

CINDERELLA

Written by Michele L. Vacca

(Based on the famous French Fairy tale)

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CHARACTERS:

CINDERELLA – a sweet young girl

THELMA – one of Cinderella’s stepsisters

GERTRUDE – Cinderella’s other stepsister

FRIEDA – the overbearing “Mama” of Thelma and Gertrude

PRINCE PHILIP – the young Crown Prince of the local royal family

LORD PETTIGREW PEABODY – a gentleman of the Court

FAIRY GODMOTHER – a lovely, gracious lady of no particular age.

CINDERELLA – a sweet young girl in rather unfortunate circumstances. She has a great deal of practical common sense, which helps her through her more difficult moments.

THELMA – one of Cinderella’s stepsisters. She is very tall and rather skinny and awkward. She is selfish, vain and greedy, and competes constantly with her sister, Gertrude.

GERTRUDE – Cinderella’s other stepsister. She is chubby and clumsy, and just as greedy, vain and selfish as her sister, Thelma.

FRIEDA – the overbearing “Mama” of Thelma and Gertrude, as well as Cinderella’s unloving stepmother. A vain and greedy woman, she is extremely ambitious for her daughters, and almost totally blind to their faults.

PRINCE PHILIP – the young Crown Prince of the local royal family. He is a kind and unassuming gentleman. Philip is not at all snobbish, and he has a definite propensity for the romantic.

LORD PETTIGREW PEABODY, THE BARON OF PICKFORD – a gentleman of the Court, older than Prince Philip. The Baron is an extremely conventional man and devotes much of his time to the preservation of the proprieties.

FAIRY GODMOTHER – a lovely, gracious lady of no particular age.

CINDERELLA PRODUCTION NOTES

COSTUMES:

Almost any style or period of costumes will work for this play. As long as the colors are bright and Cinderella's ball gown is striking, the rest of the costumes can be in a numerous variety of fabrics and fashion.

SETTINGS:

The play requires two major sets. In the first act and in the final scene of the play, the action occurs in the Frumppkin home. A simple interior plus a small garden area outside the house completes the needed scenery. Some small area of the stage is needed to indicate a local street in the town. The second act opens in the palace ballroom. A few columns, possibly a stairway, a few benches, and a secluded garden area adjoining the ballroom could compose the setting. If necessary there can be an act break when the setting is changed back to – Cinderella's house. However, the Prince and the Baron searching through the audience and trying the slipper upon various feet should serve to distract from the most complicated set change

THE COACH, COACHMAN, HORSES, ETC:

The illusions of (or physical reality of) coach, coachman, footmen, horses can be accomplished in many different ways. In the original production projections were used to create the illusions. Other solutions may be preferred, depending on individual production needs, theatre capability and budget.)

The (optional) Godmother's canopied vehicle (first mentioned on page 26) has covered (or draping) sides, and needs to be large enough inside to allow Cinderella to change into her ball gown. Not all theatres, of course, would be able to accommodate such a vehicle because of its size and shape.

SPECIAL: The use of music, live or taped, will greatly enhance the production of this play.

EXPANDED CAST VERSION OF THIS PLAY:

For larger groups we recommend our delightfully entertaining expanded cast version of this play. The larger cast version has a total of 37 roles, (25 women, 12 men – 5 of which are gender flexible), many of which can be further expanded or doubled, depending upon the size of the performing group.

CINDERELLA

(On Stage! – E-mail: classtage@aol.com – protected by copyright)

By Michele L. Vacca

ACT I

(AN OVERTURE PLAYS. THE CURTAIN IS CLOSED. A STREET LAMP GLOWS. AS THE OVERTURE ENDS, SOFTER MUSIC PLAYS AND THE FAIRY GODMOTHER APPEARS.)

FAIRY GODMOTHER: (TO THE AUDIENCE.) Once upon a time there was a pleasant little kingdom, nestled in a peaceful valley. Usually life in the little kingdom was very quiet, but then one day the King made a decision, and wrote a special proclamation. Then all sorts of interesting things began to happen – as you are about to see . . . (SHE WAVES HER WAND AND RETIRES TO A CORNER OF THE STAGE TO WATCH. THE LIGHTS BRIGHTEN – AND THERE IS A FANFARE.)

MAMA: (ENTERS, MINCING IN WHAT SHE CONSIDERS TO BE A VERY LADY-LIKE WAY. SHE SURVEYS THE STREET AND CALLS.) Thelma! Gertrude! Come along, girls! Yoo-hoo! Thelma! Gertrude! (GROWING ANGRIER, SHE YELLS.) Will you two good-for-nothings hurry up? We haven't got all day!

(THELMA STRIDES IN, LOOKING SULLEN AND GROUCHY. GERTRUDE FOLLOWS PUFFING AND PANTING. BOTH CARRY SEVERAL PACKAGES.)

THELMA: You don't have to yell, Mama. We were right behind you.

GERTRUDE: Wait for me, Thelma! You always walk so fast.

THELMA: I do not. You're just slow.

GERTRUDE: I am not! After all, a lady isn't supposed to run down the street.

THELMA: You couldn't run down the street. You're too fat.

GERTRUDE: I am not fat! I'm pleasingly plump

THELMA: (LAUGHS.) Well, you don't please me!

GERTRUDE: I'd rather be fat – I mean – plump – than look like you.
THELMA: And what's wrong with the way I look?
GERTRUDE: You're skinny!
THELMA: I am not!
GERTRUDE: And you have big feet!
THELMA: Not any bigger than yours!
GERTRUDE: Oh, yeah?
THELMA: Yeah!
MAMA: Girls, girls! Please don't argue here on the street. People in our position have to maintain a certain image, you know.
GERTRUDE: (SUBSIDING.) Yes, Mama.
THELMA: (TO MAMA.) She said I was skinny!
MAMA: Now, girls, hush for a moment. You must act like ladies.
GERTRUDE: Yes, Mama.
THELMA: Hmph!
MAMA: That's my good girls. Ah! Listen!

(ANOTHER FANFARE PLAYS AND BARON PICKFORD ENTERS.)

MAMA: Ohhh! Look! It's Lord Pettigrew Peabody! The Baron of Pickford! Oh, my, he's so handsome!
THELMA: My feet hurt.
GERTRUDE: I'm hungry.
THELMA: You're always hungry.
MAMA: Be quiet, girls! Behave yourselves. Baron Pickford is going to read a proclamation!
THELMA: Well, I hope it's a short one. My feet are killing me.
GERTRUDE: If you weren't so vain, you'd wear shoes that were the right size. Then your feet wouldn't hurt all the time.
THELMA: Who asked you?
MAMA: You two hush this minute!
BARON: (AFTER ANOTHER FANFARE.) Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Citizens of our fair country! Harken to the Proclamation of the King, Your Ruler!
GERTRUDE: I'm hungry.
MAMA: Hush!
GERTRUDE: Well, I am.
BARON: His Majesty announces the safe return of his son, the Crown Prince Philip, who has spent the last year traveling throughout the world.
THELMA AND GERTRUDE: (SQUEALING.) Ohhhhhhh!

BARON: (TO THEM.) AHM!
 MAMA: Girls! The Baron is still speaking!
 BARON: In honor of his son's return, His Majesty plans a grand ball this evening in the Imperial Palace.
 GERTRUDE: I wish I could go.
 THELMA: Ha! You?
 BARON: Furthermore, His Majesty has decreed that all the unmarried young ladies of the kingdom receive invitations to the Grand Ball.
 GERTRUDE: That means us!
 BARON: His Majesty wishes his son to choose a suitable bride from among the ladies of his own fair country.
 THELMA: Wow!
 MAMA: Hush!
 BARON: The invitations will be delivered this afternoon. Good citizens! You have heard the Proclamation of our good and gracious King! Hearken and obey! (A FANFARE PLAYS.)
 MAMA: Oh, my! That Baron Pickford certainly speaks well. (AS THE BARON PASSES BY.) A charming speech, Baron. Just charming.
 BARON: (WITH A BOW.) Thank you, Madam. Now, if you will excuse me, Madam – (HE GOES OFF.)
 MAMA: Such a delightful man. And so important.
 GERTRUDE: Mama! Didn't you hear what he said? We're going to the ball!
 THELMA: I can't believe it! Tonight we're going to the palace!
 MAMA: Yes, it's a great honor, girls.
 GERTRUDE: We'd better hurry home. We don't want to miss the invitations.
 THELMA: (SHOVING HER.) Out of my way, Gertrude! You're so slow.
 GERTRUDE: (SHOVING HER BACK.) I am not!
 THELMA: (SHOVING HER AGAIN.) I'm going to get there first.
 GERTRUDE: No, you're not!
 THELMA: I am, too. If you ever get out of my way.
 GERTRUDE: Well, I won't!
 THELMA: You'd better!
 MAMA: Girls! Don't quarrel here on the street! (THEY SUBSIDE.) People are staring at you. Now, follow me. We'll walk home slowly. I'll make ladies out of you two – if it kills me. Now, come on. (SHE LEADS THE WAY.) Besides, we have to do some more shopping.

GERTRUDE: (AS THEY TURN TO FOLLOW HER.) Yes, Mama.
THELMA: (MOCKING.) “Yes, Mama.”
GERTRUDE: Quit that!
THELMA: (MOCKING.) “Quit that!”
GERTRUDE: (SHOVES HER.) Skinny!
THELMA: (SHOVES BACK.) Fatty! (THEY GO OFF.)

(MUSIC. THE LIGHTS DIM A BIT. A SPOT LIGHT APPEARS ON THE FAIRY GODMOTHER.)

FAIRY GODMOTHER: So, you see! The Crown Prince must choose a wife! Now I wonder what’s going to happen? (SHE WAVES HER WAND AND THE CURTAINS OPEN TO REVEAL THE FRUMPPKIN HOME WHERE CINDERELLA LIVES WITH HER STEPMOTHER MID STEPSISTERS.)

(IN THE HOUSE THERE IS POSSIBLY A FIREPLACE IN A PARLOUR AREA THAT CONTAINS A TABLE AND SOME CHAIRS. THERE IS AN ENTRANCE FROM THE OUTSIDE, AND AN ENTRANCE INTO THE REST OF THE HOUSE INTERIOR. OUTSIDE THE HOUSE THERE IS A GARDEN THAT CONTAINS A BENCH, AND SOME LOVELY ROSE BUSHES. CINDERELLA IS BUSILY FINISHING HER MORNING CHORES. SHE IS DRESSED MUCH MORE POORLY THAN THELMA AND GERTRUDE.)

CINDERELLA: Now, let’s see. I’ve scrubbed the floors, cleaned the ashes out of the fireplace, chopped the wood, and made fresh bread. The laundry is finished, and so is the ironing. I’ve mended Gertrude’s dress, and the furniture is all dusted. Is that everything? Oh, yes, lunch is almost ready. (CHECKING THE FOOD.) I did the marketing . . . everyone’s favorite foods – the cauliflower pickles for stepmother, the sweet and sour horseradish that Thelma likes – ugh! – and for Gertrude – those jumbo chocolate chip coconut macaroons with the pink icing. That must be everything. (SIGHS.) I wish Father would come home. Oh, well, I know he’ll come back as soon as he can – as soon as he has enough gold to make stepmother happy. I wonder how much gold that would be? Probably a great deal. Poor Father. (SHE SUDDENLY SEES THE

LAUNDRY BASKET.) Oh, no! I forgot to put the laundry away! I hope there's still time before they oh, dear! How could I forget the laundry again? Now she will be angry! (SHE PICKS UP THE HUGE BASKET.) Oh, that's heavy! (THE BASKET IS SO FULL THAT SHE CAN'T SEE OVER THE CLOTHES. AS SHE TURNS TO GO INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE, SHE HAS TO PASS BY THE FRONT DOOR.) I wish I could see where I'm going –

THELMA: (BARGES THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR.) I told you I'd get here first, Gertrude! (SHE COLLIDES WITH CINDERELLA.) Agggghh!

GERTRUDE: (CHARGING THROUGH THE DOOR BEHIND THELMA.) That's because you ran all the way! (SHE COLLIDES WITH THELMA.) Eeeeeeeeeek!

(ALL THREE OF THEM FALL TO THE FLOOR. PACKAGES AND LAUNDRY FLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS.)

THELMA: What's the big idea?

GERTRUDE: (TO THELMA.) You pushed me!

THELMA: I did not!

CINDERELLA: (WHO WAS BURIED UNDER THE PILES OF LAUNDRY.) Are you all right, Thelma?

THELMA: Cinderella? I might have known!

GERTRUDE: Cinderella?

THELMA: (POINTS.) She did it. It's all her fault.

GERTRUDE: Just wait until Mama hears about this, Cinderella!

CINDERELLA: But I –

THELMA: (YELLING.) My packages! Where are they? (SHE SCRAMBLES AROUND THE ROOM SEARCHING FOR THEM.)

GERTRUDE: Oh, no! My new hat! (SHE SHOVES THELMA AS SHE LOOKS FOR IT.)

THELMA: Quit shoving. Who cares about your stupid hat? What about my new earrings?

GERTRUDE: (SCREAMS.) Oh, no!

THELMA: (STILL LOOKING FOR HER EARRINGS.) Be quiet, will you?

GERTRUDE: (HOLDING OUT A RATHER FLATTENED HAT.) Look! She ruined my new hat! It's all squashed! (SHE CRIES LOUDLY.) Ohhhhh!

CINDERELLA: Oh, Gertrude, I'm so sorry.
THELMA: (TO CINDERELLA.) If you broke my new earrings –
GERTRUDE: (CRYING.) Ohhhh! My hat!
CINDERELLA: Gertrude –
THELMA: Gertrude! Be quiet!
MAMA: (ENTERING WITH HER PACKAGES.) What is going on here? I could hear you all the way down the street.

(ACTION CONTINUES TO END OF ACT I.)

– **THIS IS THE END OF THE FIRST**
E-MAIL SEGMENT –

(THERE ARE 2 SEGMENTS IN THIS E-MAIL “SAMPLE.”
THE SECOND ONE DIRECTLY FOLLOWS – BEGINNING
AT THE START OF ACT II.)

ACT II

(THE OVERTURE PLAYS. THE PALACE
BALLROOM, LATER THAT SAME EVENING.
THERE IS A TERRACED GARDEN JUST OFF THE
BALLROOM. DANCE MUSIC PLAYS. AFTER A
MOMENT MAMA, THELMA AND GERTRUDE
ENTER.)

MAMA: Well! Here we are at the palace!
THELMA: Did you see all the jewels the court ladies were wearing?
MAMA: I certainly did.
THELMA: I bet those jewels aren't fake.
GERTRUDE: Did you see all the food in the supper room? Mounds and mounds of it.
THELMA: Are you hungry again?
GERTRUDE: What if I am?
MAMA: (POINTS.) Look, girls! (THE PRINCE AND THE BARON ENTER.)
GERTRUDE: Ohhh! It's him!
THELMA: The Prince!
MAMA: And the Baron!

PRINCE: Are they all here, Pettigrew?
BARON: Yes, Your Highness. His Majesty has asked me to announce the opening of the ball.
PRINCE: Very well. Go ahead.
BARON: Yes, Your Highness. (HE GESTURES AND MUSIC STOPS. A FANFARE PLAYS.) Ladies and Gentlemen! May I have your attention, please!
MAMA: The Baron is going to make a speech!
BARON: His Majesty has asked me to announce that the Grand Ball has now officially begun. His Majesty has also asked me to announce that this evening – on this particular occasion – the ladies may ask His Highness to dance.
PRINCE: What?
BARON: (ASIDE TO PRINCE.) It was your father's idea.
PRINCE: Oh, no!
BARON: (HE CONTINUES THE ANNOUNCEMENT.) – the ladies may ask His Highness to dance, and need not wait to be asked by him. His Majesty hopes that you all will have a pleasant evening! (A FANFARE.)
PRINCE: Pettigrew, does that mean I have to dance with anyone who asks me?
BARON: I'm afraid so, Your Highness.
PRINCE: I suppose that's my father's idea of a joke.
BARON: No doubt, Your Highness.
PRINCE: (SEES THELMA AND GERTRUDE.) Uh-oh. Look, Pettigrew. It's those Frumpkin sisters.
BARON: (WITH A GROAN.) And their Mama.
PRINCE: Come on, Pettigrew; we might be able to escape.
MAMA: Yoo-hoo, Baron! (SHE WAVES ENTHUSIASTICALLY.)
BARON: (AS HE WAVES BACK LIMPLY.) Too late, Your Highness.
MAMA: (TO THELMA AND GERTRUDE.) Now, here's your big chance, girls. Hurry over there, and ask the Prince to dance, before every girl at the ball finds him.
THELMA: (WAVING TO THE PRINCE.) Your Highness!
GERTRUDE: (THE SAME.) Yoo-hoo!
MAMA: (GIVING THEM A SHOVE.) Go on!
THELMA: Out of my way, Gertrude!
GERTRUDE: Oh, no, you don't, Thelma!

(THEY FIGHT AND SHOVE THEIR WAY OVER TO THE PRINCE, MAMA NUDGING THEM ALONG.)

THELMA: (TO GERTRUDE.) You can't dance, and you know it!
GERTRUDE: Well, neither can you!
MAMA: Quiet, girls!
THELMA: (STEPS IN FRONT OF GERTRUDE, CURTSIES TO PRINCE.) Your Highness.
GERTRUDE: (SHOVES THELMA OUT OF THE WAY, AND CURTSIES.) Your Highness.
THELMA: (TO GERTRUDE.) Don't you shove me!
GERTRUDE: (SHOVES THELMA.) Well, then, don't you shove me!
THELMA: (SHOVES HER.) There!
GERTRUDE: (SHOVES HER.) And there!

(THEY BOTH FALL DOWN AT THE PRINCE'S FEET.)

MAMA: (TO THE PRINCE.) My goodness! Falling at your feet! See how they just adore you, Your Highness?
PRINCE: Ah – yes. If you say so, Madam.
MAMA: Of course. (ASIDE TO THE GIRLS.) Get up off the floor, will you? (THEY RISE, GLARING AT EACH OTHER.) Say something to the Prince, girls. Go on. (ASIDE TO THEM.) Say something, will you? You both talk enough at home!
THELMA: Uh – hello. Uh – nice party.
PRINCE: Thank you.
GERTRUDE: The food looks just wonderful!
PRINCE: Yes, I'm sure you'll enjoy it.
BARON: (TRIES TO HIDE A LAUGH.)
GERTRUDE: (TO THE PRINCE.) Just what do you mean by that?
MAMA: Gertrude!
GERTRUDE: (TO MAMA.) What did he mean by that?
THELMA: He means – you're fat! Don't you, Your Highness?
PRINCE: (TO GERTRUDE.) I assure you, Miss Frumppkin, I meant nothing of the kind.
GERTRUDE: Well, all right.
MAMA: (NUDGES THELMA.) Say something!
THELMA: Uh – (MAMA NUDGES HER AGAIN.) – uh – (TO PRINCE.) – you wanna dance?
PRINCE: (ASIDE TO BARON.) Do I have a choice?
BARON: No, Your Highness, none at all.
PRINCE: (SIGHS.) Very well. (BOWS TO THELMA.) Of course, Miss Frumppkin. I'd be delighted.

THELMA: Good! (SHE TAKES HIS HAND AND PULLS HIM ACROSS THE ROOM TO THE DANCE FLOOR.)

GERTRUDE: Mama! That's not fair! I wanted to ask him!

MAMA: You can ask him next, Gertrude.

GERTRUDE: Well, all right. But it's still not fair! (SHE SITS AND POUTS.)

THELMA: (TO PRINCE.) Ready?

PRINCE: Ah, yes. I believe so.

THELMA: Good! (SHE STARTS HIM OFF INTO A WILD POLKA, DRAGGING HIM ACROSS THE STAGE.)

PRINCE: Pettigrew! Help! (THELMA DANCES HIM OFF THE STAGE.)

BARON: (WAVES AND SMILES.) Enjoy yourself, Your Highness!

MAMA: Isn't that sweet? They seem to get along very well.

BARON: Yes, Madam. Now, if you will excuse me –

MAMA: But, Baron Pickford, where are you going?

BARON: I have to – that is – I must supervise – uh –

MAMA: Nonsense! Stay here and chat with me for a while.

BARON: Yes, Madam.

MAMA: Why don't you call me – Frieda.

BARON: Very well, Madam.

MAMA: Frieda.

BARON: Frieda.

MAMA: Well?

BARON: Well – what, Madam? I mean – Frieda.

MAMA: Aren't you going to ask me to dance?

BARON: Dance?

MAMA: Of course. This is a Grand Ball, isn't it? So, let's dance.

BARON: Well, you see, Madam –

MAMA: Frieda.

BARON: Yes – Frieda. You see, I haven't danced for years –

MAMA: (SIGHS.) Oh! Neither have I!

BARON: I don't think I even – ha, ha – remember how to dance.

MAMA: Oh, now, Baron, you mustn't be so shy.

BARON: Shy?

MAMA: Come on! Let's dance! (SHE GRABS HIM AND BEGINS TO TWIRL HIM ABOUT.)

BARON: But I –

MAMA: Oh, this is fun! Isn't it, Baron?

BARON: Oh, yes – Ouch!

MAMA: So sorry, Baron. I didn't see your foot.

BARON: Uh – Madam – that is, Frieda – I think I'm supposed to

lead.

MAMA: Oh, of course! Go right ahead.

BARON: Believe me, I'm trying.

(THEY STUMBLE THROUGH A FACSIMILE OF A WALTZ. THELMA AND THE PRINCE RETURN, STILL DOING THEIR WILD POLKA.)

THELMA: (WAVES.) Hey! Mama!

MAMA: (WAVING BACK.) Hello, Thelma, dear!

PRINCE: Pettigrew! Do something!

BARON: As soon as possible, Your Highness!

GERTRUDE: (WHO HAS BEEN POUTING ALL THIS TIME.) It's not fair! It's my turn to dance with him. (SHE STOMPS ACROSS THE STAGE TO THELMA AND THE PRINCE, AND TAPS THELMA ON THE SHOULDER.) Thelma!

THELMA: Go away, Gertrude.

GERTRUDE: Thelma! (SHE STAMPS HER FOOT AND GIVES THELMA A SHOVE.) Thelma! It's my turn!

THELMA: Get lost, Gertrude! (SHOVES HER.)

GERTRUDE: No I won't! It's my turn to dance with the Prince. I'm cutting in! (SHE SHOVES THELMA ASIDE AND GRABS THE PRINCE.)

THELMA: (SHOVES GERTRUDE ASIDE.) Oh, no, you're not!

GERTRUDE: Oh, yes, I am!

PRINCE: Ladies, please! There's no need to argue. (TO THELMA.) I think it's only fair that I dance with your sister for a while, don't you?

THELMA: Well –

GERTRUDE: Of course it's fair! (TO PRINCE.) Come on, let's dance!

THELMA: (TO GERTRUDE.) Fatty! (SHE STANDS AND WATCHES THEM, GLARING AT HER SISTER.)

GERTRUDE: (SPEAKING TO THE PRINCE WHILE SHE'S TRYING TO FOLLOW THE MUSIC, AND MANAGING TO STUMBLE EVERY FEW STEPS.) She's always picking on me. I tell you, Your Highness, if I weren't a lady, sometimes I would just – just –

PRINCE: – punch her in the nose?

GERTRUDE: Yes, exactly! But of course – I'm too much of a lady to ever do such a thing.

PRINCE: Oh, of course.

THELMA: (STOMPING OVER TO THEM.) All right, Gertrude.

That's long enough.

GERTRUDE: Go away, Thelma! His Highness would much rather dance with me!

THELMA: That's a laugh!

GERTRUDE: Leave me alone, Thelma!

THELMA: (PULLS GERTRUDE ASIDE.) If you don't let me dance with him, I'll break your arm!

GERTRUDE: You'd better not!

THELMA: Listen, Gertrude, I'm cutting in, and that's all there is to it. (SHE GRABS THE PRINCE AND DANCES A FEW STEPS WITH HIM.)

GERTRUDE: (SHE GRABS THE PRINCE AND DANCES A FEW STEPS WITH HIM.) Thelma! It's still my turn!

THELMA: (GRABS HIM BACK.) Your turn is over!

PRINCE: Ladies, please –

GERTRUDE: (GRABS HIM.) No, it's not!

PRINCE: Ladies –

THELMA: It is!

GERTRUDE: It is not!

(THEY PULL THE PRINCE BACK AND FORTH SO MANY TIMES, IT APPEARS AS THOUGH HE IS DANCING WITH BOTH OF THEM AT ONCE. NOW MAMA AND THE BARON APPROACH.)

BARON: Oh, my goodness!

MAMA: Isn't that sweet? The Prince is dancing with both of my girls.

BARON: Is that what he's doing?

MAMA: Of course. It's obvious he simply can't make up his mind between them. My! It certainly makes a mother proud to see her daughters doing so well in High Society.

PRINCE: (CALLING OUT.) Pettigrew! Help me!

BARON: Your Highness! (HE STARTS TOWARD THE PRINCE.)

MAMA: (GRABS BARON.) Come on, Baron. Let's dance!

BARON: Your Highness! (MAMA HAS SWEEPED HIM AWAY AGAIN.)

(MEANWHILE . . .)

THELMA: For the last time, Gertrude, go away!

GERTRUDE: And for the last time, Thelma! No, I won't!

PRINCE: If you ladies don't mind, I think I'll rest for a moment.
(HE SITS.)

THELMA: (SWEETLY.) Of course, Your Highness.

GERTRUDE: (SWEETLY.) Don't run away, Your Highness.

PRINCE: I couldn't. I'm too tired.

THELMA: There! You see, Gertrude. The Prince is tired and it's all your fault!

GERTRUDE: My fault! You were the one who dragged him all over the palace!

THELMA: So what? You stepped all over his feet!

GERTRUDE: I did not!

THELMA: You did, too!

(SUDDENLY THE MUSIC STOPS. THERE IS A FANFARE. MAMA AND THE BARON RETURN.)

GERTRUDE: Does that mean it's time for supper?

THELMA: Already?

MAMA: My, how time flies, when you're having a good time!
Don't you agree, Baron?

BARON: Yes, I suppose it does.

PRINCE: (TO GERTRUDE.) It means an important guest has arrived.

MAMA: Oh, how exciting!

THELMA: Well? Who is it?

BARON: That's what I'd like to know.

PRINCE: I thought everyone was here.

BARON: So did I.

(ANOTHER SHORT FANFARE PLAYS, AND THEN CINDERELLA ENTERS THE BALLROOM.)

– **END OF ENTIRE E-MAIL “SAMPLE”** –

(THERE ARE 53 TOTAL PAGES – INCLUDING “TITLE” PAGES – IN THE COMPLETE PLAYBOOK.)

There are 27 pages in Act I and 22 pages in Act II.)