

# CINDERELLA

Reduced Version for 'in house' production

By

Chris Lane

*CAST: Ella (Cinderella) F, Buttons M or F, Fairy Cobweb F, Stepmother M or F, Whinge & Gripe (ugly sisters) M (or F), Prince M (or F), also small parts for a Herald & 2 girls.*

*Some lines for a few others if needed. Chorus optional.*

The grey sections need to be localised or made topical or - in some cases - left out entirely if not needed. Scenery is optional but the 'ideal' model is detailed for guidance.

If you want to perform this 'in house' and want to be rude about people that everyone the audience knows (or it soon gets boring) fill in the **blue bits** but do it carefully!

## ACT ONE: SCENE ONE: THE GARDEN

*A beautiful garden. Stage right is the side of a manor house with doorway. Stage left is a gate. Ella is sitting on a seat reading.*

- ELLA: (To aud) Oh, hello - didn't see you. Reading. Not a great book. Romantic, you know. Handsome hero. "My secret love" by \*\*\* (Big sigh) One day I might meet somebody like that; perhaps I should transfer to \*\*\*. They're all hunks there. Never mind. My name is Ella and I live here. (To well-known person in audience; perhaps planned in advance) Hello, young fellow/lady - what's your name? \*\*\*? (Could ask 2 people if one is quiet) That's a nice name; hello \*\*\*. Where do you live? That's nice. Is it a **tent /cave / mansion /etc?** I live here. My father owns it, but he's away at the moment. Oops - lookout - here comes Buttons. He works here, **some suitable post/job to fit the actor** - he thinks I should read sensible books, like **suitable title by suitable name (Like 'Do it yourself double-accounting' by Fred Jones)** - not romantic ones. \*\*\*. You won't tell him I've been reading romantic books again, will you? Super.
- BUTTONS: (enters) Hmm. Ella, you look very guilty. (Is only teasing) Have you been working hard? Or have you been reading romantic twaddle again?
- ELLA: Me? Romantic twaddle? No.
- BUTTONS: (pretends to be suspicious) Hmm. And who are all these people? (Looks closely at them) Do they think this is the queue for X Factor auditions (or similar)?
- ELLA: They're friends of mine. And that is \*\*\*.
- BUTTONS: \*\*\* eh. Pleased to meet you \*\*\*. (Thinks) \*\*\*, has Ella been reading romantic books? (Suitable response)
- BUTTONS: Hmm. Let me have a look at this book.
- ELLA: (grins widely and hides book) Alright! It was romantic twaddle. It was lovely.
- BUTTONS: Laughs. If your father finds out ...

ELLA: Well - who's going to tell him?

BUTTONS: Well ... what do you think, \*\*\*, do you think we should tell Ella's father about the book? No? OK then. But be careful, Ella, any day now he'll be back from the 'Cost Cutting Convention' in Rio de Janeiro (or similar)! *(Turns to leave)*

ELLA: The place must look its best - father is bringing home his new bride today.

BUTTONS: A new mother for you! What's she like?

ELLA: I can't tell you anything about her - except she's a widow; she used to be in charge of (something ironic or stupid like 'Equal Opportunity Provision at the BNP, or something specific to the audience) - and she has two children already.

ELLA: Right - let's get this place looking -  
*There is a commotion outside the gate.*

BUTTONS: Now what?

COWSLIP: *(offstage)* Help! Hurry - open the gates!

ELLA: It's not locked!

COWSLIP: What?

ELLA: I said - the gates aren't locked.

COWSLIP: Not locked?

ELLA: No. You just have to turn that handle.

COWSLIP: Yeah, right - I knew that. *(Enters anxiously)*

COWSLIP: *(to Cinders)* Is you having somewhere to hide like? *(Cinders shakes head)* Or maybe a great big cannon? *(Cinders shakes head)* Any weapons of self-defence? A spear? Sword? Dagger? Pointed stick? Sharp pencil? Drawing pin?  
*(Desperate)* Sausage roll past its expiry date? *(They look at her in disbelief)*

BUTTONS: Certainly not; not at the name of venue or similar. Sorry.

COWSLIP: Anything at all for self-defence?!

ELLA: No. Not really. This is name of venue, not name of rival/different place. Why?

COWSLIP: Too long to explain. Just let be me puttin' it this way: life in mortal peril. Running for 20 miles. Hideous horrible death wot is approaching. And *(looks round)* rather desperate for the loo.

ELLA: Well...

**\* Start of Red Riding Hood Section - you can miss this whole section out to save time / actors.**

COWSLIP: Too late! Look! *(Points at wall behind them)* Aargh!  
*Sound of some huge shuffling creature. Grunting growling noises.*

ELLA: What is the matter?

COWSLIP: *(panicking)* I think I is upsettin someone. So they is comin' to kill us in a slow and horrible manner.

*Gates slowly open with a horror creak. Lights dim. Rumble of distant thunder.*

COWSLIP: Aargh! *(Tries to hide behind Buttons)* Menacing music.

RED RIDING HOOD: *(enters through gates. She is very small and her hood is not red but purple)* Ha! At last! You are mine! Prepare - to die!

COWSLIP: No, not to-die; try to-morrow!

BUTTONS: Hang about. Here. Is this it? *(Points at her)*

COWSLIP: Er - I finks so. (*Thinks*) Then who on earth was that we just heard?

ELLA: Oh, him. He lives there. He's in a different panto.

*Piano plays brief theme: Beauty and the Beast. All glare at him until he stops.*

COWSLIP: Oy - listen up - 'a different panto!' *Cheeky chord from piano.*

RED RIDING HOOD: So - I say again - prepare to die!

ELLA: I know you. You're Little Red ... Little Red ... oh dear.

RED RIDING HOOD: Exactly: no longer Little Red Riding Hood - not since this oaf tried to help!

COWSLIP: Not entirely my fault. Just some of the washing got mixed up. Your lovely red cape went in with me best navy blue knickers.

RED RIDING HOOD: I know! You can have them back!

COWSLIP: Well - er .. not if .. no - don't .... Aah ...

RED RIDING HOOD: (*pulls out very large blue drawers*) Here.

COWSLIP: (*embarrassedly goes and gets them*) (*pianist or Buttons laughs: to him*) What?! Watch it! They stretched in the machine! (*Mutter from piano or Buttons*) What did he say?

ELLA: He said you must have washed your bottom in the same machine! I say - that is rather witty.

COWSLIP: I'll give him witty.

ELLA: I must say it does seem a bit much to kill someone just because they made a mistake with the washing.

RED RIDING HOOD: Tell her. (*Cowslip looks guilty*) Go on - tell her what else you did.

COWSLIP: Not entirely my fault. I was confused.

RED RIDING HOOD: Tell her about the wolf.

COWSLIP: No wolf. There wuz never no wolf! No. I didn't meet no wolf in the forest. No sir, not me! There wuz no wolf who asked me the way to Granny's house? And I never told him there was a shortcut to Granny's house.

BUTTONS: That never happened either?

COWSLIP: No! And I NEVER asked him why he was going there. And he never said - you'll like this - he had a really gruff voice (*does the voice but gets horribly mixed up with voices*) "I am going to granny's house and she will say 'My what big ears you have' and I will say 'All the better to hear you with' and then she will say 'My what big eyes you've got' and I'll say 'All the better to see you with' and then .. then - this is the funny bit - then she'll say 'My what big teeth you're got' and I'll say - wait for it - 'All the better to eat you with!' and then I will swallow her whole!

BUTTONS: That never happened?

COWSLIP: No - indeed not. None of that ever happened. But I did get the voice just right though, don't you think? Just like him!

ELLA: My word. That's not good. But my understanding is what normally happens in these cases, is that a passing woodman comes by, with his axe, opens up the wolf and lets the Granny out, still in one piece.

COWSLIP: Normally .... Yes. Not entirely our fault.

CINDERELLA: (*suspicious*) What did you do?

RED RIDING HOOD: I know! You said: 'That is not nice - swallowing an old lady whole!'

COWSLIP: Yes! YES! THAT happened. "Not nice - swallowing an old lady whole"! I did indeed say that! (*Looks smug*)

RED RIDING HOOD: So you gave him a mincer!

COWSLIP: Might have done.

RED RIDING HOOD: Ha! Prepare to die!

BUTTONS: How is she going to die? You don't seem to have any weapon. Do you do magic?

RED RIDING HOOD: Well ... no.

BUTTONS: So?

RED RIDING HOOD: Hadn't really thought it through properly.

BUTTONS: Obviously. Tell you what. Why don't you go and think it through. Make a proper plan. Perhaps get a really big weapon?

RED RIDING HOOD: A really big weapon?

COWSLIP: Like a really heavy cannon!

RED RIDING HOOD: Right. OK then. (*Turns to leave*) I'll be back! (*Exits*)

COWSLIP: (*mocking 'terminator' voice*) 'I'll be back'. Yeah - whatever. Well done matey. Nice one.

### End of Red Riding Hood Section \*

BUTTONS: You're very welcome. Now - if you need the loo it's...

COWSLIP: Hang about. Hang - a - bout. Where's my diary? What day is it? (*To aud*) You lot - do something useful. Anyone know what day it is today? ....

OK. Thanks. Let's see... Right; I is remembering now. You see - I is a fairy god-mother and I as bin sent to help a young lady very much fitting your description - called Cinderella.

ELLA: Sorry not me. Wrong name. My name is Ella.

COWSLIP: Bum.

BUTTONS: "Cinderella"? Nope - nobody round here called that. Do you think that's the girl we sometimes see next door? I don't suppose 'Beauty' is her real name, do you?

ELLA: It could be. But I think she's gone home to see her father. Might be worth a try though.

COWSLIP: Next door? Sorted. Right - we is away.

ELLA: Very nice to meet you. (*to aud*) Bye! (*Exits*)

ELLA: That was a bit odd.

BUTTONS: Mmm. (*picks up any debris*) Horrible name though - 'Cinderella'. Sounds made up. (*While they are tidying the Prince appear at the gate, not in royal gear*)

PRINCE: Hello?

BUTTONS: Good morning.

PRINCE: (*to Cinders*) Hello.

ELLA: (*shyly*) Hello. How can we help?

PRINCE: I am here raising money for charity - (*something like: 'the **NAME** Retirement Home for Exhausted **Sales Reps**'.*)

We are selling tickets for a Grand Ball to be held at the Royal Palace (*or local/your venue*) one week from today.

PRINCE: It will be really splendid. (*To Cinders*) I do hope you can come.

BUTTONS: At the Palace (*or local/your venue*)? They don't have parties up there. The king is too old for that sort of thing.

PRINCE: That's true, my - er - coughs - the King is a little past party age but the Prince is back from college now and wants everyone to enjoy the palace.

ELLA: The prince? What's he like? I would so like to meet a prince.

BUTTONS: (*who has guessed the truth*) I hear he is tall and thin and spotty.

ELLA: My. Is this true?

BUTTONS: It certainly is. Ugly as can be. That's why he has to sell charity tickets. Nobody would dance with him if it wasn't for a good cause!

ELLA: I don't believe it. By law all princes have to be handsome!

PRINCE: Well spoken. And if it isn't a law then it should be! So - next week?

BUTTONS: I'm sure you're free. I'll put it on your calendar. (*Exits*)

PRINCE: Er - um - tell me about yourself. Do you play golf?

**DUET? If anyone can sing!**

*Buttons reappears.*

BUTTONS: Here you are. You have a (*something everyone will recognise as being boring*) meeting in the morning and a meeting to agree the policy about which colour paper we should use to print our policies on, but free after that.

PRINCE: I'll leave you these tickets for both of you.

ELLA: But we haven't paid.

PRINCE: You have paid with your kindness. Until the ball.

*There is bowing and curtseys and they leave.*

ELLA: I don't mind visitors who look like that.

BUTTONS: Never a dull moment! Wonder who'll be next through the gaa...aah!! (*Goes to shuts gate but as he turns he is suddenly faced with a fierce women*)

MOTHER: Step aside! I have travelled a long way and want to be shown to my room!

BUTTONS: Madame - I don't - I mean. Who are you?

MOTHER: Me? I am the one who ask the questions - not you. Name?

BUTTONS: Buttons. I work here.

MOTHER: Hmm. We shall see. And you? Do you work here also?

ELLA: Me? No? I ...

MOTHER: I thought not. I know who you are. You are the daughter - Ella. But your father said that you were a beauty!

Ha! Not where we come from. If you want to see beauty - take a look at my daughters, Whinge and Gripe. *They enter. They can be 'dames' or real teenage girls*

ELLA: Hello; welcome to ...

WHINGE: Whatever.

GRIPE: What is she wearing? (*They snigger*)

BUTTONS: Ladies! (*Steps up and bows*) Enchanted.

MOTHER: Ah - nicely spoken!

BUTTONS: Yes. You look as if you've been enchanted. (*To aud*) Turned into toads!

MOTHER: What? What was that?

BUTTONS: I said - let's help you with your loads. (*Takes bags & puts on ground*)

ELLA: You are a friend of my father?

MOTHER: Friend? Friend?! My dear girl, I am his wife!

ELLA: So you are ...

MOTHER: Yes. Your new mother. You: Bottom.

BUTTONS: Buttons.

MOTHER: Whatever. Show me to my room.

ELLA: And is Father with you?

MOTHER: Who? Oh, him. He's been held up trying to sort out *something relevant*. Now let's have a look inside. *(To Buttons)* You. Get the bags!

BUTTONS: Right. *(To sisters)* Oy - you two. *(Grabs their arms and rushes forwards)* Inside!

MOTHER: Not them! The suitcases and trunks! *(Up close and nasty)* Take care - I am not always this nice. *(Mother exits into house and Buttons out through gate)*

*The sisters circle Ella.*

GRIPE: It is so - you know - totally ugly.

WHINGE: Totally. Mingerrrr. They should not, like, allow one like you out in daylight, like.

GRIPE: No. Children might, you know, see her and have, you know, nightmares!

WHINGE: And, like, look at that face. She has, like, no idea how to apply make-up, like.

GRIPE: None at all. Can hardly, you know, even see it. Totally feeble. She should go to *appropriate or sarcastic name of department or office or person* - they know about looking good!

WHINGE: And, like, look at her figure. Totally nothing!

GRIPE: No wonder she is, you know, still single. No man wants to, you know, marry that.

WHINGE: They way like a bit of meat. *(Slaps own bum or belly)*

GRIPE: *(Looks up at house)* What a dump. Totally, you know, random.

ELLA: It is a very nice house. I love the views of...

WHINGE: Whatever. Come on, we'll chill in the dining room. Just looking at that 'bone' makes me, like, want more food. *(They exit)*

MOTHER: *(appears at top of steps with sisters beside her)* There - I have rationalised the restructuring of the servant-employer infrastructure. *(They look at her blankly)* I sacked all of the servants.

ELLA: But, who will get the house ready, and do the cooking and the cleaning ...?

MOTHER: Cooking and cleaning? Why, they will be outsourced. *(Walks close)* YOU will do them!

ELLA: But...

MOTHER: But?! Are you - refusing - to help about the house? Do you expect ME to wait on YOU?! *(Cinderella shakes head)* I should think not. Good. First you can clean that grubby little room at the top of the tower. Get rid of that *item known to be in office of senior person*.

ELLA: My room? But ...

WHINGE: Like - it is so totally OUR room. Remove your junk, like, at once.

GRIPE: Or we will, you know, remove it for you.

WHINGE: Like, through the window, like.

GRIPE: And it is, you know, totally minging. You clean it.

ELLA: But ..

MOTHER: Again - another 'but'.

ELLA: But where will I sleep?

MOTHER: You, Ella? Do I look as if I care? You can sleep in the kitchen! You can curl up on the floor in the ashes and cinders! Cinders! I say! I have it! I have your new name!

Everyone - she is to be called - **CINDER-ELLA!**

WHINGE: CINDERELLA! Perfect!

GRIPE: Just right.

SONG: CINDERELLA (everyone)

MOTHER: (to Buttons who has reappeared carrying case) No - not you, Buttocks!

BUTTONS: Buttons.

MOTHER: I need someone who at least looks clean to wait on me. You can stay. At half the money. Now - you. (To Cinders) Get out of those clothes into something more suitable - and get to work! Hurry up - CINDERELLA! (They exit laughing)

BUTTONS: They can't do this! You can't just let them...

CINDERELLA: We have to do what she says. She runs the house now - at least until Father returns. Until then we just have to stay cheerful.

*Cinderella looks sad. They both trail into the house.*

*Cobweb reappears.*

COWSLIP: Me again! Still no luck wiv me findin' that girl Cinderella. How about you? Have you seen anyone hoo is called Cinderella? Cinderella! You have!! What her - Ella?! What a co-inki-dinky-dingle! It's her - she is de one I 'as come to help!

## SCENE 2: THE SISTER'S ROOM *This whole scene can be left out!*

*Chair, large wooden/cardboard box, door at rear in solid wall. This door need only be some plywood in a frame, as long as it opens. This is a slapstick scene. For the cakes people often use medicated shaving cream but check with actors first!*

WHINGE: Now, like, what?

GRIPE: Live the life of, you know, luxury. *Lists some expensive things known to belong to somebody; e.g. red BMW, house in France, yacht in the Solent, etc.*

GRIPE: Yeah, or somefin. Respect!

*BUTTONS comes out of door at rear and tries to go back in but is seen.*

GRIPE: Like, stop right there! You are so, you know, caught! You - come here. *Gestures at Whinge who brings him down by sleeve.*

BUTTONS: What do you want?

GRIPE: That's more, you know like respectin our new position. What do I, you know want?

BUTTONS: No, I don't - you know - know. If I did -you know - know - I wouldn't - you know ask. You know? Like?

GRIPE: Er, (confused) I'll have a cream cake.

WHINGE: Go and get it! And be quick! *(Boots him as he runs off through door.)*

GRIPE: This is the life. *(Settles into chair.)*

WHINGE: I wish I'd, like, asked for a cream cake. I'll go and, like, tell him to get one. *She goes toward the door but it flies open and hits her in the face.*

BUTTONS: Cream cake! *(Runs forward, checks with audience whether he should do this, slaps it into Gripe's face. Thumbs up to aud. Runs off. Slams door.)*

WHINGE: Is it nice?

GRYPE: What do you means, is it nice?! Look what he's done! I'll get him!

WHINGE: Yeah - let's get him! What shall we do?

GRYPE: Here - take this. (*Hands him wooden cricket bat or other item available*) You stand by the door. I'll get him to bring another, you know, cream cake and when he does - you whack him over the head!

WHINGE: Wicked plan, like!

*Gripe goes to the door, partly opens it and shouts:*

GRYPE: Buttons! Buttons! Get me another cream cake! (*Shuts door and rushes back to seat.*) Are you ready?

WHINGE: (*Runs to stand beside doorway - but on the wrong side*). Ready! Ha! We'll show the little ...

**BUTTONS** bursts through door, slamming onto Whinge (**sound fx: thump/crunch + Aargh!**) - who holds it shut. Buttons runs down to Gripe to slam cake into face then runs off leaving door open, hiding Whinge.

*Whinge slowly lets door drift shut to show her holding nose & groaning.*

GRYPE: The horrible little... We'll get him! Do it again!

WHINGE: Yeah - do it again!

*Gripe goes to the door, partly opens it and shouts:*

GRYPE: Buttons! Buttons! Get me another cream cake! (*Shuts door and rushes back to seat.*) Are you ready?

WHINGE: (*Runs to stand beside doorway - but again on the wrong side*). Ready! This time we'll show the little...

**BUTTONS** bursts through door, slamming on Whinge (**sound fx: thump/crunch + Aargh!**) and runs down to Whinge to slam cake into face. Buttons runs off leaving door open hiding Whinge again.

*WHINGE slowly lets door drift shut to show her holding nose & groaning.*

GRYPE: Slight change of plan.

WHINGE: What?

GRYPE: Exactly the same idea - but I'll hide in this box.

WHINGE: Brilliant.

*Gripe goes to the door, partly opens it and shouts:*

GRYPE: Buttons! Buttons! Get me another cream cake! (*Shuts door and rushes back to box into which she climbs and shuts flaps over head.*)

WHINGE: (*Runs to stand beside doorway - wrong side*). Haha! This time we'll show the little...

**BUTTONS** bursts through door, slamming on Whinge (**sound fx: thump/crunch + Aargh!**) and runs down to Whinge in box.

**BUTTONS**: Step 1!

GRYPE: (*pokes head out of hole in top and says:*) What? (*Gets cake in face*)

**BUTTONS** runs off.

WHINGE: (*slowly lets door drift shut to show her holding nose & groaning.*) I don't think I like this plan.

GRYPE: One more go! You call him.

**STEP 2:** (*opens door*) Buttons! Buttons! Gripe wants another cream cake!

*Gripe goes back down into box. Buttons rushes in and crushes Whinge (sound fx: thump/crunch + Aargh!)*

BUTTONS: (at box) Is that you in there, Whinge?

GRIPE: (pokes head out) No it's me, Gripe! (Gets caked) (Buttons runs off). DO IT AGAIN!

WHINGE: (slowly lets door drift) What?

GRIPE: One more go! He won't trick me this time!

WHINGE: Oh no! Not again. (Opens door) Buttons! Buttons! Gripe wants another cream cake! Gripe goes back down into box. Buttons rushes in and crushes Whinge. He has TWO cakes.

BUTTONS: Do you want cherry cake or chocolate cake?

GRIPE: (pokes head out) Both! (Gets both cakes, one each side)  
(Buttons runs off).

WHINGE: (slowly lets door drift shut) I think this plan is not really working.

GRIPE: Nonsense. All I have to do is stay inside the box. Whatever he says I will NOT come out! Try again!

WHINGE: (opens door) Buttons! Buttons! Gripe wants another cream cake!

Gripe goes back down into box. Buttons rushes in and crushes Whinge. OPTIONAL: He has a very large cake (open, hollow base but filled with cream/foam) and a large winding handle. He puts the cake on top of the box where Gripe will pop out. He fixes the winding handle to the side of the box and starts turning slowly. Sound fx: music box: half a pound of tupenny rice.

At the last note Gripe pops up, pushing head into cake and standing right up with it on his head. Buttons runs off.

Or just splats her as before with the biggest cake.

WHINGE: (slowly lets door drift shut) Do you think we could change places?

GRIPE: What?

WHINGE: (coming forward) Why are you so mucky? (Helps her out of box) Do you think we could change places? I keep getting bashed on the nose

GRIPE: Bashed on the nose? How?

WHINGE: I don't know - I'm standing here, with the club up like this and ...

GRIPE: You idiot! Here ... Change places!

GRIPE: You stand THIS side?! (Either other side of door or - if no door - other side of stage) You idiot! Stand THIS side! Give me the club. Let me show you how to do it. I will stand THIS side!

WHINGE: Shall I get in the box?

GRIPE: No need. I'll get the little squirt before he reaches you. Just sit in the chair and watch the master at work!

Gripe goes to the door, partly opens it and shouts:

GRIPE: Buttons! Buttons! Get me another cream cake! (Shuts door, rushes other side of door and raises club.) Watch this, now you'll see...

Buttons rushes in. This time the door opens with hinges on the other side (second frame) and splats Gripe. OR Buttons enters from other side of stage (if no wings make the audience part of the secret as he goes round to the other side) (sound fx: thump/crunch + Aargh!) Buttons runs to a relaxed Whinge, splats giant cake in face and runs off. Gripe lets door slowly swing away from him and falls forward onto floor. (If not using the door - use 2 cakes and splat both sisters)

**BLACKOUT**

### SCENE 3

*Cinderella enters.*

CINDERELLA: Hello again. Hello \*\*\*. What do you think of those two sisters? (*ad libs*) Shh!  
*The new mother enters*

MOTHER: So - this is where you spend your time, is it? All down here by yourself? Answer me girl? All down here by yourself?

CINDERELLA: Yes. Just me - and the mice of course.

MOTHER: Mice? (*Whirls around angrily*) Mice?! I see no mice? (*To aud*) You! Yes, you peasants! Do you see any mice? I see nothing! I tell you - there are no mice here! *Mice appear from wherever. (Glove puppets or just toys), Enough!* If there are mice - where are they?! (*Mice appear again - in different places.*) Where?! Where?! (*Business with audience*) (*To Cinderella*) Girl!

I don't need this stress! I don't need you making me look like a fool. Do you understand? I said - do you understand?

CINDERELLA: Yes - you don't need me to make you look like a fool.

MOTHER: Precisely. I will be watching you.

CINDERELLA: (*To mouse*) Well done little fellow - you surely taught her a lesson. Here - I think I have a crumb of cheese for you. Would you like to see something secret? You would? Then I'll show you. (*She fetches a ball gown*) I hide it so 'they' don't take it from me. And look - two tickets for the ball at the royal palace - and - I might even get to meet the Prince!

BUTTONS: (*ENTERS in a rush, carrying 2 cream cakes he puts on the table; mice vanish during distraction*) Waah! Quick - hide me - that awful Whinge and Gripe are after me.

CINDERELLA: Over there!

BUTTONS: (*goes to exit but Cobweb is in there*) Whoah!

COWSLIP: You is not to be alarmed - it is only me again!

CINDERELLA: Did you find who you were looking for the other day?

COWSLIP: Nah: nobody round here called the Cinder-fella.

CINDERELLA: Well - my new mother calls me 'Cinderella' but's it's not my proper name.

COWSLIP: That's you girl! Cinderella! Proper wicked! I is here to be helpin' you!

CINDERELLA: Help me? Super! How?

COWSLIP: (*Checks instructions*) First I has to get you tickets for the ball.

BUTTONS: She already has some tickets. Sorry.

COWSLIP: OK - but then I 'as you got a really wicked dress to wear so that ... (*the dress is held up then hidden*). How about a carriage to take you there?

CINDERELLA: It's not far - I can walk.

COWSLIP: Shoes? (*There is nodding*) Oh. (*Sad*) Right. (*Inspired*) Here - have these corn plasters! I always need them when I go dancing!

CINDERELLA: Lovely. How thoughtful.

COWSLIP: Super. Job sorted. Done something right at last!

BUTTONS: Must be nice, being a fairy!

COWSLIP: I never wanted to be a fairy. I really wanted to go into **relevant profession** but they won't take fairies. (*Sighs*) Even my mother was against me being a fairy.

CINDERELLA: She was?

COWSLIP: She was. I remember the day I left; she is sayin to me: "I didn't spend nine years changing your nappies so you could go off and be a fairy!". (*They think about that in horror*)

MOTHER: (*has entered and watched the lat bit*) And WHO is this person?

CINDERELLA: This is ... er ...

BUTTONS: Someone from the village!

COWSLIP: That's it; I is just one of the village people!

MOTHER: Hmm. If you are indeed one of the Village People - then sing something!

COWSLIP: What?

MOTHER: I said, if you are one of the Village People - then sing something!

COWSLIP: Err ..(*Brightly* :) I can sing you something my mother taught me: (*big breath*)

*I used to have a magic bean  
T'was really rather class  
Twas small and brown and wrinkly  
And I kept it in a glass,  
But people tried to steal it;  
I couldn't let that pass.  
And so they wouldn't find it  
I stuck it up my ..*

BUTTONS: Lovely! Thank you!

COWSLIP: ... up my nose. They spoilt my song then!

BUTTONS: I think she is rather expecting something by THE Village People - you know, the singing group?

*Whinge & Gripe enter.*

WHINGE: Not that I care but what is, like, going on? Are we missing something?

GRIPE: You: Bottom-hole. We said - what are we missing?

BUTTONS: Hard to know where to start really - brains, good looks, charm, manners, clean teeth, ... er ...

MOTHER: Enough.

**YOU CAN SKIP THIS BIT - NOT PART OF THE PLOT!**

MOTHER: Sing. Now!

BUTTONS: Come on; we can do this. Village People: YMCA - all together.

COWSLIP: I'm not quite sure I know that. What are the words?

BUTTONS: Y-M-C-A.

COWSLIP: Right. (*Stands in position*) What's the first word again?

BUTTONS: Y.

COWSLIP: So I can sing it.

BUTTONS: It is the letter 'Y'! Now - are you ready?

COWSLIP: I am ready ... (*looks nervous as they all watch him. Eventually ...*)

*I used to have a magic bean; T'was really rather ....*

PEABLOSSOM: No! Just follow us. And don't forget the actions.

NUTMEG: There are actions for "I used to have a magic bean". Do you want to see them? I used to have a magic bean, T'was really rather ....

BUTTONS: (*to piano*) Just start without him.

***It's fun to stay at the Y-M-C-A***

*(As they do this Cowslip is plainly forming the wrong letters with his hands: T.W.I.T.)*

BUTTONS: Hang on - hang on - hang on. Those aren't the right letters. Cowslip - do them again.

COWSLIP: *(sings)* Y-M-C-A *(signs TWIT)*

CINDERELLA: T-W-I-T. That spells twit.

COWSLIP: Does it? It's the signs my mother taught me.

BUTTONS: Let's just get on with it. Come on you lot - you can all join. Yes - you two with the faces like monkeys' bottoms. Come on.

*All except the mother join in. Gripe and Whinge stand either side of Cowslip.*

*With the first Y & the A Cowslip slaps both in the face doing the 'T'.*

GRIPE: Stop!

MOTHER: What is it my dumpling?

GRIPE: This fool keeps hitting us!

MOTHER: Does she now?

WHINGE: Yes, she does.

MOTHER: That is easily solved, girls - change places.

*The sisters simply swap and the action repeats exactly the same.*

WHINGE: Stop!

MOTHER: What is it my now, my little teacake?

WHINGE: She's still, like, hitting us!

MOTHER: Then move right away from her.

*They now stand: Buttons, Whinge, Gripe, Cinderella, Cowslip,*

COWSLIP: Are we all ready? *(They are)*

*This time as they sing YMCA only Whinge, and Gripe do it YMCA - all the rest do TWIT. The sisters get battered.*

MOTHER: Stop this nonsense! Move around. There! *(They now stand:*

*Cowslip, Whinge, Buttons, Gripe, Cinderella.)* And if these fools swing their arms around, all you have to do is duck! *(Shows them how - by leaning forward)* *(The audience see that Buttons now has the 2 cream cakes behind his back.)*

COWSLIP: One last try!

*They all sing. On the last A (or T if you are doing the TWIT version) the sisters duck forwards and get the cakes in the face. Much wailing and fuss.)*

COWSLIP: Right - I'm off! Cheers Cinders! Good luck! *(To aud)* Bye!

GRIPE: Look at me! Get me a cloth!

WHINGE: Me too. Get me a cloth!

CINDERELLA: *(looks at cupboard)* A cloth - well...

GRIPE: I bet she's, you know, hiding a cloth in here. *(Opens cupboard)* Oooh!

### **BACK TO THE PLOT AGAIN**

MOTHER: What is this? *(Holds up dress)* A dress? *(Slow & menacing)* What on earth do you need that for?

GRIPE: For this! *(Takes tickets out of pocket)*

MOTHER: *(calmly looks at tickets)* Two tickets! My, my. For a ball - at the palace!

BUTTONS: Give them back - they're Cinderella's!

MOTHER: But she doesn't need them. After all, she doesn't have a dress to wear. *(Nods at girls. They slowly rip the dress in two)*

*They exit laughing, pushing Buttons before them, who exits, and the mother & girls go to the bedroom scene. Slow blackout on main stage leaving Cinders looking at the dress.*

#### **SCENE 4: THE BEDROOM**

*A dressing table full of mucky make up and a chair needed here.*

MOTHER: That was fun. So - you girls are off to the ball. And - I wouldn't be surprised if one of you does not catch the eye of the prince!

WHINGE: That will, like, so be me. I am proper attractive. I have often been called, like, a 'Man Magnet'.

GRIPE: Ha! More like a 'Fridge Magnet'.

WHINGE: At least I have, like, had a real boyfriend.

MOTHER: Not for long though, dearest.

GRIPE: No - only until he lost enough weight to slip out between the bars!

MOTHER: Now don't squabble, dears. I'll leave you to plan your make-up.

WHINGE: No - don't go. That is so unfair! I need you to, like, help!

MOTHER: Your sister can do it for you. I must get myself ready. *(Exits)*

GRIPE: I'll do your makeup. I'm quite a, you know, expert. In fact, *(looks around)* I'll let you into a beauty tip. *(Goes to dressing table and get out large hypodermic)*

WHINGE: Waah! What is it?

GRIPE: Botox!

WHINGE: Botox? What on earth, like, is that?

GRIPE: It's a poison - it, you know, paralyses the muscles so you can't move them.

WHINGE: I think I've, like, had that at a *SUBJECT* meeting.

GRIPE: No - you inject it under the skin of your face and it stops your face moving - so you don't get, you know, wrinkles. Here - have a go! *(Hands it to her)*

WHINGE: You is not putting that minging thing near me!! Take it back! *(She tries to pass it back but instead stabs Gripe in the leg)*

GRIPE: Ow! That was my favourite leg!

WHINGE: Stop moaning, like, and do my makeup.

GRIPE: Alright - let's get the kit. You'll need plenty of... ooer *(as she walks her leg goes numb and floppy)*

WHINGE: Get on with it! I'm going to shut my eyes and then you can surprise me when I'm done. Here - take this Bum-Tax or whatever it is. *(This time it sticks in Gripe's arm - same result)*

*Whinge sits with back to audience. Grip has to fetch make-up from the dressing table with one dead leg and apply masses of it to Whinge with one dead arm that she has to flap about like a paint brush. She explains what she is doing as she does it (ad lib).*

WHINGE: All done? Right. *(Turns to show audience)* What do you think? Has she, like, made a good job? What? Let me see - fetch me that mirror. *(Has a look)* Waah! That is so bad! Where's that needle - I'll make your sorry! Come back here.

*She chases the still floppy Gripe across the stage and off the far side.*

## SCENE 5: THE GARDEN

*Cinderella and Buttons come out of the door. She is cleaning a rug with a beater. She is wearing a black dress with very ragged hems, sleeves & neck.*

BUTTONS: Was it tonight, that ball?

CINDERELLA: You know very well. You get on and go.

BUTTONS: Me? Without you? I can't...

CINDERELLA: I knew you were going to say that. You go to that ball.

BUTTONS: But -

CINDERELLA: *(To aud)* Help me out here. Buttons should go to the ball, shouldn't he!

Yes. See - they think you should go. Besides, if you don't go then who can tell me all about it in the morning?

BUTTONS: But -

*Buttons is forced to go by Cinders.*

CINDERELLA: Have a wonderful time! Goodbye! *(Waves him off)* Right - what's next?

MOTHER: *(appears)* What's next? Not enough to do? *(Walks over and wipes feet on rug)* Now you have something to do. Hurry up girls or you will be late!

*Sisters appear in appalling ball gowns & wigs. Gripe has fixed grin & raised eyebrows.*

MOTHER: Gripe? What have you done to your face? You look like **NAME**.

WHINGE: It's this *(holds up botox jab)* Botox! I told her not to use too much. And she's even taking more of the stuff with her!

GRIPE: *strange noises through gritted teeth.*

MOTHER: What did she say?

WHINGE: She says I can have first dance with the Prince. *(Gripe struggles to object)*

MOTHER: Very kind of her. Off you go then girls. It will be starting soon! *(Girls exit)* *(She notices Cinderella)* Haha; enjoy your cleaning, Cinderella. *(Pauses)* Oh, and if I find out that you have - somehow - made your way to that ball ..... then Buttons gets the sack and goes to work **somewhere relevant!** *(Exits laughing)*

CINDERELLA: *(walks to face audience)* And if you think I am going to sing some sappy song about always being cheerful, well I'm not. I am, really fed up. Horrid rug. *(Throws rug out of gate in a temper)*

COWSLIP: Aaargh! Giant killer vampire bat! *(Enters fighting rug)* Hello - I was just looking for you. *(She is wearing fairy ball gown)* Where is dat lovely frock you showed us?

CINDERELLA: Those sisters ripped it up.

COWSLIP: But you must have other de uvver gowns? Come on - I is helpin' you choose.

CINDERELLA: No - it's alright. They've wrecked all my nice clothes; and I don't have a ticket; and it's too late to get ready now anyway, and ... and ... if SHE finds out I've been to the ball then Buttons has to go.

COWSLIP: I fort dis job wus gion too easy like. I finks there is only one solution to dis crisis. I is going to do magic. Stand back! First - da dress! *(waves wand)* Poshyfrockium! Ahum ... Poshyfrockium! Perhaps the batteries are flat? Poshyfrockium! **Poshyfrockium!** Grrr! *(In frustration she rips the hem, sleeve and neck off Cinderella's dress to reveal a 'little black number' OR grabs one from off-stage)* Sorted. Shoes! Here - swap over - borrow these! Glass slippers!

CINDERELLA: They look like trainers!

COWSLIP: Glass-slipper is the brand name.

CINDERELLA: But - if they recognise me...

COWSLIP: Here - a disguise! Glasses - transform you. (*Gives her joke glasses with big nose and moustache*) Something is not quite right here. (*Looks hard.*) Perhaps it's your hair?

CINDERELLA: I'm not sure this is the look I really wanted ... (*indicates the nose*)

COWSLIP: Fair comment. Try these. (*Swaps for ordinary glasses with label hanging*) They is only little but these is magic glasses - nobody is like going to recognise you at all. (*To aud*) Does that look better?

CINDERELLA: What does this label say?

COWSLIP: er ... (*reads*) "Magic glasses. Best before midnight". You must be out of there before the last chime of midnight or Buttons is history! (*To aud*) History! (*Thinks*) Or was it Geography?

CINDERELLA: Midnight! Right!

COWSLIP: I am planning to turn a pumpkin into a means of transporting you to the ball!

CINDERELLA: I say - have you done this before?

COWSLIP: Loads of times.

CINDERELLA: Show me how many 'loads of times' is - on your fingers.  
*She proudly holds up no fingers.*

CINDERELLA: That's what I thought. (*Covers head with hands*)

COWSLIP: Stand back. I'm not a very good aim!

COWSLIP: Transportiamus!! (*Nothing*) (*To aud*) Here - you lot can help. When I wave the wand I want you all to say the magic word: transportiamus. Ready? Right!  
Transportiamus!!

CINDERELLA: Nothing has happened yet.

COWSLIP: Try again. Louder! Transportiamus!! No? One more try!! Transportiamus!!  
*Sound of magical rumbling grows.*

CINDERELLA: I say - what's happening?  
*The rug is thrown back onstage.*

COWSLIP: You hit that rug! It's turned into a magic carpet!

CINDERELLA: Yes! (*Air punch*)

COWSLIP: Quick - get on! Hurry! (*She runs and gets on. Nothing happens. Embarrassed she picks it up and pretends to fly off*) Can't stop! Quick! (*Grabs Cinders with other hand and drags her off*)

CINDERELLA: (*To aud*) By then!

## END OF ACT ONE

### ACT TWO: SCENE 6: PLACE BALLROOM

*There is a very large cuckoo clock as part of one side wall.*

*A herald is calling out the names of the guests who are greeted by the Prince. Others stand around drinking and chatting. Music is playing.*

HERALD: Mr ... er ... Buttons

PRINCE: I am very pleased that you could come to our little party.

BUTTONS: Your party? But - I thought? You mean - you're the prince? *(Prince bows)* Wow! With your posh voice and regal manner, I thought you were *Head of IT or something suitable.*

PRINCE: And your friend? The girl from that house? Is she here with you?

BUTTONS: No. She really wanted to come but - bit of a problem at home.

PRINCE: Oh. That's a shame. I was hoping ...

BUTTONS: Yeah - and I think she was hoping too!

*Mother and ugly sisters enter*

HERALD: Lady Table, and her grand-daughters, *(mother kicks herald)* - her DAUGHTERS *(daughter kicks him)* her beautiful daughters: Gripe and Whinge.

MOTHER: The prince is here somewhere, girls - go get him!

GRIPE: Which one's the prince?

WHINGE: Here - you *(to Buttons who hides his face & uses strange voice)* Which one is this here Prince then?

BUTTONS: He would be the one with the crown on his head. *(Points)*

WHINGE: We knew that. Come on. *(Do bad curtseys)* Good evenings, your cornetto.

GRIPE: That goes double from me, too, also, your ferrero rocher.

PRINCE: Er - a pleasure, ladies? If you will excuse me, I am about to call the first dance.

WHINGE: Good idea; liven this dump up a bit.

GRIPE: Save a dance for me!

PRINCE: A dance? Why: I am sure that would be something I would never forget.

WHINGE: And save the last dance for me, cute-stuff.

PRINCE: I assure you that a dance with you will definitely be the last thing I do. Excuse me.

WHINGE: I'm in there. He couldn't keep his eyes off me.

GRIPE: Maybe - but he couldn't keep his hands off me!

HERALD: Lords, ladies, gentleman. Please take your partners for the first dance!

WHINGE: Let's show him what real dancing looks like.

*There is dignified dance music then the sisters take over and do a Ricky Gervaise style creation that stuns everyone.*

HERALD: Fairy Cowslip.

BUTTONS: *(rushes over)* I was hoping that you might have brought *(looks around)* - you know who with you.

COWSLIP: She's here! Just smartening up a bit!

HERALD: *(fanfare)* Pray silence. I have a message from his Majesty the King. *(Coughs: reads)* My loving and happy people. I send you greetings on this very special evening and hope that you all have a really wonderful time. *(Ripple of applause)*

To add to this special occasion, I wish to announce that tonight my son - the prince - will choose, from amongst you, the young lady who will become his wife. If he is unable to find a suitable wife, then I will find one for him. Have a lovely evening. The king!

PRINCE: What?! But ...

HERALD: Didn't you know about this?

PRINCE: Of course not! *(He is suddenly surrounded by all the females)*

MOTHER: There you are girls - your chance to bag yourself some royalty! Go get him!

*Suddenly the lights dim. Music. Cinderella appears at the top of the steps (in glasses). The crowd parts; she comes down the steps & across to the Prince, curtseys and he bows.*

PRINCE: I think - I mean - Have we met before?

CINDERELLA: I must say you do look just like someone I know. Perhaps...

PRINCE: Perhaps in a dream?

Optional: CINDERELLA WALTZ (Disney)

*The sisters keep getting in the way and taking over the dance. The Cobweb & Buttons try to help by dancing with the sisters but they get very confused and make things worse.*

COWSLIP: (To Buttons) Here - this is awful. These freaks is getting in the way and Cinderella is only havin' until midnight!

BUTTONS: Cinderella - you mean! Wow! I never recognised her! I think the Prince likes her!

COWSLIP: Well 'e he only 'as till midnight! Then her magic disguise stops and you two is both in deep trouble!

BUTTONS: Come on - let's see what we can do. (They try to get Prince & Cinders together but the sisters keep getting in the way)

COWSLIP: Enough! This calls for some cool thinking and cunning plans! I'm gonna give them such a ... (advances in violent fashion) (Buttons holds her back)

BUTTONS: Here! Steady on - you're not in *Local Place* now! But do something quick! Look at the clock!

COWSLIP: Which one is the CLOCK? Is it the one with the little bird?

BUTTONS: Cuckoo!

COWSLIP: No need to be horrid. Oh! The cuckoo! I have an idea!

MOTHER: Daughters dear. I don't know who she is (*indicates Cinders*), but she is beating you hands down! Get rid of her and get in there! No prince - no chocolate on your bacon tomorrow morning!

GRIPE: (Shock) I have it! Look! (*Gets out the botox needle*) She won't dance so gracefully with this in her bottom!

MOTHER: Gripe - you are a foul child. Wonderful! Go to it!

*The music starts again (possibly terrible repeat of scene's opening number) and as they all dance Gripe and Whinge try to jab Cinders but get each other and other dancers.*

*The dancing becomes bizarre. **Buttons gets a jab in his bottom.** Cowslip returns with a chair. Cinderella & Buttons rush across to help.*

COWSLIP: Right: listen! No time to explain. That clock must never reach twelve.

So... No cuckoo - no twelve-o'clock! We is going to get that cuckoo out of that clock! Buttons! What's your problem?

BUTTONS: Well. There's something rather nasty going on in my bottom. (*starts to limp & stagger throughout rest of scene*)

COWSLIP: Gross. Come on, Cinders! Let's make a start!

BUTTONS: Would you have a look at my bottom first and perhaps start with that?

CINDERELLA: No time for that. You keep a lookout.

*At the clock Cowslip goes up trying to get the cuckoo out of its door.*

CINDERELLA: Do hurry up - it's almost midnight! *The clock reaches midnight.*

*CUCKOO CHIME (1).*

COWSLIP: I am going as fast as is possible. The little fing is like fighting back.

*CUCKOO (2).*

CINDERELLA: Hurry - it's going to... *CUCKOO (3).*

COWSLIP: I is grabbin it when it comes out! Right! Ready to grab! *CUCKOO (4) Got it!*  
*(appears to have it in both hands but really hands are empty)*

CINDERELLA: Jolly well done, you! Bring it down! We shall hide it! *CUCKOO (5).*

COWSLIP: Aargh! No! It is still going! What is we doing?!

CINDERELLA: I don't know! I don't know! *CUCKOO (6).* Aargh! Do something!

COWSLIP: What?! Where can I put it?!

CINDERELLA: Here! *(grabs cushion off chair and pushes over cuckoo)*

COWSLIP: Good thinking, girl! *CUCKOO (muffled 7).* Aargh!

CINDERELLA: I know! Eat it!

COWSLIP: What?!

CINDERELLA: Eat it! *CUCKOO (8).* Quick! *(Pushes it into Cowslip's mouth.)* There. Sorted!  
*(Looks at Cowslip's awful expression.)* Do you need a drink?

COWSLIP: *Opens mouth to speak: CUCKOO (9).*

CINDERELLA: Aaaargh!! Stop! Keep your mouth shut! *(she does - it goes quiet)* What shall I do now? It's almost midnight and the prince has hardly noticed me!

COWSLIP: *Opens mouth to speak: CUCKOO (10).*

CINDERELLA: Aaargh! *(Holds Cowslip's nose.)* Swallow it! Swallow! *SWALLOW! Big gulping sound. .... Well?*

COWSLIP: *(Cautiously opens mouth. No sound.)* Gone! Problem is solved! Now! Quick! Get back to the Prince, like. You only has seconds left! *(Cinders runs off toward Prince)*  
 There. Sorted. Oh my ...! Feeling rather strange - er - down below. Mmmm. Oh my goodness! *(Suddenly bends double. Farting cuckoo sound. CUCKOO (11).* Quickly holds cushion over her bottom and freezes in panic. Buttons helps hold it in place.)

PRINCE: *(to Cinders)* Ah - there you are. I was afraid you'd gone. I was wondering if perhaps, if you weren't too busy tomorrow, you might like to ... *(notices Buttons & Cowslip & cushion).* My word! Is anything wrong?

COWSLIP: I'm fine! Quick! Ask her out or something!!

PRINCE: *(embarrassed)* Well, that's a bit... I mean.

COWSLIP: Hurry up! *(Desperate)* I can't hold it in much longer!!

PRINCE: Err ...

COWSLIP: My bottom's goin' to explode!

BUTTONS: Isn't this so romantic!

CINDERELLA: Yes .... You were saying??

PRINCE: Tomorrow? Yes! Perhaps a picnic? Or ...

GRIPE: Princey poohs! Don't forget you promised me a dance!

WHINGE: And me! *(Pushes Gripe aside.)* In fact - me first.

PRINCE: Ladies - as soon as I have a name and address of this young lady, so I may collect her for tomorrow's picnic, then I will be delighted ....

CINDERELLA: Name? Address? *Looks at glaring sisters.* Well .... Er ...

BUTTONS: *(to sisters; in strange voice)* I say! Is that more champagne they're opening over there?

GRIPE: More bubbly! Lovely bubbly!

WHINGE: Make way! *(They rush off for booze)*

PRINCE: As I was saying; if you could let me have your name and address?

CINDERELLA: Why, of course, it is ...

COWSLIP: It's too late! I can't hold it! Get her out of here!

CINDERELLA: What?

BUTTONS & COWSLIP: RUN!!

*Enormous farting cuckoo. Cinders runs off. The crowd leap aside, amazed by the noise. Cowslip & Buttons vanish.*

PRINCE: But what was all that about?

MOTHER: So - your highness. This seems to be the end of the ball. And - as our father instructed - you have to choose your bride. *(Pushes daughters forward)*

HERALD: She's right.

MOTHER: So - name your choice!

PRINCESS: Very well - I name the girl who just left.

MOTHER: So... *(Comes close to him, menacing)* ... name her. Pah! You know nothing about her!

HERALD: Look! She left her shoe behind!

PRINCE: There! I know one thing about her! She has lost one shoe - and her feet are this size!

MOTHER: That is not a name!

HERALD: No - but if you remember - his Highness has to select a bride tonight!

MOTHER: This is correct.

HERALD: And the night will not end until...

PRINCE: Dawn! I will find her before dawn! Everybody! Go now! Find the girl whose feet fit this slipper, for she is the one I will marry!

BLACKOUT

## ACT TWO: SCENE 7

*Cowslip, Buttons & Cinders rush excitedly on stage.*

BUTTONS: Quick - get everything back to normal before they get home from the palace! Perhaps cook supper?

CINDERELLA: I don't really feel like doing any cooking.

BUTTONS: Don't be sad - we all saw the way the prince was looking with you. Right: I'd better get their rooms ready. Goodnight! *(Exits)*

CINDERELLA: Goodnight! I suppose I'd better get them some supper. *(Starts to sing a tune from the ball)*

MOTHER: *(Enters and watches her sing)* I knew it. It was you!

CINDERELLA: You made me jump! *(Thinks)* It was me that did what?

MOTHER: Don't play the innocent you scheming, ungrateful child! It was you at the ball. Admit it!

CINDERELLA: I don't know what you're ...

MOTHER: You are a very poor liar. You should take lessons from my daughters; they are very good at it - they could work in somewhere relevant! *(Walks closer)* It was you .... at the ball - wearing those stupid glasses. Did you think you had any chance with the prince when my daughters were there to show him what real quality looked like?!

CINDERELLA: Well... ah ... You're not going to sack Buttons, are you? It wasn't his ...

MOTHER: *(suddenly sees her bare feet)* Where are your shoes?

CINDERELLA: What?

MOTHER: You heard me! Where are your shoes?

CINDERELLA: I - er - I mean, I ...

MOTHER: As I thought. (*Quietly and nastily*) Your dainty feet will be the death of you, my dear. But ... no time to do it now. (*Think*) I know. In .... here! (*Pushes Cinders into cupboard/room off the venue/ box, whatever & locks it, leaving key in lock*) Now nothing can stand in my way! Before tonight is out one of my daughters will marry that Prince!  
*EXITS laughing. Silence.*

*Buttons enters.*

BUTTONS: What is going in here? I heard noises? (*To aud*) What's going on? Where's Cinderella? What? Where? Etc (*There is a knock at the main door.*) Hang on a second!

*Buttons goes to open it. It is the Prince, with shoe.*

BUTTONS: But - how ...? (*Prince and Herald & any courtiers enter*)

PRINCE: I knew this was the place! Hello again. Sorry to disturb you in the middle of the night.

BUTTONS: No problem, squire. How can I help?

PRINCE: Well: there was a rather lovely young lady at the ball with you earlier. This is her shoe. And - silly really - she ran off before I could get her name. So ...

BUTTONS: Yes! Her name is...

MOTHER: *Appears at doorway.* Your majesty. What an honour!

PRINCE: Madame - so sorry to disturb but ...

MOTHER: No, no, no. In fact - I think I can be of assistance here.

BUTTONS: In answer to your question, your Majesty - the girl at the ball was...

MOTHER: **Enough!!** Thank you, Butt-face; that will be all.

BUTTONS: But ...

MOTHER: THAT WILL BE ALL! Kindly leave us ... (*Viciously*) Now! (*He reluctantly exits*) If you are looking for the young girl to whom that shoe belongs, then look no farther. Come in girls. (*They do*). Your majesty, my beautiful daughters. I believe you said that whoever that shoe fits will be your bride? (*to herald*) Mmm?

HERALD: (*cautiously*) Exactly so.

MOTHER: First the fitting - then the wedding! Girls! Chairs!

WHINGE: Me first - I'm not putting it on after her - she's got athlete's foot!

GRIPE: Well you've got bunions, corns, verrucas AND stinky feet!

WHINGE: (*to prince*) Mine might be stinky but hers are like stilton cheese smeared on a pig's bottom!

GRIPE: That is not true. Here (*to Prince*) - you! Whose feet are the stinkiest?! (*Both hold feet up*)

PRINCE: I can't really say. In fact, I can't really breathe! Herald - quick - the shoe!

HERALD: Right, You first!

(*Gripe sits and the shoe is pushed hard*)

GRIP: Push harder you fool! It's almost on! There! (*It is hanging off*)

HERALD: Not even close!

MOTHER: (*produces large scissors*) Perhaps - without those toes ...?

GRIP: Yes. Cut them off! I'm sure they weren't there last night!

HERALD: Enough! (*Stops the amputation at the last moment*) Next! (*Grip snatches shoe back and there is a brief tussle*) Next!  
 (*Whinge sits - the shoe fits*)  
 WHINGE: It fits! It fits!  
 PRINCE: No! Let me see. That's not possible.  
 WHINGE: Well it does, matey, just you look! (*Waves false lower leg and foot with shoe under his nose*)  
 HERALD: What a faker! There's something wrong here. Where's the other girl?  
 PRINCE: Yes - where is the girl I met in the garden? The girl who was at the ball last night?  
 MOTHER: What? That girl? She is a servant! She is nothing! My daughters have charm, pose, breeding; Cinderella has nothing - she is just ...  
 BUTTONS: (*dramatic entrance*) Stop! Even if I have to work in *wherever* you must know the truth! The girl last night was ...  
 PRINCE: Cinderella - we already worked out that bit.  
 BUTTONS: Oh - right. So where is she?  
 MOTHER: (*Calms*) Cinderella? She left. Ages ago. Said she had had enough. Was too lazy to do the work here if you ask me. She left - didn't she, girls! (*They agree*)  
 WHINGE: Miles away by now.  
 GRIPE: No idea which direction.  
 BUTTONS: (*to aud*) Is this true? Did Cinderella leave?  
 PRINCE: Then where is she? *Etc. ad lib.*  
*Cinderella is released. Music: Cinderella waltz to end of scene.*  
 PRINCE: Please. (*Kneels*) Will you do me the honour of ...?  
 HERALD: Your Majesty. May I remind you - "Whoever this shoe fits will be my bride."  
 PRINCE: I remember. (*To Cinderella*) Please...  
 CINDERELLA: I will gladly try on that shoe - but first, perhaps you would like the other, to make the pair! (*Excitement. Hands him the other*) (*Cinderella sits and the shoe is fitted. Cheers.*)  
 PRINCE: Yes! I was hoping it was you!  
 CINDERELLA: I always knew it was you.  
 HERALD: Your majesty - it is almost dawn!  
 PRINCE: Quickly - everyone - back to the palace!  
 MOTHER: (*smarmy*) My dear, loving, step-daughter. I could not be more delighted. (*Pushes daughters aside*) Get out of my way. Allow me to be the first to congratulate you both. Now, for the wedding, I think we should...  
 BUTTONS: Oh - get real! (*Cream cake in the face. Cheers*) To the palace!!

### **ACT TWO: SCENE 8: TABS (community scene)**

*Cowslip enters in finale costume. Business with kids OR song with audience.*

### **ACT TWO: SCENE 9: THE BALLROOM: FINALE**

*Any Chorus or dancers enter and take their bow.*

HERALD: My Lords, Ladies, Gentlemen: His Royal Highness, Prince Charming and his lovely bride. (*They enter and take their bow*) Er... what's your real name, dear?  
 CINDERELLA: My real name is just plain, simple, Ella.

PRINCE: I love it. (*Looks embarrassed*) I'm afraid I have a very a silly name, for a Prince.  
ELLA: What is it?  
PRINCE: Charles *or distinctive name of someone relevant!*  
ELLA: Let's get nicknames as soon as possible!  
HERALD: Please welcome: Mr Buttons.  
(*Enters and takes his bow*)  
ELLA: There is just one thing ...  
PRINCE: Anything. What is it?  
ELLA: My stepmother - and my step sisters. I know they were not kind - but - I do forgive them. Can they come to the ball?  
PRINCE: (*shrugs*) Herald!  
HERALD: Please welcome: the ugly old boot and her revolting stinky daughters!  
(*Enter and take their bow*)  
PRINCE: Anyone else?  
ELLA: There was one other who tried really hard to help me.  
PRINCE: Who was that?  
ELLA: Well - she's a fairy! (*Prince shrugs and nods to herald*)  
HERALD: Finally, please welcome the fairy Cobweb!  
(*Enter and takes her bow*)  
PRINCE: Our ancient tale once more retold, and we thank you all for staying.  
BUTTONS: To end our yarn, let's sing a song.  
COBWEB: And if you can't sing - start clapping! (*Music starts*)

### **FINALE SONG**

***Running Time: around 60 minutes if you don't sing more than a tiny bit of each song & don't spend ages getting kids onto the stage.***

***If you need any help or have more people who want principal parts, then get in touch.***

***Chris Lane***

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