

Excerpt terms and conditions



This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

You may view, print and download any of our excerpts for perusal purposes.

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest reading the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.

Dramatic Publishing

Cinderella of Loreland

A Modern Three-Act Version of the
Beloved Fairy Tale

by Frances Homer



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

*** NOTICE ***

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty fees are given in our current catalogue and are subject to change without notice. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. All inquiries concerning amateur and stock rights should be addressed to:

DRAMATIC PUBLISHING
P. O. Box 129, Woodstock, Illinois 60098.

COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES. This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including but not limited to the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication, and reading are reserved. *On all programs this notice should appear:*

"Produced by special arrangement with
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY of Woodstock, Illinois"

©MCMXXXIV under the title,
"CINDERELLA, A MODERN THREE-ACT VERSION
OF THE BELOVED FAIRY TALE" by
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
Renewed ©MCMLXI by
FRANCES HOMER

Printed in the United States of America
All Rights Reserved
(CINDERELLA OF LORELAND)

ISBN 0-87129-717-5

**To
Elizabeth**

CINDERELLA

A Modern Three-Act Version of the Beloved Fairy Tale

FOR TWELVE FEMALES, SIX MALES, AND EXTRAS IF DESIRED

As originally produced November 28, 1933, at The Century Drawing Rooms, Philadelphia, by The Philadelphia School of Expression and Dramatic Art, under the direction of the author, with the following cast:

CINDERELLA.....	<i>Ruth Parsons</i>
ASHES, her cat.....	<i>Fini Stellwagon</i>
THE STEPMOTHER.....	<i>Elizabeth Culbertson</i>
TILLIEBELL, her stepsister.....	<i>Rachel Fidler</i>
GLADIOLA, her stepsister.....	<i>Betty McCarthy</i>
THE GODMOTHER.....	<i>Mildred Curry</i>
A FAIRY.....	<i>Clara Jennings</i>
THE PRINCE.....	<i>Thomas Hobson</i>
THE KING.....	<i>Robert Kraus</i>
THE QUEEN.....	<i>Helen Moss</i>
THE PRINCESS IN GOLD.....	<i>Edith Grigg</i>
BIFF, the Court Jester.....	<i>Lillian Barraway</i>
THE PRIME MINISTER.....	<i>Beatrice Levitties</i>
MRS. CHANCELLOR.....	<i>Constance della Cioppa</i>
THE CHANCELLOR	

A LACKEY

GUESTS, LACKIES, etc., as desired.

PLACE: *Cinderella's kitchen, and the reception room at the Palace.*

TIME: *The present.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I: *Cinderella's kitchen. The present. Late afternoon.*

ACT II: *The reception room at the Palace. Later that night.*

ACT III: SCENE I. *The same. The next morning.*

SCENE II. *Cinderella's kitchen. That afternoon.*

Act One

SCENE: *The kitchen in Cinderella's home. There is a wide, picturesque fireplace U C, with a kettle of water hanging on a crane or sitting on the coals. There is a door U L leading to the cellar, a door D L leading to the interior and upstairs, and a door U R leading to the exterior. D R is a window. There is a stool before the fireplace U C, a cupboard U L C, and inside the cupboard is the indispensable pumpkin. There is a table well L C, with straight chairs above, left, and down right of it, and a wing chair D R by the window. The room is in confusion. There is a scrubbing pail and brush on the floor C, a broom propped by the fireplace U C, an ironing board from the table to the chair down right of it, a basket of clothes near the ironing board, with a dress, freshly ironed, lying on it, and a washtub, half filled with suds and containing a washboard, on the bench D R C.]*

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: CINDERELLA is standing behind the tub D R, washing clothes vigorously. ASHES stands right of CINDERELLA, on his hind legs, his front paws held out in front of him, waiting to receive the clothes as CINDERELLA wrings them. CINDERELLA is a small girl in her teens, dainty and petite. She wears a dark, tattered dress, worn dark hose, and dark slippers with holes in the toes. ASHES wears a gray cat costume. He has stolen a little boy's tongue, and talks with all the cocky sturdiness that is so delightful in little boys. CINDERELLA wrings out a garment, shakes it out, and hands it to ASHES, who promptly scampers up stage and out U R, returning a moment later with empty paws. After CINDERELLA hands ASHES the garment, she stands a moment, wearily staring down into the tub in front of her. Then, with a determined thrust, she picks up another garment and starts rubbing it vigorously.]

STEPMOTHER [*off D L*]. Cinderella!

CINDERELLA [*lays the wrung-out garment on the washboard, and wipes her hands on her tattered dress as she crosses to the door D L*]. Yes, Stepmother?

STEPMOTHER [*off D L*]. Have you pressed your sisters' dresses?

[ASHES *enters U R*.]

[ASHES *scampers down to left of the washtub and picks up the garment that CINDERELLA has wrung out.*]

STEPMOTHER [*coming nearer, off D L*]. Of all the lazy, good-for-nothing girls I've ever—

CINDERELLA [*on the cue, "all the lazy"*]. She's coming!

[CINDERELLA *whirls toward ASHES and gives him a warning gesture to scat. ASHES has stopped short at the first sound of the STEPMOTHER'S voice. He drops the garment he holds on the floor left of the tub, crosses quickly U C, and stretches out before the fire in the attitude of a very normal cat. CINDERELLA crosses quickly to the tub and continues scrubbing.*]

[*The STEPMOTHER enters D L.*]

[*The STEPMOTHER is tall and dark, about forty years of age. She is sharp and disagreeable toward CINDERELLA and ASHES, and much given to gushing in the presence of the PRINCE—or even over the mere thought of him. She wears a dark dress suitable for daytime wear.*]

STEPMOTHER [*crossing to left of the ironing board L C*]. Why haven't you pressed your sisters' dresses?

CINDERELLA [*looking up*]. I just finished washing them. [*She resumes her scrubbing vigorously.*]

STEPMOTHER [*angrily, crossing to C*]. I don't know what you do with your time! Lazy girl!

CINDERELLA [*not looking up, scrubbing away*]. But I've had the floor to scrub and the dishes to wash and the windows to clean and the beds to make—

STEPMOTHER. What of it? [*She pauses, then spies the clothing ASHES has dropped.*] And look at that! [*She points to the garment.*] Such carelessness! You've dropped Gladiola's lingerie on the floor!

CINDERELLA [*looking up, speaking quickly*]. But I didn't—
[*She stops short, confused, and her hand goes to her mouth.*]

[*ASHES, realizing things are getting a bit hot for CINDERELLA, slowly comes to C between CINDERELLA and the STEPMOTHER and picks up the garment from the floor.*]

STEPMOTHER [*cutting in, angrily*]. Don't make it worse by lying! Oh, such a girl! If your stupid father could make enough money to hire a trained servant, I'd send you packing! [*She starts R toward CINDERELLA, shaking her finger at her.*] I'd send you packing—

ASHES. Meow! [*He presses his back against the STEPMOTHER'S feet to prevent her reaching CINDERELLA.*]

STEPMOTHER. Get from under my feet, cat!

[*The STEPMOTHER aims a blow with her right foot at ASHES. ASHES, to escape the blow, bounds around to right of CINDERELLA.*]

CINDERELLA [*apologetically, crossing a step or two toward the STEPMOTHER*]. I'm sure Ashes doesn't want to be under your feet.

[*ASHES unobtrusively returns the garment to the tub.*]

STEPMOTHER [*glaring at CINDERELLA, cutting in quickly*]. Just what do you mean by that?

CINDERELLA [*wistfully, looking down at the STEPMOTHER'S feet*]. Ashes isn't very big, and your feet aren't exactly little.

STEPMOTHER [*pouncing on CINDERELLA*]. So! Now you're insulting me!

CINDERELLA [*backing R, toward the tub*]. No! No! I wish I had big feet! Mine are much too little. They get tired so very quickly. [*She looks at her own little feet.*]

STEPMOTHER. Nobody cares if your feet are big or little. The important thing is for you to do your duty. [*She crosses toward the door D L.*]

[*CINDERELLA turns to her washing again and sighs deeply.*]

STEPMOTHER [*turning sharply in front of the table L C*]. And not be sulking about it!

CINDERELLA [*pausing, facing front, sadly*]. There's so much to my duty. It's doing all the things that nobody else wants to do.

STEPMOTHER [*crosses quickly C again and stops*]. Ungrateful girl, you're lucky to have a roof over your head! [*She crosses to above the table L C.*] Get to that ironing! The girls will be home soon, and they'll want their dresses crisp and fresh. [*She crosses up to the fireplace and lifts the lid of the kettle.*] And have tea ready for them, too. The poor darlings will be tired out after shopping all day. [*With a weary sigh, she crosses down to C again.*] I do hope Gladiola has found a lovely dress, and Tilliebell has managed to buy a becoming hat.

CINDERELLA [*eagerly, stopping her work, looking up*]. It must be fun, shopping in stores for hats and dresses! I just love new things. I like the way they smell. And it's exciting—thinking of all that might happen to you when you wear them.

STEPMOTHER [*with a snort*]. Fine chance you have of wearing new things, when your father can't make enough money to keep my own dear daughters in necessary luxuries! [*Tearfully, crossing to the chair right of the table L C and sit-*

ting.] And when I think of all he promised me when I married him!

CINDERELLA [*on the defensive, crossing C*]. It's not poor Father's fault. Everybody has a hard time making money these days. [*Sadly, turning up stage to the fireplace, her back to the audience.*] He's tried so hard. And now he's gone on this long trip to look for better fortune. [*She crosses slowly U C.*]

STEPMOTHER [*crisply*]. And he needn't show his face around here until his pockets are full.

CINDERELLA [*sitting dejectedly on the stool, facing L*]. I miss him so. I don't care what he has in his pockets; I want to see him again. I wish he'd come home. [*She buries her head in her hands and weeps silently.*]

STEPMOTHER [*rising, she stalks up to left of CINDERELLA*]. He can stay away until he has some money to bring with him. Me and my daughters with barely a stitch to our backs! [*Turning and crossing above the table down toward the door D L.*] And all I've done for him! There's not many women who'd have the patience to bring you up!

[*The STEPMOTHER goes out D L.*]

[*There is a moment's pause. CINDERELLA weeps silently. ASHES crosses C and looks D L after the STEPMOTHER.*]

ASHES. She doesn't bring you up—she pushes you up, the old dragon!

CINDERELLA [*looking up quickly*]. Shh! Do be careful, Ashes! If she ever hears you talk, she'll know you're a magic cat. She'll be afraid you'll bewitch her. She'll have Jeb tie a stone around your neck and have you drowned. [*She crosses to the tub, feels in the water, fishes out a last garment, wrings it, and lays it on the board.*]

ASHES. Well, it's all I can do to hold my tongue! [*He crosses and picks up the garment, and hurries U R to the door.*]

CINDERELLA. Remember, it really isn't your tongue.

ASHES [*turning in the door U R*]. It is now!

[ASHES *goes out U R and re-enters soon without the garment.*]

[CINDERELLA *crosses up to the hearth, picks up an old-fashioned iron with a pad, crosses to the ironing board, lays aside the pressed dress, unrolls another small garment and presses it.*]

CINDERELLA [*as ASHES returns*]. Not really, Ashes. The tongue isn't really yours.

ASHES. I can talk with it, can't I? [*He picks up the tub and board and crosses U R to the door.*]

CINDERELLA. Ashes, sometimes I think you're a naughty cat.

ASHES [*turning in the door*]. Sometimes I think so, myself!

[ASHES *goes out U R and re-enters without the tub and board.*]

CINDERELLA [*as ASHES re-enters*]. Don't you ever feel sorry for the poor little boy?

ASHES. No! He tied a tin can to my tail. It served him right when I got his tongue! [*He moves the bench on which the tub stood against the R wall, above the window.*]

CINDERELLA. But don't you feel sorry when people ask him questions, and he can't talk, and he just cries——

ASHES [*cutting in, merrily*]. And everybody says, "Cat's got your tongue! Cat's got your tongue!"

CINDERELLA. You're lucky they don't know which cat.

ASHES. Think how lonely you'd be if I didn't have this tongue.

CINDERELLA. O Ashes, I don't think I could bear it! You're my one comfort! Put the kettle on, will you? Gladiola and Tilliebell will be here any minute, and if tea isn't ready, they'll carry on.

ASHES [*crossing U C to look in the kettle*]. It's hot. I put it on a while ago.

CINDERELLA. Dear Ashes, you're such a help!

ASHES. I'd do anything for you, Cinderella. But it burns me up to have to wait on them. They grow uglier by the minute.

CINDERELLA. It's because they're always cross and whining about things. That makes you ugly quicker than anything else. It twists your nose up and your mouth down. I feel sorry for them.

ASHES. Sorry for them? When they make you work from morning till night and never give you a kind word? I don't feel sorry for them. That's why I'm always rubbing my fur against their legs. Some day I hope I'll trip them.

CINDERELLA. O Ashes!

ASHES. I mean it! I hope I trip them! I'd get under their feet oftener if they didn't have such big feet!

CINDERELLA. Ashes, if you did all the things you talk about——

ASHES. If I did half the things I think about! [*Shaking his head.*] I'm a naughty, naughty cat, Cinderella.

CINDERELLA [*in loving reproof*]. Ashes!

[*A whistle sounds off U R.*]

ASHES. There's the postman. He's coming here. [*He crosses U R to the door.*]

CINDERELLA. Maybe it's a letter from Father!

ASHES. Maybe it's a bill!

CINDERELLA. That means he's got something for us. Shh! Ashes! Forget your tongue!

ASHES [*opening the door U R.*] Meow! [*He receives a letter and closes the door.*]

CINDERELLA. Is it from Father?

ASHES [*crossing C*]. No!

CINDERELLA. A bill. [*She crosses to ASHES.*]

ASHES. It's more than that.

CINDERELLA. What does it say?

ASHES. Mr. and Mrs. Hearth and family.

CINDERELLA. It sounds like an invitation. [*She takes the letter, looks at it, and crosses U C.*]

ASHES [R C, facing CINDERELLA]. To a party?

CINDERELLA. Maybe. [*She puts the letter on the mantel above the fireplace.*]

ASHES. I love parties.

CINDERELLA [*turning to face down stage, lifting her face, and smiling as she dreams of parties*]. Especially birthday parties, with presents wrapped in tissue paper, and Musical Chair, and Pin the Tail on the Donkey, and cake with icing, and candles, and ice cream——

ASHES. I love parties! [*He chases his tail around, whirling about twice, pausing D R C.*]

CINDERELLA. I used to go to parties when I was a little girl, before my own dear mother died. [*She takes a step or two C, nearer ASHES, and pauses, staring front wistfully.*] It was such fun. She'd dress me up in a pretty dress, and put a ribbon on my hair, and give me a present wrapped in tissue paper. [*She bows her head and droops a little.*] I was happy——then.

ASHES. Aren't you happy now?

CINDERELLA. I try to be. But sometimes, when I remember——

ASHES [*nervously biting his whiskers*]. Look here, Cinderella, if that is an invitation, I believe that you're invited. It says "and family." You're part of the family.

CINDERELLA. I know. But how would I go to a party? In rags?

ASHES. But what if you had a beautiful dress?

CINDERELLA [*thrilled*]. O Ashes! [*Shaking her head.*] But where could I ever get a dress?

ASHES. That might be arranged. [*He strolls D R airily waving his right paw as though he twirled a cane.*]

CINDERELLA [*reprovingly*]. Ashes! You've stolen a tongue. That's enough!

ASHES [*stops and shrugs*]. All right! I won't! [*He turns to CINDERELLA.*] But I could do lots more for you if you'd let me! [*He crosses c to CINDERELLA.*] I wish I could help you go to the party!

CINDERELLA. Dear Ashes! [*Dreaming again, thrilled.*] But listen, Ashes! If I really am invited, maybe Gladiola would let me borrow one of her old dresses. She has layers and layers hanging up in her closet. [*She turns quickly and crosses to the ironing board.*]

ASHES [*shaking his head pessimistically*]. She'll never do it.

CINDERELLA [*folding the ironing and laying it on top of the basket*]. Let's hurry and have everything spick and span, and tea ready when they get here, so they'll be in a good humor. [*She carries the iron and pad to the hearth, hurries U L C to the cupboard to bring a cloth for the table, and then three cups and plates, spoons, and a sugar bowl and a plate of cookies and cake.*]

ASHES [*crossing to the ironing board*]. We can have tea, but they won't be good-humored! [*He carries the ironing board U L.*]

[*ASHES goes out U L and re-enters without the ironing board. The doorbell rings off U R.*]

CINDERELLA [*laying the table*]. There they are now! Quick, take the scrub bucket! [*She pulls the chair down right of the table to the down-stage end, then hurries U R, straightening her hair as she goes.*]

[*ASHES puts the scrub bucket and the brush in the corner U L, left of the cupboard. The doorbell rings again off U R.*]

CINDERELLA. And the broom, Ashes!

[*ASHES goes out U L with the broom, and re-enters without it. The doorbell rings again off U R.*]

CINDERELLA. Quick, Ashes!

[ASHES *brushes his whiskers and lies down domestically on the hearth.* CINDERELLA *opens the door* U R.]

[GLADIOLA *enters* U R.]

[GLADIOLA *brushes past CINDERELLA and crosses R C. She is a tall, dark girl in her early twenties. She is in a perpetual state of discontent, and the lines and wrinkles in her face betray her disposition. She wears a dark dress with long sleeves, and a hat, gloves, and cape or coat. She carries several packages.*]

GLADIOLA [*as she enters*]. Stupid girl, how long did you expect us to stand there waiting?

[TILLIEBELL *enters* U R.]

[TILLIEBELL *is a younger edition of GLADIOLA, about eighteen or twenty years of age. She, too, wears a dark dress, a hat, gloves, and cape or coat, and carries some packages.*]

CINDERELLA [*closing the door*]. I'm sorry, Gladiola. I came just as soon as I could.

TILLIEBELL [*crossing C*]. It wasn't soon enough.

CINDERELLA. I'm sorry, Tilliebell. [*She stands between GLADIOLA and TILLIEBELL.*]

GLADIOLA. Here, take these up to my room. [*She hands CINDERELLA a package she carries.*] What a day we've had! [*She crosses D R and sits.*] There's nothing in the world so tiring as shopping.

CINDERELLA. Did you get lots of beautiful things?

TILLIEBELL [*shrugging*]. The best to be had. [*Piling her boxes in CINDERELLA'S arms.*] Here, take my packages, too. Be careful! You're crushing that hatbox. You *are* the clumsiest girl I've ever known!

CINDERELLA. I'm sorry. I didn't mean—my arms are so full—[*She crosses D L, trying to see over the boxes to find the door.*]

TILLIEBELL. And hurry down. We want some tea. I'm simply exhausted. If you knew all we'd gone through, standing up before a mirror trying on dresses! [*She crosses U C, right of ASHES.*]

GLADIOLA [*glancing up at CINDERELLA who is D L*]. Don't bump into the door, stupid!

CINDERELLA [*struggling with the packages*]. I can't see over the top.

[*Two or three of the bundles drop, and ASHES rushes D L to pick them up.*]

[*ASHES follows CINDERELLA out D L.*]

TILLIEBELL [*taking her gloves off at the mantel U C, seeing the invitation*]. What's this? [*She picks up the letter and reads.*] "Mr. and Mrs. Hearth and family."

GLADIOLA [*looking over her shoulder*]. Open it. We're the important part of the family.

TILLIEBELL [*turning the letter over curiously*]. Wonder what it is! It has a coat of arms on the back of the envelope. [*She crosses down stage a step or two.*]

GLADIOLA [*jumping up and crossing U C to TILLIEBELL*]. Coat of arms! Why, don't you know? That's the royal crest!

TILLIEBELL. No!

GLADIOLA. Yes! Hurry!

TILLIEBELL [*fumbling with the letter*]. I'm so excited my fingers are all thumbs!

GLADIOLA. Here, let me have it! [*She grabs the letter from TILLIEBELL.*]

[*ASHES and CINDERELLA enter D L.*]

[ASHES crosses D R and lies on the floor, facing U L, reacting now and then to the remarks of GLADIOLA and TILLIEBELL by arching his back. CINDERELLA crosses U L C, gets the teapot from the cupboard, carries it to the hearth U C, pours water in to make the tea, and turns L with the teapot.]

GLADIOLA [*on the spoken cue*]. Oh, how perfectly marvelous! It's an invitation to the Prince's Birthday Ball!

[CINDERELLA, L C with the teapot, stops short and stands staring at GLADIOLA.]

TILLIEBELL. No! I can't believe it! [*She grabs the letter from GLADIOLA, and scans it greedily, running her fingers over the engraving.*]

CINDERELLA [*staring ahead of her, speaking in a dazed whisper*]. A birthday party!

GLADIOLA [*crossing hurriedly D L and calling*]. Mama! Mama!

STEPMOTHER [*off D L, as from a distance*]. Yes?

GLADIOLA. Come quick!

STEPMOTHER [*off D L*]. Oh, dear! What's wrong now?

GLADIOLA. We've some wonderful news! [*She turns and sees CINDERELLA still standing in a happy daze.*] Don't stand there gaping, Cinderella! Get our tea! [*She sits at the left end of the table, down stage, and begins to eat.*]

[CINDERELLA comes to with a start, turns to the table, and pours three cups of tea. Then she crosses again to the hearth, puts more water in the teapot, and crosses above the left end of the table again to set down the pot.]

GLADIOLA [*on spoken cue, continuing*]. Come on and get your tea, Tilliebell.

TILLIEBELL [*still fingering the invitation*]. Did you ever feel such engraving? I wonder if we can—[*She looks at the invitation sharply.*] Oh!

GLADIOLA [*half rising from her chair*]. What's wrong?