

## CINDERELLA

Adapted from the classic fairy tale by Sarah Meservy

Premiered at Bad Dog Arts, performed by a mixed-age group of students going into grades 3-6 in August 2019.

*This script is available for your use at no cost as long as the individual writers/adapters and source material are credited and no admission is charged.*

Note: Several details (the fairy godmother being a Hairy Dogmother, the fuzzy slippers, the flying saucer) were suggested by the students. Feel free to adapt the script to include your own students' ideas. You may also change the gender of any character as needed (our Stepmother was a Stepfather).

### CHARACTERS

NARRATOR

STEPMOTHER (OR STEPFATHER)

NARCISSA (OR NARCISSUS)

VANITY (OR VAIN)

CINDERELLA (OR CINDERS)

HAIRY DOGMOTHER (OR DOGFATHER)

PRINCE (OR PRINCESS)

FOOTMAN (OR FOOTWOMAN)

NARRATOR: Once upon a time, long ago and far away, a girl named Cinderella lived with her wicked stepmother and two annoying stepsisters.

STEPMOTHER: CINDERELLA!

CINDERELLA: Yes, stepmother?

NARCISSA: CINDERELLA!

CINDERELLA: Yes, Narcissa?

VANITY: CINDERELLA!

CINDERELLA: WHAT?!

(STEPMOTHER, NARCISSA, and VANITY all speak at once, ad-libbing chores for Cinderella.)

NARRATOR: Cinderella had to do all the chores and never had any fun. But then one day an invitation came from the prince.

STEPMOTHER: Narcissa! Vanity! The prince is having a ball!

NARCISSA: The prince is having a ball?

VANITY: The prince is having a ball!

NARCISSA and VANITY: THE PRINCE IS HAVING A BALL! YAY!

CINDERELLA: May I go to the ball?

NARCISSA: You?! Ew!

VANITY: Gross! No way!

CINDERELLA: Please? I really want to go!

STEPMOTHER: Yes, Cinderella, you may go.

CINDERELLA: Really?

STEPMOTHER: Yes, of course. If you can find something appropriate to wear, and you finish all your chores, you can go to the ball.

NARRATOR: Cinderella was so excited! She counted down the days and worked hard to get all her chores done. However, her stepmother and stepsisters went out of their way to give her more and more chores so that she had no time to find a dress. They kept her busy right up until they left for the ball.

STEPMOTHER, NARCISSA, and VANITY: Bye!

CINDERELLA: It's not fair! (cries)

HAIRY DOGMOTHER: Why are you crying, Cinderella?

CINDERELLA: Who are you?

HAIRY DOGMOTHER: I'm your Hairy Dogmother, of course! Why are you crying?

CINDERELLA (still crying): I wanted to go to the ball!

HAIRY DOGMOTHER: What's that you say? You want a ball? Well, that's no problem at all, I've got one right here. (hands Cinderella a ball) There you go, your very own ball.

CINDERELLA: What? No! The royal ball. I want to go to the royal ball!

HAIRY DOGMOTHER: Ohhh! That makes much more sense.

NARRATOR: With a wave of her magic wand, Cinderella's Hairy Dogmother turned Cinderella's clothes into a beautiful ballgown. For her unusually tiny feet, she gave her two fuzzy slippers. Then with one last magic poof, she transformed a nearby frisbee into a flying saucer.

CINDERELLA: Thank you! Thank you! I'm so excited.

HAIRY DOGMOTHER: Have fun! But you must remember, at the stroke of twelve the spell will be broken, and everything will be as it was.

CINDERELLA: Okay, bye!

NARRATOR: Meanwhile at the ball, the two annoying sisters were trying hard to impress the prince.

NARCISSA: Do you like my dress?

VANITY: Don't you like my dress more?

NARCISSA: Don't you want to dance with me? I'm an excellent dancer.

VANITY: I'm an even better dancer!

NARRATOR: The prince, however, was not impressed. But then, Cinderella arrived.

PRINCE: Wow! Who is that?

NARRATOR: The prince was very impressed.

PRINCE: Excuse me, may I have this dance?

NARRATOR: Cinderella and the Prince danced and talked and laughed all evening. Cinderella was having so much fun, that she completely lost track of time. Suddenly, the clock began to chime.

CINDERELLA: Oh no!

PRINCE: What?

CINDERELLA: Uh... gotta go!

PRINCE: Hey! Hey, come back! What did I say? Hey! You dropped your shoe!

NARRATOR: Cinderella jumped into her flying saucer and flew away. The prince went back inside with Cinderella's shoe.

PRINCE: Hey, does anyone know who that woman was? Or where she lives? Or her phone number? I have her shoe. Anyone?

NARRATOR: But no one at the ball knew who Cinderella was. The prince could not stop thinking about her. He told his footman all about her.

PRINCE: She was so pretty and smart and funny, and nice.

FOOTMAN: What's her name?

PRINCE: Uhh...

FOOTMAN: You don't know her name?

PRINCE: No.

FOOTMAN: What do you know about her?

PRINCE: She has really small feet. Like TINY. Look at this thing.

FOOTMAN: You didn't ask her name, but you stole her shoe?

PRINCE: I didn't steal it! I just found it.

FOOTMAN: Your majesty...

PRINCE: What?

FOOTMAN: You are... weird.

PRINCE: We have to find her!

FOOTMAN: What do you want to do, go around trying that shoe on everyone until you find someone it fits?

PRINCE: Good idea!

FOOTMAN: I was kidding!

NARRATOR: But the prince was determined. So they set off, going door to door, looking for the girl whose foot fit the tiny glass slipper.

FOOTMAN (knocking on a door): Hello, his majesty would like to see the feet of all the young ladies of the house.

PRINCE (knocking on another door): Are there any pretty girls here? Girls with feet?

NARRATOR: Finally, they came to the house where Cinderella lived.

FOOTMAN: Hello, we're looking for the girl whose foot will fit into this shoe.

STEPMOTHER: Come in, come in! Narcissa! Vanity! The prince is here!

NARRATOR: The prince tried the shoe on the first sister's foot. It did not fit.

VANITY: Ha ha! You have such big feet, Narcissa!

NARRATOR: The prince tried the shoe on the second sister's foot. It did not fit.

NARCISSA: Ha! Who has big feet now?

VANITY: Still you!

NARCISSA: No, you!

VANITY: No, you!

FOOTMAN: Are there any other young ladies in the house?

STEPMOTHER: No.

(CINDERELLA enters)

FOOTMAN: Really?

STEPMOTHER: Yes.

FOOTMAN: No one else...

STEPMOTHER: No, why?

FOOTMAN (points at CINDERELLA): What about her?

STEPMOTHER: Her?

NARCISSA: Her?

VANITY: HER?

NARCISSA: She has giant feet.

VANITY: Enormous!

NARCISSA: And they're stinky.

VANITY: And gross!

NARRATOR: But the prince ignored the annoying sisters and tried the slipper on Cinderella's foot. And what do you know, it fit perfectly.

PRINCE: I thought it was you.

CINDERELLA: Yeah, of course it's me. You really didn't recognize me?

PRINCE: Will you marry me?

CINDERELLA: What? Are you crazy! We hung out ONE time! And you didn't even remember my name or what I looked like.

NARCISSA: I'll marry you!

PRINCE: No, thank you.

VANITY: What about me? Will you marry me?

PRINCE: No, thanks, I'm good. (to Cinderella) Will you... come over for dinner?

CINDERELLA: Yeah, okay.

NARRATOR: And so Cinderella went over the palace for dinner. And she and the prince became good friends. He helped her find a good job and an apartment so she didn't have to live with her Stepmother any more. And they all lived happily ever after.

END OF PLAY