

THE GLASS SLIPPER

Brunhilda, Cleopatra, Attila (2 pages)

- Brun:** Where is she? Where is that stupid girl!
- Cleo:** Cinderella!
- Attila:** Eh?
- Brun:** Cinderella, you clumsy oaf. You've ruined my gown for the ball. Everyone in the kingdom knows I have a sixteen-inch waist. Cinderella!
- Cleo:** Cinderella! My dancing slippers haven't been polished! How can I go to the ball if my dancing slippers haven't been polished!
- Brun:** Save your breath, sister. The miserable creature is not here.
- Cleo:** Not in the kitchen? But Cinderella is always in the kitchen. She belongs in the kitchen. (*see Attila*) Ask her cat where she is.
- Brun:** Ask Attila? Don't be simple, Cleopatra. Attila the cat is even more useless than Cinderella. Besides, cats can't talk.
- Attila:** (*to audience-very catlike*) I can hear you.
- Cleo:** Cinderella talks to him.
- Brun:** Talks to a cat?
- Cleo:** I've heard her.
- Brun:** That proves it. On top of everything else, the girl is quite mad. Talks to a cat? A cat? (*laughs*) Can you imagine?
- Atilla:** Yes, imagine.....
- Atilla:** (*hisses at them*)
- Brun:** Sister, did you see that? Atilla hissed at us.
- Cleo:** The brute. The beast.
- Brun:** I'll fix that miserable cat.
- Cleo:** What are you going to do, sister?
- Brun:** Watch. (*begins to go after Atilla*) No one, especially Cinderella's mangy mouse-catcher, hisses at me. (*a slow chase*)

scene develops) "here a whack/there a whack, everywhere a whack, whack"

Atila: *(thinks it a game)* "Here a whack/there a whack, everywhere a whack, whack"

Cleo: He's talking!

Brun: Nonsense. He just has an unusual way of meowing.

Cleo: Go after him again! Stupid cat! Useless cat! Cinderella's cat!

Brun: You'll never hiss at me again, you nasty ball of fur!

Atila: Meow!!

Cleo: Chase him out the door, sister. Out the door!

Brun: Into the alley with you, Cinderella's cat!

Atila: *(hisses- runs around them)* Catch me if you can!! Bet you can't! Meow, meow, meow..

Cleo: Did you hear that sister? He is talking!! I swear it!

Brun: You are as crazy as Cinderella! Cats don't talk they just shed and make a mess.. Out with you cat!

Cleo: Out!

Brun: Out!

Atila: Meow. *(one last hiss and runs out)*

Sisters: There! *(look at each other)* Cinderella!!

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Majordomo, Stepmother, Cinderella, Apprentice (2 pages)

- Majordomo:** Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Hear Ye! News from the palace!
- Stepmother:** News? What news? Has the ball been cancelled. Of course it has after all the work I put into my girls..doing my best to make them presentable...it figures....
- Majordomo:** No that's not it.
- Stepmother:** Well, then.. what are you proclaiming?
- Majordomo:** Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Hear Ye! News from the palace! Her Majesty the Queen has decided it is now time for her son, the Prince—to marry!
- Stepmother:** Marry!!! Who's he going to marry?
- Majordomo:** That's yet to be decided. (*booming voice*) All females attending the Grand Ball are eligible. Tonight a future Princess for the Kingdom will be selected!!! (*exits*) Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Hear Ye!
- Stepmother:** Oh! Oh! Oh! I must get the girls ready. Oh, so much to do! So much to do!!
- Cinderella:** I wish I could go to the ball.
- Stepmother:** You? (*laughs*) You go to the Grand Ball at the Palace?
- Cinderella:** He said all females.
- Stepmother:** You are dusty and dirty and have nothing to wear. You can't dance. You'd be laughed at. Imagine, a creature such as you at the Palace! (*laughs*). Now you need to make sure my girls are presentable. Go run a bath and get out their best dresses. Now!! Oh and Cinderella?
- Cinderella:** Yes, Stepmother? (*hoping she may have changed her mind*)
- Stepmother:** Get rid of this waterbucket. (*exits*)
- Cinderella:** I don't think it would hurt anyone or anything if I went to the Grand Ball. (*to audience*) Do you? It would be nice to have a pretty dress and dance with the Prince. (*cries softly*)

Apprentice: Tears won't accomplish much. They seldom do. Altho they can be a great stress reliever.

Cinderella: I thought you left.

Apprentice: I was over there. In the excitement, everyone forgot about me.

Cinderella: My stepmother would be angry that you are still here.

Apprentice: Thank you for the bread and cheese.

Cinderella: I don't think anyone should go hungry. I will fix you a basket to take with you on your journey.

Apprentice: You are so kind.

Cinderella: But you must leave right away!

Apprentice: Why do they call you Cinderella?

Cinderella: My real name is Ella. But, on cold winter night, I like to sleep close to the dying embers in the fireplace. And when I do, I get cinders all over myself.

Apprentice: Can't be much fun living here. They don't treat you well.

Cinderella: Things were different when my father was alive.

Apprentice: Don't you have anyone to care for you?

Cinderella: I have myself. And Atilla. He loves me.

Apprentice: Atilla?

Cinderella: My cat.

Stepmother: (*offstage*) Cinderella. Come now! Wretched child!

Cinderella: Coming! (*to Apprentice*) This will hold you for a day or two. Hurry off. You mustn't be seen. Otherwise I'll be punished.

Apprentice: Good as gone! I feel sorry for that girl. I wish there was something I could do. Hmmmmmmmm. Maybe there is. This could be an unusual night. Anything could happen. (*exits*)

Apprentice, Fairy Godmother, Cinderella (2 pages)

- Apprentice:** You'll find Cinderella quite worthy.
- Cinderella:** What are you doing back here? I told you you mustn't be seen. What if my Stepmother you? It'll go hare with me.
- Apprentice:** Pish-posh. There's nothing to worry about. I've brought someone to see you.
- Cinderella:** Who?
- Apprentice:** Your Fairy Godmother!
- Cinderella:** My Fairy Godmother? (*to audience*) I didn't know I had one.
- Fairy Godmother:** Everyone has a Fairy Godmother, but not every Fairy Godmother chooses to appear and lend a helping hand.
- Cinderella:** Are you really my Fairy Godmother?
- Fairy Godmother:** Course I am. My apprentice says you need some help.
- Cinderella:** Apprentice?
- Fairy Godmother:** Someone has to train future Fairy Godmothers.
- Apprentice:** I go from place to place to see what's going on in the world. It's good experience.
- Cinderella:** You're not a waif?
- Fairy Godmother:** An apprenicie Fairy Godmother maust be adept at disguises. Otherwise, she'll be of no use. Let me have a good look at you. Turn 'round and 'round. Do as I say, child.
- Cinderella:** Maybe I'm still daydreaming.
- Fairy Godmother:** "Round and 'round, I say. (*Cinderella turns*) Dear me, no. That dress will never do.
- Apprentice:** Never do.
- Fairy Godmother:** It's nothing but patches and threads.
- Cinderella:** What are you talking about?
- Fairy Godmother:** Your gown for the Grand Ball at the Palace. You can't go dressed like that.
- Apprentice:** Won't do at all.
- Cinderella:** I'm not going to the Grand Ball.

Apprentice: Of course you are, my child.

Cinderella: I can't dance. I'm only a servant. (*Fairy Godmother and Apprentice laugh good naturedly*) Besides I don't want to go.

Fairy Godmother: How you carry on, Cinderella. Weren't you dancing with the cat? And dancing nicely too.

Cinderella: How did you know?

Apprentice: A Fairy Godmother knows everything.

Fairy Godmother: There's nothing wrong in being a servant, Cinderella, but you are less than a servant. Much less. You're treated shabily, and it's most unfair. You have a good heart and you are kind. When you say you don't want to go to the Grand Ball, you're not being honest. You only say that so you won't be disappointed.

Cinderella: That's true. There's nothing I'd rather do than attend the Grand Ball.

Fairy Godmother: And so you shall.

Cinderella: I don't see how.

Fairy Godmother: Trust me. (*all business*) You know the big chest in the attic?

Cinderella: Yes. It belonged to my mother. It's empty.

Apprentice: (*laughs*) No, no, no.....

Fairy Godmother: Off to the attic with you. I think you'll find something pleasing in the empty trunk. (*to audience*) Empty trunks are always interesting, (*waving wand*) Off you go.

Cinderella: But how?

Apprentice: Easy she just(*gets look from F.G*) You tell....sorry.

Fairy Godmother: I simply flick my magic wand three times (*demonstrates*) Turn about once. (*does it*) Hop on one foot(*does it*) and one and all will think I am you.

Apprentice: It's called magic. I'm not good at it yet.

Cinderella: But, but—

Fairy Godmother: Hurry child. You're wasting time.

Cinderella: (*to audience*) Could this be true? What shall I do? (*exits*)

Prince, Majordomo, Captain, Lieutenant(2 pages)

- Prince: Majordomo, let's proceed with the ball.
- Majordomo: *(announcing)* First dance on the terrace! Mind the flagstones. They've just been polished.
- Captain: Well?
- Lieutenant: Well?
- Prince: Well, what?
- Capt: Well, sire, has any one girl captured your eye?
- Prince: How can I decide? I know who hasn't.
- Lt: There are so many to choose from.
- Prince: Yes, Captain. Yes, Lieutenant. There are a great many to choose from. Too many – especially when I have no desire to marry.
- Captain: That is not what your mother wants to hear. You must allow your heart to be captured.
- Prince: Don't remind me.
- Lieutenant: Some are pretty
- Prince: True.
- Captain: Some are rich.
- Prince: True.
- Lt: Some can sing.
- Prince: Perhaps.

Capt: Some are well-born.

Prince: No doubt. However, I believe true love "happens". From what I've seen, it's not going to happen tonight. Have you noticed those odd sisters?

Captain: Brunhilda?

Lt: Cleopatra?

Prince: Yes.

Capt: How could we miss them?

Prince: I am giving you a royal command. (*Capt. and Lt. snap to attention*)

Both: Sir!

Prince: Keep Brunhilda and Cleopatra as far away from me as possible. Understood?

Both: Understood.

Prince: I can't abide fools, and those girls are fools.

Capt: We will keep them away.

Lt: At all costs, my Prince.

Prince: Good. Now be on your way.

Prince, Cinderella, Mouse, Atilla (1 page)

- Prince: Dancing with you is like dancing with wings on.
- Cinderella: It's a wonderful evening.
- Prince: Won't you tell me your name?
- Cinderella: Why didn't you tell me you were the Prince?
- Prince: I like to play games. I don't know about you, but I'm suddenly quite hungry. Must be all the dancing. Hungry?
- Cinderella: Yes, I am.
- Prince: May I bring you something?
- Cinderella: Please. *(she curtsies and he exits)* I've never been so happy. I'm not tired but my feet are. *(takes slipper off rubs foot)*
- Atilla: Cinderella, Cinderella.
- Mouse: *(eating cheese)* Cinderella!
- Atilla: Fairy godmother said you had to be back in the kitchen by midnight. Not a second later.
- Mouse: We forgot time was slipping away. I couldn't stop.
- Cinderella: Stop what?
- Mouse: Eating the cheese. Such cheeses.. There was Brie, Camambert, Swiss, Cheddar. Velveeta
- Atilla: Enough... mouse! Cinderella, you've got to get away. We'll have to run!
- Mouse: Run, run. Squeek, squeek. *(they drag Cinderella off)*
- Prince: *(entering)* Do you like chocolate ice or vanilla? *(notices she's gone)* Where did she go? I must find her. *(sees shoe)* and I'll start with this. Majordomo!
- (picks up shoe and exits)*

1.

Queen, Brunhilda, Cleopatra, Prince, Stepmother

Queen: Well, where are they?

Brunhilda: Here I am!

Cleopatra: Here I am! Better late than never.

Brunhilda: We took off our shoes to save time.

Stepmother: My daughters are not only beautiful, they are sensible. Excellent marriage material, are they not?

Prince: Madam, neither one of your daughters was the girl I danced with last evening.

Stepmother: That's beside the point. I know the rules. If the shoe fits, you marry the girl.

Brunhilda : Any unmarried female in the kingdom may apply. Play fair, my **Prince**.

Queen: I'm afraid those are the rules, my son. You made them.

Prince: Very well. To satisfy the rules. It's a waste of time thought.

Sisters: Wheeee! I'm going to be a Princess!

Brunhilda: No, I am! Me first!

Cleopatra: Me! Me! Me!

Brunhilda: No, me! Me! Me! Me!

Stepmother: Stop it! Stop it! Remember your lesson.

Sisters: I'm beautiful, I'm witty, I'm enchanting.

Prince: Mistress Brunhilda.

Brunhilda: Beauty before age. (*Prince shows shoe*)

Stepmother: Think smaller than small.

Cleopatra: All morning she's been soaking her feet in ice cubes.

Brunhilda: I did not!

Cleopatra: Did to.

Brunhilda: Did Not!

Stepmother: Girls! Darlings!!

Brunhilda: No one can wear a slipper that small.

Prince: Next.

Cleopatra: Did too! Class before - (*can't think of it*)...you! Let me have the shoe. (*examines it*) it IS dainty.

Queen: Nothing dainty about your foot, however.