

Cast In Order Of Appearance:

Narrator
Mother
Father
Evil Sister 1
Evil Sister 2
Cinderella
Pages
Step-Mother
Prince
Pigeons

NARRATOR : The wife of a rich man fell sick and called her only child to her bed.

MOTHER : Dear child, be good and pious, and then the good lord will always protect you. I will look down on you from heaven and be near you.

NARRATOR : The mother then closed her eyes and died. Day after day the maiden went to her mother's grave and wept the tears of the lonely, for her father was losing his mind piece by tiny piece.

SFX: weeping

NARRATOR : She remained pious and good. By the following spring, her father had wed again.

FATHER : A toast to my new wife, who brings into this house two beautiful daughters.

SFX: glasses clinking

NARRATOR : It was true that her new step-sisters were beautiful, but their hearts were black and vile. Now began a bad time for the man's true daughter. He being called away on business gave rise to them taking her pretty clothes away and giving her an old dress and wooden shoes to wear.

EVIL SISTERS

1&2 : Just look at the proud princess now!

SFX: laughter

NARRATOR : The girl worked from morning 'til night carrying water, lighting the fires, and doing the cooking and washing. Her step-sisters were mean to her every chance they could get. They made fun of her –

SFX: nyah nyah ny nyah nyah

NARRATOR : – and gave her no bed so she had to sleep in the cinders by the hearth. Because of this, she always looked dusty and dirty; so they called her Cinderella. One day the father was going to the fair. He asked the step-sisters what they would like.

EVIL SISTER 1 : Beautiful dresses!

EVIL SISTER 2 : Pearls and jewels!

NARRATOR : And when he asked Cinderella what she might find dear, she said –

CINDERELLA : Father, break me off the first branch which knocks off your hat on your way home and bring that to me.

NARRATOR : And so he brought home dresses, pearls and jewels for the step-sisters and a hazel twig for Cinderella. She went to her mother's grave and planted the twig ever so carefully. Her tears watered the twig and in time it grew into a handsome tree.

SFX: trumpets

PAGES : Hark ye, hark ye, the King has announced a three day festival. All the beautiful young girls of the country are invited so that the Prince may choose a wife. Hark ye, hark ye the King has spoken.

SFX: trumpets

NARRATOR : The step-sisters were gleeful and called to Cinderella.

EVIL SISTER 1 : Cinderella, comb our hair for us!

EVIL SISTER 2 : Brush our shoes and fasten our buckles!

EVIL SISTERS
1&2 : We're going to the King's palace.

NARRATOR : Cinderella begged her step-mother to let her go.

STEP-MOTHER : You? You go? All covered in dust and dirt? You have no clothes or shoes. How can you go to the festival?

CINDERELLA : Oh please, please let me go.

STEP-MOTHER : Hmph. Let's see, I have emptied a dish of beans into the ashes for you. If you have picked them out in two hours, you may go with us.

NARRATOR : When her step-mother left the room, Cinderella ran to the window and called –

CINDERELLA : You tame pigeons, you turtle doves, and all you birds beneath the sky, come in here and help me pick up these beans.

SFX: birds

NARRATOR : All the birds came a flitterin' and a flutterin' down and crowded the floor. Hardly an hour had passed and they were all finished picking up the beans and putting them in a dish for Cinderella to give her step-mother. Out they flew.

SFX: birds

NARRATOR : The step-mother was not amused. This time she emptied two dishes of beans into the ashes and told Cinderella she had only one hour to pick them all out. When her step-mother left the room, Cinderella ran again to the window and called –

CINDERELLA : You tame pigeons, you turtle doves, and all you birds beneath the sky, come in here and help me pick up these beans.

SFX: birds

NARRATOR : All the birds again came a flitterin' and a flutterin' in through the window just like before. Hardly an hour had passed and again they were all finished. But her step-mother was not to be pleased.

STEP-MOTHER : No, Cinderella. You cannot come with us. You have no clothes and you don't know how to dance. You'll only be laughed at and we'd be ashamed of you.

NARRATOR : Cruel and heartless they were, and they left Cinderella alone while they rode in a fancy carriage all the way to the festival. Cinderella went to the hazel tree, sat beneath it, and spoke to a little white bird.

CINDERELLA : Shiver and quiver, little tree. Silver and gold throw down over me.

NARRATOR : The little bird threw down a gold and silver dress and fine slippers embroidered with silk and silver. She put them on and off she went to the festival.

SFX: festival music

NARRATOR : When she arrived, not a soul knew who she was. The Prince danced with Cinderella all night and wouldn't let any one else near. He was escorting her home all proper like when Cinderella escaped from the Prince –

SFX: footsteps running

NARRATOR : – and jumped into the pigeon shack behind her father's house.

SFX: door slamming

NARRATOR : The Prince waited in the dark until the father arrived.

PRINCE : The maiden that I was walking with has jumped into your pigeon house.

NARRATOR : The father, thinking the Prince was a bit off, went and got his ax. He broke the door down –

SFX: ax chopping

NARRATOR : – but there was no one inside. Cinderella had jumped out the back of the pigeon shack –

SFX: footsteps running

NARRATOR : – and gone to her mother's grave. She then took off her clothes of silver and gold and the little white bird carried them away.

SFX: bird fluttering

NARRATOR : Now, the father was suspicious that the maiden in the pigeon shack might have actually been Cinderella, who he now thought of as only a serving wench in his house – that's how far his mind had gone off kilter. He no longer recognized her as his daughter. So he took the Prince to the house.

SFX: footsteps and mumbling “Ye'd better come this way.”

SFX: door opening

SFX: fire burning

NARRATOR : They found Cinderella in her dirty clothes amongst the ashes. In the fire light and dust, the Prince did not believe she was the maiden with whom he had danced the night away. The next day the festival began again.

SFX: trumpets

NARRATOR : Her step-mother and step-sisters set out again for the party.

STEP-MOTHER : Goodbye, Cinderella.

EVIL SISTER 1 : Yes, goodbye.

EVIL SISTER 2 : Goodbye.

NARRATOR : When they left, Cinderella ran to the hazel tree –

SFX: footsteps running

NARRATOR : – and was given a dress even more beautiful than the one before.

SFX: festival music

NARRATOR : She and the Prince danced this night away also. The Prince once again wanted to walk her to her door, but as they neared her house she pushed him hard –

SFX: oomph! and fall to the ground

NARRATOR : – and climbed up a tree in the garden. Again her father arrived and the Prince said –

PRINCE : That same maiden has escaped from me. I believe she has climbed up this pear tree.

NARRATOR : The father, thinking the Prince had perhaps been a bit too merry that night, went and got his ax again. He cut the tree down –

SFX: chopping

SFX: tree crashing down

NARRATOR : – but there was no one in it. Cinderella had jumped down the other side long before and raced to her mother's grave.

SFX: footsteps running

NARRATOR : When they found Cinderella in her dirty clothes amongst the ashes the same as the night before, the Prince again did not recognize her in the fire light and dust. The next day was the last day of the festival.

SFX: trumpets

NARRATOR : This time the little white bird gave her an even more magnificent dress and the slippers were a brilliant gold. She and the Prince once more danced the entire evening away together.

SFX: festival music

NARRATOR : However this time, Cinderella escaped from the party so quickly that the Prince didn't even have a chance to follow. Ah, but he was prepared. He had arranged for the entire back staircase to be coated with pitch, which is well sticky, and one of Cinderella's slippers got stuck in it as she ran down the steps and away.

SFX: squishy running footsteps

SFX: suction sound

PRINCE : Aha! At last I have something to help me find the maiden. The one who shall be my wife is the one whom this slipper fits. And I know just the house I'll start with.

NARRATOR : Word of the Prince's plan spread throughout the crowd.

SFX: crowd sounds

NARRATOR : Cinderella's step-mother and step-sisters began a titterin' away.

STEP-MOTHER : Did you hear that, my daughters? You still have a chance to marry the Prince.

EVIL SISTER 1 : Yes, I have pretty feet.

EVIL SISTER 2 : And I have pretty feet, too!

STEP-MOTHER : We must hurry home at once.

NARRATOR : Soon the Prince arrived at their door.

STEP-MOTHER : Let my first daughter try on the slipper, your grace.

NARRATOR : The Prince handed over the slipper and the step-mum carried it into the next room to her eldest daughter.

EVIL SISTER 1 : It doesn't fit! I can't get my big toe into it. Whatever shall I do?

STEP-MOTHER : Cut your toe off. When you are Queen you will have no more need to go on foot.

NARRATOR : Convinced her mother was right, the girl cut her toe off, put the shoe on and swallowed her pain. The Prince fell for this deception.

PRINCE : Come. We shall ride back to the palace on my horse.

SFX: horse walking

NARRATOR : But as they passed the hazel tree, two pigeons began to cry.

PIGEONS : Turn and peep, turn and peep. There's blood within the shoe. The shoe it is too small for her, your true bride still waits for you.

PRINCE : They are right! You are a false bride. We must return at once to your house.

SFX: horse walking

STEP-MOTHER : Let my other daughter try on the slipper, your grace.

NARRATOR : The Prince presented the slipper again and the step-mother carried it into the next room to her youngest daughter.

EVIL SISTER 2 : It doesn't fit! My heel is too large. Whatever shall I do?

STEP-MOTHER : Cut your heel off. When you are Queen you will have no more need to go on foot.

NARRATOR : Convinced her mother was right, the girl cut her heel off, put the shoe on and swallowed her pain. The Prince once more was fooled.

PRINCE : Come. We shall ride back to the palace on my horse.

SFX: horse walking

NARRATOR : But as they passed the hazel tree, the two pigeons began to cry once more.

PIGEONS : Turn and peep, turn and peep. There's blood within the shoe. The shoe it is too small for her, your true bride still waits for you.

PRINCE : They are right! You are also a false bride. We must return at once to your house.

SFX: horse galloping

NARRATOR : When the Prince arrived he went to speak with the father.

PRINCE : Have you no other daughters?

NARRATOR : The father became confused and told the Prince that there was only a little kitchen wench that his late wife had left behind after she died. She couldn't possibly be the bride he was seeking.

PRINCE : Bring her to me. I must see her.

STEP-MOTHER : Oh no, she is much too dirty. She cannot show herself.

PRINCE : Bring her now!

NARRATOR : Cinderella heard the Prince's demand and quickly washed her hands and face clean. When she was handed the slipper, she put it on and it fit perfectly.

PRINCE : Come! We shall ride back to the palace on my horse.

SFX: horse walking

NARRATOR : On their way, two white doves flew down –

SFX: birds fluttering

NARRATOR : – and set themselves upon Cinderella's shoulders. When the wedding was celebrated –

SFX: wedding music

NARRATOR : – the two step-sisters came. They wanted to get into Cinderella's good graces and share her fortune. But, as the step-sisters sat, the doves flew up –

SFX: birds fluttering

NARRATOR : – and pecked their eyes out.

SFX: cries of pain

NARRATOR : This was their punishment for being wicked and trying to deceive the world.