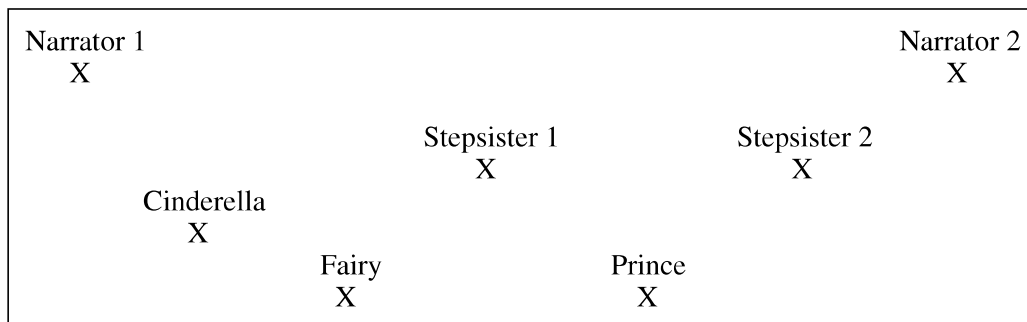


Cinderella



STAGING: The two narrators should be placed at the rear of the staging area. Each should be standing behind a music stand or lectern. The other characters may be seated on tall stools or chairs. If one is available, you may wish to place a pumpkin (or a papier-mâché replica) in the middle of the staging area.



NARRATOR 1: Once upon a time there lived a beautiful young maiden who was very unhappy. Her mother had died, and her father had married an evil woman with two equally evil daughters. The stepmother and the two stepsisters made the young girl, whose name was Cinderella, work hard all day long—from morning until night.

NARRATOR 2: She had to scrub the floors, wash the dishes, cook the meals, and wear dirty, hand-me-down clothes all day long. She was always picked on and was always yelled at.

STEPSISTER 1: [commandingly] Cinderella, wash these floors. Come, and wash these floors right now!

STEPSISTER 2: [commandingly] Cinderella, come and cook me my dinner. I am very hungry, and I want my dinner right now.

STEPSISTER 1: [commandingly] Cinderella, come and clean the pots and pans. They are dirty and need cleaning right now.

STEPSISTER 2: [commandingly] Cinderella, you are lazy. You are lazy, lazy, lazy. Come and do some work you lazy, lazy girl!

NARRATOR 1: One day, some very lovely and very beautiful dresses arrived at the house. There was a ball to be held at the castle—a ball in honor of the prince, who had recently returned from a very long journey.

NARRATOR 2: Unfortunately the dresses were only for the stepmother and her two daughters. There was not a dress for Cinderella.

STEPSISTER 1: [gloating] Ha, Cinderella, there is not a dress for you. You must stay here while we go to the ball and dance with the handsome prince.

STEPSISTER 2: [gloating] Yes, you must stay here and scrub the floors and wash the dishes and do all the work while we are dancing at the castle with the prince.

CINDERELLA: [sadly] Oh, I am so sad. All I do is work, work, work. I wish that just once I could go to the ball at the castle and dance through the night—just like everyone else.

NARRATOR 1: Just then there was a flash of light in the kitchen.

NARRATOR 2: Just then a small fairy appeared in the kitchen.

FAIRY: Do not be afraid, Cinderella. I can grant you your wishes. You shall go to the ball and dance with the handsome prince.

CINDERELLA: But how can I? All I have are these dirty rags. Surely the prince's guards will turn me away from the door when they see how I am dressed.

FAIRY: Do not fear—for there is magic in the air.

NARRATOR 1: And with that, the fairy flicked her magic wand. In the twinkling of an eye, Cinderella was dressed in the most beautiful gown of all; indeed, many would say that it was the prettiest dress in the entire kingdom.

NARRATOR 2: She was wearing gold rings and a lovely pearl necklace. Her hair was hanging in long, golden braids. She was, indeed, a most beautiful woman.

FAIRY: Now, you will need something to get you to the ball. Bring me a pumpkin.

CINDERELLA: At once!

NARRATOR 1: Cinderella ran to the cellar and fetched a large pumpkin.

FAIRY: Now we need six mice.

NARRATOR 2: Cinderella ran to the cupboard, and there huddled in the corner were six tiny mice.

FAIRY: This is all good.

NARRATOR 1: The fairy once again flicked her magic wand, and the pumpkin turned into a sparkling coach.

NARRATOR 2: Then the fairy flicked her magic wand again, and the six mice turned into large white horses.

CINDERELLA: I cannot believe my eyes! This is too wonderful for words.

FAIRY: Listen, oh beautiful Cinderella. You will now be presented to the court of the handsome prince—a handsome prince who will be enchanted by your loveliness. But you must remember this—you must leave the ball at midnight and come straight home. For at midnight the spell will be broken. Your coach will turn back into a pumpkin, your six horses will turn back into mice, and you will be dressed, once again, in dirty old rags. Do you understand, Cinderella?

CINDERELLA: Yes, I understand!

NARRATOR 1: When Cinderella entered the ballroom at the castle, everyone stopped what they were doing to look at the beautiful maiden. “Who is she?” they asked.

NARRATOR 2: When the prince saw Cinderella, he was overcome by her beauty. He walked over to her and asked her dance. And the two of them danced all through the night.

STEPSISTER 1: [angrily] Who is that woman? Who does she think she is?

STEPSISTER 2: [angrily] Yes, who is she, and where did she come from? It seems the prince only has eyes for her.

PRINCE: [to Cinderella] You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

CINDERELLA: Thank you, dear prince. But in a short time I shall be gone. I shall be gone—never more to be seen again.

PRINCE: What do you mean?

CINDERELLA: It is true. Soon I must depart this palace and return to whence I came.

NARRATOR 1: Cinderella had a wonderful time at the ball. But all of a sudden she heard the sound of the town clock . . . it was the first stroke of midnight.

NARRATOR 2: Cinderella remembered what the fairy had told her. Without a word of good-bye, she slipped from the prince’s arms and ran down the castle steps.

NARRATOR 1: As she ran, she lost one of her slippers, but she had no time to stop and pick it up. She had to return home before the last stroke of midnight.

NARRATOR 2: The prince, who was now madly in love with the beautiful maiden, scooped up the slipper.

PRINCE: [commandingly] Everyone, you must go and search for the girl whose foot this slipper fits. I will never be happy again until she is found.

NARRATOR 1: The prince's ministers searched high and low and tried the slipper on the foot of every woman they met along the way.

NARRATOR 2: Arriving at the house where Cinderella lived, they tried the slipper on her stepmother and her two stepsisters, but it did not fit any of them.

NARRATOR 1: Finally they tried the slipper on Cinderella's foot . . .

NARRATOR 2: . . . and it fit just right.

STEPSISTER 1: How can it fit her? She is so ugly and only wears dirty rags.

STEPSISTER 2: Yes, how can she be the one? This is not right!

FAIRY: I will show you who she really is!

NARRATOR 1: And the fairy waved her magic wand . . .

NARRATOR 2: . . . and Cinderella appeared in a splendid dress, with golden hair and the finest jewels.

CINDERELLA: I can't believe it! I just can't believe it!

PRINCE: She is, indeed, the most beautiful woman in the land. And I shall make her my wife.

NARRATOR 1: And so it was that the prince and Cinderella were married in a grand ceremony, and they lived all their days in great happiness.

NARRATOR 2: Meanwhile, the two stepsisters spent the rest of their days scrubbing the floors, washing the dishes, and cleaning the house . . . all in their dirty rags, of course.