



*Written by  
Cora Alley*

## **“Cindy And The Godfather”**

*The classic fairy tale of “Cinderella” with a Christian twist*

**Scripture:** 1 Samuel 16: 7b

*“God sees not as a man sees, for man looks on the outward appearance, but the Lord looks upon the heart.”*

**Dramatic Category:** Full-length Christian Play

*(This is an excellent fund-raiser for the youth group to perform for the entire church family.)*

**Topic:** True love

**Performance Time:** 1 hour, 15 minutes (with dinner - approximately 2 hours)

**Number of Players:** 7 principles (3 women, 4 men) + limitless "extras" at the ball and marketplace.

**Objective:**

"Cindy" chooses the authentic love of "Prince Alarming" over the superficial attention of "Prince Charming" in this delightful Christian play that re-tells the story of Cinderella, with a Christian twist. The moral of the story is: "Beauty cannot masquerade as kindness!"

**Synopsis:**

“Cindy and the Godfather” is a delightful retelling of the traditional classic, *Cinderella*, with a surprising Christian twist. It is ideal for dinner theater, where guests have the option to join in at the ball, and invariably, several of the ladies will be asked to see if the slipper fits! It contains no hint of sorcery or "fairy godmother" magic; instead, it is the benevolence of a kindly "godfather," who is escaping his worldly associations with the Mafia, who outfits Cindy for the King's ball and helps her "see through" the shallow Prince Charming.

The story opens with Cindy at the marketplace where she pushes a Mafia godfather out of the way of a drive-by shooting. Now, in her debt, he affectionately tells her, "You have your own godfather now."

The story goes on to include familiar plot points: mean stepsisters, a King in search of a suitable wife for his son, an invitation to the ball, the "love at first sight" meeting between Cindy and Prince Charming, but then the scene takes an unexpected turn.

At the stroke of midnight, Cindy meets the godfather to return the dress he loaned her. As she runs home, she twists her ankle and lands on the steps of PALACE. Prince Charming races down the stairs in pursuit of his princess, but he sees only a humble girl dressed in rags. "I thought I told your kind to stay in the kitchen," he scolds as he hurries past her.

To her surprise Prince Charming's misfit brother, Prince Alarming, sits down beside her. It seems he was tossed out of the ball for his outrageous behavior. He comforts Cindy and helps her home. Cindy begins to see that Prince Charming is only charming on the outside and hides a cruel spirit.

The traditional scene of the trying on of the slipper delights the audience, but after it finally fits Cindy, she doesn't want anything to do with Prince Charming. She has a much greater affection for his brother, Prince Alarming! Cindy leaves with Prince Alarming, and the black-hearted Prince Charming is left alone to charm himself!

#### **NOTE:**

If this is performed as a dinner theater, serve the dinner before the show, then serve dessert at intermission, or serve your dinner anytime after the opening few scenes. If the dinner is served "pot-luck," set your meal up at two sides of the room to split the line. It's fun to have the sisters roam around during the dinner or dessert and order Cinderella around to get water, tea, etc., for the guests. (See the abbreviated "Cindy Scenario" at the end of this play for the scene order if this is done "dinner theater style.")

#### **Cast:**

Cinderella:	<i>A sweet girl with an ability to see the good in people</i>
Delilah:	<i>A stepsister who ultimately sees what "real beauty" is</i>
Saphirah:	<i>A wicked stepsister in the image of her dead mother!</i>
Charlemaine:	<i>Spoiled, conceited, and vain, but outwardly charming, so he is often referred to as "Prince Charming"</i>
Arlemaine:	<i>Twin brother to "Charming," who lacks the social graces, but has a great heart, so he is often referred to as "Prince Alarming"</i>
King:	<i>Anxious to marry off his eldest son so he can enjoy a grandchild and secure the future of the royal family</i>
Godfather:	<i>A Mafia "godfather," who befriends Cinderella</i>

#### **Optional Additional Cast:**

##### *Marketplace:*

For additional cast, you may have real people do the opening scene rather than do it in pantomime. If so, cast them as people in a marketplace. You may set up flower shops, grocery carts, etc.

##### *At the Ball:*

"Normally," view the people in the audience as the people in attendance at the ball; however, you may want to have a few more people dressed up and mingle in the audience. If a youth group is performing this play, you can include the entire group in this scene.

**Costumes:**

*For the Sisters:*

Nice dresses for their "dinner party"  
Around-the-house clothes for everyday  
Ball gowns for the Prince's ball

*For Cindy:*

A ragged dress when she is in the market and at home  
A fabulous ball gown  
A tiara for her hair  
Glass (plastic) slippers

*The King*

A fancy "lounging robe" for the opening scene  
A suit or tuxedo for the ball

*For the godfather*

A pen-stripped suit and a wide-brimmed hat

*For Prince Charming*

A golf outfit for the opening scene  
A fancy suit or tuxedo for the ball

*For Prince Alarming*

A ragged jeans and T-shirt outfit for the opening scene  
The same ragged jeans with a suit coat over the T-shirt at the ball

**NOTE:** Cinderella changes her dress several times, so she needs a place to change that is nearby the stage.

**Props:**

A business card for the godfather to give to Cindy  
Many empty picture frames for the King to lament about  
A large picture on an easel of a "mother with two little girls"  
2 boxes of tissue for the sisters to grab  
A crown for the King  
A Bible for Cindy's house  
A golf club for Prince Charming  
An invitation to the ball  
A pillow for the slipper  
A trumpet to blow as the slipper is tried on audience women  
Glass (plastic) slippers in a box  
A large gift box for Cinderella's dress  
Newspaper with "Crime in Minutia" headlines

**NOTE:** Paste these headlines onto an ordinary newspaper, and watch the crowd marvel at the top stories in Minutia when Charlemaine retreats to his newspaper during his first scene:

*Minutia Gazette*  
**GODFATHER SEEN  
AT THE CITY MALL**

*Minutia Gazette*  
**DIAMOND MINES  
GIVE RECORD YIELD**

**Lights:**

Be sure your lighting changes between scenes and that it corresponds with the sound transitions. The King's palace should be dark whenever Cindy's house is on.

**Sound:**

6 wireless mics (*the King and the Godfather can share*)

Sound effects for the opening scene: street sounds, cars passing by, people talking in the distance, door opening, a bell, sound of a bag of sugar hitting the counter, cash register opening/closing, coins landing in a coin tray

A recording of the people speaking the marketplace lines

Cars screeching by speedily, then speeding off

A drive-by shooting (machine gun firing)

Sound of the clock striking twelve

A knock outside Cindy's door in the last scene

**NOTE:** The voices of the men and women in the opening sequence can be those of the cast, backstage, using microphones. It is recommended that this be done "live" because the timing is critical and unpredictable, and the dialogue has to be synchronized with Cindy's actions.

**Music:**

Transition music

Italian music for the entrance of the godfather

Classical music for the ball, and in the closing scene

Jazzy music that interrupts the classical music, when Arlemaine enters the ball

**Set:****Cindy's House & the King's Palace:**

Have Cindy's house and the King's palace on opposite sides of the room with the people eating their meal in the center. Their heads turn back and forth between scenes like they are watching a tennis match. Decorate the sets with a couch, a chair, coffee tables, the easel with Mother's picture, and a lone table in the King's palace with empty picture frames on it. Decorate the King's palace with balloons, and other kingly party decorations during dinner, in preparation for the King's Ball.

**The Palace Courtyard:**

Exterior garden look with silk plants, trellis, etc.

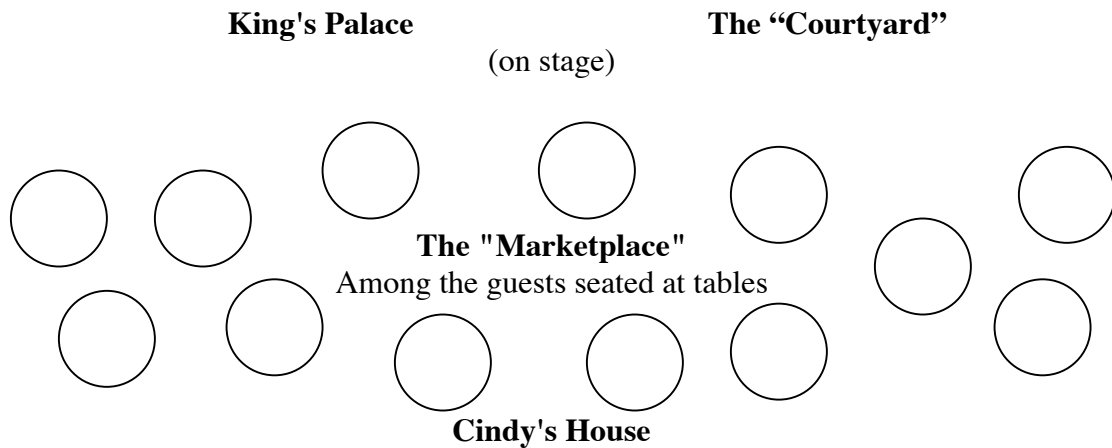
**The Marketplace:**

Cinderella's opening scene in the marketplace is done entirely in pantomime with sound effects representing the people with whom she is speaking. She walks in among the people seated in the room. This is a "theater in the round" technique. If you want to add to the cast, you may have real people do the opening scene and dress them as people in a marketplace. You may set up flower shops, grocery carts, etc.

**King's Ball:**

The "ball" scene involves the people who have come to the show as participants to the degree in which they want to be involved. They may actually get up and dance to the waltzes if your group is willing to do that. Audience participation makes this a really fun evening. They are standing around when Arlemaine interrupts the party. Use a garden trellis with white Christmas lights to give the outside, "courtyard" feeling.

**Stage Arrangement:**



**The Script:**

**Act 1:**

**Scene 1: "The Encounter"**

**MUSIC: OPENING MUSIC AS CINDY WALKS AROUND**

**LIGHTS: HOUSE LIGHTS UP**

*(Cinderella is shopping in the marketplace. Ambient sound begins to give the illusion of cars passing by. Cinderella responds to all sound effects in mime; there are no real women, only voices. The same with shopkeepers, groceries, music, etc.)*

**SOUND: SOUND EFFECTS ACCOMPANY THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCE**

1. Cinderella walks into the audience who become "the marketplace."
2. She carries a basket and stops at a corner flower stand.
3. She smells the flowers.

**NOTE:**

You may choose to cast these roles with real people, and turn it into an actual marketplace with a shopkeeper and a store.

**Voice of Woman 1:** Good morning, Cinderella.

**Cinderella:** *(looking at both imaginary women in mime in turn as she speaks)*  
Good morning, Mrs. Osgood; Mrs. Birney.

**Voice of Woman 2:** Can we interest you some flowers today?

**Cinderella:** Oh, yes! They're so lovely!

*(She mimes buying the flowers.)*

**Voice of Woman 2:** Take care, dear.

**Cinderella:** I will.

*(She begins to walk away, then turns to wave at the place where she bought the flowers.)*

**Voice of Woman 1:** Poor dear; she's all alone in the world now that her stepmother died.

**Voice of Woman 2:** She still has her two sisters to look after her.

**Voice of Woman 1:** It's Cinderella that looks after them.  
Like I said, "She's all alone in the world."

*(Cinderella walks to another side of the stage and mimes the opening of a door to another shop. A little bell rings as she enters.)*

**SOUND: A LITTLE BELL JINGLES REPRESENTING A DOOR BELL**

**Cinderella:** *(Looking at the shopkeeper in mime as she speaks.)*  
Good Morning, Mr. Beach.  
Isn't it a lovely day?

**Voice of Man:** A lovely day, yes, but these aren't lovely times.  
You shouldn't be shopping by yourself, Cinderella.

**Cinderella:** *(surprised)* Why not?

**Voice of Man:** It's not safe for the little guys anymore.  
There are bad people loose on the streets now a days.  
I had to hire a protection service for my store.

**Cinderella:** I'll be careful.  
I need five pounds of sugar.  
I have a full day of baking to do!

**Voice of Man:** Are you having a party, dear?

**Cinderella:** *(reaching for the imaginary bag of sugar)*  
My sisters are having a party;

**SOUND: A “THUMP” REPRESENTING THE SUGAR BAG ON THE COUNTER**

I'm not.  
But I have so much work to do to get ready for it.  
I must hurry.

*(Cinderella pantomimes handing money to the imaginary storekeeper, over the counter.)*

**SOUND: CASH REGISTER OPENING, COINS DROPPING IN, CASH DRAWER CLOSES**

**Cinderella:** Good day!

**MUSIC: ITALIAN MUSIC (signaling the entrance of the godfather)**

**SOUND: LITTLE BELL JINGLES REPRESENTING A DOOR BELL**

*(She exits in quite a hurry. The door opens and closes and we hear the little bell again. She bumps into the godfather. He knocks over her basket, and she bends over to pick up her things. He helps her.)*

**Godfather:** Oh, I'm sorry, miss.

**Cinderella:** My goodness, you are in quite a hurry!

*(bending over to pick up her things)*  
Let me get these things out of your way.

**Godfather:** *(bending over to help her)* No, it's my fault.  
Let me help you.  
I should have watched were I put my stupid feet.

**Cinderella:** *(looking at his feet)* Your feet aren't stupid.  
You must have had a lot on your mind.

**Godfather:** *(looking at her feet)* You have lovely feet.

**Cinderella:** *(looking at her feet, then at him.)* I do?

**Godfather:** Yes, feet are fabulous.  
I think they are just lovely, and ...

**SOUND: CARS SCREECHING BY, RAPID MACHINE GUN FIRE, CARS SPEEDING OFF**

*(He doesn't finish his sentence because the sound of cars racing by and rapid machine gun fire drown him out. Cinderella pushes him out of the way. They both fall and hide for a moment. Slowly they emerge. The godfather shields Cinderella with his body, and he cautiously looks both ways. Cinderella cowers behind him.)*

**Cinderella:** *(peeking out from behind him.)* What happened?

**Godfather:** *(hurrying her off to safety)* It doesn't matter.  
They missed.

**Cinderella:** *(shocked)* You know those people?  
Were they trying to...

**Godfather:** Snuff me out? Yeah.  
But they didn't make it;  
thanks to you.  
You must have been looking right through me.

**Cinderella:** *(thoughtfully)* I was.

**Godfather:** You were?

**Cinderella:** I usually do.  
You miss a lot when you only look "at" people.  
You've got to look through them; see what's inside.  
That's usually the best part.

**Godfather:** You're a nice person, ah...

**Cinderella:** *(extending her hand and shaking his.)*  
Cinderella. And you are?

**Godfather:** *(looking around suspiciously.)* Vinnie Caruso III;  
but you can just call me "Godfather."

**Cinderella:** *(awkwardly)* Godfather?

**Godfather:** *(begins to leave, then looks back)*  
See ya' around Cinde....

**Cinderella:** Cinderella.

**Godfather:** Can I call you Cindy?

**Cinderella:** Sure.



**Godfather:**           *(handing her his card.)* I owe you one, Cindy.  
Look me up if you every need a hand.  
You've got your own Godfather, now.

**Cinderella:**       *(looking bewildered)* Godfather?  
*(She strolls off the stage.)*

**LIGHTS:**    **HOUSE LIGHTS FADE OUT**

**MUSIC:**    **TRANSITION MUSIC**

*(Cinderella moves from the center of the house to the location of her home. She enters the home scene as the lights come up.)*

**LIGHTS:**    **UP ON CINDY'S HOUSE**

**Scene 2: "There's No Place Like Home"**

**Cinderella:**       *(singing to herself as she enters "Cindy's house" with her groceries)*

**Saphirah:**       *(bursting into the room with Delilah following her)*  
Stop that awful noise!  
Can't I have a moment's peace?

**Delilah:**         Sister has another one of her terrible headaches.  
Poor dear; she suffers just like mother did.

**Sisters:**         *(in unison)* Mother!  
  
*(They simultaneously grab a tissue from a nearby box of tissues, blow their noses and cry.)*

*(At the mention of the stepmother, Cinderella backs over to the portrait of a mother and her two girls that leans against the wall, removes the cover she had over it, and carefully puts it back up on the easel as the sisters talk. It is a hideous portrait of a sinister woman.)*

**Saphirah:**       *(swooning at the thought of her mother and hurrying over to the portrait)*  
Oh momma!  
I miss you so.  
How could you leave me to run everything by myself?

**Delilah:**         Careful Saphirah.  
Don't get yourself too worked up.  
You'll pop a blood vessel in your head just like momma did  
during one of her fits.

**Cinderella:**           *(moving Saphirah over to a chair)* Sit down here.

*(Cinderella takes a washcloth and puts it on her Saphirah's forehead, and fans her.)*

Now take a few deep breaths, count to ten.  
This always worked for your dear mother.

**Sisters:**           *(in unison)* Mother!

*(They repeat the simultaneous reach for the tissue, blow and cry.)*

**Cinderella:**       *(in desperation)* Recite one of your poems, Delilah.  
Those always make her feel better.

**Delilah:**           *(adopting a pompous pose)*  
On yonder hill the lilies bloom,

**Cinderella:**       *(still fanning Saphirah)*  
Oh good, that's one of her favorites.

**Delilah:**           *(smiling, then continuing)*  
On yonder hill the lilies bloom,  
And bust forth out of gloom and doom.  
In twilight they aren't seen so soon,  
They're sooner seen around high noon.  
Their shape is nothing like a spoon,  
And nothing like a worm's cocoon.  
Oh look, how sweet the lilies bloom.

**Saphirah:**       *(coming out of her fit)* Oh, I love that one.

**Delilah:**           *(holding her hand)* I know, dear.  
Do you want to hear it again?

**Cinderella:**       No!

*(The sisters stare at her after this insult.)*

*(covering up for the outburst)* Ah...know what I'll do?  
I'll make you some tea.  
*(She turns to make it, but the sisters stop her.)*

**Saphirah:**       I don't have time for tea.  
The musicians are coming to audition for the party.  
Did you dust the palace?

**Cinderella:**       Yes, Saphirah.

**Delilah:** The butcher is going to deliver the meat today.  
Did you scrub the kitchen?

**Cinderella:** Yes, Delilah.

**Saphirah:** Did you replant the flowers along the front of the house?

**Cinderella:** I will, but I...

**Delilah:** Did you repair the bathroom sink?  
It leaks!

**Cinderella:** I tried, but I don't know...

**Saphirah:** Mow the lawn?

**Delilah:** Put new shutters on?

**Saphirah:** Harvest the squash?

**Delilah:** Do the wash?

**Saphirah:** Clean up this mess.

**Delilah:** And fix my dress!

*(Both girls begin chattering about the other things they want Cinderella to do, when Cinderella pleads:)*

**Cinderella:** I need some help!

*(The sisters instantly stop chattering and stare at her in disbelief.)*

**Delilah:** What did you say?

**Cinderella:** I need some help!  
It's just too much work for me to do all by my...

**Saphirah:** *(cutting her off)* Do I need to remind you  
that you are living under our roof out of the goodness our hearts?

**Delilah:** You're eating our food.

**Saphirah:** And breathing our air!

**Delilah:** Really, Cinderella!  
Where is your gratitude?

**Cinderella:** I'm sorry.  
I'm very grateful.

**Saphirah:** We could have thrown you out on the streets, you know.

**Delilah:** You would not have had such a cushy life out there.

*(She thinks for a moment, and then turns to Saphirah.)*  
Still, it is a lot of work.

**Saphirah:** What are you thinking?  
You could break a nail,  
and what about my health!

**Delilah:** That's true.  
Saphirah is very fragile; just like Mother was.

**Sisters:** *(In unison)* Mother!

*(They repeat the simultaneous reach for the tissue, blow and cry.)*

**Saphirah:** *(as they exit)* It's not our fault you have such a cheery disposition  
and that you are so capable, Cinderella.  
You mustn't blame us.

**Cinderella:** I know.  
I'm sorry.

**Delilah:** We'll let it go this time,  
but be careful what you say.  
We have feelings, too.

*(Cindy takes down the picture of the stepmother and covers it up again. She is depressed,  
and takes out her Bible. She kneels to pray.)*

**Cinderella:** Oh God,  
please help me to look "through" my sisters,  
not just "at" them.  
I know there is good in them somewhere.  
They're just people who need to be loved;  
just like me.  
Help me love them, God;  
Well, better yet, why don't you just love them through me,  
and leave me out of it for a while  
'till my feelings catch up.  
Amen.

*(She begins to prepare dinner. She talks to God.)*  
It won't always be this way, will it Lord?  
Someday,  
I will live my life,  
not just theirs,  
won't I?

*(Cinderella sits down, and stays there during the next scene.)*

**LIGHTS: DOWN ON CINDY'S HOUSE**

**MUSIC: TRANSITION MUSIC**

**Scene 3: "The Heir to the Throne"**

**LIGHTS: UP ON THE PALACE**

*(At the palace, the King is pacing back and forth waiting for his son, Charlemaine to enter. He shakes his watch, and rearranges the empty picture frames on a shelf nearby.)*

**Charlemaine:**

*(Entering the room, carrying a golf club, and pausing for a moment at the sight of his father performing the familiar ritual of arranging the picture frames.)*

Ah, father,  
I see you have some new frames to add to your collection.

**King:** *(fondly holding a frame)* You see correctly, Charlemaine.  
These shall frame the face of my grandson any time now, right?  
You are working on producing an heir to the royal throne?

**Charlemaine:** I must first produce a wife.

**King:** I trust that his handsome little face will fill these picture frames  
before I am too old to recognize faces.

*(awkward pause from Charlemaine)*

*(holding out one frame)* This one will contain his portrait with our royal navy.

**Charlemaine:** We don't have a navy.  
We're land-locked.

**King:** Ah, don't let details limit your thinking, son.

*(picking up another frame)*  
In this one, he will pose with the Marines.

**Charlemaine:** Don't you mean "the Marine"?  
He quit last week.

**King:** Then we'll hire another one.  
  
*(admiring another empty picture)*  
Can you see him here reviewing the Air Force?

**Charlemaine:** The air farce?

**King:** Where is your patriotism?

**Charlemaine:** Be realistic, father.  
Minutia is a small country!  
If it weren't for our diamond mines, no one would we even know we exist.

**King:** *(adopting a secretive pose)* Did you hear the terrible news?

**Charlemaine:** *(looking around)* What?

**King:** There's a rumor that we have organized crime.  
The diamonds have brought them in.

**Charlemaine:** Who?  
Brought who in?

**King:** *(whispering)* Crime kingpins.  
I've heard there's a "godfather" in town.  
What shall we do?  
  
*(Charlemaine shrugs his shoulders.)*  
  
*(pointing out the door)* Alert the Joint Chiefs of Staff?

**Charlemaine:** That would be you;  
you're the only chief in the joint.

**King:** Cut the comedy, son.  
You must make a marriage of alliance  
with one of our strong neighbors.  
In these perilous times,  
the royal line cannot be teetering on the brink of extinction.  
You must take a wife;  
do your duty!

**Charlemaine:** My duty?

**King:** Your duty!

*(Trying to reason with him.)*  
Let me see, there's Princess Bridgette from the north...

**Charlemaine:** With the glass eye!

**King:** Glass eye?  
Well, then there's The Princess Percilla from the province of...

**Charlemaine:** Please, let me have a wife with an I.Q. higher than her age.

**King:** *(motioning to his head)* Oh. Is she a little...

**Charlemaine:** If she hits her head, it echoes!

**King:** What about the Lady Monique?

**Charlemaine:** I want a wife with her own teeth!  
Is that too much to ask?  
I want grace, beauty, brains, charm, sweetness.  
I'll marry when I find someone suitable.

*(The King polishes the frames in his frustration.)*

*(leaning over the King)* Maybe my dear brother  
will supply you with an heir before I will.

**King:** Arlemaine?

**Charlemaine:** Arlemaine.  
Isn't he is due home soon from that school in France?  
What's it called?

**King:** *(whispering)* The Academia' of Etiquette and Refinement.  
I hope it worked this time.

**Charlemaine:** I'm sure he'll be the picture of grace and civility.  
He always learns his lessons well when you send him away, father.  
Remember when he came home from the fencing academy in Belgium?  
*(mimicking fencing)* Why, he ran three men through that very afternoon  
and did a very admirable job.

**King:** He is such a disgrace.  
If your dear mother were alive today...

**Charlemaine:** He's calmed down a lot since you sent him on safari.

*(coming over to comfort his father)*  
I'm sorry about the malaria.

**King:** I know.  
I don't understand it.  
So many people came down with it;  
I can't understand why he didn't.

*(They pause for a moment.)*

No!  
The heir to the royal line will come through you, Charlemaine,  
not your twin brother, Arlemaine.  
You were the first one to emerge into the world,  
he was seven minutes behind you.

You are to be King and your son shall follow you.

**Charlemaine:** Not until I fall in love.

**King:** Then you shall fall in love.

**Charlemaine:** With whom?

**King:** If none of our allies can provide you with a suitable princess,  
then you shall marry one of our own provincial maidens.

**Charlemaine:** A common girl?

**King:** Yes,  
but not common in intelligence,

**Charlemaine:** Or looks.

**King:** Or charm.

**Charm:** Or looks.

**King:** Or wit.

**Charlemaine:** Or looks.

**King:** We shall have a ball.

**Charlemaine:** Well, I'm glad you're excited about it.



**King:** No, no,  
I mean we shall have a party  
and invite all the eligible maidens in the realm.  
You shall meet them all,  
then pick one to marry.

**Charlemaine:** That very night?

**King:** Yes!  
You'll have the whole evening to make up your mind.  
Let's get the preparations underway;  
the ball must be held before your brother comes home.  
*(on his way to the exit)*

**Charlemaine:** Why?  
Arlemaine, might find one, too.

**King:** *(stopping in his exit and turning to Charlemaine)*  
No!  
The lady you select might change her mind if she meets him.  
She may worry about the genetic purity of the Royal line.  
Arlemaine is the sort of thing that happens when cousins marry.  
  
*(They exit.)*

**LIGHTS: DOWN ON PALACE**

**MUSIC: TRANSITION MUSIC**

**Scene 4: "The Invitation"**

**LIGHTS: UP ON CINDY'S HOUSE**

*(Cinderella is still sitting as she was at the close of the previous scene, but now she is reading her Bible. Delilah enters and yells at her.)*

**Delilah:** Cinderella!  
You have mountains of work to do;  
why are you just sitting there reading a book?

**Cinderella:** *(not moving from her position.)*  
I am reading this book because I have mountains of work to do!

**Delilah:** *(looking at the book with curiosity)* What kind of a book is this?

**Cinderella:** It's my Bible.

**Delilah:** Oh no.  
Are you going to start in on me again?

**Cinderella:** No, Delilah.

**Delilah:** Are you going to waste my time with another Sunday school lesson?

**Cinderella:** No, Delilah.

**Delilah:** Are you going to tell me that God loves me,  
and all that foolishness?

**Cinderella:**  
*(shaking her head "no" as Delilah stares at her, then nodding her head, "yes" when Delilah turns away)*

He does!  
You should stop trying to fool Him, Delilah.  
He can see right through you!

**Delilah:** Fool Him?

**Cinderella:** Yes.  
He knows that you're really a beautiful person on the inside.  
It's just a really deep thing with you.  
He has to look really hard.

**Delilah:** *(fluffing her hair)* Does God really think I'm beautiful?

**Cinderella:** *(stopping Delilah from primping)* Not that kind of beauty.  
God doesn't see as we see.  
We look at outward appearances,  
but God looks at the heart!

**Delilah:** *(looking worried)* Heart?  
You mean God knows the "real me"?

**Cinderella:** I know the real you,  
but God knows what you could become  
in spite of the real you.

**Delilah:** What could I become?

**Cinderella:** Nice.

*(Delilah glares at her and Cinderella cowers.)*

I mean, God can teach you how to sacrifice for the good of other people.

**Delilah:** Sacrifice?

**Cinderella:** Yes.  
God taught us how to sacrifice for each other  
when He sacrificed His son on the cross.  
I've told you that story so many times!

**Delilah:** Do you really think He saved us?

**Cinderella:** Yes, from our sins and from each other!

**Delilah:** Well, I don't have time for any of your sermons.  
Our guests are arriving in just a few hours,  
and I don't see that you are even close to serving dinner.  
Are you just going to sit there?

**Cinderella:**

*(She jumps up and points to several imaginary tables in the direction of the audience, as if to show Delilah what she has already done.)*

The pies are baked, the rolls are ready to put in the oven;  
the chicken is basting,  
the vegetables are cut,  
the rice is simmering,  
and all the tables are set.

**Delilah:** *(quite embarrassed)* Oh, I ah...  
It's a good thing you have the situation under control.  
It's just a good thing.

Did you do this all by yourself?

**Cinderella:** *(looking at her Bible)* Not really, but my hands did the work.

**Delilah:** As long as you have the situation under control.

**Cinderella:** I'm not the one controlling the situation,  
that's why it's under control.

**Saphirah:** *(bursting into the room holding the invitation to the ball for Delilah to see)*  
The Prince is giving a ball!

**Delilah:** A ball?

**Saphirah:** Yes!  
And we're invited!

**Delilah:**           *(screaming)* Ahhhh!  
We're invited?

**Saphirah:**        Yes, listen.

*(Cinderella enters to hear this.)*

By order of his royal majesty King Boris III,  
All the single young women  
between the ages of 16 and 25  
are invited to attend a royal ball  
in honor of the crown Prince Charlemaine;  
so that he may find a suitable wife  
from among the fair maidens  
of the Kingdom of Minutia.

**Delilah:**           *(screaming)* Ahhhh!  
We're invited!

*(gasping)* Oh, Prince Charlemaine is such a dream.  
He should be called Prince Charming.

**Saphirah:**        And his brother should be called Prince Alarming!

**Delilah:**           *(running over to the invitation)* Is he looking for a wife?

**Saphirah:**        Prince Alarming, or Prince Charming?

**Delilah:**           Prince Arlemaine.  
I think He's kind of cute.

**Saphirah:**        He is a royal embarrassment!  
I've heard he's joined the circus and is touring around the world.  
You can bet he won't be here tomorrow night!

**Delilah:**           I'll wear my green dress.

**Saphirah:**        Your green dress makes you look like a frog.

**Delilah:**           Then my blue dress.

**Saphirah:**        It makes you look fat!

**Delilah:**           Then I'll wear your pink dress.

**Saphirah:**        No!  
I'm wearing the pink dress.

*(They argue.)*

**Cinderella:** *(breaking into the argument)* I'll wear the green dress.  
And I'll let out the blue one,  
*(to Saphirah)* and you can wear the pink one.

We'll all look just lovely,  
and we'll have a ball!

*(She laughs at her own joke.)*

**Saphirah:** You? Go to the ball?  
Not in her green dress, you don't.

**Delilah:** *(to Saphirah)* Well, I don't mind if she...

**Saphirah:** How could you be so cold?  
Mother made that dress for you.

**Sisters:** *(In unison)* Mother!

*(They repeat the simultaneous reach for the tissue, blow and cry.)*

**Saphirah:** How do you think it would make her feel if you let someone else wear it?  
Will you give no dignity to the dead?

**Delilah:** Of course.

*(to Cinderella)* You can't wear it, Cinderella.  
It wouldn't be right.

**Saphirah:** Besides, the ball is tomorrow night,  
and our dinner party is tonight.  
You will be much too busy preparing for our party

**Delilah:** And cleaning it up!

**Saphirah:** To make yourself anything decent to wear.

**Delilah:** *(trying to be nice )* Besides,  
the prince is seeking a wife from the among the fairest in the realm;  
I don't think you would.....

**Saphirah:** A wife, Cinderella, not a kitchen maid.  
You aren't in his league my dear.  
You are aware of that, I presume.

**Delilah:** We'll give the prince your regards.

**Saphirah:** Come, sister.  
We have to change for our own party.  
Dinner is at 8:00, Cinderella.  
See that it is on time.

*(They exit.)*

**Cinderella:** I don't see why I can't go.  
I can make dinner,  
serve it,  
clean it up,  
make a dress...  
out of what?  
With what money?  
With what time?  
Maybe I'll just sit here...

*(Cinderella gives a sigh of sadness and slumps into her chair.)*

**LIGHTS: FADE DOWN ON CINDY'S HOUSE**

**Act 2**

**Scene 1: "Dinner is Served"**

**LIGHTS: UP ON THE HOUSE FOR DINNER**

**MUSIC: DINNER MUSIC (waltzes, etc.)**

**NOTE:** If this is a "dinner theater," the dinner is served at the banquet.

*(The sisters mingle at the dinner as though the guests were theirs, and Cinderella runs herself ragged serving people. The sisters yell at Cinderella if they notice someone needs more coffee, water, etc.)*

**Scene 2: "Relatively Speaking"**

**LIGHTS: FLICKER THE HOUSE LIGHTS FOR ATTENTION**

**LIGHTS: UP ON PALACE**

**MUSIC: TRANSITION MUSIC CUE FOR MIRROR ROUTINE**

*(Prince Charming is admiring himself in a mirror, at the palace. Prince alarming sneaks up behind him. They do the famous "turn-around, don't see me" routine. Then, after a couple of turn-arounds:)*

**Charlemaine:** Arlemaine!

**Arlemaine:** Charlemaine!

**Charlemaine:** What are you doing here?

**Arlemaine:** I live here!  
At least I used to.  
Unless there's something I need to know.

**Charlemaine:** No, ah... everything's fine.  
I'm ah...  
Does father know you are home?

**Arlemaine:** No, I thought I'd surprise him.

**Charlemaine:** Oh, he'll be surprised all right.

**Arlemaine:** Good.  
I have a few more surprises for him.

**Charlemaine:** What?

**Arlemaine:** I have etiquette.

**Charlemaine:** Really?

**Arlemaine:** Watch.  
*(He bends over to bow, and burps as his waist bends.)*

**Charlemaine:** Arlemaine!  
How tasteless.

**Arlemaine:** *(smacking his lips)* It tasted quite fine, actually.

**Charlemaine:** Don't do that for father.  
He'll be convinced he's wasted money again.

**Arlemaine:** *(adopting a very pompous pose and speaking in a fine French accent)*  
Ah... Do not become unnecessarily agitated my good sir.  
The picture of perfection stands here before you,  
ready at a moment's notice  
to eat with the proper fork,  
drink without slurping,  
make a regal entrance into the room,  
approach a lady with dignity,  
and only speak the wittiest pleasantries.

*(He bows respectfully without burping this time. He holds the bow with his head down.)*

**Charlemaine:** You didn't burp!

**Arlemaine:** (*burping on the way up this time*) Sometimes it happens on the way up.

**Charlemaine:** Will you be staying or leaving?

**Arlemaine:** Leaving?

**Charlemaine:** So you are leaving?  
(*ushering him to the door*) Oh, well that's too bad.  
I guess this is good-bye, then.  
Good seeing you.

**Arlemaine:** (*turning around*) I'm not going anywhere;  
I'm tired of traveling.  
I think I might settle down and stay home for a while.  
  
(*looking worried*) What's the matter?

**Charlemaine:** We're going to have a ball.

**Arlemaine:** (*puts his arm around Charlemaine*) I know, I'm looking forward to it, too.

**Charlemaine:** No, no!  
Our father, the King, is giving a ball tonight.

**Arlemaine:** Why?

**Charlemaine:** So I can pick a wife.

**Arlemaine:** What?

**Charlemaine:** A wife.  
All the single maidens in the realm have been invited,  
and I am to select one of them to be my bride.  
The wedding is next week.

**Arlemaine:** Wait a minute.  
  
(*adopting the same French gentleman pose he used earlier*)  
Let me fully comprehend the gravity of your current circumstance.  
Our father, the King,  
has made the selection of a bride compulsory for his eldest son,  
and your entire future hinges on your finding the love of your life  
in one night,  
tonight?



**Charlemaine:** *(moving him toward the door again)* Yes, it will a boring, tedious affair.  
I wouldn't go if I were you.

**Arlemaine:** *(turning around again)* Nonsense!  
Do you think I would leave you alone,  
defenseless against all those love-starved specimens of feminine perfection.  
Never!  
What is a brother for?  
But to stand beside you in your hour of need.

*(He puts his arm around him.)*

**Charlemaine:** *(breaking away from Arlemaine's arm)* You really mustn't bother.  
I'm sure there's a war somewhere.  
You wouldn't want to miss it.

**Arlemaine:** No, yours is a more desperate battle.  
I fear you are in a veritable quagmire,  
my good man.  
But rest assured  
that after you have selected the fairest in the realm  
and tied the nuptial knot with her,  
I shall take it upon myself  
to carefully investigate all the runner-ups.  
I'm sure it will take my full energy for a long, long time.

**Charlemaine:** So you'll be there.

**Arlemaine:** We'll all be there.

**Charlemaine:** Oh no. Did you bring people home with you again?

**Arlemaine:** Oh yes,  
a whole mob of bums were huddled under the old bridge by South Fork Lake.  
It seems they didn't feel safe in town anymore.  
They said there had been a drive-by shooting.  
And something about a Godfather?  
Do you know anything about that?

**Charlemaine:** Bums? You brought a bunch of bums home with you to the palace?

**Arlemaine:** Sure, we have plenty of extra rooms,  
and from what they said,  
it's not safe out on the streets anymore.  
Don't worry, we'll dress all these guys up nice  
before we let them into the ball.  
*(poking Charlemaine in the side)* All those little cuties need escorts,  
don't they?  
At least until we single out the ones we want, eh?

*(They start to exit.)*

Don't worry;  
When you look out and see all those guys dressed up at the ball;  
nobody will know they're really just a bunch of bums.  
Besides, I'll teach 'em etiquette!

*(He bows and burps in Charlemaine's face.)*

**Charlemaine:** *(exasperated.)* Bums?  
You brought bums home last time.

*(He exits.)*

**Arlemaine:** *(calling after Charlemaine as he exits)*  
Yeah, but this time I didn't let them bring their dogs.

**MUSIC:**     **TRANSITION MUSIC OF A FESTIVE NATURE**

**LIGHTS:**     **DOWN ON THE PALACE**

**Scene 3:**    **"The Visitor"**

**LIGHTS:**     **UP ON CINDY'S HOUSE**

*(Cinderella is polishing the sister's shoes on the evening of the ball. The sisters enter the room shouting commands at Cinderella.)*

**Saphirah:**     *(entering with Delilah following close behind)* Cinderella!  
Did you call the taxi?

**Cinderella:**    Yes.

**Saphirah:**     Good, we mustn't keep the prince waiting for his new bride.

**Delilah:**      Don't set yourself up for heartbreak, sister.  
You may have to be content just being related to the prince.

*(Saphirah stares at her.)*

Through me, of course.

**Cinderella:**    You both look lovely.  
Here are your shoes.  
See how they sparkle.

*(She holds them up, but both girls just grab them and put them on quickly.)*

Oh, I wish I were going, too!

**Saphirah:** Here we go again.  
Another pity party!  
Count your blessing, Cinderella.

*(They start to leave, then Saphirah turns)*

Oh, I noticed a new layer of dust on the upstairs baseboards.  
See that they are clean when we get home.  
Dust effects my sinuses.

**Delilah:** And sinuses bring on sister's headaches.

**SOUND: A KNOCK ON THE DOOR**

The taxi's here!

*(The sisters grab their things and exit quickly, leaving Cinderella standing alone.)*

**Cinderella:** *(calling after them)* Have a good....time.

**Delilah:** *(returning after a moment)* Goodnight, Cinderella.

*(She exits.)*

**MUSIC: TRANSITION MUSIC, A BIT SAD**

*(Cinderella sits, dejected and depressed at the table. She buries her head in her hands and starts to cry.)*

**SOUND: A KNOCK ON THE DOOR**

*(Cinderella gets up, peeks through the peek-hole, then opens the door. The Godfather steps in.)*

**Cinderella:** *(looks around for gunmen)* Godfather! What are you doing here?

**Godfather:** I'm leaving town tonight,  
but I couldn't leave without saying thanks.

So, I brought you something... a little present.

**Cinderella:** A present for me?  
Oh, thank you.

**Godfather:** Don't thank me yet.  
You might think this is a little weird,  
but I really thought you had nice feet.  
When I came across these glass slippers,  
I thought you might like them.  
*(He hands her the slippers.)* So here.

**Cinderella:** Oh, they're lovely!

**Godfather:** You can see right through them,  
just like you could see right through me.

*(She admires the slippers.)*

Could you really see through me?

**Cinderella:** Sure.  
I could see that there was good in you.  
You helped me pick up my groceries.  
Anyone who puts another person's needs above his or her own  
has the love of God flowing through them.  
You are that sort of person, Godfather, there is good in you.

*(looking at the slippers again)*

*(thoughtfully)* I'm glad I looked through you.  
Why were those people shooting at you?

**Godfather:** I put a hit out on somebody;  
for callin' me a fairy.

*(He looks around)*

Nobody calls me a Fairy Godfather!

**Cinderella:** A hit?  
What's that.

**Godfather:** Ah, don't worry your pretty little head about it.  
Anyway, he missed, thanks to you.  
You saved my skin, Cindy, and I owe you one.

**Cinderella:** You don't owe me anything.  
Everyone deserves to be loved.  
That's God's design.

*(She hugs the slippers tightly.)*

Thanks for the slippers.

**Godfather:** Hey, why aren't you at the ball?  
Every pretty girl in town is there,  
and a few that ah...well,  
shouldn't have bothered if you know what I mean.

**Cinderella:** I wanted to go,  
but my sisters said I wouldn't fit in,  
not with royalty and all that.

**Godfather:** What?  
You are the classiest person I've ever met!  
Of course you'd fit in.

**Cinderella:** Besides, I don't have a dress.  
I have slippers, though.

*(She holds them up.)*

**Godfather:** Ha! Maybe you don't have a dress, but I do.

**Cinderella:** You have a dress?

**Godfather:** Hey, wait a minute, hold it.  
I know what you're thinking;  
Well, it's not like that.  
I...ah....well,  
me and my boys  
we were protecting this shop called "Whirl With Earl" Formal Wear.  
Well, ol' Earl didn't pay up on his contract, see,  
so we confiscated the goods.  
I got a lot of his stuff in my limo outside.  
*(He sizes her up.)* I'm sure there's a dress in there that would fit you.  
Yeah, I'm sure there is, just a minute.

*(He runs outside.)*

**Cinderella:** *(admires the glass slippers, waits expectantly for the dress)*

**Godfather:** *(comes in carrying a lovely pink dress and a tiara.)*  
Here you go, Cindy. Put it on.

*(Cinderella goes behind a partition to change.)*

**NOTE:**

Cinderella needs an attendant to help her with costume changes, and her dressing room must be right beside her entrance to the ball and not too far from the set which is her house. Sometimes she has only 3 minutes to go from rags to riches, and she changes three times!

*(While Cindy changes behind a partition, quickly, the godfather faces the audience and adjusts his hat in an imaginary mirror. He shrugs his shoulders and looks real tough. Cindy emerges dressed in her gown, with her hair done up in the tiara.)*

**Cinderella:** How can I ever thank you!

**Godfather:** *(in his best Marlon Brando imitation)* Aw, forget about it.

**Cinderella:** I'm really going to the ball?

*(The Godfather nods.)*

It's lovely!

*(She gives him a kiss on the cheek.)*

Thank you!

**Godfather:** You're lovely!

Aw, Cindy, I wish I could let you keep that dress, but I can't.

See, I got a buyer for the whole stash.

I'm meeting him at midnight tonight.

He's already inventoried it.

He'll know if the dress is missing,

and he's not the kind of guy you would short change on a deal,  
if you know what I mean.

I gotta' have it back at midnight.

**Cinderella:** How will I get it back to you?

**Godfather:** I'll meet you right outside the ball, you can change there.

That way you can stay as long as possible, okay?

**Cinderella:** Okay!

I guess I'm really going to meet the prince after all.

**Godfather:** You sure are.

Have a ball! *(He laughs at his own joke.)*

**Cinderella:** I will.

*(There is an awkward pause. They both look at each other.)*

I...uh... how am I going to get there?

**Godfather:** Oh, I'll take you in my limo.

Come on, I'll move a box of top hats off the front seat.

Hey, I've got a red carnation you could wear.

You want that?

**Cinderella:** No thanks,  
I think it might clash with the pink.

*(They exit.)*

**LIGHTS:** DOWN ON CINDY'S HOUSE

**MUSIC:** TRANSITION MUSIC, VERY FESTIVE

### ACT 3

#### Scene 1: "Having A Ball"

**LIGHTS:** UP ON THE PALACE

**MUSIC:** FESTIVE PARTY MUSIC

*(The King and Prince Charlemaine are socializing with the sisters and with the people in attendance at the ball.)*

**King:** Welcome, welcome one and all to this grand and festive evening.  
Tonight we celebrate the miracle of romance  
and surround ourselves with all that is lovely in this world.  
Thank you for coming ladies.  
The prince will have the pleasure of meeting every breathtaking one of you.  
*(to Charlemaine)* Shall we begin with these two lovelies, your highness.

**Charlemaine:** *(bowing as he meets Delilah)* Charmed.

**Delilah:** Oh no!  
You're the one who is charming, Prince Charming.

*(She giggles and loses her composure.)*

*(Saphirah pushes herself in front of Delilah and takes the Prince's hand.)*

**Charlemaine:** *(bowing as a matter of reflex)* Charmed.

**Saphirah:** You are everything I had hoped for.  
We'll be so happy!

**Charlemaine:** Yes, I trust you will both be very happy, tonight...at the party.

**Delilah:** *(reaching to shake the prince's hand enthusiastically)*  
I feel like I've known you all my life.

**Saphirah:** What she means is,  
that we fit in so well here...  
with royalty and all that sort of thing, you know...I mean we.

**Delilah:** We're just having a ball!

**Charlemaine:** Good, I'm glad you're having a good time.  
That's the idea.

**King:** Will you two lovely ladies do us the honor of sharing the first dance?  
The minuet.

**MUSIC: MINUET MUSIC**

*(The sisters, King, and Charlemaine dance the first few measures; the sisters trip and pull at each other, trying to get each other to give up the Prince as a partner. The dance is almost a slapstick gag in physical comedy as each sister tries for the attentions of the Prince. After the music stops, everyone looks up as Cinderella enters the room.)*

**Saphirah:** Who is that?

**Delilah:** I don't know.

**Saphirah:** I thought the Prince only invited the girls from Minutia.  
That is obviously a Princess.  
*(To Delilah)* We're dead meat!

**Delilah:** Maybe she's not staying.

**Saphirah:** Be serious; nobody looks like because they're leaving.  
She's staying!

**Delilah:** And so are we!

*(Delilah marches with resolve over to Prince Charlemaine who is staring in wonder at Cinderella. As Delilah arrives in his face with Saphirah close behind, Charlemaine turns his back to them and speaks to his father.)*

**Charlemaine:** Father, who is that girl?

**King:** I don't know, son,  
but If I were you,  
I wouldn't lose a moment in finding out.

**Delilah:** *(standing in Charlemaine's way as he moves toward Cinderella)*  
Oh, Prince Charming.  
I was wondering if we could...



*(He walks right past her.)*

*(Saphirah Follows close behind Delilah and yelling at the Prince in desperation.)*

**Saphirah:** Stop right there!  
Don't take another step!

*(The Prince freezes in his tracks, turns around and speaks to her.)*

**Charlemaine:** Ladies, I have had the pleasure of your company;  
now excuse me.  
I have other guests.

*(He turns around and mounts the stairs where Cinderella is standing. He takes her hand and walks her down to the others. The two of them dance to a lovely waltz and twirl away blissfully. After about 30 seconds of dancing, Charlemaine and Cinderella step off to the side speak to each other.)*

**Charlemaine:** You are the most beautiful girl I have ever seen.

**Cinderella:** You are very kind.

**Charlemaine:** The truth cannot masquerade as kindness, your majesty.

*(He bows low.)*

**Cinderella:** *(flustered by his presumption that she is royalty)*  
Oh, I'm not majesty;  
I mean royalty.  
I'm just an ordinary girl.  
I've come to meet Prince Charlemaine.  
Is he here?

**Charlemaine:** *(surprised that she doesn't know him)* Is he here?  
Ah...yes, he's here.

**Cinderella:** Can you point him out to me?

**Charlemaine:** *(He cranes his neck to look around the room.)* Yes, I think so.

**Cinderella:** What kind of a person is he?

**Charlemaine:** He's, well...he's uh...  
a very handsome fellow.

**Cinderella:** I've heard that he is.

**Charlemaine:** Rich too; he's very rich.

**Cinderella:** I suppose so.

**Charlemaine:** He's got a real problem, though.

**Cinderella:** Really? What's the matter?

**Charlemaine:** He has to select a bride this very night.  
Can you imagine that?

**Cinderella:** Oh, how frightening!

**Charlemaine:** Exactly.  
The poor chap barely has time to look at all the ladies.

**Cinderella:** Oh, that would be terrible.

**Charlemaine:** What?

**Cinderella:** If he only had time to look "at" them.  
How would he ever know which one to choose?  
I hope you don't think me rude,  
but I really must go and find the prince.

*(She starts to leave.)*

**Charlemaine:** I'll help you.  
I know my way around here fairly well.

**Cinderella:** Is he a good person?

**Charlemaine:** The prince?

**Cinderella:** Yes.

**Charlemaine:** Good?  
You mean do people like him?

**Cinderella:** No, "good" doesn't mean "nice."  
It's easy to be a "nice" person;  
being "good" is much harder.

**MUSIC: ANOTHER WALTZ BEGINS BUT IT IS INTERRUPTED BY SOME CRAZY JAZZ MUSIC WITH LOUD HORNS AND DRUMS.**

*(Charlemaine begins to dance the next dance with Cindy; however, the music changes, and Arlemaine enters the room to strange music. The King is mortified and leaves the room. All eyes are on Arlemaine, but he has eyes only for Cinderella. He heads right over to her, but the stepsisters follow. Arlemaine does some silly dance moves around Cinderella and ends up bowing to her.)*

**Cinderella:** Are you the prince, son of King Boris III?

**Arlemaine:** As a matter of fact missy, I am.  
And you are?

*(He bows but does not burp.)*

**Cinderella:** Cinderella.

**Charlemaine:** *(taking Cinderella by the hand)* The lady is with me.  
There are plenty to choose from Arlemaine;  
this one is taken.

**Arlemaine:** Ah, dear brother, you speak too soon.  
A lady's heart is never taken;  
only given.

**Charlemaine:** Then my greatest wish is that it be given to me.

*(He bows to her.)*

**Cinderella:** Prince Charlemaine?

**Arlemaine:** In the flesh!  
*(Catching himself)* Well, ah...actually...  
he does have his clothes on tonight.  
Fancy, huh?  
We're both fancy;  
don't you think....I mean,  
I think we're fancy.  
You're fancy.  
Did you see all those fancy guys out there?  
You'd never know they were all a bunch of dressed up bums, would ya?

**MUSIC:** WALTZ MUSIC

*(Charlemaine takes Cinderella by the hand and leads her away, leaving a disheartened Arlemaine.)*

**Charlemaine:** May I have this next dance?

**Cinderella:** Is that your brother?  
**Charlemaine:** Brother?  
No, no uh...  
my brother was an only child.

## **Scene 2: "Cutting A Rug"**

### **OPTIONAL AUDIENCE AND CAST DANCE:**

*(This is the point in the evening when you may teach a "Minuet," to the audience or let them dance some old-fashion waltzes, or simply let the ball happen and the couples dance as long as you wish. Some groups even hire a band and let them play the music "live.")*

*The King encourages everyone to dance. Arlemaine dances with some of the women when he is not giving "etiquette" lessons to the bums. The sisters continue to try to flirt with Charlemaine, but he only has eyes for Cinderella. Several dances happen, then Charlemaine and Cinderella stand underneath the arch. The King notices them and gives a knowing wink to the audience. The music dies down*

*The King, the sisters, and Arlemaine begin a gentle clapping to get the audience's attention. He encourages people to take their seats, so they can hear the rest of the scene. When the audience is settled down, the scene begins:)*

## **Scene 3: "The Announcement"**

**Charlemaine:** I never thought I could be so happy.  
Are you happy?  
**Cinderella:** *(She hesitates.)* Yes. I am.  
**Charlemaine:** Are you all right?  
**Cinderella:** Oh yes, it's just that this is all so grand.  
I've never seen anything so beautiful!  
**Charlemaine:** Then you have never seen yourself in a mirror.  
**Cinderella:** You are so kind.  
**Charlemaine:** The truth cannot masquerade as kindness.  
*(He kisses her hand!)*  
I must make an announcement.  
This will make my father very happy.

*(He turns to address the audience.)*

**SOUND:      CLOCK STRIKING 12**

*(The clock begins to chime twelve. Cinderella panics. She turns to run away as the Prince has his back turned to her and faces the audience. When the twelfth chime has rung, Cinderella has disappeared and Arlemaine has run into the scene and is standing under the arch where Cinderella stood just moments ago. Charlemaine now has the audience's attention, and he speaks.)*

**Charlemaine:**      Ladies and gentlemen.  
                              May I have your attention please?  
                              It gives me a great deal of pleasure to introduce you to the next  
                              Queen of Minutia...

*(He points to the arch, turns and sees Arlemaine standing under it, and is shocked.)*

**Arlemaine:**            *(Shouting)* The girl is gone!

**Charlemaine:**        What?

*(The prince searches the ball madly for Cindy; Arlemaine shows him that Cindy left through the trellis, and Charlemaine dashes through searching for her.)*

**MUSIC:      TRANSITION OF MUSIC ON A SOMBER NOTE**

**LIGHTS:      CHANGES TO REFLECT THE FRONT OF THE PALACE**

**Scene 4: "The Truth Hurts"**

*(The Godfather stands beside the trellis as Cinderella emerges dressed once again in her rags.)*

**Godfather:**            Sorry, Cindy....  
                              I gotta' run.  
                              Will you get home okay?

**Cinderella:**            I'll be fine, really.  
                              Thank you for everything.

*(The Godfather takes the dress, but leaves her the slippers. Cindy races down the stairs, but trips halfway down. Her slipper trails to the bottom of the stairs. She falls down and cries in pain. She grabs her foot. Prince Charlemaine races by her and stops at the base of the stairs. He picks up the glass slipper. He looks both ways. He is discouraged, and begins to mount the stairs slowly. He notices Cinderella, but she doesn't look anything like she did when she was dressed up.)*

**Charlemaine:**        *(bitterly)* What are you doing out here?  
                              I told the chef to keep your kind in the kitchen.  
                              Wasn't that made clear to you?

**Cinderella:** *(She stares at him in disbelief.)* I...I'm sorry.  
I was just...

**Charlemaine:** *(cutting her off)* I don't care what you were doing;  
do it someplace where you won't be seen by respectable people.

**Cinderella:** *(Staring at him intently.)* I'm sorry; very, very sorry.

**Charlemaine:** *(Noticing her staring at him intently.)*  
What are you looking at?

**Cinderella:** I'm not looking "at" anything.

**Charlemaine:** Did you see a beautiful, young woman, come racing by here?  
Her eyes sparkled, like she was in love?

**Cinderella:** In love?  
  
*(The prince nods, and Cinderella bows her head.)*  
No.

**Charlemaine:** She had on glass slippers.  
Like this one.

*(The prince shows her the slipper, and Cinderella shakes her head, "no." She hides her other foot that wears the glass slipper with her dress.)*

**Charlemaine:** See to it that you get off these stairs.  
My guests will be leaving soon,  
and I don't want them to see the likes of you at the palace.

*(He hurries up the stairs.)*

## **Scene 5: "What You See is What You Get"**

*(Cinderella sits on the steps and begins to cry. Arlemaine strolls by. He notices her, climbs up the stairs and plops down beside her.)*

**Arlemaine:** Bad night, huh?

*(Cinderella looks up through her tears and nods.)*

Well, look at the bright side.

*(She sobs)*  
Okay, let's look on the dark side.

*(She sobs some more.)*

Well, then. Let's join the party, that'll cheer you up.

*(He starts to help her up, but she cringes in pain.)*

What happened to you?

**Cinderella:** I think I twisted my ankle.

**Arlemaine:** Oh, you poor kid.  
Well, you'd better forget the idea of cuttin' a rug in there.

**Cinderella:** I'll be fine.  
You back to your party.

**Arlemaine:** It's awfully stuffy in there.  
I need some air.  
I was getting bored; you know: you been to one ball, you been to 'em all.

*(He paces back and forth breathing deeply)*

**Cinderella:** Did they throw you out?

**Arlemaine:** Is it that obvious?

**Cinderella:** Yes.

**Arlemaine:** You must have been looking right through me?

**Cinderella:** I was. I mean, I usually do.  
You miss a lot when you only look "at" people.  
You have to look "through" them,  
and see what's on the inside.  
That's usually the best part.

**Arlemaine:** Do I know you?

**Cinderella:** Yeah, we met inside at the party,  
just a minute ago.

**Arlemaine:** No, before that.

**Cinderella:** *(thinking)* You must, because I feel like I know you, too.

**Arlemaine:** Have you ever been on safari?  
*(He aims an imaginary rifle.)*

**Cinderella:** You mean like missionary work?

**Arlemaine:** Yeah,  
I met a group of missionaries in Africa  
who taught me a whole new way of looking at things.

**Cinderella:** *(shakes her head “No”)*

**Arlemaine:** You ever do any fencing in Belgium?  
*(He jumps about, doing some fencing steps.)*

**Cinderella:** No. *(She stares at him for a moment.)*  
I'll be all right, really!  
Go join your party.

**Arlemaine:** Are you kidding?  
*(He sits down beside her)*  
and leave you all alone out here for any 'ol weirdo  
to just plop down beside you and strike up a conversation?  
Never!  
Come on. I'll see you safely home.

*(He helps Cinderella up, and begins to walk her off the stage.)*

A gorgeous little thing like you has to be careful;  
most of those fancy guys in there are just a bunch of dressed-up bums.

**Cinderella:** I know.  
One of them came by here earlier.

*(Cinderella limps off the stage with Arlemaine's help.)*

**LIGHTS: PALACE LIGHTS DOWN**

**ACT 4**

**Scene 1: "If the Shoe Fits..."**

**MUSIC: TRANSITION MUSIC**

**LIGHTS: HOUSE LIGHTS UP**

**NOTE:**

If this is a dinner theater, serve the dessert at this point while the King and Charlemaine are trying the slipper on various women in the audience.



**SOUND: TRUMPET BLOWING A KINGLY FANFARE**

*(The trumpet fanfare calls attention to the King and Prince Charlemagne who enter. The Prince carries the glass slipper on a cushion.)*

**King:** Here ye, Here ye.  
All the maidens in the kingdom of Minutia  
shall be asked to try on this glass slipper  
in hopes that the identity of my son's lady love will be discovered.

**Prince:** *(discouraged)* We've been at this for three days, father.  
Perhaps she's a princess from another country.  
We won't find her in Minutia.

**King:** Possibly;  
but we must try every single, female foot first!

**Prince:** You don't have to go with me.  
I could get one of the palace bums to help out with this.

**King:** Nonsense.  
I must supervise this myself,  
or I'll never have any real pictures in those frames.

*(The prince and the king move from lady to lady in the audience trying on the glass slipper. It fails on every one of them.)*

**NOTE:**  
Be sure that you fill the slipper with tissue in the end, or make it a really small size, so that no woman's foot really would fit the slipper!

*(The King and the Prince are at trying on the slipper on ladies feet at the far side of the hall, when action shifts over to Cinderella's house.)*

**LIGHTS: HOUSE LIGHTS DOWN**

**MUSIC: TRANSITION MUSIC**

**Scene 2: "Looking Right Through You"**

**LIGHTS: UP ON CINDY'S HOUSE**

*(Delilah, followed by Saphirah, enters carrying a box. A note is attached. Delilah reads the name.)*

**Saphirah:** I'm sure it's for me.

**Delilah:** No, it has Cinderella's name on it.

**Saphirah:** Who cares?  
If it's a present, I want it.

*(Saphirah tugs at the present. The girls argue, and Cinderella enters.)*

**Cinderella:** What's that?

**Delilah:** It came in the mail for you.

*(She hands it to Cinderella; Saphirah looks on with disgust.)*

**Saphirah:** There must be some mistake; it's mine.  
*(to Delilah.)* What's gotten into you?

**Cinderella:** *(to Delilah)* Did you tell her?

**Delilah:** Not yet, but I will.

*(Cinderella opens the note and the voice of the Godfather is heard as Cinderella reads. Saphirah tries to peek over Cinderella's shoulder.)*

**Godfather's Voice:** "Dear Cindy:  
I felt like such a heel  
taking that party dress away from such a nice girl like you.  
I bought it back.  
You make me see life differently.

I've given up Godfathering;  
but I'll always be your Godfather.  
Thanks for "looking through" me.  
Vinnie Coruso III.

**Saphirah:** Who's if from?  
What is it?  
Open it! Cinderella!  
Don't just stand there.  
What's in the box?

**Cinderella:** *(heading over to the partition)* You'll see.

*(Cinderella disappears behind the partition.)*

**SOUND: KNOCK ON THE DOOR**

**Saphirah:** *(pushing Delilah out of the way of the door)*  
I'll get it.  
Just in case it's my package, this time.  
  
*(Saphirah opens the door, the Prince and the King enter.)*

**Delilah:** Your Majesties!  
  
*(Saphirah jumps with excitement.)*

**Saphirah:** Yes!

**Prince:** Yes?  
Yes, what?

**Saphirah:** Yes, I'll marry you!  
*(She throws her arms around the Prince.)*

**Charlemaine:** *(Peeling her off of himself.)* That's not why we're here.

**King:** Don't speak too soon, son.  
Ladies, could we trouble you to try on this little glass slipper.  
It seems the woman who has captured my son's heart fits this slipper.

**Delilah:** Oh, of course. We'd be happy to.  
  
*(Delilah tosses off her shoe and sticks her foot out.)*

**Saphirah:** *(Upon seeing the slipper, she grabs it.)* Oh, here it is!  
These are so hard to find.  
I was mortified when I lost it.

**King:** It's yours then?

**Prince:** *(quickly)* No!  
I mean no...way to tell,  
...no way to tell until she tries it on.

**King:** Let's have a try here, Miss.

*(Motions the girls to sit down. Delilah tries first. She grunts and pushes, but it just won't fit. Saphirah is next. She screams with pain as she tries on the slipper.)*

**Prince:** *(Relieved that it doesn't fit either of them.)*  
It looks like we have struck out again, father.

**King:** Are there any other single girls in this household?

**Delilah:** *(at the same time with Saphirah)* Yes.

**Saphirah:** *(at the same time with Delilah)* No.

*(The two girls argue as Cinderella steps out fully dressed in her ball gown. The prince is shocked when he sees her. Both sisters are amazed!)*

**Prince:** *(Rushing up to Cinderella and taking her by the hands.)*  
I found you.

**SOUND:** ROMANTIC WALTZ MUSIC

**Prince:** Father, it's her. This will be my queen!

**King:** Are you sure it's her.

**Prince:** *(grabbing the slipper.)* Yes, watch, I'll prove it!

*(He takes the slipper, Cinderella sits down, and she slips her foot right into the slipper. The King is so overjoyed that he hugs the two sisters. Cinderella produces the other glass slipper and puts it on. Now they match. The Prince helps her up to her feet. He bows and kisses her hand. He takes her over to the king who bows before her also.)*

**Prince:** Father, may I present the next Queen of Minutia and mother of your many grandchildren.

**Cinderella:** *(doing a double take to the prince)* Not!

**MUSIC:** CUTS OFF ABRUPTLY

**Prince:** *(looking shocked)* What?  
I just asked you to be queen!

**Cinderella:** I know,  
and I just told you that I don't want to be your queen.

**Charlemaine:** It's me, don't you remember?

*(He grabs her in a dance pose and twirls her around.)*

**Cinderella:** You told me I was the most beautiful girl you had ever seen.

**Charlemaine:** And you told me I was so kind.

**Cinderella:** The truth cannot masquerade as kindness.

**King:** *(approaching her with wonder)*  
You don't want to have grandchildren?  
Why not?

**Cinderella:** It wouldn't be right to marry you when my heart belongs to another.

**Saphirah:** *(scolding Cinderella)* Are you out of your mind?

**Delilah:** *(to Saphirah)* She's in love with someone else.

**Saphirah:** What has gotten into you?

**Scene 3: "Love Isn't Blind"**

*(Arlemaine bursts into the room and surprises everyone.)*

**Arlemaine:** *(interrupting)* Hey, Cindy.  
You look great!  
*(to Charlemaine)* Doesn't she look great?

**Charlemaine:** What are you doing here?

**King:** You're going to miss your train!

*(The King tries to turn Arlemaine back toward the door and push him out.)*

**Arlemaine:** No, I'm not leaving, father.  
Cindy and I are going to add a wing to the palace  
and settle down.

*(Arlemaine takes Cindy's hand and pulls her close to him. Charlemaine and the King are shocked.)*

**Saphirah:** *(changing her attitude toward Cinderella)*  
Our sister is leaving?  
Oh take us with you to the palace.  
*(She stands near to Cinderella.)*  
We're very close!

**Arlemaine:** No, it's just a small wing.  
For the two of us,  
and maybe a tiny third member of the royal family, someday.

**King:** *(hopefully)* A grandson?

**Arlemaine:** *(taking Cindy by the hand.)* Come on Cindy,  
I have some friends I want you to meet.  
When you first look at them, you'll think they're just bums,  
but when you look carefully...

*(Arlemaine and Cindy start to exit, and as they do Cindy glares at Charlemaine)*

**Cinderella:** *(To Charlemaine)* I'm pretty good at seeing through people.

*(They exit together.)*

**Saphirah:** *(following them)* Cinderella!  
Come back here right now!

**Delilah:** *(calling after Cinderella)* God bless you, Cinderella.

**Saphirah:** *(to Delilah)* What has gotten into you?

**Delilah:** God.

**Saphirah:** Cinderella's God?

**Delilah:** Cinderella's God and my God.

**Saphirah:** *(grabbing her head)*  
Oh, I think I feel another one of my headaches coming on.

**Delilah:** I've got something for that.

**Saphirah:** A poem?

**Delilah:** No, a Bible.  
Cinderella gave it to me.  
*(She holds the Bible out to Saphirah.)*

I want you to read it.

**MUSIC:** TRANSITION MUSIC

**LIGHTS:** OFF ON CINDY'S HOUSE

**Curtain Call**

**LIGHTS:** UP ON THE LOCATION OF THE BALL

**MUSIC:** WALTZ MUSIC AS EACH CHARACTER COMES THROUGH THE  
TRELLIS AND GARDEN ARCH FOR A BOW

**The End**

# "Cindy Scenario" for Dinner Theater

**NOTE:** Post this at every entrance. It helps actors keep things straight!

## **Dinner Part 1:**

*Serve drinks, rolls, and salad. These could be already placed on the tables, so that people are not famished during the opening scenes of the story. Hungry people don't have much fun!*

## **ACT 1**

- Scene 1:** "The Encounter" @ The Marketplace
- Scene 2:** "There's No Place Like Home" @ Cindy's House
- Scene 3:** "The Heir To The Throne" @ The Palace
- Scene 4:** "The Invitation" @ Cindy's House

## **ACT 2**

- Scene 1:** "Dinner is served"
- Scene 2:** "Relatively Speaking" @ The Palace
- Scene 3:** "The Visitor" @ Cindy's House

## **ACT 3**

- Scene 1:** "Having A Ball"
- Scene 2:** "Cutting A Rug"
- Scene 3:** "The Announcement" @ The Ball
- Scene 4:** "The Truth Hurts" On the stairs
- Scene 5:** "What You See Is What You Get."

## **ACT 4**

- Scene 1:** "If the Shoe Fits..." @ The Ball  
*If this is a "dinner theater," dessert is served during the following scene:*
- Scene 2:** "Looking Right Through You" @ Cindy's House
- Scene 3:** "Love Isn't Blind" @ Cindy's House