

CINDERELLA

CINDERELLA AND PRINCE CHARMING

PRINCE: Please pardon me, my lady.

(he leaves the court and walks downstage left, lights dim down on the dancers, who hold their positions during the following. Cinderella comes down the aisle and reaches the stage just as the Prince reaches the downstage corner.)

Good evening, my lady.

CINDERELLA: Good evening, sir.

PRINCE: Do you have an invitation to the ball?

CINDERELLA: Yes, I do, sir. Am I to give it to you?

PRINCE: Yes. I am the footman in charge of collecting all invitations.

(Cinderella gives him the invitation. He looks at it and returns it to her.)

Will you enter, My Lady?

CINDERELLA: (Bows to him, starts in, falters and then turns back to him.)
Would you escort me in, sir?

PRINCE: Escort you?

CINDERELLA: Yes, sir. You see, I've never been to a ball at the palace and I feel frightened.

PRINCE: Frightened of what?

CINDERELLA: Oh, many things, sir. Have you never been frightened?

PRINCE: (thoughtfully) Yes. Yes, my lady. Many times.

CINDERELLA: Good. Then you can understand how I feel.

PRINCE: No, I can't. What could possibly frighten you about visiting the home of your king?

CINDERELLA: So many things. What if I don't do all the right things all the right time? What if I don't behave properly, like all the Lords and Ladies?

PRINCE: Heaven forbid you should ever behave like them.

CINDERELLA: I beg your pardon?

PRINCE: I said isn't the moon a lovely shade of purple this evening?

CINDERELLA: Purple? Oh, I see. You're teasing me.

PRINCE: No, I am not. I say the moon is purple and it is purple.

CINDERELLA: Then there must be something wrong with your eyes, sir. The moon is as brilliant and golden as newly polished copper pot. More beautiful than I have ever seen it. Or perhaps I think so because I am so happy.

PRINCE: And why are you so happy?

CINDERELLA: Just to be here, sir. It's my first ball and I'll tell you a secret, if you promise not to tell anyone.

PRINCE: I promise.

CINDERELLA: This is my first ball gown and my first pair of shoes!

PRINCE: (Amused) Tell me another secret, Princess.

CINDERELLA: I am no Princess, sir.

PRINCE: What is your name?

CINDERELLA: Tonight I have no name.

PRINCE: Not even for a footman?

CINDERELLA: Not even for you. But tonight, you may call me madmoiselle.

PRINCE: Ah, vous-voudraise son beauvourais?

CINDERELLA: Mais, oui. Je voudrais une petite dejune. Je suis fait fatigue et haute.

(They smile at each other)