

# CINDERELLA

(EXPANDED CAST VERSION)

Written by Michele L. Vacca

*(Based on the famous French fairy tale)*

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## CHARACTERS:

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 – Thelma and Gertrude’s overbearing “Mama” and 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 Crown Prince of the local royal family. He is a kind and unassuming young 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. The Baron is an extremely conventional man and devotes much of his time to the preservation of the proprieties.

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

FELLOWE – assistant to the Fairy Godmother, a mime role

## OTHER CHARACTERS AT THE PALACE:

KING FERDINANDO and QUEEN ISABELLINA – Rulers of Aragonia and Castillonia, parents of Prince Philip

PRINCESSES LILY, MARIGOLD, DAISY, VERONICA, IRIS, JASMINE, AND MORNING GLORY – Daughters of the Royal Family

COUSIN CUTHBURT, COUSIN DELBURT, COUSIN ELBURT DANCING DUNCAN, MERRY MALCOLM, DAPPER DAN – Young gentlemen of the Court

COUNT PYTHAGORAS VON EUCLID, THE EARL OF PARADOX – Royal Chancellor, Royal Wise Man and Royal Treasurer

HAROLD THE HERALD – The Royal Announcer and Commentator

DUCHESS OF DULLSOMORE – Lady in Waiting to the Queen

## FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS OF THE FRUMPPKINS:

ZELDA AND ZENOBIA Zingerfinkle – Pink Belt Karate champions  
MYNONA AND MOLLY MYNETTE – Self-styled country singers  
TAMMYE MYNETTE – Their proud Mama  
AMBER-TOPAZ AND TIFFANY-CRYSTAL GLITZENSCHOPPEN –  
    They shop ‘til they drop  
RUBY-PEARL GLITZENSCHOPPEN – Their devoted Mama  
WANDA, RHONDA, & YOLANDA SHONDALAFONDAANACONDA  
    – Admirers of the prince, “rap-style poets” who always speak in  
    unison  
*OPTIONAL ADDITIONAL TOWNSPEOPLE AND PARTY GUESTS*

#### ADJUSTING CAST SIZE AND GENDER DESIGNATIONS:

This play has 7 principal roles and 30 supporting roles. It’s designed so that smaller roles can be doubled or combined as necessary, and some roles can be gender-switched as needed. For example: to make the Royal Cousins female characters, simply add an “a” to their names. Either male or female actors could play the roles of the Herald and Fellowe.

#### 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 several basic “areas” or “settings.” None of these settings need to be elaborate. The scene with the royal family at the top of the play can take place literally anywhere. In the first act and in the final scene of the play, the action occurs at the Frumppkin home. A simple interior plus a suggested small garden area outside the house is all that’s needed. During both acts a portion of the stage needs to represent a local street in the town. The second act opens in the palace “ballroom.” A backdrop, or a few columns, possibly a stair unit, and perhaps a bench or two could nicely compose the setting. A staging idea on page 56 suggests a way to handle the “set change” from the ballroom back to the Frumppkin house.

#### CINDERELLA’S 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.)

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

# CINDERELLA

(Expanded Cast Version)

By Michele L. Vacca

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

## ACT I

(GENTLE MUSIC PLAYS. PERHAPS A CLOSED CURTAIN. A SINGLE LIGHT OR JUST A STREET LAMP GLOWS SOFTLY. FELLOWE ENTERS. HE IS A SMALL PERSON, DRESSED IN CLASSIC MIME ATTIRE, OR IN MEDIEVAL JESTER-LIKE COSTUME. HE NIMBLY DARTS TO CENTER STAGE, LOOKS AT THE AUDIENCE, GRINS AMIABLY. AS HE DANCES HAPPILY ABOUT, THE LIGHTS BRIGHTEN AND THE SETTING BECOMES MORE VISIBLE. AGAIN HE CROSSES CENTER STAGE, GESTURES, AND THE FAIRY GODMOTHER APPEARS. FELLOWE BOWS GRANDLY TO HER.)

GODMOTHER: (TO THE AUDIENCE.) Today we're going to tell you a story about – magic. Now I don't necessarily mean just the "abracadabra rabbit-pops-out-of-a-hat" sort of magic – although if you watch carefully, you may see a bit of that – no, I mean another sort of magic – the kind that sometimes rewards you just for being good – or kind – or brave – that sort of magic. Now personally, I'm rather fond of both sorts of magic – but then – I'm a Fairy Godmother and you'd expect me to feel that way, wouldn't you?

FELLOWE: (NODS IN AGREEMENT.)

GODMOTHER: But some people say they don't believe in magic at all.

FELLOWE: (SADLY AGREES WITH HER.)

GODMOTHER (TO AUDIENCE.) Oh, I know. I can hear what some of you are whispering: "Oh, Phooey!" "I don't believe in magic." "There isn't any such thing."

FELLOWE: (WATCHES AUDIENCE WARILY TO SEE IF HE CAN IDENTIFY WHO THESE "WHISPERERS" MIGHT BE.)

GODMOTHER: (SIGHS.) And – perhaps you're right. If you don't see any magic then it just isn't there – For you. So – if you're one of those people – then you might say this is a story about – coincidence – or luck. And you would be right.

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FELLOWE: (SURPRISED AT THIS.)

GODMOTHER: But don't you think that a – coincidence – is sometimes magical? And haven't you ever wondered why some people just seem to be – lucky? Don't you think it's possible – just possible – that perhaps they have a Fairy Godmother who just happens to appear to help them out – just when they need a bit of – Magic!

FELLOWE: (HAS APPRECIATED HER SPEECH, BUT NOW HE GESTURES – IT'S TIME TO BEGIN THE STORY.)

GODMOTHER: (TO FELLOWE.) Yes, you are absolutely right, my friend. It's time to begin the story – and so I shall . . . (TO THE AUDIENCE.) Once upon a time there was a delightful little kingdom, nestled in a pleasant and peaceful valley. Usually life in the little kingdom was very quiet, but then one day the King made an important decision, and wrote a special proclamation – and all sorts of interesting events began to unfold – as you are about to see . . . (WAVES HER WAND. SHE AND FELLOWE RETIRE TO A CORNER OF THE STAGE TO WATCH.)

(THE LIGHTS BRIGHTEN – A FANFARE PLAYS.  
HAROLD (OR HARRIET) THE HERALD ENTERS.)

HERALD: Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Listen all ye people, hither and yon, various and sundry! The King and Queen approach!

(IMMEDIATELY A ROYAL PROCESSION BEGINS.)

HERALD: King Ferdinando and Queen Isabellina, wise rulers of our glorious Kingdom, Aragonia-Castillonia, approach! Make way! Make way!

(THE OTHERS TAKE THEIR POSITIONS AS THE  
HERALD ANNOUNCES THEM.)

HERALD: Crown Prince Philip approaches! Followed by his sisters Princess Lily, Princess Marigold, Princess Daisy, Princess Veronica, Princess Iris, Princess Jasmine and Princess Morning Glory! The royal cousins Cuthburt, Delburt and Elburt!

(HAROLD CONTINUES TO ANNOUNCE . . . )

HERALD: Count Pythagoras Von Euclid, The Earl of Paradox, Royal Chancellor, Royal Wise Man and Royal Treasurer – a very important person indeed. Lord Pettigrew Peabody, The Baron of Pickford, who is also very important – in case you were wondering. The Duchess of Dullsomore, the Queen’s Lady In Waiting! – who isn’t really very important but we would never tell her that because it might hurt her feelings. And finally we have Merry Malcolm, Dancing Duncan and Dapper Dan who also aren’t really very important at all but who are lots of fun to have around. And I am Harold the Herald bringing you this timely announcement at precisely ten o’clock in the morning in the twentieth year of the reign of our glorious King and Queen.

KING: Harold, are you quite finished?

QUEEN: (ASIDE TO KING.) I certainly hope so.

DUCHESS: (TO QUEEN.) Oh, Your Majesty, I entirely agree with you. But then I always do, don’t I?

HERALD: (BOWING TO KING AND QUEEN.) Yes, Your Majesty. (CHECKS HIS LIST.) I believe I’ve mentioned everybody.

QUEEN: (ASIDE TO KING.) Thank goodness!

DUCHESS: (TO QUEEN.) Once again, Your Majesty, I entirely agree with you.

HERALD: Everybody who is anybody, that is.

KING: Yes, yes, of course.

HERALD: You wouldn’t want me to announce just anybody, would you?

KING: I should say not.

QUEEN: (ASIDE TO KING.) We’d be standing here all day!

DUCHESS: (TO QUEEN.) You are so right, Your Majesty.

KING: (ADDRESSING THE GROUP.) You may be wondering why we’ve gathered you all here.

COUNT PYTHAGORAS: (SMUGLY.) Well, I already know why.

BARON PICKFORD: (TO COUNT.) Well, and so do I.

PRINCESS LILY: Well, I don’t know.

PRINCESS MARIGOLD: Neither do I!

PRINCESS DAISY: (GIGGLES.) What’s going on?

PRINCESS VERONICA: No one ever tells us anything.

PRINCESS IRIS: That is so true. Why only last week –

PRINCESS JASMINE: We’re always the last to know.

PRINCESS MORNING GLORY: Is this going to take very long?

COUSIN CUTHBURT: Well, I hope it’s exciting news.

COUSIN DELBURT: Things have been pretty dull around here lately.

COUSIN ELBURT: We could use a bit of excitement.

MERRY MALCOLM: Do you think we're going to have a party?

DANCING DUNCAN: Well, I certainly hope so.

DAPPER DAN: It's been simply ages since we had a party.

HERALD: Ahem! His gracious Majesty is ready to speak!

KING: As you all know our beloved son, Prince Philip has recently returned from a long journey. In honor of his return we plan to hold a Grand Ball this very evening!

ALL: (CHEERING ENTHUSIASTICALLY.) Ahhhh!

COUNT PYTHAGORAS: (ASIDE TO KING AND QUEEN.) Ahem!

KING: Ah – that is – if Count Pythagoras, our trusted treasurer and brilliant chancellor says that we may...

ALL: (TO COUNT PYTHAGORAS.) Well?

COUNT: (PONDERING OVER HIS COPIOUS AND RATHER DISORGANIZED NOTES.) Hmmmm . . .

ALL: Well???

COUNT: Let me see . . . hmmm . . . the nocturnal intersection of Jupiter is opposed to the autumnal alignment of Saturn and the square root of zero is the sum of . . . hmmm . . . yes . . . the moon and Mars . . . um . . . yes . . . the proof is right here on this chart – see? If you multiply the square root of negative one times the angle of the sun on next Tuesday at 6 o'clock and then divide that result by the amount of money in the Treasury, it's quite obvious that tonight is the absolutely perfect time to have a Grand Ball!

ALL: (CONFUSED, BUT RELIEVED.) Ahhhhh!

KING: Excellent!

PHILIP: It's really not necessary to go to such trouble, Father.

KING: Nonsense, my boy! It's our pleasure.

QUEEN: Indeed it is. We're so glad to have you home.

DUCHESS: Oh, yes, Your Majesty. I entirely agree with you.

KING: Besides, dear boy, it's the custom of the country. The Crown Prince goes on a long journey and when he returns the family has a Grand Ball so he can choose a suitable bride from among the ladies of the Kingdom.

PHILIP: But I have no wish to choose a bride –

ALL: (TOTALLY APPALLED, THEY GASP IN SHOCK.)

PHILIP: – at least not right now.

QUEEN: But, Philip, it is the custom, after all. At least promise you'll consider the idea.

PHILIP: Well –

QUEEN: And in the meantime we can go forward with our plans

for the Ball. After all, the people expect us to have one.

PRINCESS LILY: Oh, Philip, it'll be so much fun!

PRINCESS MARIGOLD: We haven't had a Grand Ball for simply ages!

PRINCESS DAISY: And you know we just love dancing!!

PRINCESS VERONICA: Oh, yes! We certainly do!!

PRINCESS IRIS: Besides, why don't you want to have a Grand Ball?

PRINCESS JASMINE: All the rest of us want to have one!

PRINCESS MORNING GLORY: You really mustn't be so selfish!

COUSIN CUTHBURT: It's been so terribly dull around here!

COUSIN DELBURT: After all you've been travelling – and having a good time!

COUSIN ELBURT: And we've been stuck here with nothing to do!

MERRY MALCOLM: Don't you want to have a party?

DANCING DUNCAN: We're all looking forward to it!

DAPPER DAN: Come on, don't be a spoilsport! It'll be a lot of fun!

PHILIP: (SIGHS.) Very well. I agree. Have your Grand Ball.

ALL: (ENTHUSIASTIC RESPONSES.)

QUEEN: Philip, what's really troubling you? Why aren't you interested in the Grand Ball?

PHILIP: It's difficult to explain, Mother –

QUEEN: Please try.

PHILIP: Well, you see, at the Grand Ball, all of the ladies attending will already know I'm the Crown Prince –

KING: (LAUGHS.) Well, naturally, that's the idea!

ALL: (LAUGHTER.)

QUEEN: Go on, Philip.

PHILIP: Well, I think I would like to meet a lady – who's a complete stranger – someone who didn't know who I am – someone who would like me just for myself – and not because I'm the Prince.

ALL: (AFFECTIONATE LAUGHTER.)

KING: What nonsense!

PHILIP: (TO QUEEN.) Do you understand, Mother?

QUEEN: I think so, dear.

KING: What balderdash! We don't have any strangers here! Everyone in the Kingdom already knows you're the Prince! You can just forget that rubbish, my boy. We're having the Grand Ball –

ALL: (ENTHUSIASTIC RESPONSES.)

KING: – and you're going to behave properly, do you understand?

PHILIP: (BOWS STIFFLY TO HIS FATHER.) As always, Sire, I will endeavor to behave in a manner befitting my station.



ALL: (MORE ENTHUSIASTIC RESPONSES.)  
KING: Right. That's good. I think. (TO QUEEN.) Isn't that good, my dear?  
QUEEN: Basically.  
KING: Good. Well then – that's settled. Now, here is my proclamation. Baron Pickford, I appoint you to proclaim it properly to all the people of the Kingdom. You must set out immediately.  
BARON: Yes, Your Majesty.  
ALL: (ENTHUSIASTIC RESPONSES.)  
KING: And later this afternoon you and Crown Prince Philip will go to each house and deliver the invitations personally.  
PHILIP: But, Father –  
KING: Come along, everyone. We have much to prepare for the Grand Ball this evening.  
ALL: (ENTHUSIASTIC RESPONSES.)  
KING: (TO COUNT PYTHAGORAS.) What's the weather report for this evening, Count Pythagoras?  
COUNT: I'll have to consult my charts, Your Majesty. But I believe the weather will be perfect.  
KING: Good. See that it is.  
COUNT: (WITH A BOW.) Of course, Sir.  
QUEEN: (ASIDE TO PHILIP.) Thank you, my dear.  
PHILIP: (SIGHS.) You're welcome, Mother.  
HERALD: Hear Ye! Hear Ye! The Royal family now departs!

(A FANFARE PLAYS. THE ROYAL FAMILY, THE DUCHESS AND COUNT PYTHAGORAS DEPART. HAROLD THE HERALD, COUNT PETTIGREW, MERRY MALCOLM, DANCING DUNCAN AND DAPPER DAN REMAIN BEHIND.)

BARON: Naturally, Harold the Herald, you will accompany me while I proclaim the proclamation.  
HERALD: Yes, Your Lordship. You know me, sir, I wouldn't want to miss proclaiming a proclamation. No, sir.  
MERRY MALCOLM: Ah – Baron Pickford, if I may – I, too, would very much like to accompany you.  
DANCING DUNCAN: Indeed, sir – and so would I.  
DAPPER DAN: And I, too, sir!  
BARON: (NOT VERY ENTHUSED.) Oh – very well, come along.  
MERRY MALCOLM: (ASIDE TO DUNCAN AND DAN.) What a perfect opportunity to meet the ladies of the Kingdom.

DANCING DUNCAN: In the company of the royal Messenger!  
DAPPER DAN: What better introduction could we possibly have?  
BARON: Well, gentlemen? Shall we go?

(FANFARE. THE HERALD, COUNT PETTIGREW, MALCOLM, DUNCAN AND DAPPER DAN GO OFF.)

(THE FOCUS CHANGES TO THE STREET. AT THE SOUND OF DISTANT FANFARE, NEIGHBORS AND LADIES OF THE TOWN EAGERLY GATHER.)

CROWD OF LADIES: (LOOKING OFF DOWN THE STREET.) What's happening? It's a proclamation! How exciting! Do you see the Prince? What's going on? (ETC.)

(THE FRUMPPKINS APPEAR. MAMA ENTERS FIRST MINCING IN HER "VERY LADY-LIKE" WAY. THELMA AND GERTRUDE TRAIL FAR BEHIND.)

MAMA: (CALLS OUT OVER HER SHOULDER.) Thelma! Gertrude! Come along, girls! Yoo-hoo! Thelma! Gertrude! (GROWING ANGRY, SHE CALLS MORE LOUDLY.) 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 AT HER OWN JOKE.) 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! 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!

(A SHORT FANFARE. THE HERALD ENTERS FOLLOWED BY MALCOLM, DUNCAN AND DAN.)

MAMA: That's my good girls. Ah! Listen!

(ANOTHER FANFARE. BARON PICKFORD ENTERS.)

CROWD OF LADIES: Ahhh! Look! It's the Baron!  
MAMA: Ohhh! Look! It's Lord Pettigrew Peabody! The Baron of Pickford! Oh, my, he's so handsome and distinguished!  
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!  
CROWD OF LADIES: (TO THE FRUMPPKINS.) Shhhhh!  
HERALD: Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Citizens of our fair country! Harken to the Proclamation of the King, Your Royal Ruler!  
GERTRUDE: I'm hungry.  
MAMA: Hush!  
GERTRUDE: Well, I am.  
CROWD OF LADIES: (TO THE FRUMPPKINS.) Shhhh!  
BARON: His Majesty announces the safe return of his son, Crown Prince Philip, who has spent the last year traveling throughout the world.  
THELMA AND GERTRUDE: (SQUEALING.) Ohhhhhhh!

BARON: (TO THEM.) Ahem!

MAMA: Girls! The Baron is still speaking!

CROWD OF LADIES: (TO THE FRUMPPKINS.) Shhhh!

BARON: In honor of his son's return, His Majesty has decreed that a Grand Ball shall take place this evening at 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.

CROWD OF LADIES: (VERY EXCITED.) Ahhh!

GERTRUDE: That means us!

BARON: His Majesty wishes his son to choose a suitable bride from among the ladies of his own fair country.

CROWD OF LADIES: (EVEN MORE EXCITED.) AHHHHHH!

THELMA: Wow!

MAMA: Hush!

BARON: The invitations will be delivered this afternoon.

CROWD OF LADIES: (IN A FRENZY OF EXCITEMENT.) This afternoon! Oh, my! What shall we do? The Ball is tonight! I don't have anything to wear! Neither do I!

HERALD: Good citizens! You have heard the Proclamation of our good and gracious King! Harken and obey! (FANFARE.)

CROWD OF LADIES: (VERY EXCITED INDEED.) Oh, my! I have to go shopping! Me, too! Let's go! (THEY DASH OFF.)

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 –

(THE BARON AND HIS GROUP EXIT. DISTANT FANFARE IS HEARD AS THEY GO 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! People are staring at you. (AS THEY SUBSIDE.) 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 need 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. FELLOWE STEPS FORWARD, GESTURES AND THE LIGHTS DIM A BIT. THEN THE FAIRY GODMOTHER STEPS FORWARD TO SPEAK.)

GODMOTHER: And so, as you see, the plot thickens! The Crown Prince must choose a wife! Now I'm certain you must be wondering – what's going to happen next? Let's just take a little peek . . . (AS SHE WAVES HER WAND LIGHTS COME UP, REVEALING A COMBINATION INTERIOR/EXTERIOR OF THE FRUMPPKIN HOME WHERE CINDERELLA LIVES WITH HER STEPMOTHER AND STEPSISTERS.)

(THE HOUSE SETTING SHOULD CONTAIN A TABLE AND SOME CHAIRS AND POSSIBLY A FIREPLACE. ONE ENTRANCE LEADS FROM OUTSIDE, ANOTHER LEADS TO THE REST OF THE HOUSE INTERIOR. OUTSIDE – A GARDEN WITH A BENCH, AND A FEW WELL-TENDED ROSE BUSHES. CINDERELLA APPEARS, BUSILY FINISHING HER MORNING CHORES. JUST AS YOU MIGHT EXPECT – 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. (SUDDENLY NOTICES 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 Stepmother will be angry! (PICKS UP THE HUGE BASKET.) Oh, that's heavy! (THE BASKET IS SO FULL SHE CAN'T SEE OVER THE TOP. AS SHE TURNS TO GO INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE SHE PASSES THE FRONT DOOR.) I really 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 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: (EMERGES FROM 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: (YELLS.) My packages! Where are they? (SHE SCRAMBLES AROUND SEARCHING FOR THEM.)  
GERTRUDE: Oh, no! My new hat! (SHE SHOVS THELMA AS SHE FRANTICALLY SEARCHES FOR IT.)  
THELMA: Quit shoving. Who cares about your stupid hat? What about my new earrings?  
GERTRUDE: (SUDDENLY SCREAMS.) Oh, no!  
THELMA: (STILL LOOKING FOR HER EARRINGS.) Be quiet, will you?  
GERTRUDE: (HOLDS UP A FLATTENED HAT.) Look! She ruined my new hat! It's all squashed! (SOBS.) Ohhhhh!  
CINDERELLA: Oh, Gertrude, I'm so sorry.  
THELMA: (TO CINDERELLA.) If you broke my new earrings –  
GERTRUDE: (STILL WAILING AND CRYING.) Ohhhh! My hat!  
CINDERELLA: Gertrude –  
THELMA: Gertrude! Be quiet!  
MAMA: (ENTERS 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 PALACE BALLROOM LATER THAT SAME EVENING. FORMAL DANCE MUSIC PLAYS. HAROLD THE HERALD APPEARS AND THE ROYAL FAMILY AND ENTOURAGE GATHER ON STAGE.)

HERALD: Hear ye! Hear Ye! The Royal Family approaches!  
KING: There's no need to announce us, Harold.  
QUEEN: We know who we are.

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HERALD: But Your Majesty –  
 QUEEN: You can announce the guests when they arrive.  
 HERALD: (SIGHS.) Very well, Your Majesty.  
 KING: And speaking of the guests – where are they?  
 PHILIP: (HOPEFULLY.) Maybe no one’s coming.  
 KING: Ridiculous. Of course they’re coming.  
 PHILIP: You think so?  
 QUEEN: Of course they are.  
 DUCHESS: (TO QUEEN.) Your Majesty, I just want you to know that I totally agree with everything you say.  
 QUEEN: Yes, Duchess. Thank you.  
 KING: They have to come.  
 BARON: Absolutely. Your Majesty commanded them.  
 QUEEN: Quite right, Baron Pickford.  
 KING: What do the stars say, Count Pythagoras?  
 COUNT: (CHECKS HIS NOTES.) Hmm . . . today is very auspicious for Prince Philip. Yes, indeed. The juxtaposition of Jupiter and Venus shows that he will – (EAGERLY.) Yes??  
 ALL: – meet a mysterious stranger!  
 ALL: Ahhh!  
 COUNT: Actually – two strangers!  
 ALL: Oh?  
 COUNT: – and these strangers will be very significant in his life –  
 ALL: Ohhhhh . . . !  
 COUNT: – but only if he meets them before midnight!  
 ALL: Ahhh!  
 KING: Interesting.  
 QUEEN: Intriguing.  
 DUCHESS: Oh, yes, definitely, Your Majesty. Very intriguing.  
 PRINCESS LILY: How exciting!  
 PRINCESS MARIGOLD: How romantic!  
 PRINCESS DAISY: (CONFUSED.) Two strangers? Why two?  
 PRINCESS VERONICA: How long until midnight, I wonder?  
 PRINCESS IRIS: But aren’t there going to be a lot of strangers here?  
 PRINCESS JASMINE: Of course, silly.  
 PRINCESS MORNING GLORY: But they’re all invited.  
 COUSIN CUTHBURT: Mysterious strangers, eh? Sounds interesting.  
 COUSIN DELBURT: And I thought this was going to be a dull evening.  
 COUSIN ELBURT: Nothing like a mysterious stranger to liven up a party.  
 MERRY MALCOLM: Mysterious strangers! What a lot of balderdash!  
 DANCING DUNCAN: That Count Pythagoras is such an awful phony.  
 DAPPER DAN: Oh, you are so right. I mean – really! Just look at his hat.



(A FANFARE PLAYS.)

HERALD: Your Majesties – The guests are arriving!

ALL: Ahhh!

KING: Well, it's about time!

QUEEN: (TO KING.) Shh! (TO HERALD.) Very well, Harold – you may announce them.

HERALD: (ANNOUNCING.) Mistress Frieda Frumppkin! And her daughters Thelma and Gertrude Frumppkin!

(THE FRUMPPKINS ENTER FIRST, FOLLOWED BY THE OTHER LADIES OF THE TOWN. THE ROYAL PARTY FORMS A RECEIVING LINE GREETING THE GUESTS AS THEY ARE ANNOUNCED.)

HERALD: Mistress Tammye Mynette! And her daughters Molly and Mynona Mynette!

TAMMYE: Say hello the Prince, girls.

MOLLY AND MYNONA: (RUSH TO THE PRINCE, SQUEALING AND GIGGLING) Ohhhh, Your Highness!

HERALD: Ms Zelda and Ms Zenobia Zingerfinkle!

ZELDA AND ZENOBIA: (BOTH VIGOROUSLY SHAKE HANDS WITH THE PRINCE.) Hiya, Prince! Nice party.

HERALD: Mistress Ruby-Pearl Glitzenshoppen, and her daughters, Miss Amber-Topaz and Miss Tiffany-Crystal Glitzenshoppen.

RUBY-PEARL: (TO THE QUEEN.) I just know we're going to be the very best of friends.

QUEEN: Oh, indeed?

RUBY-PEARL: Because I'm sure the Prince will choose one of my girls.

AMBER-TOPAZ: (TO THE PRINCE.) I just love to shop, don't you?

TIFFANY-CRYSTAL: Naturally, we only shop in the very best places.

HERALD: Miss Wanda, Miss Rhonda and Miss Yolanda Shondalafonda-anaconda!

WANDA, RHONDA & YOLANDA: (IMMEDIATELY BEGIN SNAPPING THEIR FINGERS AND CHANTING ONE OF THEIR "SONGS.") "We're all going dancin' / Gonna do some prancin' / Just dancin' and dancin' / In Princie's big mansion. . . ."

TAMMYE: (CUTS THEM OFF AT ANY POINT.) My girls sing, too, you know. Show the Prince, girls. Hit it!

MYNONA AND MOLLY: (OBLIGINGLY BEGIN TO WARBLE A

COUNTRY TUNE.) “You threw my heart on the floor/  
Just before you slammed the door/ You said I was a big  
old bore/ And you don’t love me any more/ You’re the one  
that I adore/ But if you think I’m such a bore/ I’ll pick my  
heart up off the floor/ And then I’ll buy a nice new door.  
Chorus: You’re not the only fish in the sea/ I’m goin’  
fishin’ – you wait and see!”

KING: (CUTS THEM OFF AT ANY POINT.) Yes, thank you. I  
hope you all enjoy yourselves this evening.

(THE GUESTS REACT ENTHUSIASTICALLY. SOME  
WANDER ABOUT THE ROOM, OR – LIKE THE  
FRUMPPKINS – EXPLORE OFF STAGE. THE  
ROYAL COUSINS AND MALE ENTOURAGE ENJOY  
MINGLING WITH THE GUESTS, BUT THE ROYAL  
PRINCESSES SEEM BORED UNTIL A FANFARE  
ANNOUNCES THE ARRIVAL OF FELLOWE, WHO  
APPEARS IN OUTLANDISH DISGUISE AS A  
MYSTERIOUS FOREIGN AMBASSADOR.)

HERALD: (TO FELLOWE.) Whom shall I say is calling, sir?

FELLOWE: (HANDS HIM A CALLING CARD.)

HERALD: (READS CARD.) Yes, sir. (ANNOUNCES.) His  
Excellent Excellency, Ambassador Felipe Fandango  
Fellowe from Averagesmallcountrythatnooneeverheardof.

ALL: (VERY IMPRESSED.) Ahhhhhh!

FELLOWE: (TAKES THE CALLING CARD BACK, APPROACHES  
THE RECEIVING LINE.)

KING: (ASIDE TO QUEEN.) Who? Who is he?

QUEEN: I have no idea.

DUCHESS: Nor do I, Your Majesty.

KING: Well, who invited him?

QUEEN: Someone must have.

COUNT: We have to be polite.

QUEEN: Naturally.

COUNT: He may be one of the very significant mysterious strangers  
of whom I spoke.

KING: Oh, yes, of course. (TO FELLOWE.) Welcome, Your  
Excellent Excellency. Allow me to present my family.

PRINCESS LILY: (TO HER SISTERS.) I like him.

PRINCESS MARIGOLD: So do I.

PRINCESS DAISY: (GIGGLES.) Hi, Your Excellence.

PRINCESS VERONICA: (TO DAISY) Excellency, silly.

PRINCESS IRIS: Hello, Ambassador.

PRINCESS JASMINE: Do you like to dance?

PRINCESS MORNING GLORY: I'm the best dancer. I'll dance with him first.

FELLOWE: (BOWS TO THEM ALL, SMILES.)

COUSIN CUTHBURT: (AS HE BOWS.) But who is he?

COUSIN DELBURT: (AS HE BOWS.) Haven't the slightest idea.

COUSIN ELBURT: (AS HE BOWS.) Neither do I.

MERRY MALCOLM: (AS HE BOWS.) He's probably a phony.

DANCING DUNCAN: (AS HE BOWS.) I'm sure you're right.

DAPPER DAN: (AS HE BOWS) No doubt about it. Look at that hat.

QUEEN: Enjoy yourself, Your Excellency. (ASIDE TO PRINCE.) Smile, Philip.

PHILIP: (SIGHS.) Yes, Mother. Ah – if you'll just excuse me for a moment, Mother –

(THE PRINCE STEPS AWAY FROM HER, PULLS BARON PICKFORD ASIDE, WHISPERS TO HIM.)

BARON: But Your Highness –! You can't just – !

PHILIP: Oh, yes, I can. I must. I'll be right over there. (POINTS.)

BARON: But what will your father say? I – oh, dear!

(THE KING BECKONS TO BARON PICKFORD; THEY CONVERSE PRIVATELY. THE BARON EXITS. THE PRINCESSES EAGERLY GATHER AROUND AMBASSADOR FELLOWE. THE FRUMPPKINS RETURN.)

MAMA: (VERY SATISFIED.) Well! Here we are at the palace!

THELMA: Did you see all the jewels the court ladies are 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!

(PRINCE AND THE BARON ENTER. ALL GATHER TO STARE ADMIRINGLY AT THE PRINCE.)

GERTRUDE: Ohhh! It's him!

OTHER GUESTS: Ahhh!

THELMA: The Prince!

OTHER GUESTS: Oooooo!

MAMA: And the Baron!

PRINCE: (ASIDE TO BARON.) Are they all here, Pettigrew?

BARON: Yes, Your Highness. His Majesty commands me to announce the official opening of the Grand Ball.

PRINCE: (WITH A SIGH.) Very well. Go ahead.

BARON: Yes, Your Highness.

(HE GESTURES AND THE MUSIC STOPS. A FANFARE PLAYS. ALL PAUSE TO LISTEN.)

BARON: Ladies and Gentlemen! May I have your attention, please!

MAMA: I think the Baron is going to make a speech!

HERALD: Hear Ye! Hear Ye! The Baron is going to make a speech!

MAMA: I was right!

BARON: His Majesty asks me to announce that the Grand Ball has now officially begun. His Majesty also asks me to announce that this evening – on this particular special occasion – the ladies may ask His Highness to dance.

ALL: (VARIED SURPRISED REACTIONS OF SHOCK, DELIGHT, AND AMUSEMENT.)

PRINCE: What?!

BARON: (ASIDE TO PRINCE.) It was your father's idea.

PRINCE: Oh, no!

BARON: (AS HE CONTINUES THE ANNOUNCEMENT.) – the ladies may ask His Highness to dance, and need not wait to be asked by him.

(ALL OF THE “ELIGIBLE” LADIES ARE THRILLED! THEY SCREECH LOUDLY WITH DELIGHT.)

BARON: His Majesty hopes you all have a very pleasant evening!

PRINCE: (PULLING BARON ASIDE) 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 APPROACHING.)

Uh-oh. Look, Pettigrew. It's those Frumppkin sisters.

BARON: (WITH A GROAN.) And their Mama.

PRINCE: Come on, Pettigrew, we might be able to escape.

MAMA: Yoo-hoo, Baron! (SHE WAVES ENERGETICALLY.)

(OTHER “ELIGIBLE” LADIES EAGERLY APPROACH THE PRINCE, BUT SHE ELBOWS THEM ASIDE.)

BARON: (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.)

ALL: (LAUGH.)

MAMA: (GLARES AT THE LAUGHERS, THEN SMILES AT 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 GIRLS.) Get up off the floor, will you? (THEY RISE, GLARING.) 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: (SOMEWHAT MOLLIFIED.) 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: All right. (BOWS TO THELMA.) Of course, Miss Frumppkin. I’d be delighted.  
 THELMA: Good! (GRABS HIS HAND AND DRAGS HIM ACROSS THE ROOM.)  
 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! (SITS, 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 ROOM.)  
 PRINCE: Pettigrew! Help! (THELMA DANCES HIM OFF STAGE.)  
 BARON: (WAVES, 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 ROMANTICALLY.) 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 that I'm supposed to lead.  
MAMA: Oh, of course! Go right ahead.  
BARON: Believe me, I'm trying.

(AS 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: (CALLS OUT.) 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. (STOMPS OVER TO THELMA AND THE PRINCE, TAPS THELMA ON THE SHOULDER.) Thelma!  
THELMA: Go away, Gertrude.  
GERTRUDE: Thelma! (SHE STAMPS HER FOOT, 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! (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 WATCHES THEM.)  
GERTRUDE: (TO THE PRINCE AS SHE TRIES TO FOLLOW THE MUSIC, STUMBLING 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. (GRABS PRINCE DANCES A FEW STEPS WITH HIM)  
GERTRUDE: Thelma! It's still my turn! (SHE GRABS THE PRINCE, DANCES A FEW STEPS WITH HIM.)  
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 THAT IT LOOKS LIKE HE IS DANCING WITH THEM BOTH AT ONCE. MAMA AND THE BARON APPROACH.)

BARON: (APPALLED.) Oh, my goodness!  
MAMA: (DELIGHTED.) 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! (STARTS TOWARD THE PRINCE.)



MAMA: (GRABS BARON.) Come on, Baron. Let's dance!  
BARON: Your Highness! (BUT MAMA SWEEPS HIM AWAY.)

(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 A FANFARE INTERRUPTS THE MUSIC. EVERYONE GATHERS EAGERLY.)

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.

ALL: Ahhh!

MAMA: Oh, how exciting!

THELMA: Well? Who is it?

KING: (TO QUEEN.) That's what I'd like to know.

PRINCE: I thought everyone was here.

BARON: So did I.

COUNT: Aha! (ASIDE TO KING AND QUEEN.) It must be another mysterious stranger!

ALL: (EAVESDROPPING.) Ahhhh!

(ANOTHER FANFARE. CINDERELLA ENTERS.)

– **END OF ENTIRE E-MAIL “SAMPLE”** –

(THERE ARE 64 TOTAL PAGES – INCLUDING “TITLE”  
PAGES – IN THE COMPLETE “EXPANDED CAST”  
PLAYBOOK.

There are 34 pages in Act I and 27 pages in Act II.)