Cinderella, you're as lovely as your name
Cinderella, you're a sunset in a frame
Though you're dressed in rags
You wear an air of queenly grace
Anyone can see a throne
Would be your proper place
Cinderella, if you give your heart a chance
It will lead you, to the kingdom of romance
There you'll see your dreams unfold
Cinderella, Cinderella
In the sweetest story ever told

A book's opened and the Narrator reads

Once upon a time in a faraway land there was a tiny Kingdom, peaceful, prosperous and rich in romance and tradition. Here in a stately chateau there lived a widowed gentleman and his little daughter Cinderella.

Although he was a kind and devoted father and gave his beloved child every luxury and comfort still he felt she needed a mother's care. And so he married again choosing for his second wife a woman of good family with two daughters just Cinderella's age by name: Anastasia and Drizella.

It was upon the untimely death of this good man, however, that the stepmother's true nature was revealed. Cold, cruel and bitterly jealous of Cinderella's charm and beauty, she was grimly determined to forward the interests of her own two awkward daughters.

Thus, as time went by the chateau fell into disrepair, for the family fortunes were squandered upon the vain and selfish stepsisters while Cinderella was abused, humiliated and finally forced to become a servant in her own house. And yet through it all Cinderella remained ever gentle and kind for with each dawn she found new hope that someday her dreams of happiness would come true.

The camera shows Cinderella's tiny bedroom up in the garret under the roof of the house. She makes friends with mice and birds that wake her each morning.

Chirping Cinderella wake up! Cinderella yawns
She won't wake up.
Well, try again.
Okay Wake up, wake up.
Cinderella wake up!

Laughing Well serves you right spoiling people's best dreams. Yes I know it's a lovely morning but it was a lovely dream too sighs.
Birds *chirping* What kind of dream?

Cinderella What kind of dream? Hmmm. Can't tell.

Birds *chirping* Why?

'Cause if you tell a wish it won't come true and after all
A dream is a wish your heart makes
When you're fast asleep
In dreams you will lose your heartaches
Whatever you wish for, you keep
Have faith in your dreams and someday
Your rainbow will come smiling through
No matter how your heart is grieving
If you keep on believing
The dream that you wish will come true
Oh that clock! Old killjoy I hear you! "Come on. Get up, you say Time to start another day". Even he orders me around. Well there's one thing they can't order me to stop dreaming and perhaps someday...the dreams that I wish will come true

*Humming the melody her friends help her to make the bed, to wash, to dress...*

Female Mice

Shoo, shoo get in there.
La, la, da, da, di
da, diddely-do
la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
la-di da-da-da-da
da-da-hmm

Cinderella

No matter how your heart is grieving
If you keep on believing
The dream that you wish will come true

*Mice chatter excitedly enters in the room.*

Cinderella Wait a minute, wait a minute. One at a time, please. Now Jaq what's all the fuss about?


Cinderella Oh a visitor. Well, she'll need a dress... *She sews the mice tiny coats and hats*

Jaq *laughs* No, no, no. Not a she, he, he, he.

Mouse He!

Cinderella Oh that does make a difference. He'll need a jacket, shoes, hat...

Jaq Gotta him out! Trap! Trap!

Mouse In a trap!

Cinderella Where? In a trap? Well, why you didn't you say do? *She runs downstairs to rescue him from a trap* Now, now, now calm down
everybody  *She opens the trap where is Gus horrified*  Oh the poor little thing is scared to death. Jaq maybe you better explain things to him.

**Jaq**

Zuk-zuk Cinderelly, zuk-zuk. Now, now, now, look little gut *Gus tries to hit Jaq* 'Take it easy. Nothin' to worry about. We like you. Cinderelly like you too. She's nice, very nice. That's better. Come on, now zuk, zuk, zuk.

**Gus**

Uh, duh, zuk-zuk *they both goes out the trap*

**Cinderella**

Well that's better. Hmm. Well let's just slip it on for size. Uh, huh. It is a little snug but it'll have to do. Now for a name I've got one. Octavious. But for short we'll call you Gus.

**Jaq**

Like it, Gus-Gus? Like it? Like it?

**Gus**

Uh Gus-Gus yeah.

**Cinderella**

Now I've got to hurry. See that he keeps out of trouble Jaq. And don't forget to warn him about the cat.

**Jaq**

Zuk-zuk. Look, uh, ever see a cat-cat?

**Gus**

Uh cat-cat?

**Jaq**


**Gus**

Duh, Lucifee. Zuk-zuk.

*Cinderella goes to the kitchen. Each morning she has to make breakfast for the household. She opens her stepmother's room calling Lucifer.*

**Lucifer**

Meow!

**Cinderella**

*whispering* Here kitty, kitty, kitty. Come kitty. Come on Lucifer *firmly* Come here! I'm sorry if your Highness objects to an early breakfast. It's certainly not my idea to feed your first. It's orders. Come on.

*Jaq is showing Gus who's Lucifer.*

**Gus**

Uh, uh Lucifee? Is that Lucifee?

**Jaq**

Zuk, Lucifee. That him.

**Gus**

*giggling* Gus-Gus take Lucifee and--- *ripping sound* Look it! *Jaq has to stop him*

**Jaq**


*The kitchen. We met with Bruno who's whimpering.*

**Cinderella**

Bruno! Bruno! Dreaming again. Chasing Lucifer? *He nods* Catch him this time? *He nods again* That's bad. Supposed they heard you upstairs. You know the orders, so if you don't want to lose a nice warm bed you'd better get rid of those dreams. Know how? Just learn to like cats. No I mean it. Lucifer has his good points too. For one thing, he--- *thinking* Well, sometimes he--- Hmm. There must
be something good about him. **Bruno laughs Lucifer tricks Cinderella**

Bruno! Oh Bruno. Come on now. Outside I know it isn't easy but at least we should try to get along together. **To Lucifer** And that includes you, Your Majesty. **She's out feeding the chickens, ducks, and horse...** Breakfast time! Everybody up! Hurry, hurry. Come on everybody. Breakfast. Breakfast.

**Jaq** Come on everybody. Breakfast.

**Mouse** Breakfast.

**Gus** **giggling** Breakfast? Ooh breakfast!

All the mice go down to have their breakfast.

**Jaq** Uh-oh. Lucifee! How we gonna get out? **He stops Gus** Careful. Listen everybody. Got an idea. Now somebody gotta sneak out. Get Lucifee chase him. Run over to a corner... and keep Lucifee there. Then we all run out. Zuk?

**Mice** Zuk-zuk out.

**Jaq** Now we choose who ought do it. Everybody, hup!

**Mice** Hup!

**Gus** Uh hup!

**Jaq** tails up!

**Mice** Up!

**Gus** Up!

**Jaq** without looking he takes a tail Now.

**Mice** Hup, hup, hup.

**Gus** Uh, duh, uh, hup.

Jaq does his plan: he stays close to Lucifer. Gus giggles loud.

**Mice** Shhh!

Jaq hits Lucifer and he falls over his milk bowl. Then he tries to capture Jaq. The other mice go out to take their breakfast. Cinderella's humming.

**Mice** Cinderelly, Cinderelly.

**Cinderella** Oh there you are. I was wondering. All right, breakfast is served she gives them corn and grain. The chickens cluck excitedly and Gus has to fight with one of them for his food.

**Gus** Take it easy cluck-cluck. Let go! Let go!

**Cinderella** Go on, go on, go on. Shoo! Shoo! Shoo! Poor little Gus. Here she puts more corn on the floor for him Help yourself.

Gus is too greedy and takes many grains so it's difficult for him to carry them. Lucifer has the opportunity to get him but Jaq rescues his friend risking his own life.
Jaq: Hmm. No Gus-Gus. Well guess he got away.

**But Gus's not far away and Lucifer continues looking for him. The bells are ringing.**

**Anastasia**

Cinderella!

**Cinderella**

All right, all right. I'm coming. Oh my goodness. Morning, noon and night.

**Drizella**

Cinderella!

**Cinderella**

Coming, coming! The bells continue ringing. Meanwhile Lucifer tries to find in which cup is Gus hidden.

**Anastasia and Drizella**

Cinderella!

**Cinderella**

I'm coming!

**Anastasia and Drizella**

Cinderella!

**Cinderella**

In a minute!

**Anastasia and Drizella**

Cinderella! Cinderella!

**Cinderella goes upstairs carrying breakfast trays. Lucifer follows her to catch Gus.**

**Cinderella**

Good morning Drizella. Sleep well?

**Drizella**

Hmp! As if you care. Take that ironing and have it back in an hour! One hour, you hear?

**Cinderella**

Yes Drizella. Good morning Anastasia.

**Anastasia**

Well! It's about time! Don't forget the mending! Don't be all day getting it done, either.

**Cinderella**

Yes Anastasia. Ahem.

**Stepmother**

Well, come in, child. come in!

**Cinderella**

Good morning Stepmother.

**Stepmother**

Pick up the laundry and get on with your duties.

**Cinderella**

Yes Stepmother.

**Lucifer is trying to find in which room is Gus hidden. Suddenly it's heard a loud scream from Anastasia's room. We see how Gus sneaks off under the door but his enemy is outside waiting for him.**

**Anastasia**

Ohhh! Mother! Oh Mother! Mother! to Cinderella You did it. You did it on purpose! Mother! Mother! Mother, Mother!

**Drizella**

Now what did you do?

**Anastasia**

Oh She put it there. A hig, ugly mouse under my teacup Lucifer smiles sinister catching his "prize."

**Cinderella**

All right Lucifer. What did you so with him? He shows his paws: nothing in them Oh you're not fooling anybody. We'll just see about
this. Come on. Let him go. He raises other paw. Now the other one. Come on. We see Gus. Oh poor little Gus. He runs away. Oh Lucifer. Won't you ever learn?

Stepmother: Cinderella!
Cinderella: Yes, Stepmother.
Drizella: Hump!
Anastasia: Are you gonna get it!
Stepmother: Close the door Cinderella. Her stepsisters try to see what's going to happen by the keyhole. Come here. First we only see her catlike eyes shining in the dark room.
Cinderella: Oh please, you don't think that I---
Stepmother: Hold your tongue! Now chuckling. It seems we have time on our hands.
Cinderella: But I was only trying to---
Stepmother: Silence! Time for vicious practical jokes. Perhaps we can it to better use. Now let me see. There's the large carpet in the main hall. Clean it! And the windows, upstairs and down. Wash them! Oh yes, and the tapestries and the draperies.
Cinderella: But I just finished---
Stepmother: Do them again! And don't forget the garden. Then scrub the terrace, sweep the halls and the stairs, clean the chimneys and, of course, there's the mending and the sewing and the laundry. Oh yes. And one more thing. See that Lucifer gets his bath.

Castle. A crown is flying by the window breaking the glass.

King: No buts about it. My son has been avoiding his responsibilities long enough. It's high time he married and settled down.
Grand Duke: Of course Your Majesty but we must be patient---
King: I am patient! impatiently. But I'm not getting any younger, you know I want to see my grandchildren before I go.
Grand Duke: I understand Sire.
King: No, no, you don't know what it means to see your only child grow farther and farther and farther away from you. I'm lonely in this desolate old palace. I--I want to hear the pitter patter of little feet again sobbing.
Grand Duke: Now, now Your Majesty. perhaps if we just let him alone.
King: angry. Let him alone! With his silly romantic ideas?
Grand Duke: But-but Sire in matters of love---
King: Love! Hah! Just a boy meeting a girl under the right conditions. So we're arranging the conditions.
Grand Duke: But Your Majesty if the prince should suspect---

King: Suspect! Bah! Look, the boy's coming home today isn't he?


King: Well, what could be more natural than a ball to celebrate his return?


King: And if all the eligible maidens in my kingdom just, uh *chuckling* happen to be there, why, he's bound to show interest in one of them, isn't he? Isn't he?


King: The moment he does--- Ha-ha! Soft lights, romantic music, all the trimmings! It can't possibly fail Can it?


King: Tonight.

Grand Duke: Tonight! Oh but Sire--

King: Tonight! And see that every eligible maid is there. Understand?

Echo: Understand? Understand?

Grand Duke: Yes Your Majesty.

_Chateau. Music lesson._

Stepmother: The pear-shaped tones

Drizella: *off-key* Sing sweet nightingale

Hi-i-i-igh above me

Oh sing sweet nightingale

sing sweet nightingale

Lucifer goes out the room and closes the door. We can hear Cinderella sings the same songs but sweetly

Cinderella: Hi-i-i-igh above

Oh, sing sweet nightingale

sing sweet nightingale

High

Oh, sing sweet nightingale

sing sweet nightingale

Oh, sing sweet nightingale

sing sweet

Oh, sing sweet nightingale, sing

Oh sing sweet nightingale

Oh, sing sweet

Oh, sing-----

Oh Lucifer! you mean old thing! I'm just going to have to teach you
Lucifer makes dirty all the room. In that moment someone knocks the door.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Royal Postman</th>
<th>Open in the name of the King. An urgent message from his Imperial Majesty.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cinderella</td>
<td>Thank You.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jaq</td>
<td>From the king. What's it say Cinderelly?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gus</td>
<td>Uh, uh, uh what's it say? Huh?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cinderella</td>
<td>I don't know. He said it's urgent <em>Drizella continues singing off-key</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Maybe I should interrupt the, uh, music lesson.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drizella</td>
<td>Sing sweet nightingale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>sing sweet nightingale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Hi-i-i-igh I-I-I-I-I-I-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>You clumsy--- You did it on purpose <em>She catches the flute to her sister</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anastasia</td>
<td>You're always spoiling my---</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stepmother</td>
<td>Girls, girls! Remember: above all, self-control. *Cinderella knock the</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>door. <em>Banging keys</em> Yes! Cinderella I've warned you never to</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>interrupt---</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cinderella</td>
<td>But this just arrived from the palace.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anastasia</td>
<td>From the palace!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drizella</td>
<td>Give it here!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anastasia</td>
<td>Let me have it!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stepmother</td>
<td>I'll read it. Well! there's to be a ball.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anastasia</td>
<td>A ball!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>and Drizella</td>
<td>In honour of His Highness the Prince.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anastasia</td>
<td>The Prince!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>and Drizella</td>
<td>And by royal command every eligible maiden is to attend.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stepmother</td>
<td>And I'm so eligible.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cinderella</td>
<td>Why that means I can go too.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drizella</td>
<td>Ha! Her. Dancing with the Prince!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anastasia</td>
<td>sarcastically I'd be honoures. Your Highness, would you mind holding my</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>broom? <em>Anastasia and Drizella laughs</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cinderella</td>
<td>Well, why not? after all I'm still a member of the family. And it says</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>by royal command every eligible maiden is to attend.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character</td>
<td>Dialog</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------</td>
<td>--------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stepmother</td>
<td>Yes so it does. Well I see no reason why you can't go--- if you get all your work done.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cinderella</td>
<td>happily Oh I will. I promise.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stepmother</td>
<td>And if you can find something suitable to wear.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cinderella</td>
<td>I'm sure I can. Oh, thank you, Stepmother she leaves</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drizella</td>
<td>Mother do you realize what you just said?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stepmother</td>
<td>Of course. I said &quot;if&quot;.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drizella</td>
<td>Oh if laughs</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Cinderella's room. She's talking with her friends and showing them an old dress.*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Dialog</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cinderella</td>
<td>Isn't it lovely? It was my mother's</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mouse</td>
<td>But dress old.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cinderella</td>
<td>Well maybe it's a little old-fashioned, but---- oh I'll fix that.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gus</td>
<td>Uh, uh how you do it, huh?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cinderella</td>
<td>Wait a minute. There ought to be some good ideas in here. Huh, huh. This one.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mouse</td>
<td>Very nice.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cinderella</td>
<td>I'll have to shorten the sleeves. I'll need a sash, a ruffle and something for a collar and...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drizella</td>
<td>Cinderella!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cinderella</td>
<td>Oh now what do they want?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anastasia</td>
<td>Cinderella!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drizella</td>
<td>Cinderella!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cinderella</td>
<td>Oh well. Guess my dress will just have to wait.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anastasia</td>
<td>Cin-der-ella!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drizella</td>
<td>Cin-der-ella!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cinderella</td>
<td>All right, all right! I'm coming. she leaves</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jaq</td>
<td>Poor Cinderelly. Every time she finds a minute that's time when they begin it. Cinderelly, Cinderelly.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anastasia and Drizella</td>
<td>Cinderella!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Jaq and Mice

Cinderelly, Cinderelly night and day it's Cinderelly make the fire fix the breakfast wash the dishes do the mopping and the sweeping and the dusting they always keep her hopping
she go around in circles
till she very, very dizzy
still they holler
keep a busy Cinderelly

Jaq
Yeah. Keep a busy. you know what? Cinderelly's not going to the ball.

Mice
What?
Not going?
What did you say?

Jaq
You'll see they fix her. Work, work, work. She'll never get her dress done.

Gus
P-poor Cinderelly.

Hey We can do it!
we can do it!, we can do it!
we can help our Cinderelly
we can make the dress so pretty
there's nothing to it, really
we'll tie a sash around it
put a ribbon thru it
when dancing at the ball
she'll be more beautiful than all
in the lovely dress
we'll make for Cinderelly
Hurry!, hurry! hurry! hurry! hurry!
gonna help our Cinderelly
got no time to dilly, dally
we gotta get a goin'

I'll cut with these scissors
and I can do the sewing
Leave the sewing to the women
you go get some trimmin'
and we'll make a lovely dress for Cinderelly
We'll make a lovely dress for Cinderelly

Jaq
Follow me Gus-Gus. I know where to go. Find the pretty-pretty. Quick as you can giggling Cinderelly be surprised.

Gus
Surprise, surprise. Pretty surprise for Cinderelly.

Anastasia
And this too, Cinderella. My slippers. Now don't forget---

Drizella
Cinderella take my dress.

Anastasia
Here mend the buttonholes.

Drizella
and press my skirt too and mind the ruffles.

Stepmother
And Cinderella
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Line</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cinderella</td>
<td>Yes?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stepmother</td>
<td>When you're through and before you begin your regular chores I have a few little things.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cinderella</td>
<td>Very well.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anastasia</td>
<td>Mother I don't see why everybody else seems to have such nice things to wear and I always end up in these old rags. This sash. Why I wouldn't be seen dead in it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drizella</td>
<td>You should talk. These beads! I'm sick of looking at them. Trash! Oh I hate them. Oh I don't see why I can't have something new---</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jaq</td>
<td>Come on, be careful.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gus</td>
<td>Uh, duh, yes, yes, yes, yes. Uh real carefee.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jaq</td>
<td><em>chuckling</em> We can use that Gus-Gus.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gus</td>
<td>Pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jaq</td>
<td>Shhh! Look it! Lucifee! <em>they run and hide but Lucifer is watching them to close</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gus</td>
<td>Uh, uh, uh, uh, huh? Oh beads! Hurry. Pretty beads!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jaq</td>
<td>Shhh! <em>He's out humming a song</em></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Cinderella's room. Mice and birds are doing the dress.*

> A dream is a wish your heart makes  
> when you're fast asleep  
> in dreams you will lose your heartaches  
> whatever you wish for, you keep

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Mouse</th>
<th>Oh!</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Gus | Cut, cut, cut, cut  
> have faith in your dreams and someday  
> no matter how your heart is grieving  
> if you keep on believing  
> the dream that you wish will come true |

| Mouse | Okay. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight.  
> whatever you wish for you keep |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Mouse</th>
<th>All right!</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| Mice | Heave-ho, heave-ho, heave-ho  
> No matter how your heart is grieving  
> if you keep on believing  
> the dream that you wish will come true  
> will come true |

*Palace's clock is bonging. It's eight o'clock and people are arriving to the ball.*  
*Meanwhile in the chateau Cinderella is knocking her Stepmother's room.*

| Stepmother | Yes? |
Cinderella: The carriage is here.

Stepmother: Oh. Why Cinderella you're not ready child.

Cinderella: I'm not going.

Stepmother: Not going? Oh what a shame. But of course there will be other times and---

Cinderella: Yes good night.

Cinderella's room. She gazes sadly out of the moonlit window at the distant castle. Suddenly a candle appears behind her. She turns and sees her lovely dress.

Cinderella: Oh well, what's a royal ball? After all I suppose it would be frightfully dull and--- and boring and completely--- completely wonderful. Oh! why, it's my----

Mice: Surprise! Surprise! Surprise!

Gus: D-d-duh uh, duh happy birthday!

Jaq: No, no, no, no.

Cinderella: Well I never dreamed. It's such a surprise! Oh how can I ever--- Oh thank you so much.

Stepmother: Now remember, when you're presented to His Highness be sure---

Cinderella: Wait! Please wait for me. Isn't it lovely? Do you like it? Do you think it will do?

Drizella: Cinderella! You wouldn't!

Anastasia: Mother she can't! No!

Stepmother: Girls, please. After all we did make a bargain, didn't we Cinderella? She nodes smiling And I never go back on my word. Hmmm. How very clever. These beads, they give it just the right touch, don't you think so Drizella?

Drizella: No I don't! I think she--- gasps Why you little thief. They're my beads! give them here!

Cinderella: Oh no!

Anastasia: Oh and Look. That's my sash. Wearing my sash. She can't You wicked.

Cinderella: Oh stop please!

Drizella: This is mine

Anastasia: And my ribbon.

Drizella: Why you thief.

Anastasia: Kitchen wench!

Drizella: Oh you ungrateful little---

Stepmother: Girls, girls! That's quite enough. Hurry along now both of you. I
won't have you upsetting yourselves. to Cinderella Good night.

Cinderella's dress is broken. Her stepsister snatch her dress until it is torn to rags. In tears Cinderella runs across the yard to the garden. There she flings herself on a bench and sobs.

In dreams you will lose your heartaches
Whatever you wish for, you keep

| Cinderella | Oh no. No it isn't true. Have faith in your dreams and someday |
| Cinderella | It's just no use Your rainbow will come smiling through |
| Cinderella | No use at all No matter how your heart is grieving If you keep on believing |
| Cinderella | I can't believe, not any more. The dream that you wish will come true |
| Cinderella | There's nothing left to believe in. Nothing. |
| Fairy Godmother | Nothing my dear? Oh now you don't really mean that. |
| Cinderella | Oh but I do. |
| Fairy Godmother | Nonsense child. If you'd lost all your faith I couldn't be here. And here I am. Cinderella gapes Oh come now. Dry those tears. You can't go to the ball looking like that. |
| Cinderella | The ball? Oh but I'm not--- |
| Fairy Godmother | Of course you are but we'll have to hurry because even miracles take a little time. |
| Cinderella | Miracles? |
| Fairy Godmother | Hm-hmmm. Watch. What in the world did I do with that magic wand? I-I was sure--- that's strange |
| Cinderella | Magic wand? |
| Fairy Godmother | I--I always--- |
| Cinderella | Why, then you must be--- |
| Jaq | Look what she did! |
| Gus | Uhm duh, duh how she do it? |
| Fairy Godmother | Now let's see. Hmm. I'd say the first thing you need is a-- a pumpkin. |
Cinderella: A pumpkin?

Fairy Godmother: Hmm-hmm. Now the magic words. Uh--- oh Ahem!
Sala-gadoola-menchika-boo-la
Bibbidi-Bobbidi-boo
put'em together and what have you got
Bibbidi-bobbidi-boo

Sala-gadoola-menchika-boo-la
Bibbidi-Bobbidi-boo
It'll do magic believe it or not
Bibbidi-Bobbidi-boo

Mice:
Oh lookee, lookee!
Isn't it wonderfee?
Isn't it huh?

Cinderella: Oh it's beautiful!

Fairy Godmother: Yes isn't it?. Now with an elegant coach like that of course we'll simply have to have, uh....

Horse:
Ahem

Fairy Godmother: Mice.

Gus: Uh, uh mice?

Fairy Godmother: Oh this is really as nice. Why we'll have a coach and four when we're through. Just a wave of my stick and to finish the trick, bibbidi, bobbidi, boo! Gus runs away Gracious, what did I do? I was sure there were four of them. There should be one more chuckling There you are, bibbidi, bobbidi, boo!

Cinderella: Oh poor Lucifer.

Fairy Godmother: Serves him right I'd say. Now, um, where were we? Oh goodness yes. You can't go to the ball without a--- a horse.

Cinderella: Another one?

Fairy: But tonight for a change you'll handle the reins and sit in the driver's
Godmother: seat too. For instead of a horse you're the coachman of course. Bibbidi, bobbidi, boo! Well that does it. I guess except for--- Oh yes the finishing touch. And that's you. Yes Bruno that's right. You'll be footman tonight. Bibbidi, bobbidi, boo! Well, well hop in my dear. We can't waste time.

Cinderella: But uh---

Fairy Godmother: Oh now, now, now. Don't try to thank me.

Cinderella: Oh I wasn't. I-I mean, I do but--- but don't you think my dress---

Fairy Godmother: Yes it's lovely, dear. Good heavens child! You can't go in that. Now uh, let's see dear. Your size and the shade of your eyes. MM-Hmmm. Something simple but daring too. Oh! Just leave it to me. What a gown this will be. Bibbidi, bobbidi, Bibbidi, bobbidi, Bibbidi, bobbidi, Bibbidi, bobbidi, boo!

Cinderella: Oh it's a beautiful dress. Did you ever see such a beautiful dress? And look glass slippers. Why it's like a dream. A wonderful dream come true.

Fairy Godmother: Yes my child, but like all dreams well, I'm afraid this can't last forever. You'll have only till midnight and then---

Cinderella: Midnight? Oh thank you.

Fairy Godmother: Oh, now, now, now just a moment. You must understand my dear. On the stroke of twelve the spell will be broken and everything will be as it was before.

Cinderella: Oh I understand but it's more than I ever hoped for.

Fairy Godmother: Bless you my child. I--- Goodness me! It's getting late! Hurry up dear. The ball can't wait. Have a good time. Dance! Be gay! Now off you go. You're on your way. With a bibbidi-bobbidi bibbidi, bobbidibi bibbidi-bobbidi-boo

---

Castle. *The Herald is announcing the guests.*

Herald: The Princess Federica Eugenie de la Fontaine. M'amselle Augustine Dubois, the daughter of General Pierre Dubois.

King: Bah! The boy isn't cooperating.

Herald: M'amselle Leonore Mercedes de la Torre, daughter of Colonel and Madam de la Torre. *Prince yawns*

King: I can't understand it. there must be al least one who'd make a suitable mother!

Grand Duke: Shhhh, Sire.

King: Ahem. A suitable wife.

*The ball has already started when Cinderella arrives.*
<table>
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<th>The Mademoiselles Drizella and Anastasia Tremain.</th>
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_Suddenly the Prince looks up and sees the most beautiful girl he has ever seen_

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Suddenly the Prince looks up and sees the most beautiful girl he has ever seen.

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<tr>
<th>Grand Duke</th>
<th>Well, if I may say so Your Majesty I did try to warn you but you Sire are incurably romantic <strong>chuckling</strong> No doubt you saw the whole pretty picture in detail: The young prince bowing to the assembly. Suddenly he stops. He looks up, for to there she stands, the girl of his dreams. Who she is or whence she came he knows not, nor does he care. For his heart tell him that here, here is the maid predestined to be his bride <strong>chuckling</strong> A pretty plot for fairy tales, Sire but in real life oh no. No, ho-ho-ho. It was foredoomed to failure.</th>
</tr>
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<tr>
<td>King</td>
<td>Failure eh? Ha-ha! Take a look at that, you pompous windbag <strong>laughs</strong> Who is she? You know her?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grand Duke</td>
<td>That's one thing in her favour. The waltz! Quick! The waltz! Lights! <strong>Whistles</strong> The lights!. <em>The prince walks past the sisters towards Cinderella, takes her hand and led her into the great hall among all the company.</em> Ha-ha! Failure, eh?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King</td>
<td>Well now for a good night's sleep.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grand Duke</td>
<td>Oh quite so, sire. I believe I, too---</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King</td>
<td>You will stay right here. See they're not disturbed. And when the boy proposes notify me immediately.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grand Duke</td>
<td>Notify me immediately.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King</td>
<td>And remember, if anything goes wrong <strong>cutting sound</strong> La-di-da-di La-di-da-di La-dyum-pump-pump La-di-da-di Da-dum-dum-dum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anastasia</td>
<td>But who is she Mother?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drizella</td>
<td>Do we know her?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anastasia</td>
<td>Well the prince certainly seems to. But I know I've never seen her.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stepmother</td>
<td>Nor I. But she certainly is--- Wait. There is something familiar about her <em>She tries to follow the couple but the Grand Duke stops her</em> Oh.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grand Duke</td>
<td>Ahem. <em>The prince didn't dance with anyone else the rest of the evening, and not for a minute he let go of Cinderella's hand.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cinderella</td>
<td>So this is love, mmm</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
and Prince
so this is love
so this is what makes life divine
I'm all aglow, mmm
and now I know and now I know the key to all heaven is mine
My heart has wings, mmm
and I can fly
I'll touch every star in the sky
so this is the miracle
that I've been dreaming of
mmm, mmm
so this is love
When they are going to kiss the clock strikes midnight Bong and Cinderella remembers her promise.

Cinderella
Oh my goodness!

Prince
What's the matter?

Cinderella
It's midnight.

Prince
Yes so it is but why---

Cinderella
Goodbye

Prince
No, no wait. You can't go now. It's only---

Cinderella
Oh I must. Please! Please I must!

Prince
But why?

Cinderella
Well, I-I--- Oh the prince. I haven't met the prince.

Prince
The prince? But didn't you know---Bong

Cinderella
Goodbye.

Prince
No wait. Come back. Oh please come back! Bong I don't even know your name! How will I find you? Wait! Please wait!

Cinderella
To Grand Duke Goodbye! Bong

Grand Duke
I say! Young lady!

Prince
Wait!

Ladies
Who is she? Bong Cinderella runs and one of her slippers falls off but she continues running on and leapt into her waiting coach.

Grand Duke
Mademoiselle, Señorita. Just a moment Bong Guards! Guards! Bong Stop the coach. Close those gates! But it's too late Cinderella has escaped Follow that coach! Open those gates! Bong, bong, bong. It's the last stroke and then coach, horses, and all vanish and in their place are a pumpkin, some mice, a dog, an old horse and Cinderella in her ragged dress.

Cinderella
I'm sorry I guess I forgot about everything. Even the time, but---but it was so wonderful. And he was so handsome and when we
danced. Oh I'm sure that even the prince himself couldn't have been more, more--- *sighs* Oh well, it's over and---

Jaq Cinderelly, look, look, look! the slipper!
Gus Yeah the slipper.
Jaq and Gus Your slipper Cinderelly, your slipper!
Cinderella Oh *Looking up to the Fairy Godmother* Thank you. Thank you so much for everything.

*Castle.* The *Grand Duke is rehearsing the news he has to tell the King.*

Grand Duke Your Majesty I see no point in beating about the bush. I regret to inform you sire that the young lady has disappeared leaving behind only this glass slipper. Yes I'll do it *In front of the King's door* No I just can't *He looks through the keyhole. The King's laughing and snoring. He's dreaming* *Knocking the door*

King Well, come in. Come in!

Grand Duke Your Majesty...

King So! He's proposed already.

Grand Duke Well Sire---

King Tell me about it. Who is she? Where does she live?

Grand Duke Well I didn't get a chance---

King No matter. We've more important things to discuss: arrangements for the wedding, invitations, a national holiday---- all that sort of thing. Here, here have a cigar.

Grand Duke But, but Sire---

King Take a few more.

Grand Duke But, but, but---

King Got to practice passing these out, eh?

Grand Duke B-but if you'd only listen---

King And for you my friend--- *He takes a sword*

Grand Duke Y-y-Your Majesty, p-please---

King ---a knighthood! I hereby dub you Sir--- Uh, uh, uh, by the way what tittle would you like?

Grand Duke She, she got away sir.

King "She got away"? A peculiar little but if that's what you---- She what? Why you, you---- you traitor!

Grand Duke Now Sire, remember! Your, your blood pressure.

King Treason!
**Grand Duke** Gasps No Sire! No!

**King** Sabotage! You were in league with the prince all along!

**Grand Duke** I tried to stop her b-b-but she vanished into thin air.

**King** A likely story!

**Grand Duke** But it's true Sire! All we could find was this glass slipper.

**King** The whole thing was a plot!

**Grand Duke** But Sire he loves her. He won't rest till he finds her. He's determined to marry her.

**King** What? What did you say?

**Grand Duke** The prince, Sire, swears he'll marry none but the girl who fits this slipper.

**King** He said that did he? Ha-ha! We've got him! Yahoo!

**Grand Duke** But sire, this slipper may fit any number of girls.

**King** That's his problem. He's given his word. We'll hold him to it.

**Grand Duke** No, no. Your Highness, I'll have nothing to do with it.

**King** You'll try this on every maid in my kingdom! And if the shoe fits bring her in.

**Grand Duke** Y-y-yes Your Majesty.

*Chateau.*

**Stepmother** Cinderella! Cinderella? Oh where is that---

**Cinderella** Yes? Here I am.

**Stepmother** Oh my daughters. Where are they?

**Cinderella** I think they're still in bed.

**Stepmother** O well don't just stand there. Bring up the breakfast trays at once. And hurry.

**Jaq** Wonder what's the matter.

**Gus** Uh, duh, what's the matter with her?

**Jaq** I don't know. Let's find out. Come on.

**Gus** Uh--- Oh, ugh.

**Stepmother** Drizella! Drizella!

**Drizella** yawning What?

**Stepmother** Get up! Quick. This instant. We haven't a moment to lose. In *Anastasia's room* Anastasia? Anastasia. Get up. Anastasia.

**Anastasia** Huh? Ohhh what for? why?

**Stepmother** Oh everyone's talking about it--- the whole kingdom. Oh hurry now. He'll be here any minute!
Drizella: Who will?
Stepmother: The Grand Duke. He's been hunting all night.
Anastasia: Hunting?
Stepmother: For that girl, the one who lost her slipper at the ball last night. They say he's madly in love with her.
Drizella: The Duke is?
Stepmother: No, no, no the prince.
Cinderella: surprised The prince!
Stepmother: You clumsy little fool! Clean that up. Then help my daughters dress.
Anastasia: What for?
Drizella: If he's in love with that girl why should we even bother?
Stepmother: Now you two. Listen to me! There is still a chance that one of you can get him.
Anastasia and Drizella: Huh? One of us? Why Mother, what do you mean?
Stepmother: Just this: no one not even the prince knows who that girl is.
Gus: We do! We do! Cinderelly! Cinderella--- *Jag closes his mouth*
Stepmother: The glass slipper is their only clue. Now the Duke has been ordered to try it on every girl in the kingdom. And if one can be found whom the slipper fits, then, by King's command that girl shall be the prince's bride.
Cinderella: His bride?
Anastasia and Drizella: His bride!
Drizella: Cinderella! Get my things!
Anastasia: Never mind her. mend these right away!
Drizella: Not until she irons my dress!
Anastasia: Uh, uh, uh What's the matter with her?
Drizella: Wake up stupid!
Anastasia: We've got to get dressed!
Cinderella: *She is like in a cloud* Dressed. Oh yes. Oh we must get dressed. it would never do for the Duke to see me---
Anastasia: Mother! Did you see what she did?
Drizella: Are you going to let her walk---
Stepmother: Quiet!
Cinderella: *Humming* la-da-da-da-da
So this is love
Stepmother follows Cinderella to her room. She wants to be presentable for the Grand Duke. Stepmother locks her in.

Gus: What's she gonna do?

Jaq: Shhh. I don't know. Gotta watch her. Come on!

Cinderella's room

Cinderella: la-da-ta-da-da-da

Jaq: Cinderelly!

Gus: Cinderelly!

Cinderella: *absorbed* so this is the miracle that I've been dreaming of

Jaq and Gus: Look out! Look out! Behind you! Behind you!

Cinderella: What? *gasp* She sees in the mirror her Stepmother locking her in. Oh, oh no! No please! Oh you can't. You just can't! Let me out! You must let me out! You can't keep me in here! Oh please!

Gus: No, no. She can't do it! She can't lock up Cinderelly! I'm going to---

Jaq: Shhhh.

Cinderella: *sobbing* Oh please, please.

Jaq: We've gotta get that key Gus-Gus. We've just gotta get that key! *Stepmother drops the key in her pocket and walks away laughing.* She doesn't know that two little mice follow her downstairs.

The Grand Duke's carriage arrives.

Coachman: Whoa!

Jaq: He's here! He's here! A duke-duke.

Gus: A-d-d-d- a who?

Jaq: A Grand Duke with a slipper. Gotta get that key. Quick!


Anastasia: Oh mother, mother! He's here! He's here!

Drizella: The Grand Duke!

Anastasia: Oh do I look all right? I'm so excited. I just don't know what I'll do.

Stepmother: Girls! Now remember. This is your last chance. Don't fail me *She opens the door*.

Royal Postman: Announcing His Imperial Grace the Grand Duke.

Stepmother: You honour our humble home.
| Grand Duke | Ahem. Quite so. |
| Stepmother | May I present my daughters. Drizella... Anastasia. |
| Anastasia | Your Grace. |
| Grand Duke | Oh yes. Charmed I'm sure. |
| Royal Postman | His Grace will read a royal proclamation. |
| Grand Duke | Ahem. **reading** All loyal subjects of His Imperial Majesty are hereby notified by royal proclamation in regard to a certain glass yawning slipper. It is upon this day decreed--- |
| Drizella | **interrupting him** Why, that's my slipper! |
| Anastasia | Well I like that! I-It's my slipper! |
| Gus | No, no, no! Cinderelly's slipper! Cinderell---**Again Jaq stops him** |
| Drizella | How can she stand there and deliberately say things like that? |
| Stepmother | Girls, girls! Your manners! A thousand pardons Your Grace. Please continue. |
| Grand Duke | Yes quite so. Uh, uh, uh oh yes. It is upon this day decreed that a quest be instituted throughout the length and breath of our domain the sole and express purpose of said quest to be as follows to wit. That every single maiden in our beloved kingdom without privilege or exception shall try upon her foot this aforementioned slipper of glass and should one be found upon whose foot said slipper shall properly fit--- yawning **Jaq and Gus are trying to pick up the key from Stepmother's pocket.** Such maiden shall be acclaimed the object of this search and immediately forthwith shall be looked upon as the one and only true love of His Royal Highness, our beloved son and heir yawning the noble prince. Said noble prince will humbly and upon banded knee beg request or if need be implore said maiden that they may grant her hand in marriage. Whereupon, should the aforementioned maiden look with favour upon his suit then shall the happy couple pledge their troth yawning and in due course upon the inevitable demise of His Most Gracious and August Majesty, the King succeed to the throne to rule over all the land as King and Queen of our beloved kingdom" Ahh, so be it. |
| Stepmother | You must be quite fatigued Your Grace. May we offer you some tea? |
| Grand Duke | Hmmm? What? Eh, tea? yawning Thank you Madam, no. Uh. We must proceed with the, uh, the fitting. |
| Stepmother | Of course. Anastasia, dear. |
| Anastasia | There! I knew it was my slipper. Exactly my size. I always wear the same size. As soon as I saw it, I said---- **The servant raises her foot and we see that the foot's too big for the slipper** Oh well it may be a trifle snug today. You know how it is--- dancing all night. I can't understand why. It's always fit perfectly before. I don't think you're |
half trying. Mother, can you---

Stepmother

Shhh. Quiet, my dear. We mustn't disturb His Grace. Young man, are you sure you're trying it on the right foot?

Gus

Yow!

Anastasia

Oh it's in the right foot but it must have shrunk or something. A glass shoe isn't always reliable.

Jaq

Sh, sh, sh! Come on Gus-Gus. Hurry up the stairs. Up the stairs! Quick-quick.

Gus

Ugh!

Jaq

Up, up, up with it.

Gus


Jaq

Shhh!

Anastasia

Why can't you hold still a minute?

Grand Duke

Oh my word! Enough of this! The next young lady please?

Jaq

Hear that Gus? Hear that?

Gus

Yup.

Jaq

Quick, quick. Gotta hurry! Shhhh. Come on. Come on! Hurry!

Gus

Oh!

Jaq

Gus-Gus! Gus-Gus! Oh come on. Look, look. Just up there. Come on. arriving Cinderella's room us a-coming Cinderelly! Us a-coming. Us can get you out.

Cinderella

You've got the key. Oh how did you ever manage it? In that moment Lucifer captures Gus with the key gasps Lucifer! Let him go! Please, let him go! Let him go!

Jaq

Let him go! Let him out! Here, here, Lucifee! Other mice and birds try to help Jaq but Lucifer wins

Cinderella

Bruno! Yes Bruno. Quick get Bruno. Get Bruno The birds call Bruno to help Cinderella. Meanwhile in the hall...

Drizella

Oh of all the stupid little idiots! I'll do it myself. Get away from me. I'll make it fit grunting There.

Stepmother

It fits!

Grand Duke

It fits? The slipper flies away and the Grand Duke takes it in the very last moment

Stepmother

Oh Your Grace, I'm dreadfully sorry it shan't happen again.

Grand Duke

angry Precisely Madam!

Cinderella's room. Bruno wins over Lucifer but now Gus doesn't want to let the key.

Jaq

Come on, come on. get up Gus-Gus. get up!
Gus: No, no, no, no.

Jaq: Let go! Let go!

**Main hall.**

**Grand Duke:** You are the only ladies of the household, I hope—-, uh, I presume.

**Stepmother:** There's no one else Your Grace.

**Grand Duke:** Quite so. Good day. Good day.

**Cinderella:** Your Grace! Your Grace please wait. May I try it on?

**Stepmother:** Oh pay no attention to her.

**Anastasia:** It's only Cinderella.

**Drizella:** Our scullery maid...

**Anastasia:** It's ridiculous, impossible.

**Drizella:** ...from the kitchen.

**Anastasia:** She's out of her mind.

**Stepmother:** Yes just an imaginative child.

**Grand Duke:** Madam my orders were every maiden. Come my child. *Stepmother trips the Duke's servant who is carrying the glass slipper and it falls to the floor where it shatters into hundreds pieces* Oh no! No, no, no. No, oh no. Oh this is terrible. The King! What will he say? What will he do?

**Cinderella:** But perhaps if it would help--- *She reaches into a pocket under her apron*

**Grand Duke:** No, no, nothing can help now.

**Cinderella:** But you see. I have the other slipper. *The slipper fits and Cinderella goes to the palace. Wedding bells. Mice, birds cheer happily. We see Cinderella and the prince just married running to their carriage. Cinderella again loses a slipper but this time the King helps her.*

Have faith in dreams and someday Your rainbow will come smiling through No matter how your heart is grieving If you keep on believing The dream that you wish will come true

And they lived happily ever after

*The book's closed.*

*THE END*