

CINDERELLA: THE FAIRY GODMOTHER'S TALE

A one-act comedy by
Louise Keeton

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR, the most magical Fairy Godmother in all the land! She instructs the fairy godmothers to provide the children of the world with protection and love through magic. She reigns with a firm but compassionate hand.

PHOEBE, the newest fairy godmother-in-training. Her enthusiasm for helping children in need is fully illustrated through her crafty creations, crazy characters and (albeit clumsy) positivity.

CINDERELLA, always eager to please. Cinderella puts the needs of others before her own, so much so that some members of her family take advantage of her kindness. She loves to read and daydream.

HORTENSE, Cinderella's stepmother. Living on a tight budget does not suit Hortense, so she forces Cinderella to do all the chores while she prepares her daughter, Mabel, to be Prince Rudy's bride.

MABEL, Cinderella's stepsister. She is far more interested in dating Gary, the palace goat boy, than the prince. Completely unfazed by possession or proprietary, Mabel is just along for the ride.

PRINCE RUDY. Having lived a solitary, royal life, Prince Rudy is more ungainly than charming.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Cinderella: The Fairy Godmother's Tale was originally produced by the Whistle Stop Theatre Company in Ashland, Virginia in 2013, directed by Louise Keeton, with the following cast:

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR.....Barbara Keeton
PHOEBE.....Myrna Erhart
CINDERELLA.....Louise Keeton
HORTENSE.....Carolyn Richman Peart
MABEL.....Katherine Ward
PRINCE RUDY.....Patrick Warren

Cinderella: The Fairy Godmother's Tale was also produced as part of The New York Children's Theatre Festival in 2014, directed by James Ricks, with the following cast:

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR.....Tiffany Jana
PHOEBE.....Caitlin Carbone
CINDERELLA.....Chelsey Jean
HORTENSE.....Emily Morrison
MABEL.....Liz Kinder
PRINCE RUDY.....Matthew Mitchell

DEDICATION

Dedicated to my parents, the real Cinderella and Prince Charming.

SCENE 1

(Magical overture music, magical lights up. FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR enters and addresses audience.)

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Good morning children *(/afternoon/evening)* and welcome to *(insert production company's name)* production of *Cinderella: The Fairy Godmother's Tale*. I say "children," not just for those of us under the age of ten, but for all of us who are young at heart. Here we are all children, and that is a magical thing indeed! I should know. You see, I am the Fairy Godmother Superior, which means I am the most magical fairy godmother around. When I wave my wand, all the children in the audience will focus their attention on me.

(Waves wand. Magic sound.)

See? And this time when I wave my wand, everyone will sit up straight and put their hands in their laps.

(Waves wand. Magic sound.)

That's right! Now when I wave my wand, you will listen with your whole self.

(Waves wand. Magic sound.)

Perfect! I believe you are the most magical group of children I have ever seen. All we need now is for the fairy godmother-in-training to arrive. Should be any minute now...

(Looks around.)

Do you see her anywhere?

(PHOEBE hops across the stage the other way, trying to tie the other shoe. Fairy Godmother Superior does not "see" her.)

Say it loud!

(Phoebe hops across the stage the other way, tying the other shoe. It slips off; she juggles it offstage.)

You do see her? Where?

(Phoebe runs on stage. Looks around. Her shoe is thrown onstage, over her head; she runs to retrieve it.)

I know! Children, repeat after me:

Bibbity Boo, Bibbity Bye

Find our Phoebe, Make her fly!

(Phoebe tumbles onstage and lands directly in front of Fairy Godmother Superior. Oblivious to her arrival, she finishes tying her shoes. Fairy Godmother Superior gives the children a "thumbs up.")

PHOEBE: Got it!

(Stands up and goes to walk offstage when her shoelaces, which are now tied together, trip her and she falls. Her feet fly in the air and we see the laces tied tightly together.)

Oops!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Phoebe.

PHOEBE: *(Surprised:)* Fairy Godmother Superior! You —

(Points at Fairy Godmother Superior.)

I —

(Spins around to feel her own body.)

Wha —

(Spins around to look at her surroundings. Sees the children.)

Oo-oo-oh! Children! Did you bring me here?

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: They did, indeed.

PHOEBE: Nice!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Phoebe?

PHOEBE: *(Saluting:)* Yes, Fairy Godmother Superior?

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Do you feel that?

PHOEBE: What?

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Breathe it in.

(Sighs with joy.)

PHOEBE: *(Phoebe breathes in. She sighs out with joy:)* Mold!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Magic!

PHOEBE: Magic!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Now, where does magic come from?

PHOEBE: Children.

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: What is the source of their magic?

PHOEBE: Laughter, and smiles and kindness and sharing and—

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: And who uses their magic?

PHOEBE: The fairy godmothers.

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Because...?

PHOEBE: We are devoted to their service.

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: So. What do you say?

PHOEBE: Thank you very much for the magic!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Very nice. Now: hand over the wand.

PHOEBE: But Fairy Godmother Superior...!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: No ifs, ands, or buts!

PHOEBE: *(Snickering:)* "Butts!"

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: A fairy godmother-in-training may not use magic...

BOTH: ...until she earns her wings.

PHOEBE: I know, I know.

(Phoebe hands over her wand.)

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Thank you. What were you using this wand for, anyway?

PHOEBE: Oh, well, you know how I like to design my own clothes? I made this skirt, and this shirt, and my kicks and my...

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Yes?

PHOEBE: So, I made these shoes out of glitter and glue and leather and thread but...well, shoelaces are hard to tie and...

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: And you wanted to use magic to tie them?

PHOEBE: I wanted to turn them into zippers.

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: You can do that yourself.

PHOEBE: But it's extra work!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: You must work for the things that are most worth having – including your wings.

PHOEBE: Yes, Fairy Godmother Superior.

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Thank you.

PHOEBE: *(Tying her shoes again:)* I could get my wings if I had a goddaughter. I'd make all her dreams come true and have the best wings in the world if I had a goddaughter.

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: You do have a goddaughter.

PHOEBE: I do?!

(Phoebe sits in a chair as if in school and watches attentively.)

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Her name is Cinderella...

(As Fairy Godmother Superior says her line, CINDERELLA runs in and strikes a tableau. Offstage, her stepmother HORTENSE and stepsister MABEL are heard.)

MABEL: Cinderella!

HORTENSE: Cinderella!

PHOEBE: Cinderella?! What kind of name is "Cinderella"?

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: A nickname. Her stepsister, Mabel...

(Mabel steps into tableau with Cinderella, followed by Hortense.)

...made a bed for her in the cinders of the fireplace. So, "Cinderella."

PHOEBE: But that's mean!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Yes, but that's why we're here.

PHOEBE: To put an end to mean-ness!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Correct.

PHOEBE: So, I just help Cinderella move out of the cinders and then get my wings!?

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Not quite...

PHOEBE: Aw-w-w-w...

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: There's also the matter of Cinderella's true love...

PHOEBE: Wha-a-a?

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: This is Rudiger – "Rudy" for short.

(RUDY enters, joins tableau.)

PHOEBE: Cu-u-u-te.

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: But Hortense wants Mabel to marry Rudy.

(Shift in tableau.)

PHOEBE: Hmm. Well that's not too bad. Break them up, pair Rudy and Cindy together, and all is well!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Except...

PHOEBE: What?

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: He's the Prince...

PHOEBE: WHAT?!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Your mission—should you choose to accept it—will be to introduce Rudiger to Cinderella and arrange their engagement. Before midnight tonight.

PHOEBE: No pressure!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: If you can do that, you will get your wings.

PHOEBE: Couldn't I just clean the cinders out of the fireplace and call it a day?

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Phoebe...!

PHOEBE: Alright, alright, I'll do it for Cinderella.

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Good!

PHOEBE: And my wings!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: *(She waves her wand and the tableau cast exits.)* Now be off with you. I expect for Cinderella to be engaged to Prince Rudiger by midnight tonight.

PHOEBE: Yes, ma'am!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Oh, and Phoebe—no magic!

PHOEBE: No MAGIC?!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Not until you get your wings.

PHOEBE: But how will I get Cindy out of the cinders, introduced to Rudy and engaged by midnight tonight without magic?!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: That's up to you.

PHOEBE: Can't I have a little bit of magic? Just a little?

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: No.

PHOEBE: Ple-e-ease?

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: No.

PHOEBE: Plee-ee-ee-ease?

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: No!

PHOEBE: Pretty please with sugar on top and ice cream in the middle and a pumpkin carriage filled with a pretty, pretty princess please?

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Oh, alright!

PHOEBE: HOORAY!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: You may call upon me three times to borrow the children's magic; that is, if they agree to help.

(To the audience.)

Will you help Phoebe?

(Audience agrees.)

PHOEBE: Thank you! Thank you, thank you, thank you!

(Hugs Fairy Godmother Superior.)

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Three wishes and that's all you get!

PHOEBE: I promise I won't ask for anything else. Cross my heart and hope to fly, stick a wand in a pumpkin pie...

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Alright then!

PHOEBE: Oh, Fairy Godmother Superior...

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: ...Yes?

PHOEBE: May I use one of my magical wishes now? Just one?

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: What is it?

PHOEBE: May I be transported to Prince Rudy's castle—real quick?

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Are you sure that's what you want to use one of your three magical wishes on?

PHOEBE: I'm bad at directions.

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Very well! I hope you're ready...

PHOEBE: Ready!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Close your eyes. *(Phoebe does.)* Children, repeat after me:

Abra-ca-do,
Abra-ca-zee,
Prince Rudiger,
Meet Fairy Phoebe!

(Fairy Godmother Superior waves her wand. Magical music and lights occur as the cast switches the set to the Prince's castle.)

They exit just as Rudy enters, reading. He sees Phoebe and stops.)

SCENE 2

PHOEBE: Fairy Godmother Superior? Hello? Can I open my eyes now?

RUDY: Excuse me?

PHOEBE: *(Opening her eyes. Speaking to the audience:)* YAY! Nice magic, kids!

(Spinning and looking around.)

And what a big castle! Hello!

(Pretending to be her own echo.)

Hello, hello, hello...!

(Coming face-to-face with Rudy.)

Hello! Prince Rudy! It's so good to see you in person!

(Tries to give him a hug. He ducks out.)

RUDY: Who are you?

PHOEBE: Me?

RUDY: Yes. You.

PHOEBE: Oh...yeah...me, you would want to know who I am, wouldn't you...I'm your, um-m...your...

RUDY: What?

PHOEBE: Party coordinator!

RUDY: Party coordinator?

PHOEBE: Sure! You know, for that sock hop you're going to have!

RUDY: I wasn't aware I was having a sock hop...

PHOEBE: Oh no, not just a sock hop! A ball! That's right! A ball to choose your bride!

RUDY: Oh. One of those. No thanks.

(He begins to read again. He avoids listening to or looking at Phoebe by hiding behind his book, while she tries to get his attention.)

PHOEBE: "No, thanks"?!

RUDY: You can see yourself out.

PHOEBE: Don't you want a wife?

RUDY: Nope.

PHOEBE: Help ruling the kingdom?

RUDY: Nah.

PHOEBE: How old are you now?

RUDY: Uh...

PHOEBE: Sixteen? Eighteen? Twenty?

RUDY: Twenty-three.

PHOEBE: *(Snatches his book away. He is powerless.)* An old man! Ancient! Your best years are wasting away and you have no one to share them with. We must have this ball before it is too late!

RUDY: Twenty-three isn't that—

PHOEBE: Just imagine it. All the ladies of the kingdom, dressed to the nines, violins, mood lighting, hors d'oeuvres! All for you!

RUDY: Wow!

(Phoebe acts as though she's going to give him back his book. He reaches for it, she pulls it out of his reach.)

PHOEBE: Tonight.

RUDY: Tonight?!

(Phoebe dangles the book in front of him.)

PHOEBE: Ending at midnight – when you get engaged.

RUDY: Now, wait a minute –

PHOEBE: Not a minute to lose! Let's go.

RUDY: Go? Go where?

PHOEBE: To hand out invitations, duh!

RUDY: Do I have to?

PHOEBE: Yes, you have to! Besides, you never know who you might meet...

(Phoebe pushes Rudy offstage. Scene transition music. [Not magical. Functional.]

SCENE 3

(Scene is shifted to Cinderella's house. Cinderella is scrubbing the floor, listening in. Mabel dodges Hortense as Hortense tries to block and corner Mabel.)

HORTENSE: Mabel, please! Please come to the tennis tournament with me? Prince Rudiger will be there...

MABEL: Why does that matter?

HORTENSE: Why, so that you may woo and be wooed!

MABEL: Woo-hoo.

HORTENSE: But Mabel, muffin, you know what an important match it would be for you, our family...

MABEL: Our bank account.

HORTENSE: Precisely!

MABEL: But I don't love Prince Rudiger.

HORTENSE: Don't tell me you're still dizzy over that Gary creature!

CINDERELLA: Gary? The palace goat boy?

MABEL: Maybe...

CINDERELLA: He's so nice!

MABEL: I know!

CINDERELLA: And he's sweet on you, Mabel!

MABEL: Do you really think so, Ella?

CINDERELLA: Really!

HORTENSE: Hush, Cinderella! Mabel, I forbid you to see that goat boy again!

MABEL: But, Mother!

HORTENSE: You will marry the prince and like it!

MABEL: But I don't like *him!*

HORTENSE: What's not to like? He's rich...

MABEL: He's boring.

HORTENSE: He's royal...

MABEL: He's awkward.

HORTENSE: He has a trust fund...

MABEL: He reads all day long.

HORTENSE: And he's rich!

MABEL: I don't care! If you're so worried about money, why not let Ella marry Prince Rudiger? She likes him, don't you Ella?

CINDERELLA: (*Embarrassed:*) Well...I...

HORTENSE: Cinderella wouldn't share the prince's money with us!

MABEL: Ella would too share, wouldn't you Ella?

CINDERELLA: Of course!

HORTENSE: No, you wouldn't.

CINDERELLA: Yes, I would.

HORTENSE: No, you wouldn't!

CINDERELLA: Yes, I would!

HORTENSE: Wouldn't.

CINDERELLA: Would.

HORTENSE: Wouldn't!

CINDERELLA: Would!

HORTENSE: See?! See how she torments me?! Why?! Why was I cursed with an ungrateful daughter and a stepdaughter whose words cut me to my core?!

(Hortense sits down and cries dramatically. She stops sobbing to look through her fingers at Cinderella and Mabel. They stare at her. She goes back to crying. Looks through her fingers. Cries more dramatically. Looks through her fingers and begins to cry again when Mabel stops her.)

MABEL: Fine, Mother! Fine! I will try to "woo" the prince.

HORTENSE: Will you, darling?

(Hortense hugs Mabel and doesn't let go.)

MABEL: Yes! Just stop crying!

HORTENSE: And you'll go to the tennis match with me?

MABEL: Yes...

HORTENSE: And you'll never see that Gary goat boy again?

MABEL: I—

(A knock on the door.)

HORTENSE: Cinderella, go get the door.

MABEL: *(Looking out the window.)* Oh hey, it's the prince.

HORTENSE: Cinderella, get away from the door!

MABEL: What's the matter?

HORTENSE: The prince can't see *her*!

MABEL: Why not?

HORTENSE: Because *she* loves him!

MABEL: So?

HORTENSE: *He* might love her!

MABEL: So?

HORTENSE: So he won't love *you*!

MABEL: So?

HORTENSE: So if he sees her and he loves her then he won't love you and he won't marry you and then we won't have any money!

MABEL: Oh, yeah...

RUDY: *(Off:)* Hello?

HORTENSE: Cinderella, hide!

CINDERELLA: But—

MABEL: Ella—

CINDERELLA: But—

RUDY: *(Off:)* I'm coming in!

HORTENSE & MABEL: HIDE!

(Cinderella is pushed into a hiding place, still within the view of the audience.)

CINDERELLA: Ah-h!

(Phoebe enters, skipping and twirling a ribbon dancer to make a grand entrance for Prince Rudiger.)

PHOEBE: Hear ye! Hear ye! Prince Rudiger has arrived...here, at your humble abode...with a message! For you! Hear ye!

(Rudy enters elegantly.)

HORTENSE: Prince Rudiger!

RUDY: Oh, no...

(Rudy turns to run away. Phoebe turns him around and he is face-to-face with Hortense.)

HORTENSE: What a magical surprise.

PHOEBE: You can say that again.

HORTENSE: *(In a different pitch:)* What a magical surprise!

PHOEBE: Nice.

RUDY: Hello, Hortense.

HORTENSE: Have you come to call upon my beautiful daughter, Mabel?

MABEL: *(Demoralized:)* Hey Rudy.

RUDY: Hi Mabel.

PHOEBE: Actually, we're here to invite you to something, right? *(Nudges Rudy.)*

RUDY: Ah, yes. I am here to invite you to the royal ball...

PHOEBE: Where he'll choose his bride!

HORTENSE: Your bride?!

PHOEBE: Oh, yes!

MABEL: Oh, no...

RUDY: You can say that again.

MABEL: *(In another pitch:)* Oh, no!

PHOEBE: This is fun!

HORTENSE: When?

PHOEBE: Tonight!

HORTENSE & MABEL: Tonight?!

RUDY: But only until midnight.

PHOEBE: And all the eligible young ladies of the kingdom are to attend!

MABEL: *(Pulling Rudy aside.)* Will Gary be there?

RUDY: My goat boy? I think so...

(Beat.)

Are you two...?

MABEL: Oh we're just...

RUDY: 'Cause you know he's kind of...

MABEL: *(Enthusiastically:)* I KNOW!

HORTENSE: BUT: Mabel will be coming to see you, Prince Rudiger! Won't you, Mabel?

MABEL: Oh yeah, all for you.

RUDY: Sounds swell.

HORTENSE: *(Stroking Rudy's arm and leaning her head on his shoulder.)* Aren't you the lucky boy?

MABEL: *(Whispering in his ear:)* But if you want to let Gary know I'll be there, I wouldn't mind...

RUDY: I'll go right now! Bye, Hortense!

(Rudy attempts to leave, but Phoebe blocks his exit. Having seen Cinderella barely hidden, Phoebe makes her way over, using her ribbon dancer to draw attention. No one notices.)

PHOEBE: Wait a minute, has everyone been invited?

HORTENSE: *(Catching on. She tries to hide Cinderella with her body. Doesn't help.)* Of course!

PHOEBE: No other eligible young ladies in the house?

HORTENSE: No...

RUDY: Can we go?

(Phoebe, looking directly at Hortense, kicks up some dust. Cinderella coughs.)

PHOEBE: What was that?

HORTENSE: A cat?

(Phoebe uses her ribbon dancer to tickle Cinderella's nose. Cinderella sneezes.)

RUDY: What was *that*?

HORTENSE: The wind?

(Phoebe kicks Cinderella. Cinderella yells "ow!")

PHOEBE: What was that?!

MABEL: Ella!

(Everyone stares.)

RUDY: What?

MABEL: What?

RUDY: Enough of this! Come out, whoever you are!

(Cinderella steps into clear view.)

PHOEBE: Why, it's a beautiful, eligible young lady! Who knew?

RUDY: (*Dumbstruck:*) Hello!

(Rudy walks to Cinderella. Cinderella reciprocates by meeting him center and taking his hand.)

CINDERELLA: Hello!

PHOEBE: (*Whispering in Rudy's ear:*) Invite her to the ball!

RUDY: Wanna come to the ball?

CINDERELLA: It would be my honor, Your Majesty.

PHOEBE: Look at that! Guess Cinderella's coming to the ball!

HORTENSE: And Mabel! Mabel will come too!

RUDY: I'll wait for you all night.

HORTENSE: Mabel will be there early.

RUDY: I will count the hours until I see you again.

HORTENSE: Mabel is counting down the seconds!

MABEL: Sure...

PHOEBE: Well, we better be on our way.

(Phoebe pulls Rudy away. Hortense pulls Cinderella away.)

RUDY: Goodbye...

CINDERELLA: Goodbye...

HORTENSE: Goodbye!

PHOEBE: Goodbye!

RUDY: Goodbye!

CINDERELLA: Goodbye!

(Rudy and Phoebe exit. Beat. Rudy pokes his head back in.)

RUDY: Goodbye!

HORTENSE, MABEL & CINDERELLA: GOODBYE!

CINDERELLA: (*Dreamily:*) I've been invited to the ball...

(*Hortense and Mable turn on Cinderella.*)

HORTENSE: Cinderella!

CINDERELLA: Yes?

MABEL: Ella, Ella, Ella.

CINDERELLA: Hmm?

HORTENSE: You aren't going to the ball!

CINDERELLA: What?

MABEL: SHE SAID, YOU AREN'T GOING TO THE BALL!

CINDERELLA: But, why?

MABEL: Yeah, why?

HORTENSE: Because...

CINDERELLA & MABEL: Why?

HORTENSE: Because Cinderella has to clean the lentils out of the fireplace!

CINDERELLA: What lentils?

MABEL: (*Picking up a bowl of lentils from a shelf.*) Oh! You mean these lentils?

HORTENSE: Precisely!

(*Hortense knocks the bowl of lentils out of Mabel's hand and it falls on the floor, scattering the imaginary lentils.*)

So, of course, you couldn't possibly make it to the ball.

CINDERELLA: No!

HORTENSE: Come along Mabel, let us dress.

(*Hortense exits. Mabel begins to exit, turns back to Cinderella, shrugs apologetically and leaves.*)

CINDERELLA: *Now* what will I do?

(Cinderella cries and begins picking up the lentils.)

SCENE 4

(Phoebe enters.)

PHOEBE: Oh Fairy Godmother Superior! Superiority! Godmama-lama-lis!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: What is it, Phoebe?

PHOEBE: *(Dancing around Fairy Godmother Superior:)* I did it! The prince is hosting a ball and he's invited Cinderella! She'll be there tonight!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: No, she won't.

PHOEBE: She won't?

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: She's picking lentils out of the fireplace.

PHOEBE: But that will take all night!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: It will.

PHOEBE: *(Pacing around.)* What do we do? What do we do?

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: I don't know...what will you do?

PHOEBE: *(Stopping suddenly, with an idea.)* Well, I suppose...

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Yes?

PHOEBE: If we had a bird...a *magical* bird...to pick out the lentils...why then, the job would be done in no time!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: That's a wonderful idea, Phoebe!

PHOEBE: *(Bowing and waving to the audience:)* Thank you, thank you.

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Where will you find such a bird?

PHOEBE: Well...if there was another fairy godmother, a really magical one...maybe one who happens to be here right now...

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: I will *not* be a bird.

PHOEBE: Oh c'mon! Birds of a feather flock together!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Phoebe!

PHOEBE: What? They do!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: That's twice! That's twice you've asked for magical assistance. Only one more magic gift will be left!

PHOEBE: I know, but...

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Are you sure you want to use your magical wish...to make me a bird?

PHOEBE: Yes.

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: For Cinderella? Or to tease me?

PHOEBE: Both.

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: Very well. I'll be the bird.

PHOEBE: You're the best-est Fairy Godmother Superior ever, ever, ever!

FAIRY GODMOTHER SUPERIOR: I know, I know. Children, repeat after me:

Tweeta Tweet,
Tweeta Boo,
Form great big feathers...

PHOEBE: And a big beak too!

(As magical lights and music are cued, Fairy Godmother Superior glares at Phoebe. Phoebe gives the audience a "thumbs up," then exits away from Fairy Godmother Superior. Fairy Godmother Superior exits. Cinderella is alone and picking up lentils.)

HORTENSE: *(Off:)* How are those lentils coming along, Cinderella?

(Laughs.)

CINDERELLA: Terribly. How...how will I finish in time for the ball?

SCENE 5

(Phoebe enters. Triumphantly, she creates a drum roll and gestures to present Fairy Godmother Superior on the other side of the stage, accompanied by a magical sound cue. Fairy Godmother Superior enters in her bird costume. She looks demoralized. Phoebe is thrilled.)

CINDERELLA: If only I had some help...

(Phoebe urges Fairy Godmother Superior on stage, but she shakes her head "no." Cinderella begins to cry.)

But I'm alone.

(Phoebe is touched. So is Fairy Godmother Superior.)

What do I do?

(Phoebe stomps and Fairy Godmother Superior gives in, appearing to Cinderella.)

Oh, hello, Blue Bird.

(Bird chirps.)

I was invited to the ball by Prince Rudy but my stepmother is forcing me to clean these lentils out of the fireplace. I think, perhaps, she doesn't want me to go to the ball.

(Bird chirps, shocked and appalled.)

I know! She's being so mean and I don't understand why! And if I don't finish soon, I'll never arrive at the ball before midnight. What will I do, Blue Bird?

(Bird chirps merrily.)

No!

(Chirps.)

Really?

(Chirps.)

Oh, Blue Bird of Happiness, I would love your help!

(Phoebe is doing a victory dance.)

Quickly! Before my stepmother comes back –

(Bird swoops three times on Cinderella's count, each with music and magical lighting emphasis, picking up lentils.)

One... Two... Three and done! Thank you, Blue Bird! Thank you! Now I can go to the ball!

(Hortense enters with Mabel. Fairy Godmother Superior and Phoebe hide behind opposite sides of the flat and watch.)

HORTENSE: Going to the what, now?

CINDERELLA: To...to the ball. I finished cleaning the lentils out of the fireplace.

MABEL: I knew she could do it! C'mon Ella, let's go!

HORTENSE: She can't go.

CINDERELLA & MABEL: Why not?

CINDERELLA: I was invited by the prince...

MABEL: She actually likes him.

CINDERELLA: I cleaned out the lentils...

MABEL: In record time.

CINDERELLA: What more do I need?

HORTENSE: A dress.

MABEL: Oh, a dress...

HORTENSE: You couldn't possibly go to a ball in that! Imagine what the prince would say!

MABEL: That would be pretty embarrassing...

(Sound of car horn beeping twice, from offstage.)

HORTENSE: And there's our carriage. What a shame, Cinderella. Bye-bye!

(Hortense exits.)

MABEL: Ella, don't worry, we'll...

HORTENSE: *(Off:)* MABEL!

MABEL: COMING!

(She shrugs, annoyed, and exits. Cinderella sits down and cries.)

CINDERELLA: Now what?

SCENE 6

(Fairy Godmother Superior snaps at Phoebe to get her attention. Phoebe looks at her helplessly. Phoebe motions as if to say "what do I do?" Fairy Godmother Superior motions that it is up to Phoebe. Phoebe mulls. Idea! Find Hortense. Kick her! Fairy Godmother Superior mimes "no." Phoebe is disappointed. Thinks. Idea! Fairy Godmother Superior should fly her there! Fairy Godmother Superior mimes "NO!" Phoebe throws up her hands. Pouts. Idea! Phoebe rushes backstage. Fairy Godmother Superior is left onstage with Cinderella, who is still crying. She snaps toward Phoebe to get her back, without success. She distracts Cinderella by tweeting. Wraps her in her wings. Rubs

her shoulders. Finally, a knock on the door is heard. Cinderella answers.)

CINDERELLA: Hello?

PHOEBE: (*Rushing in, dressed as a chauffeur.*) I am so sorry I'm late! But better late than never, right? Are you ready to go?

CINDERELLA: Go? Who are you? What are you doing here?

PHOEBE: Oh, like, I'm the carriage driver to take you to the ball. Yeah.

CINDERELLA: There must be some mistake. A carriage has already come to take my stepmother and sister to the ball. They've gone.

PHOEBE: You don't say! Golly, my supervisor is going to hear about this! Well, how about you? Aren't you going to the ball?

CINDERELLA: Not in this dress, I can't. I would only embarrass myself.

PHOEBE: Hey, now! You seem like a nice girl!

CINDERELLA: Really?

PHOEBE: Sure! And you're awfully pretty.

CINDERELLA: I am?

PHOEBE: And you're smart, capable, and just as deserving of the prince's love as any other girl in the kingdom. Some old ball gown doesn't make that any less!

CINDERELLA: I suppose, but it sure does help...

PHOEBE: Well, then, this is your lucky day!

CINDERELLA: It is?

PHOEBE: I may not be a prompt carriage driver, but I am one fantastic dressmaker!

CINDERELLA: You are?!

PHOEBE: What's your favorite color?

CINDERELLA: Blue!

PHOEBE: Hm-m-m-m...

(Beat. Sees the curtains.)

You don't need these curtains, do you?

(Phoebe rips down the Velcro curtains.)

CINDERELLA: Not anymore!

PHOEBE: Do you like sparkles?

CINDERELLA: Yes!

PHOEBE: *(Pulling out a bag of glitter:)* Done and done!

CINDERELLA: You...keep glitter with you?

PHOEBE: Yeah.

(Throws it in the air with flair.)

Ta-da!

(Beat.)

Now. What about shoes?

CINDERELLA: I don't have shoes.

PHOEBE: *(Horrorified:)* None at all?

CINDERELLA: Nope.

PHOEBE: Hm-m-m. You need something shining, original, magical!

CINDERELLA: Magical?

(Fairy Godmother Superior is on the other side of the stage, shaking her head "no.")

PHOEBE: *Magical!* You love Prince Rudy, don't you?

CINDERELLA: Well...

PHOEBE: And he loves you, doesn't he?

CINDERELLA: Well...

PHOEBE: So! You need, nay, *deserve* to feel like the prettiest princess at the ball! Right?

(Phoebe looks at Fairy Godmother Superior as she says this. Fairy Godmother Superior gives in and waves her wand. Magical music and lights emphasize the dialogue.)

CINDERELLA: Right! I am nice!

PHOEBE: Yes!

CINDERELLA: I am capable!

PHOEBE: Yes!

CINDERELLA: I deserve love!

PHOEBE: Yes!

CINDERELLA: And, by golly, I deserve some pretty shoes, too!

PHOEBE: Hallelujah!

(The glass slippers magically appear. Phoebe mouths "thank you" to the audience.)

CINDERELLA: Oh, my gosh, pretty shoes!

PHOEBE: Pretty shoes for a pretty, pretty princess!

CINDERELLA: They're glass!

PHOEBE: Magical, right?

CINDERELLA: I will cherish them forever!

(Fairy Godmother Superior motions "no.")

PHOEBE: No!

CINDERELLA: No?

PHOEBE: You can't have them *forever* – only until...

(Fairy Godmother Superior tries to "charade" midnight.)

Two syllables, sounds like...flight, might, sight, night...night!
Fortnight? Tonight? *Midnight!* Midnight! You may keep them
until *midnight*...

(Fairy Godmother Superior is exhausted and sits down fanning herself.)

CINDERELLA: What will happen at midnight?

PHOEBE: At midnight, Prince Rudiger announces his
engagement...then everyone comes home.

CINDERELLA: Including my stepmother and sister...

PHOEBE: And if you're not here...

CINDERELLA: I would get in so much trouble!

PHOEBE: We don't want that!

CINDERELLA: Then...I must be engaged to Rudy before
midnight!

PHOEBE: And before the magic wears away...I mean...before
you get sleepy.

CINDERELLA: I'll try...

PHOEBE: Not try – will!

CINDERELLA: I will!

PHOEBE: Atta girl! Now, let's get you dolled up!

CINDERELLA: Okay!

SCENE 7

(Cinderella and Phoebe exit/set up the stage for the ball. The ball commences with 1950s sock hop music, which plays throughout)

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the scene. Mabel is at the buffet, eating as much food as she can manage. Hortense is keeping a lookout.)

MABEL: *(Speaking with food in her mouth:)* The chocolate is pretty good, but this custard thing is really yummy. Here, try...

(Pushes it in her mother's face.)

HORTENSE: Really, Mabel, do try to act like a lady!

MABEL: Hey, a lady's gotta eat.

HORTENSE: I shan't. I am waiting for the prince.

MABEL: I'm waiting for some more refreshments. Hey, waiter!

(Prince Rudy enters, anxiously looking for Cinderella.)

HORTENSE: There he is!

MABEL: Gary?

HORTENSE: No, not the goat boy, dummy! The prince!

MABEL: Oh, him. I wonder what's in this dip...

HORTENSE: Go talk to him!

MABEL: Mother!

HORTENSE: *(Pushes her:)* Go!

(Mabel bumps into Rudy, and they tumble on each other. Each time they try to get up, one of them trips on something else on the other in a slew of "sorrys," "oops," "excuse mes." Finally, Mabel picks up Rudy, stands him up and brushes him off. Smiles a big toothy grin at him.)

MABEL: Hey Rudy.

RUDY: Hi Mabel. You have chocolate on your teeth.

(Mabel is horrified and turns her back to him to wipe off her teeth with the assistance of Hortense. While her back is turned, Cinderella appears. Rudy is mesmerized. Cinderella is listening to Phoebe [still the carriage driver], who is hidden behind a flat with her head poking out.)

PHOEBE: Okay, Ella, just remember to be home before midnight.

CINDERELLA: And my stepmother.

PHOEBE: You got it!

CINDERELLA: Are you sure I look alright?

PHOEBE: Unrecognizable! But it's not what's on the outside that counts, right?

CINDERELLA: It's what's on the inside.

PHOEBE: Right! That's what the prince is going to love.

CINDERELLA: Thank you!

(Rudy starts approaching Cinderella just as Mabel turns around [having finished cleaning her teeth]. She turns around in time to see him going to Cinderella. Hortense watches, frustrated. Mabel is both relieved and senses approaching danger. She sneaks a cookie to quell her concern and to celebrate.)

PHOEBE: Here he comes now! Good luck!

(Phoebe exits.)

CINDERELLA: Wait! I—

(Turns, Phoebe is gone.)

RUDY: You made it!

CINDERELLA: Sh-h-h!

(She gestures to her stepmother and sister who are watching. Rudy winches and plays along.)

RUDY: Please say you're here as one of the eligible young ladies for me to "woo."

CINDERELLA: I am.

RUDY: Want to dance?

CINDERELLA: I do!

(They begin dancing. Mabel and Hortense cluster together. Phoebe enters, now dressed as a waitress, to spy.)

MABEL: Wow, she's really pretty.

HORTENSE: So? I've never seen her before. He can't possibly like someone he doesn't even know.

(Cinderella and Prince Rudy laugh.)

MABEL: He seems to like her.

HORTENSE: Well, that's just ridiculous. Get his attention!

MABEL: How?

HORTENSE: Offer him something to eat or –

PHOEBE: *(Offers a tray of peanut butter snacks.)* Hors d'oeuvre?

HORTENSE: Great, thanks. Now, go!

(Mabel reluctantly goes to Rudy and taps him on his shoulder. He turns to look at her, Cinderella tries to disappear.)

MABEL: Wanna cookie?

RUDY: Uh...yeah, sure.

(Takes a bite.)

MABEL: Good, huh?

RUDY: Mmm. I love peanuts.

MABEL: I'm not sure if they're peanuts. Maybe almonds or cashews...

(Rudy begins to choke. Mabel panics.)

Help! A cookie is attacking the prince!

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