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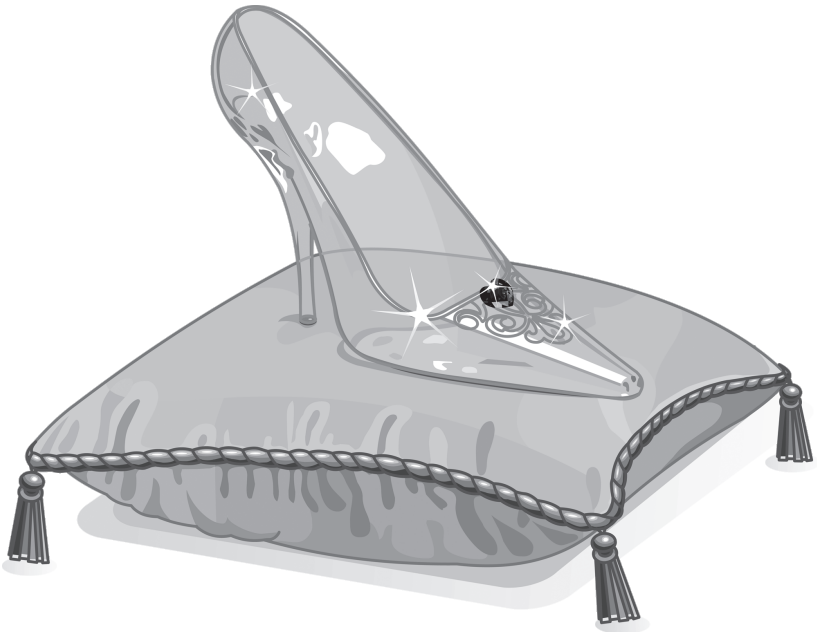
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Dramatic Publishing

CINDERELLA

*A Play for
Young People*

Dramatized by
CHARLOTTE B. CHORPENNING

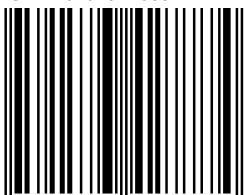


CINDERELLA

A bewitching dramatization of this ageless story, made pictorially beautiful by the introduction of frequent dancing and music.

Fairy tale. Adapted by Charlotte B. Chorpenning. Cast: 4m., 6w. Can be performed by an all-female cast. Cinderella sees beautiful things in her daydreams and tries to live her little, starved life in a way to deserve them. Her stepmother and sisters catch her idling and tear up the dress she has made from their discarded ones. After they have departed for the prince's ball, the fairy godmother appears, provides Cinderella with a dress which puts her sisters' glamorous gowns to shame, and sends her off to the ball in a golden coach. At the ball she captivates the prince, but stays too long, loses her slipper, and escapes pursuit only after a breathless chase. Next day, when the prince comes looking for his lost princess, he tries the slipper on both stepsisters, each trying vainly to get it on, and is ready to leave before he discovers his princess. *Two sets. Fairy tale costumes. Code: CH6*

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Cinderella (Chorpenning)



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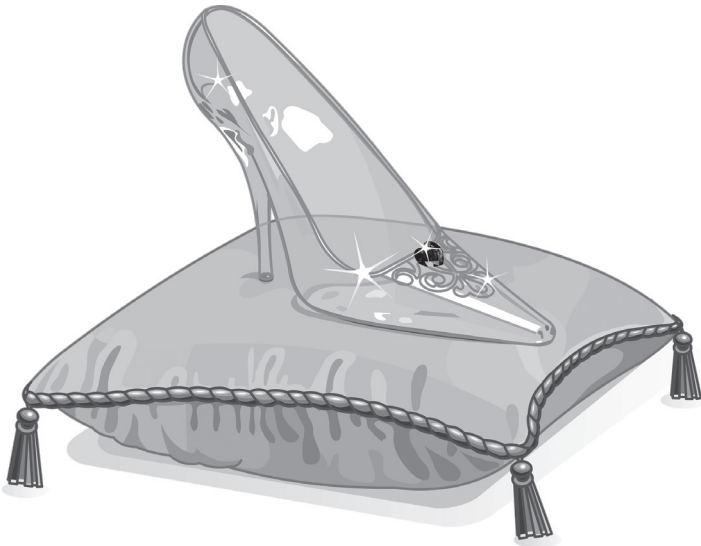
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Dramatized
by
CHARLOTTE B. CHORPENNING



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(CINDERELLA)

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Cinderella

by CHARLOTTE B. CHORPENNING



CAST

CINDERELLA

FIRST SISTER

SECOND SISTER

MOTHER

PRINCE

ROLAND

FAIRY GODMOTHER

GALAFRON

CURDKIN

FELICIA

QUEEN

PAGE

SYNOPSIS

ACT ONE

Cinderella's home, the night of the Prince's Ball.

ACT TWO

The Palace Garden, before and after midnight.

ACT THREE

Cinderella's home, a few minutes later.

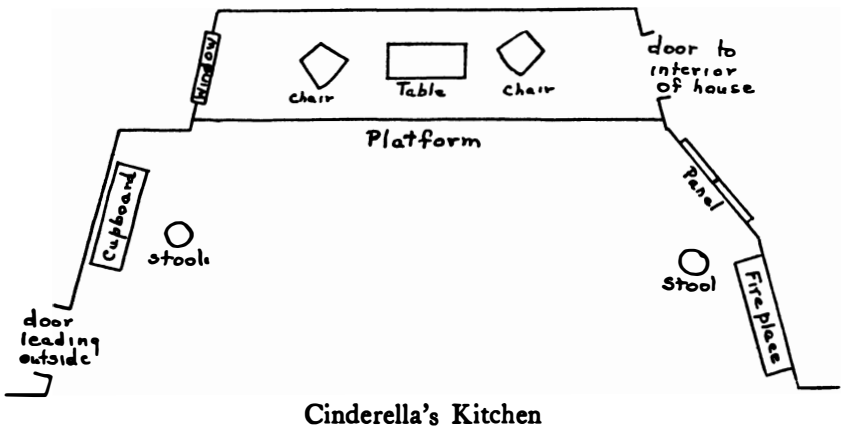
NOTES ON PRODUCTION

THE SETTING

This play can be given with the simplest of settings, as the story will carry it without "trimmings." A suggestion of a fire place, and two entrances are all that are absolutely necessary in the first and third acts. For the second, all that is needed is a door into the palace, an opening to serve as a gate, and something for Cinderella to hide behind. These may be provided with equal ease in curtains, screens, or plain flats.

For those who are interested in the production aspects of the play, however, it offers unusual interest, and the text is prepared with such a production in view, as it is easier to discard unnecessary effects than to work them into a text planned without them. It contemplates the following stage:

ACT ONE

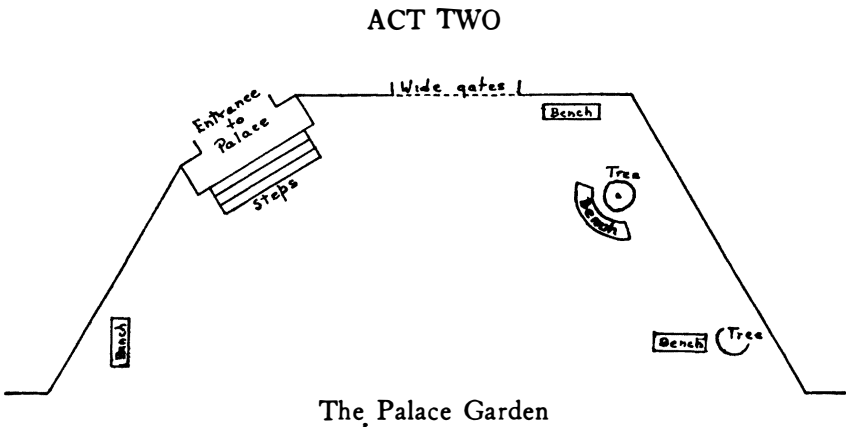


THE SETTING—*Continued*

The sliding panel and the back section are covered with gauze. When the rest of the room is painted in similar panels, the sliding panel is indistinguishable from ordinary flats. But when lights are dimmed in front, and brought up behind it, the sliding panel is transparent, and the day-dreams and the pumpkin coach which appear back, and the fairy godmother, the dress and the slipper which appear behind the panel, have the mystic and magical effect suited to the story.

To do the play without the gauze, it is only necessary for the godmother to bring the dress and slipper on with her, stand between them and Cinderella until it is time for the discovery, and then step aside; and for the coach to show through an opening in the curtains, or through a door or window. The day-dreams can appear behind Cinderella, as she sits with eyes closed.

In Act Two the steps can be dispensed with and the tree replaced by simple cut-outs or shrubs, or a fountain, etc.



COSTUMES

Costumes can be based on any fairy-tale illustrations, or on French court costumes of the 17th century. The mother and sisters should be over dressed, but not to the point of ugliness. Cinderella should have long golden hair, if possible. Galafron and Curdkin are fops, with frills and buckles in excess, but of course, in taste.

LIGHTS

Unless the gauze is used, it is unnecessary to change the lighting. If it is used, the lights must be on dimmers. One light, front, must pick up Cinderella, the rest of the forestage being quite dim. A strong light from the side, back, behind the gauze, is brought up on the windows, and the coach. It will be necessary to have a plain background, such as a dome or curtain behind them. The backing for the sliding panel should be black, and the dress and slipper placed on a frame or stool covered with the same. They will stand out as if floating in the air, when the light is brought upon them.

The lighting of the second act follows the pattern of the first. If gauze and dimmers are used in the first act, the lights will be dimmed front stage, except for one picking up the prince, and come up on the vision of Cinderella dancing, back, during his poem. Also the godmother will be picked up on her entrance. If the first act is without changes, the second should be, also.

THE DANCES

The Prince's dance should be based on a French court dance or a minuet. It should contrast in dignity and smoothness with others.

The comedy dances should carefully avoid "rough-house," the tripping and cuffing being neatly done, in perfect time and rhythm.

The exit in Act III should be brisk but perfect in rhythm and grace.

THE PUMPKIN COACHES

The little pumpkin coach is about the size of a very large pumpkin. It is made on a wire frame, padded to shape, covered and painted, then set on a small frame with wheels from a child's toy. Six rubber mice are harnessed to it. The rubber gives them the effect of motion, delightfully. It is drawn across the stage by strong fishline, which is invisible from the audience. A separate line, fastened to the pumpkin and not to the frame, draws it off when it reaches the "empty space" in Act III, and the frame is drawn away. A small flash-light battery inside the pumpkin furnishes a light, which is shut off by the same line. This performance delights a child audience highly.

The large coach is made in exact imitation of the small one. If seen through an opening in the curtain or window or door, it may be only a flat cut-out of which merely a small section shows. Or it may have a floor and a door so that Cinderella can enter, and be mounted on wheels, with coachman and footman, and really move off, from behind a gauze.

SUGGESTIONS

Tearing Cinderella's dress each performance is made easy by having one seam loosely basted. It is folded in the basket in such fashion that she picks it up and hands it to the mother with the two ends of the seam ready to hand.

The disappearance of the ball dress at the end of Act II involves another actress of the same size, dressed in Cinderella's First Act clothes, and long hair. She rushes across the open gate-way, her face buried in her arms as the real Cinderella cries out behind the gate. This must be timed perfectly as any delay suggests that the actress has stood there and changed her dress.

The falling of the sash at the godmother's words is accomplished by a pretended tying. The men really put the two ends into Cinderella's hands, behind her back, as they seem to tie it, and pull on it viciously afterward as if to tighten it. She has only to let go and it falls.

Doubling the toes under in Act III requires an actress whose foot will really go into Cinderella's shoe. This must be looked to in casting.

This play was presented for the first time by The Goodman Theatre of Chicago, under the direction of the author, the late Charlotte B. Chorpenning. The production notes used in this book were taken from this production, and are quoted here by courtesy of the Goodman Theatre.

Cinderella

by CHARLOTTE B. CHORPENNING

ACT ONE

Cinderella is seated by the fireplace, busily picking over cinders. She is dressed in a much-patched dress, but is fresh and clean. Her movements gradually slow, until she is sitting quiet, immersed in a daydream. The door, right, opens stealthily. The First Sister peeks in, draws herself up in anger, beckons off stage, and comes farther in. The Mother and the Second Sister follow, and stand.

FIRST SISTER: Asleep! And your work not done.

CINDERELLA: I wasn't asleep.

MOTHER: What were you doing?

CINDERELLA: I was only seeing things in my mind.

SECOND SISTER: Get on with the cinders!

(She goes to work hastily. They watch a moment and then flounce out. She finishes swiftly, throwing the last cinder into the basket with a laugh of satisfaction. She brushes the hearth, sets the basket straight, and surveys the result.)

CINDERELLA: There! That's every good cinder there is! Maybe they'll be pleased this time.

(She sits on the stool by the fireplace, facing front, daydreaming. Lights come up back of the gauze to show the mother and two sisters. They remain dim figures, but their faces are lighted enough for catching expressions clearly. Their voices are dream voices, not so much faint, as far away in quality. Cinderella sits still, but her lips move as the others speak and she speaks aloud, though softly, in answer.)

MOTHER: When will you finish your work, Cinderella?

CINDERELLA: It is all done, mother—see—

MOTHER: Already?

FIRST SISTER: How quickly she has done it!

SECOND SISTER: And how clean and tidy it is!

MOTHER: You are a good child, Cinderella.

FIRST SISTER: Yes, indeed. We're proud of you.

(Cinderella glows.)

MOTHER: She's done so well, daughters, I think we should give her a little surprise. What would you like, Cinderella?

(Cinderella, glowing, very faint.)

CINDERELLA: Oh-h-h-h-h—

SECOND SISTER: She wants to go to the Prince's ball, mother. *(Kindly, caressingly:)* Yes you do, dear. I can tell by the way your eyes shine.

MOTHER: Would you like to go to the ball, Cinderella?

CINDERELLA: Oh, yes—

FIRST SISTER: But what can she wear?

CINDERELLA: I—I have something to wear. I made a dress out of the ones you threw away when you bought the silks for these new frocks.

MOTHER: What a clever child!

SISTERS: We're proud of you, Cinderella.

MOTHER: Then you shall go to the ball with us.

SECOND SISTER: But she doesn't know how to dance, mother.

CINDERELLA: I can dance a little. I have watched you learn to do the Prince's dance, and I have practiced it by myself.

MOTHER: Why, Cinderella. I'm as proud of you as Goody Heywood is of her little girl! You shall certainly go to the ball.

(The music of the Prince's dance comes, faint but clear. The day dream fades and disappears, as Cinderella stirs, gets to her feet and begins to practice the Prince's dance. Cinderella, stopping once or twice to remember or correct herself, dances. Behind her appears, this time coming through the door, very real, the Second Sister, who stops in astonishment and indignation. She beckons to the other sister, and mother, who enter. Their anger and scorn grow as Cinderella continues with her dance, unconscious of their presence, beginning to laugh with joy as the steps flow smoothly to the music. She claps her hands with delight as she comes up from a sweeping curtsey. This explodes the angry watchers.)

Well!!

FIRST SISTER: Indeed!

SECOND SISTER: This is a pretty performance!

CINDERELLA (*in terror*): Oh-h-h-h—

MOTHER: This is a fine way to spend your time, Cinderella!

CINDERELLA: My work is all done mother. Everything is done.

MOTHER: You've been long enough about it!

FIRST SISTER: Then why didn't you come and help us dress?

CINDERELLA: I didn't think of it. I had made everything ready for you.

SECOND SISTER: What did you think of, pray?

FIRST SISTER: Yes, what were you doing when we came in?

(*Cinderella shrinks into herself at this question, hesitating.*)

CINDERELLA: I—

SECOND SISTER: Speak up!

MOTHER: Answer your sister!

CINDERELLA: It was nothing wrong.

SECOND SISTER: Then why are you ashamed of it?

CINDERELLA (*with a flash of defiance*): I'm not.

SECOND SISTER: Oh, yes, you are. I can tell by the way you act! Make her tell, mother.

MOTHER (*ominously*): What were you doing, Cinderella?

CINDERELLA: I was only trying to remember the Prince's dance.

MOTHER: The Prince's dance?

FIRST SISTER: What do you mean by that?

CINDERELLA: The one the ladies will dance before the Prince so that he may choose his bride.

MOTHER: What do you know about the Prince's dance?

CINDERELLA: My sisters practice it all the time. Everytime I watch them, it seems to get into me, and want to come out.

FIRST SISTER: Cinderella dancing the Prince's dance! The ragged little cinder-wench!

SECOND SISTER: She was imagining herself a fine lady! She thinks she's beautiful! She thinks she's graceful.

CINDERELLA: No, I was only—

SECOND SISTER: Yes you were! I can tell by the way you bowed and stepped.

(*Second sister mimics Cinderella, burlesquing it. They all laugh.*)

FIRST SISTER: I suppose she'd like to dance before the Prince!

SECOND SISTER: I suppose she thinks he'll choose her for a partner!

FIRST SISTER: She'd make a fine bride for him, wouldn't she?

SECOND SISTER (*mocking*): Perhaps you'd like to go to the ball, Cinderella?

CINDERELLA (*with a sudden passionate cry*): Oh, let me!

(*They stop laughing suddenly, staring at her.*)

MOTHER: Let you?

FIRST SISTER: Go to the ball?

SECOND SISTER: She means it!

(They all laugh.)

CINDERELLA: Just to see the Prince! I know he'd never dance with me. The one he chooses for a partner will be his bride, and must be very beautiful and good. But some one might dance with me a little. And I could see the one he chose—

MOTHER: Have you lost your wits?

FIRST SISTER: You'd look fine among the dancers in your rags!

CINDERELLA *(joyfully at the surprise she has in store)*: I wouldn't go in this!

ALL THREE: What?!!

CINDERELLA *(repeating timidly)*: I wouldn't go in this.

MOTHER: What would you go in, pray?

CINDERELLA *(shrinking into herself)*: Well—I—

SECOND SISTER: She has got herself another dress, the baggage! *(As Cinderella shrinks even more:)* Yes you have! I can tell by the look in your eyes! You've got yourself another dress! Haven't you? Haven't you?

CINDERELLA: Yes!

MOTHER: Pray, where did you get the stuff to make yourself a dress?

FIRST SISTER: She has stolen the price of it from the money we gave her to buy our silks!

CINDERELLA: No, I haven't!

FIRST SISTER: Then where did you get the stuff for the dress?

CINDERELLA: I made it out of the dancing dresses you and sister threw away.

FIRST SISTER: Make her show it to you, mother!

MOTHER: Let me see it.

(Cinderella runs to the fireplace and takes from a basket, a carefully folded dress. The mother takes it, rends it, flinging it down.)

CINDERELLA: Oh-h!

MOTHER: Be still! That will teach you to waste time making clothes for yourself.

CINDERELLA: Now I shall never see the Prince—

FIRST SISTER: Why in the world do want to see the Prince?

CINDERELLA: I've heard you talk about him so much, I keep thinking of him. If I shut my eyes, I can see him—all dressed in *(whatever he will really wear)*. And being kind to everyone—

SECOND SISTER: Oho! That's what's in your head when you sit staring at nothing!

FIRST SISTER: Give her something to do while we're at the ball, mother, or she'll sit and dream of the Prince the whole night long.

MOTHER: I'll give her plenty to do. Cinderella! All the pumpkins in the far field are ripe. Do you bring every one of them and set them in two rows. One, two, three, like that!

CINDERELLA: All the pumpkins? From the far field? Alone? Tonight?

MOTHER: Have you ears, or not?

CINDERELLA: I can hardly lift a pumpkin. They're so big, this year.
(*She tugs at one of the three in the corner.*)

How many are there in the far field?

MOTHER: We will count them before we go.

(*There is a faint sound of a trumpet. They are all alert to hear it.
Cinderella lets go the pumpkin.*)

FIRST SISTER: Some news of the Prince's ball.

CINDERELLA: It might be the Prince himself, going through the street!
Let's go and count the pumpkins.

SECOND SISTER: She thinks she can see the folk from the palace go by, out there.

CINDERELLA: Please, it wouldn't do any harm.

FIRST SISTER: Make her stay here, mother. We'll count the pumpkins!

MOTHER: We'll count the pumpkins in the field so we can be sure whether you have brought them all when we come home from the ball. Now get to work on these.

(*Cinderella starts tugging at the first one.*)

FIRST SISTER: You needn't puff and pant over it. You can move it if you try.

CINDERELLA (*rolls the pumpkin, and claps her hands with delight*):
Oh, I could—

(*She stops confused.*)

SECOND SISTER: Well, what's in your head now?

CINDERELLA: Nothing—nothing, sister.

SECOND SISTER: Make her tell.

MOTHER: Speak up.

CINDERELLA: I remembered something, that's all.

FIRST SISTER: What?

MOTHER: Answer your sister.

CINDERELLA: You promised Goody Heywood a pumpkin from our vines the day they were gathered. I could take this to her cottage—tonight.

SECOND SISTER: What do you want to do that for? She's making a plan in her head. I can tell by her face. I know what it is, too! The way to Goody Heywood's leads past the palace. She thinks she can linger and watch the people come.

FIRST SISTER: She thinks the Prince will come out to meet some of them and she can get a sight of him.

SECOND SISTER: That was in your head, wasn't it? Wasn't it?

CINDERELLA: I wouldn't stop. I'd only go straight by. Let me take Goody her pumpkin now.

MOTHER: Don't tease.

SECOND SISTER: A ragged thing like you on the streets tonight when all the great folk are out!

FIRST SISTER: Don't let her go, mother. Someone might know she belonged to us.

SECOND SISTER: We'd be ashamed enough.

FIRST SISTER: We're always ashamed of you, Cinderella. You ought to keep out of sight.

CINDERELLA: If I could mend the dress I made—

MOTHER: And leave the pumpkins to rot in the field, I suppose.
(Trumpet near.)

FIRST SISTER: Let's be quick, or the crier will go by here before we get back.

MOTHER: Go to work, Cinderella. And don't set foot on the street!
(They go out. Cinderella rolls the first pumpkin to place. She is tugging to get the second one started when the trumpet sounds near and there is a loud rat-a-tat on the door.)

ROLAND: Open! The Prince's Herald.
(Cinderella, terrified but ecstatic, practicing a deep curtsy, opens the door. Roland enters. He is dressed as a herald. Cinderella sweeps a low bow to him. He looks at her in surprise and delight and returns it with a deep court bow.)

I bring an order from the Prince.

CINDERELLA: I will call my mother and my sisters.

ROLAND *(intrigued)*: Wait. You bow like a princess, but dress like a beggar. Are you a servant here?

CINDERELLA *(laughing)*: Oh, no, but every day, I pick over the cinders to save the coals that are not all burned. And I fetch in the wood and water and carry home the meal and greens from the market. And dig the earth and plant the pumpkin field, and bring the pumpkins in when they are ripe. So, you see, I can't wear fine frocks, they would be all torn. But we are not beggars. My sisters go very fine in silks and jewels.

ROLAND: Sisters? They go in silks and you in rags!

CINDERELLA: I will call them.

ROLAND: Not yet.

CINDERELLA: You should see them in the dancing dresses they will wear to the Prince's ball tonight.

ROLAND: To the Prince's ball?

CINDERELLA: They are going to the Prince's ball. He will choose a bride tonight.

ROLAND: So his mother says. And you? Will you go too?

CINDERELLA: Oh, no, they would be ashamed of me.
(A sudden, rippling laugh. Spreading her dress.)

Wouldn't this look funny at the Prince's ball?

ROLAND: Not to the Prince.

CINDERELLA: No. He'd be angry.

ROLAND: Not with you.

CINDERELLA *(chuckling)*: With my dress.

ROLAND: Yes, with the dress. Now, tell me, when you have finished sorting over the cinders and fetching wood and water and greens and meal, and digging in the pumpkin field, what do you do then?

CINDERELLA: I serve my sisters.

ROLAND: And when your sisters are not here?

CINDERELLA: Then I do happy things.

ROLAND: What?

CINDERELLA (*joyous*): Oh, I go up and down the fields and see the pumpkins shinning in the sun. It makes me laugh to see how bright they are. And when I planted them —You won't tell my sisters?

ROLAND: Never.

CINDERELLA: In one corner of the field, I planted flowers. My sisters never notice them. (*Ripple of laughter.*) They just go looking for work for me to do and never see the flowers. But when my work is done I slip out and look at them. And sometimes the wind blows and the lilies bow to me, and I bow back.

ROLAND: That's where you learned to bow.

CINDERELLA: And once, deep under the earth, I found a little nest where two field mice live. And I've saved crumbs and bits of porridge for them. They eat right out of my hand. They like me.

ROLAND: That makes you happy.

CINDERELLA: Yes, because I've always wanted to be liked.

ROLAND: So does the Prince.

CINDERELLA: The Prince!

ROLAND: Shall I tell you a secret?

CINDERELLA (*clapping her hands*): Oh, yes! I've always wanted to have a secret with someone else. I've always had my secrets with myself.

ROLAND: This is a great secret. It's about the Prince.

CINDERELLA: Oh-h.

ROLAND: He wants to be liked as much as you do. His mother wants him to choose a bride for power and riches. But he is searching all his kingdom for a bride who is kind and gentle to him when she doesn't know he is the Prince. Often and often he wraps himself in rags and goes into his people's homes to try what they are like.

CINDERELLA: I wish he would come here, so I could look at him and hear him speak.

ROLAND: You wouldn't know it was the Prince.

CINDERELLA: I'm sure I'd know. He is so wonderful.

ROLAND: How do you know that?

CINDERELLA: Why, he's a Prince. Of course he's wonderful!

ROLAND: Have you ever seen him?

CINDERELLA: No. But sometimes I shut my eyes and see him in my mind. I bow to him and he comes down the steps and dances with me. I know he's wonderful.

ROLAND: I'll tell him.

CINDERELLA: Oh, no. He'd laugh at me!

ROLAND: Not he. But I won't tell him. You shall tell him yourself.

CINDERELLA: I?

ROLAND: You are going to the ball tonight.

CINDERELLA: Oh-h! But it's no use. My mother and my sisters wouldn't let me.

ROLAND: We'll see about that. Call them.

CINDERELLA: Oh! I should have gone for them at once. They'll be angry.

(She runs off. He opens the other door and calls softly.)

ROLAND: Prince. Prince.

PRINCE: You rogue. What have you been up to all this time, while I've been playing beggar in the streets?

ROLAND: I've been talking to your bride! I've found her, man. The very one for you to choose tonight. The one in all the world for you.

PRINCE: Does she laugh?

ROLAND: She's her sisters' drudge and cinderwench, yet she laughs like a mountain brook!

PRINCE: A drudge. Will she know how to dance at court?

ROLAND: She shuts her eyes and dreams she's dancing with the Prince! You should see her bow. She learned it from her flowers!

PRINCE: I'm all on fire to see her. But is she gentle? Is she kind?

ROLAND: She's so full of kindness she feeds the little wild things in the field.

PRINCE: A maid may be kind to beast and yet never see the tears in children's eyes, or the weary stoop of the poor and weak. I'll try her. Wrap my rags around me. *(As a beggar)*: Just a bite, sir . . . Is the Prince all gone?

ROLAND: No one could guess you for the Prince?

PRINCE: Where is the gentle maid? I will beg her for help.

ROLAND: She's gone to fetch her mother and sisters— St! St! Outside!

PRINCE *(as himself, setting door ajar)*: Leave it so—I'll knock when it's time.

(Prince whisks out. Mother and sisters enter, breathless. Mother locks the door. They bow elaborately. The first sister trips.)

MOTHER: We came as quickly as we could. These are my daughters.

FIRST SISTER: If the Prince has sent for me—

SECOND SISTER: Or me—

ROLAND: Where is the maid I sent to call you?

MOTHER: She has work to do.

ROLAND: The Prince's message is for all the maidens in the town. Call her to hear it.

FIRST SISTER: She doesn't matter. She won't go to the ball.

ROLAND: It is the Prince's order that every maid shall come to the palace tonight.

FIRST SISTER: She can never go. She doesn't know how to dance.
ROLAND: Call her for all that. She must hear the Prince's order.
Everyone must hear it.
SECOND SISTER: I have forbidden her to come in while you are here.
The door is locked. I cannot find the key.
(The Prince knocks.)
MOTHER: Who is that?
FIRST SISTER: Some neighbor has seen the herald from the palace
come in here. Don't let her in.
(The Prince knocks again.)
SECOND SISTER *(against the door)*: Don't bother with her.
*(The Prince pushes open the door and staggers past her, as a very
old man.)*
PRINCE: I am faint.
FIRST SISTER: Get out into the air, then!
MOTHER: Why do you come here unbidden?
PRINCE: I was told I would find a gentle maiden here who would feed
and comfort me.
ROLAND: Whoever told you must have meant the sister of these. She
has work to do. She is not here.
PRINCE: Let me see her. Let me ask her to bind my hurt and give me
a sup and a bite.
ROLAND: Call your sister to serve this poor creature.
MOTHER: Call her, indeed. I've forbidden her again and again to
speak to riff-raff on the street. You see what comes of it. Every
nobody in the town comes to our door. Get along!
FIRST SISTER: They say the Prince is going to take his bride from the
people instead of from the court. What would he think of us if he
knew such poor trash as this came here?
SECOND SISTER: I pray you tell the Prince it is our wretched sister,
not ourselves, who has so little pride.
ROLAND: The Prince shall know.
MOTHER: Are you still here?
FIRST SISTER: Out with you!
SECOND SISTER: Before we lift our hands to you!
PRINCE: Only a bite—
MOTHER: Not one!
PRINCE: A little sip of soup or wine—
FIRST SISTER: Sir Herald—thrust him out for us.
ROLAND: I serve the Prince. It would be against my duty.
MOTHER: The three of us have strength enough to put him out.
(They rush at him and tussle him. He pleads and cries out.)
PRINCE: Have pity! The night is cold. Ah, you are like the ladies of
the Prince's court.
(They let go, staring at him in excitement.)

SECOND SISTER: What do you know of the Prince's court?

PRINCE: I have been a poor beggar there, for many years. I saw what I saw.

FIRST SISTER: Have you seen the Prince?

PRINCE: Every day.

SECOND SISTER: Do you know what he wants in his bride?

PRINCE: As well as he knows himself.

ALL THREE: Tell us!

PRINCE: Ah. He has very strange thoughts about a bride.

MOTHER: They are going to the ball tonight. Tell them how to please the Prince.

FIRST SISTER: We will give you bread if you will.

SECOND SISTER: And wine. Here.

PRINCE: I will tell you then.

FIRST SISTER: Tell us how to please him.

SECOND SISTER: They say the queen, his mother, has commanded him to choose this very night. Is that really true?

PRINCE: She has.

MOTHER: This is your last chance, daughters!

FIRST SISTER: How shall we act?

SECOND SISTER: What shall we do?

PRINCE: I told you he was very strange.

FIRST SISTER: We don't care for that. I'll do anything to be the queen.

SECOND SISTER: So will I. If once I'm wed, and feel a crown on my head, I can treat him as I like.

PRINCE: To him you should bow very low and smile sweetly on him. But there are two courtiers at the palace who dislike him and try to make him trouble with the queen. If you should trip and cuff these gentlemen in the dance, and play tricks on them, the Prince would be pleased, indeed.

FIRST SISTER: Who are they?

SECOND SISTER: Their names?

PRINCE: They are called Galafron and Curdkin.

SISTERS: Galafron and Curdkin.

MOTHER: Do not forget.

FIRST SISTER: No. Galafron—

SECOND SISTER: And Curdkin.

MOTHER: Trip and cuff them?

PRINCE: And play any trick you think of.

MOTHER: At the court? Can this be true?

ROLAND: I have heard him say it.

PRINCE: No one pleases him because no one dares to do it. This is a secret at the court. I have told you because you were so kind. (*to the Herald*): Will you help an old man through the street?

(*Roland stoops to help him rise and the Prince whispers to him.*)