Dandini:** To Clinton's Cards! (To audience) We would like to point out that other Greeting Card outlets are also available, and could be mentioned at this point for a modest fee! (Exits)

(An Old Woman in cloak and hood enters from other side, hobbling along with a walking stick.)

**Old Woman:** Oh, my poor, old, aching bones.

(She sits on a tree stump and removes her hood. It is the Fairy.)

**Fairy:** It's me! You didn't recognise me, did you? (Gets reaction from audience) Oh no, you didn't! Oh no, you didn't! Did you? Oh. (Sulks) So, as well as being a rubbish fairy, I'm rubbish at disguises too. Well, never mind; Cinderella doesn't know what I look like, and it's her I need to convince! (Looks off) Here she comes now. (shhs audience, then puts hood back up)

(Cinderella enters with her basket and addresses audience, without seeing Old Woman.)

**Cinderella:** I'm so late. My stepmother will be furious. I don't know what strange, unseen force made me go that way through the woods. (Old Woman gestures it was her to audience) But whatever it was, if I hadn't, I would never have met that gorgeous man. Oh my! (Fans herself) Now I must get home without any more hold-ups. (Crosses the stage)

**Fairy:** (As Old Woman, as Cinderella passes without noticing her) Oh dearie, dearie me.

**Cinderella:** (Stopping) That sounded like a poor, old woman in desperate need of help. (Looks round, sees Old Woman and approaches) Hello.

**Fairy:** (As Old Woman) I'm a poor, old woman in desperate need of help.

**Cinderella:** (To audience) I was right. (To Old Woman) What's the matter, poor old woman in desperate need of help?

**Fairy:** I was trying to get to the shops before they shut, but my weary, old legs ache too much.

**Cinderella:** You poor, dear thing. What were you hoping to buy?

**Fairy:** Just some fire lighters, so I can make a fire to keep me warm these cold, winter nights.

**Cinderella:** Well, as luck would have it, I've just bought some fire lighters for my stepmother. (Gets them out of basket) I suppose I could let you have these.

**Fairy:** That's very kind of you, dearie. (Looking into her tiny purse) How much are they?

**Cinderella:** Um, (Looks at label) £58.99.

**Fairy:** (Nearly having heart attack) £58.99?! For fire lighters?

**Cinderella:** They're from Harrods. My stepmother always insists on the best.

**Fairy:** They're only a quid in Poundland. I don't have that much money, I'm afraid.

**Cinderella:** Please. Put your money away, old woman. (Hands Fairy the fire lighters) Your need is greater than mine.

**Fairy:** But, won't you get into trouble, my dear child?

**Cinderella:** Probably. But I'm already in trouble for being late home, so a bit more trouble won't really make much difference.

# CINDERELLA 2

**Fairy:** You're very kind. And believe me, your kindness will be rewarded.

**Cinderella:** I've already said, I don't want your money.

**Fairy:** There are far greater rewards than money, my dear. (Stands and puts her hand on Cinderella's shoulder) There's true happiness. And true love.

**Cinderella:** (In reverie) You're right. A girl doesn't need money to be happy. All she needs is to fall in love with the man of her dreams and have him love her in return.

**Fairy:** I'm not sure Germaine Greer would concur, but you're right; a good man can bring far more happiness than a rich one. Though both would be nice!

(SFX: Eerie magical, as she backs away and edges toward offstage)

**Fairy:** And both is what you shall have, before very long. You mark my words... Cinderella! (Exits silently)

**Cinderella:** (Still deep in thought) Oh, how I wish I could believe you, old woman. (Realising) But how do you know my name? (Turns but she's gone) Old woman? Old woman? How strange. Well, whoever she was, I wish what she said was true, and that I'll soon find the man of my dreams.

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(Baroness takes it and makes as if to tear it up.)

**Baroness:** (To audience) Should I? (Gets reaction) Should I? Should I? No? Then here, Cinderella (gives it back) I've changed my mind.

**Cinderella:** Thank you.

**Baroness:** I want you to tear it up.

**Cinderella:** What?!

**Baroness:** You heard. Tear it up. Well, go on. Tear it. (Cinderella tears it) That's it. Now tear it again. (Cinderella tears it again) Tear it into tiny... Little... Pieces. (Cinderella tears it a third time) Good. (Knocks torn pieces out of Cinderella's hands) Now get back to the kitchen, where you belong, among the cinders in the hearth.

(Cinderella runs off in tears. Baroness looks down at the torn pieces and starts to laugh. As it builds in intensity she exits, her laugh still echoing.)

(After a beat, Buttons enters.)

Buttons: Hiya kids! (Gets reaction; sees torn pieces on floor) What's this? (Picks up pieces and gets info from audience) Is this Cinderella's invitation? Who made her do it? The Baroness? I told you she was evil. Where is Cinders now? The kitchen? Right, I must go to her. (Picks up box) Wish me luck!

(Buttons exits, front cloth lifts to reveal...)

## Scene Seven: Kitchen Of Hardup Hall

(Music. Cinderella is discovered sitting by the fireplace.)

# CINDERELLA 3

Song 5

(Buttons enters for the end of the Song, puts the box down and watches, unseen by Cinderella.)

**Buttons:** I'm so sorry, Cinderella. (Holds up torn invitation)

**Cinderella:** Oh, let's face it; even with an invitation, I couldn't have gone to the ball. I've got nothing to wear.

**Buttons:** You'd look lovely with nothing to wear! But never mind; if you can't go to the stupid old ball, we can enjoy ourselves here. We'll have our own party.

**Cinderella:** What sort of party could we have, with just the two of us?

(Buttons raises his eyebrows to the audience. Cinderella notices the box.)

**Cinderella:** What have you got in there?

**Buttons:** I'll show you later. First I want to tell you something that I hope will cheer you up. (To audience) Shall I tell her? Shall I? (To Cinderella) Cinderella?

**Cinderella:** Yes?

**Buttons:** (Taking her hands in his) You know how I feel about you, don't you?

**Cinderella:** Of course I do.

**Buttons:** I love you.

**Cinderella:** I know you do, Buttons. And I love you too.

**Buttons:** You do?! (Hugging her to him) Oh, Cinders!

**Cinderella:** I love you like a brother.

**Buttons:** (Still holding her, so she can't see the look on his face change) Like a brother?

**Cinderella:** Yes.

**Buttons:** Well... That's... I don't suppose you fancy moving to Norfolk?

**Cinderella:** What?!

**Buttons:** Nothing. Like a brother. (Turns away)

**Cinderella:** Why? You didn't think I meant... I mean, you and I...? You weren't saying...?

**Buttons:** What? No! Good grief, no! What; you and me? Imagine! Yuk!

**Cinderella:** Ah! You had me going for a moment there! You big tease.

**Buttons:** Yeah; that's me. Buttons the great big tease.

**Cinderella:** So, are you going to show me what's in the box now?

# CINDERELLA 4

**Buttons:** What? Nah, it's nothing. Just some stuff I've got no use for any more. (Chucks it offstage) No, I've got a much better surprise for you. We're going to have our very own royal ball right here. And I'm going to be your dashing prince. (Bows with a flourish)

**Cinderella:** (Curtseying) Why, thank you, your highness. But I haven't a thing to wear.

**Buttons:** Fret not, Mademoiselle. For I have ordered you a gown of the finest damask silk. (Pulls table cloth off table and wraps it around Cinderella)

**Cinderella:** (Modelling it) It's marvellous, dahling.

**Buttons:** (Looks at her up and down) But you need accessorizing. I know! (Grabs a string of carrots and puts it around her neck)

**Cinderella:** What's this?

**Buttons:** A nine carrot necklace.

**Cinderella:** But there are only seven carrots.

**Buttons:** Really? Must be the credit crunch! Oh, and you'll need this. (Picks up metal colander and places it on her head) There we are.

**Cinderella:** And this is?

**Buttons:** Your tiara, of course.

**Cinderella:** Of course. Fancy me forgetting that. I've got a mind like a sieve! (Points to it)

**Buttons:** All right. Don't strain yourself! Now close your eyes and wait there... (Cinderella does so) ... No peeping... (Uses the table, 2 chairs and plate chargers - for wheels - to create a coach) while I make all the necessary arrangements.

**Cinderella:** What are you doing?

**Buttons:** You'll see. (He finishes) Ok, open your eyes. (She does so) Your carriage awaits, Mademoiselle. (She takes his hand and they get into the coach) Where to, my lady?

**Cinderella:** The Royal Ball, if you please.

**Buttons:** The Royal Ball? (He pretends to be driving the coach) How posh. Where's it being held?

**Cinderella:** At the [Pantomime venue]

**Buttons:** Isn't that where they produce the best pantomime in [Area or County] ?

**Cinderella:** I do believe it is. The one with that gorgeous principal girl in it.

**Buttons:** Yes; and that ruggedly handsome comic.

**Cinderella:** No, I think that's [Another Local Venue].

**Buttons:** Cheek! You can go off people, you know!

**Cinderella:** (Sniffing the air) Phwarr! What's that awful smell. I hope it's the horse!

**Buttons:** Yes, sorry about that. We feed him on Brussels sprouts.

**Cinderella:** Doesn't that make him ill?

# CINDERELLA 5

**Buttons:** No, but it gives him the trots! (He stops the coach) Whoa! We're here. Let me help you down. (He does so)  
The prince takes one look at you... (He mimes being the prince) comes straight over, and asks you to Dance.

**Cinderella:** I'd love to, your highness. (Gives a curtsy)

**Buttons:** He bows... (Does so) takes you in his arms... (Does so) looks longingly into your eyes... (Does so; for a moment he forgets himself) and then... And then... (SFX: 3 door knocks) Was that me?

**Cinderella:** I think there's someone at the door. (Goes to answer it)

**Buttons:** (Annoyed) Oh pooh.

(Cinderella opens the door and Fairy is there, in old woman disguise.)

**Cinderella:** It's you! (Old Woman enters)

**Buttons:** Who?

**Cinderella:** The poor old woman I met in the forest.

**Buttons:** Huh! If you knew the trouble you caused Cinderella...

**Fairy:** (As Old Woman) I know. But I had good reason, as you will soon discover. For I am not a poor, old woman, but...  
(Fairy drops cloak to reveal her costume)

(SFX: Fairy sting)

**Fairy:** Cinderella's Fairy Godmother!

**Buttons:** Cor!

**Cinderella:** I didn't know I had a Fairy Godmother.