



PantoScripts Perusal

Cinderella

by Colin Barrow

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Panto Scripts

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NODA LTD
15 The Metro Centre
Peterborough PE2 7UH
Telephone: 01733 374790
Fax: 01733 237286
Email: info@noda.org.uk
www.noda.org.uk

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THE SCRIPT

This traditional pantomime packs a good fun time for all the family with eleven main characters. There is very little in the way of a synopsis to write, as this is a pantomime where the story is firmly fixed with a traditional route. It's the injection of comedy, a bit of jiggling about and three different characters which brings a new angle of story telling. Cinderella is probably one of the most popular pantomimes and comes with the largest choice of scripts available. And to address that, this script delivers something which appeals to those looking for something that's a little different to their last production of Cinderella. The script also takes into account small venues, especially the transformation scene. The sequence of this scene has been written so it will work even with the most limited of venues and basic logistics. However, if the venue lends itself, or is of a size where anything can be done, again the script lends itself to suit your staging.

SYNOPSIS

Baron De Broke would like Cinderella, Slap and Tickle all to find a husband each and settle down in life. But with Slap and Tickle ruling the roost, Cinderella is down trodden and unlikely to find any one except Buttons, but he is not what she is looking for. Prince Charming and Dandini for fun decide to swap places as the story expects. With Dandini now being the Prince, is informed of a girl called Cinderella, the Prince, now as Dandini, is informed of two other sisters of Cinderella and goes in pursuit hoping they are also such beautiful women, but he finds with horror they are not! And so the invites to the ball go out and the Fairy enables Cinderella to attend in style. But before she arrives to the ball, Slap and Tickle squabble to dance with the Prince who of course is Dandini. Septic, an up market female tramp doesn't get a look in and has to dance with Dandini and little does she and everyone know he is actually the Prince. Then Cinderella arrives as the Princess Lavinia. The clock strikes twelve and Cinderella leaves so hurriedly that only her shoe is left behind. In search of it's owner, not only does Slap and Tickle try to claim to be the owner of the shoe, but also Septic, after all, she did dance with the real Prince where as Slap and Tickle didn't. But, it's rightful owner is found and Cinderella has found her Prince. As for Slap and Tickle, they make do in romance with Horace and Cuthbert, two rather posh tramps.

Approximate running time :- Two hours - (not including the interval)

USEFUL INFORMATION

Casting:- The casting can be quite flexible to suit your available performers. Although some are best played by male, it would be quite possible for them to be played by a female if your performer availability dictate to do so

Chorus:- This script can be used with or without a chorus. Where there are chorus speaking lines and you have no chorus, these can be delivered by performers or adult/child members.

General staging:- The scenery and lighting can be as simple and easy as you wish, especially if tight budget and logistics have a strong influence with your production. This also applies to costuming and properties, and yet still providing a brilliant pantomime. Of course, if budget and logistics dictate otherwise, the skies are the limit!

Scenes:- The script is written using pre-named scenes with a alternate mix of full and front of scenes. These are not set in stone and re-name some scenes if you wished. Likewise, if you are running with limitations, the full stage scenes could use the same back drop of a nondescript mottled effect. And dress each scene where needed to suit its title. The front cloth scenes could be done front of curtain, or in front a nondescript mottled effect.

Set dressing:- Dressing for the scenes is entirely up to you and the stage space available. It will also depend on what type of back drops you are using too. Especially for those working with no chorus and have more stage space available.

Misc:- Additional jokes can be slotted in where or if you feel they are required to your choosing.

MUSIC AND DANCE

Song/dance numbers:- The script is written to allow the *maximum time of **one minute to one and a half minutes*** for each song or dance routine. In each case choosing and ending to give a natural finish. These can be shorter but watch if too many run longer as this could alter the pantomime's whole running time.

Not all character song slots required to be executed. They are there as ideal spots if you wish to use them. This helps those cast who do not feel comfortable to sing to opt out. Additional songs can be added to your own discretion if you feel the need to do so.

You do not need to use all the slots allocated for chorus song/dance numbers, especially if your chorus numbers are very low. Select, the slots most suitable to your chorus.

If you are working without a chorus and not using the song/dance slots allocated. You can add an extra cast member song or two or lengthen the other cast songs allocated slightly to make up the time.

Song/dance not with time restrictions:- The opening number, Principle boy and girl duet, the community song and finale song can take their own natural time length as they are important numbers. By keeping to these parameters, the production will run at a good pace; and be fresh and entertaining to your audience.

DISCLAIMER:- The performing licence of this script does NOT include permissions, licences or royalties of ANY music/songs used with the staging of this script.

For **ALL** music and song selected to stage this script, any royalties, licenses or permission has to be obtained by **YOU** the group, club or company according to the music performing rights laws. **These includes ALL parody numbers too!!**

*(The majority of premises are registered and you **must** contact to make sure the music/song selections used comply with the licence held by the premises. Do this prior or at the start of rehearsal to avoid complications near or on the production dates.)*

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CHARACTERS

Cinderella - Principal girl
Prince - Principal boy
Dandini - Equerry to the Prince
Baron de Broke - Cinderella's father
Buttons - comic
Slap - Ugly sister
Tickle - Ugly sister
Cuthbert - Up market tramp
Horace - Up market tramp
Septic - Up market female tramp
Fairy Godmother

Desmond - the horse

Chorus (if you have one) **And/or adult/child members wishing to participate**

CHARACTER GUIDELINES

The general character costuming is up to you, as are the amount of costume changes characters are given. Also, the scenes they are in will dictate the costume types to suit the surroundings.

Slap: Ugly sister. Can be male or female. Costumed in the traditional over-the-top way for an ugly sister.

Tickle: Ugly sister. Can be male or female. Costumed in the traditional over-the-top way for an ugly sister.

Cuthbert: One of a comic duo. Played by a male but could be female. Usual comic dress of an up-market tramp. Speaks with an air of upper-class breeding

Horace: One of a comic duo. Played by a male but could be female. Usual comic dress of an up-market tramp. Speaks with an air of upper-class breeding

Prince: Principal boy. Played by a female. Costumed as a traditional Prince boy.

Cinderella: Principal girl. Played by a female. Wears a tatty/ragged costume with smuts and smudges on her face. Also requires ballgown/shoes and a costume for the walk-down.

Buttons: Comic and best played by a male. Costumed in bell boy type clothing.

Baron: Best played by a male. Costumed as a Baron would be.

Septic: Best played by a female. Costumed as a up market female tramp.

Dandini: Played by a female. Equerry to the Prince and costumed similarly but not the same.

Fairy Godmother: Best played by female but could be male. Has an old/worn cloak and hood for the early scenes to wear over un-glamoured costuming. Also required the normal fairy glittering costume

Desmond: Two people in a horse for one scene only

Chorus (if you have one) **And participating adults/children:** Costumed to fit the scenes they are participating in

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES**ACT ONE**

- Scene one** - VILLAGE OF DANGLY END - Full stage
Scene two - OUTSIDE DANGLY END - Front cloth
Scene three - VILLAGE OF DANGLY END - Full stage
Scene four - OUTSIDE DANGLY END - Front cloth
Scene five - INSIDE THE MANOR - Full stage

ACT TWO

- Scene one** - INSIDE THE PALACE - Full stage
Scene two - OUTSIDE DANGLY END - Front cloth
Scene three - INSIDE THE MANOR - Full stage
Scene four - OUTSIDE DANGLY END - Front cloth
Scene five - INSIDE THE PALACE - Full stage

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ACT ONE
 SCENE ONE
 THE VILLAGE OF DANGLY END (*full stage*)

Opening song:

The opening number can be done with a chorus if you have one and remain on stage after the number. Or with cast and any chorus/villagers which after the number cast exit the stage just leaving, Baron and chorus/villagers.

If only the chorus is used for the opening, Baron enters after the opening number

Baron: Ah, my friends, it does my heart good and brings a smile to my face to see you all so happy. However, I must tell you; I, Baron De Broke, descended from a long line of battered old Broke's, I am so Broke I've not as much as a pot to widdle in. Therefore, Broke Manor has fallen on hard times.

All on stage murmur with concern

1st: Oh, dear, Baron. Is it as bad as you say?

Baron: It is. There is no cash in the exchequer, the Prime Minister has spent that on
(choose a suitable subject). There's only a dead spider and losing lottery ticket in the kitty.

2nd: What are you going to do?

Baron: I could sell parts of my body!

3rd: Have you anything worth selling?

Baron: Not according to my late wife, the Baroness. She's dead y'know. On our wedding night after disrobing and I was poised all macho like. She peered at me with squinting examining eyes and said, "she took me for better or worse, but I was worse than she thought".

4th: Perhaps your daughters could marry money.

Baron: I've been trying for years to get my two eldest daughters in a home! But where would Slap and Tickle find two, rich, blind, daft, short sighted desperate men?

1st: There is Cinderella.

Baron: Ah, yes. Cinderella, my youngest daughter. Out of the three daughters, she has the best looks and most potential of a wealthy marriage. But she insists on working in the Manor all day doing chores whilst Slap and Tickle ponce about doing nothing!

Buttons enter with a concertina shopping list and a shopping bag

Baron: Buttons, what are you doing here?

Buttons: Cinderella has been watching a cookery program and she has a list of a few items required for the recipe. She has sent me to buy them. *(Allows the concertina list to unravel and sniffs)*

Baron: *(agog looking at the list)* A few items! Does she intend to feed the five thousand?

Buttons: No, it's a recipe for a simple, no fuss, economic fruit cake.

Baron: (*glancing at the list*) Tell Cinderella I can't afford this and make the usual Flapjack instead.

Buttons: Aww, (*sniffs*) but I was going to help Cinderella make it, I can't help her make Flapjack! (*Sniffs constantly*)

Baron: You can wash the dishes for her. And will you stop sniffing, Buttons? Where's your hanky?

Buttons takes a small hanky from his pocket and blows his nose loudly

Baron: Does that feel better?

Buttons: Yes, but it's made my under pants slip and give me a wedgy.

Baron: That's better than having you sniffing all the time.

Buttons: It's not when my privates are being flossed!

Baron: Well I can't have you sniffing - I know. (*To audience*) When you see Buttons and he sniffs, will you all shout out, 'Where's your hanky?' So he will blow his nose. Will you do that? (*Do business with audience*)

From here on through the pantomime, everytime Buttons enters the stage, he sniffs or at instructed moments by the director. Each time the audience calls out 'Where's your hanky?' Buttons removes a larger hanky than the one before and blows his nose. This will give good visual audience response. The final hanky can be huge or a string of them tied together rather like a magician with flags

Song:- A parody of Rudolf the Red Nose Reindeer

**Buttons the red-nosed page boy
had a very sniffy nose
And if you ever saw it
you would even tell to blow**

**All of the other people
always laugh and call him names
They never let poor Buttons
join in any panto games**

**Then one foggy winters night
people came to watch
Buttons with your nose so bright
'where's your hanky' don't sniff tonight!**

**Then how everyone loved him
as they shouted out with glee
Buttons the red-nosed page boy
You'll go down in history!**

All exit except the Baron. Buttons gives a sniff as he exits to obtain and audience reaction

Baron: There are times when you wish an answer to a prayer would arrive. Another year of Slap and Tickle ageing will not enhance them one bit. If only a couple of strangers would pass this way that have strong stomachs for bad looks.

Music as Cuthbert and Horace enter. They are costumed as smart up-market Tramp like figures with an air of nobility

Cuth: *(over his shoulder)* Park the motor car in the dustbin, will you?

Hor: *(looking off)* Take my horse and have it re-bored, please?

Baron: Good morrow kind sirs. You are strangers are you not?

Cuth: Good gracious me no. We've known each other for simply ages, haven't we, Horace, old bean?

Hor: For absolutely oodles of years, Cutherbert, old fruit.

Cuth: *(introducing himself)* I am Cuthbert Farquaharsen.

Hor: *(introducing himself)* And I'm Horace Tiddley-Wwinkle, spelt with two W's.

Baron: Welcome Mr. Fartyassen and Mr. Tiddley-Winkle with two W's. I'm Baron de Broke with no money.

Cuth: I say, are we on the right road?

Baron: To where?

Hor: It matter not, don't you know, as long as we are.

Baron: This is Dangly End.

Cuth: Golly gosh. How does one find Windy Bottom?

Baron: Nose detection is the norm around here! *(Instructing)* And the last I heard, Windy Bottom is around the corner from Dangly End. And if you intend to go there and you arrive when you get there, you will be there.

Hor: Bang on, old chap, but I think we shall try here first. Now, is there somewhere we could stay, old bean?

Cuth: Nothing too posh, old fruit. But expense is no problem, don't you know?

Baron: *(to audience)* Expense no problem! They do say. "where there's muck there's money". And if there's money, they could be just what Slap and Tickle needs as husbands. *(To Cuth and Hor)* My home is at your service gentlemen.

Cuth: I say, what kindness.

Hor: *(aside to Cuth)* Never mind the kindness, we're in!

Slap and Tickle are heard off stage

S & T: *(off)* Coo - ee!

Cuth: Golly gosh. Cuckoo's nesting this time of the year.

S & T: *(off)* Coo - eeee!

Hor: I think it could be crows, old fruit.

Cuth and Hor move to one front stage side as Baron moves to the other

Baron: Gentlemen, please may I introduce two of my daughters, Slap and Tickle, who are single, available and very free with everything.

Short intro of music enter for up stage with real swagger and outrageously dressed. The music stops at a desired time when both are at front centre stage

Cuth: I say! We were both wrong, Horace, old bean. It's a couple of Vultures.

Hor: Do you think we should leg it now, or stay and be doomed, old fruit?

Cuth: Looks aren't everything.

Hor: They are when they look like that!

Baron: My darling daughters, may I introduce you to, Cuthbert Fartyass and Horace Tiddley-Wwinkle.

Hor: With two W's.

S & T: *(to each other)* With two W's. *(Chuckles)*

Baron: And they are to be our guests at the Manor.

Slap: Which one do you fancy, Tickle?

Tickle: It's a difficult choice. One is a fartyass and the other has a tiddely winkle with two W's.

Slap: Does that matter?

Tickle: I don't suppose it does. Except.

Slap: Except what?

Tickle: What if we get to the point of - relations.

Slap: It's natural to meet the family.

Tickle: Not those sorts of relations. *(With suggestion)* I mean the romantic ones.

Slap: Oh, I see. But where's the problem?

Tickle: Well, let's say the table is laid, the menu is set out and the room is lit with a soft flickering candle.

Slap: Sounds nice.

- Tickle:** What happens when (*nods with suggestion*) y'know, dinner is about to be served?
- Slap:** Easy. Keep your condiments hidden 'till the last moment as a surprise! (*Turns to Cuth*)
Good day, Mr Fartyarsen.
- Cuth:** Faquaharsen.
- Slap:** Bless you!
- Tickle:** (*to Hor*) And you have two W's on your Tiddley-Winkle I understand?
- Hor:** No, madam. My Name is Horace Tiddley-Wwinkle. Wwinkle is spelt with two W's.
- S & T:** (*at each other realising*) Oh, Ww - Ww - Wwwinkle!
- Slap:** (*linking arm with Hor*) How would you fancy a wander in the woods with me?
- Hor:** I say, what! But my mother told me never to wander with strange women.
- Tickle:** (*linking arm with Cuth*) We're not strange, just a bit different.
- Cuth:** Good-o! We understand the Prince has a Gala Ball at the castle tomorrow night, what!
- Baron:** He has and where we dance the light fantastic.
- Slap:** The Tango. (*Business with Hor including comedy movements*)
- Tickle:** The Rumba. (*Business with Cuth including comedy movements*)
- Baron:** The Foxtrot. (*Dances with himself*)
- All:** The Polka!

Polka type music starts, all on stage bow to each other. They dance with partners, except Baron who dances with himself. Then at a chosen time, the two couples exit by dancing off leaving the Baron, who suddenly realises he is on his own and sheepishly sidles off

Prince and Dandini enter

- Prince:** It seems rather quiet here today, Dandini?
- Dandini:** So it would appear, your Highness.
- Prince:** That is good. (*Pause*) Dandini?
- Dandini:** Yes, your Highness.
- Prince:** Have you not noticed that many mistake you, for me, the Prince?
- Dandini:** I would only assume that my noble bearing gives that impression.
- Prince:** Yes, I can see that to be feasible. And you know, sometimes, I am happy that it does.
- Dandini:** It does, your Highness?

Prince: Yes, it does. It amuses me. I have often wondered if I would not be noticed at all if you were to take my place.

Dandini: Do you think so? (*Swaggers about*) I do flatter myself that I have the personality of a first-class Lord, Earl or even a Prince.

Prince: Yes, you do have the personality. (*Thinks*) Dandini, I have a wonderful idea. Just for once, I'd like to know what it's like not be a Prince. It would give me chance to hear just what my subjects think of me. And so, let us change places!

Dandini: (*shocked*) Change places? Did you say, "change places?"

Prince: Yes. It will be fun. Why don't we try it? Let's see if our deception can last until the start of the ball. Let's see if anyone notices we have swapped places. I shall be you, the equerry, and you shall be me, the Prince.

Dandini: I shall have to think about it, your Highness.

Prince: What is there to think about? I'm sure you will do nothing to disgrace me Dandini.

Dandini: But it is I that has a reputation.

Prince: (*offering his hat to Dandini*) I know, and I intend to live up to it.

Dandini: (*offers his hat to Prince and takes the Prince's hat*) Well, don't get me into trouble.

They both put the hats on

Prince: (*bows to Dandini*) If I make half a good a servant as you do a Prince, we have nothing to fear, your Highness.

Song:-

Dandini: And now, as I am the Prince, it is I that give the orders. (*Strikes a stance*) Dandini, summon the people of Dangly End.

Prince: Certainly, your Highness. (*Calls out at both stage sides*) Come yea, come yea all. The Prince wishes to make a public announcement.

Chorus, Baron, Buttons, Slap, Tickle, Cuth and Hor enter

Dandini: (*aside to the Prince*) I'm impressed, I couldn't have done that better myself!

Buttons sniffs, audience reaction and blows his nose

Prince: The Prince asks your attention for the following announcement.

Dandini: My friends. At the Gala Ball tomorrow night, not only will there be dancing but the wine shall flow freely, the abundant food (*kisses his fingers with expression*) will be the best ever tasted. I shall order a firework display like none ever seen before to begin after midnight. And everyone is invited this year. There shall be no distinction between nobleman and commoner or employer and employee. This will be a night to remember. (*Notices the Prince smiling*) Dandini, may I ask what you find amusing?

Prince: I was just wondering the cost of the celebrations, your Highness, and the shock given to the bill payer.

Dandini: Dandini, when you have been a Prince as long as I have, you would realise how easy it is to spend other people's money. (*Addressing all*) Now, am I to take it the invitation has been accepted?

All: It has.

Dandini: Then I do believe, Dandini, your suggestion to me, is now something to sing about.

Song:-

Black-out

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ACT ONE
 SCENE TWO
 OUTSIDE DANGLY END (front cloth)

Septic enters. She, like Cuthbert and Horace is costumed in a smart, up-market tramp like style

Septic: Well, well, well. If it's not all the goody goodies, wanting a happy ever after to this story. Well, my dears, I plan for a happy ever after, I intend to be the new Baroness. My plan is already at work, as Cuthbert and Horace, my two dim witted helpers, have gained entry

into the Manor. Oh, yes, the plan is already at work. I will offer the Baron something he can't refuse. I don't know what it will be yet, probably all my worldly goods. Those being my feminine wiles and irresistible body and a few lodging fleas!

Song:- *One expressing either beauty, glamour, allurement or similar*
Cuth and Hor enter

Cuth: Ah, there you are, Septic, my old fruit.

Hor: And looking rather spiffing, don't you know?

Septic: One has to look ones best when trapping a Baron to be my future husband. Now, have you settled nicely into the Manor?

C & H: Absolutely first class, old fruit. And just awaiting Buttons to bring our luggage.

Septic: Is Cinderella as good a cook as it is said?

C & H: She's bang on.

Septic: Ah, that's is news to my starving lips. *(To Cuth and Hor)* Is the Baron happy with your presence?

C & H: Just champion, old bean.

Septic: And how is the romance going between you two and with Slap and Tickle?

C & H: Polrumpitious!

Septic: Pol - what?

C & H: Polrumpitious..... Raucous. Rude and disruptive.

Septic: *(surprised)* Oh, I see. How very avant-garde and progressive! *(Keenly)* Now, I hear the Prince has announced the invitation to all to the Gala Ball tomorrow night?

Cuth: He has.

Septic: That means I shall be able to avail my personality to the Baron whilst you two keep the gargoyles out of the way.

Hor: But, wont we look a trifle out of place, old sport?

Septic: No, we won't, old fruit! We shall have all the grace, personality and breeding one needs and blend in without suspicion. And we'll arrive in style!

C & H: How?

Septic: We'll walk up the avenue to the Palace!

Song:-

Black-out

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ACT ONE
 SCENE THREE
 A VILLAGE OF DANGLY END (*full stage*)

The scene can open with a dance routine if wished. If this is done all exit after the routine Desmond enters the stage and trots around quite sprightly. Stopping and looking off stage, with his head beckons Buttons to enter the stage. Buttons enters staggering loaded with props and collapses stage centre with Desmond showing signs of jovial excitement watching on. The props are bags (filled with light packing) and any items you feel appropriate or logistically manageable for Buttons to carry. Buttons has a long imitation/faux straw (reed) hidden on his person. In a bag should be various amusing garments of clothing that would be worn by Cuth and Hor.

Buttons: For a horse, Desmond, you are the most useless nag anyone could own. (*Stands and sniffs*)

Audience reaction

Buttons: What's the use of having you and doing all the work myself?

Desmond turns his back on Buttons

Buttons: And don't turn your back on me when I'm talking to you.

Desmond turns to face Buttons

Buttons: Now don't tell me that you are not strong enough to carry all this stuff of Cuthbert's and Horace's to the Manor?

Desmond nods his head, 'yes'

Buttons: But you said. "you won the Grand National?"

Desmond whispers in Buttons ear

Buttons: You did! You had tenner to win on a horse and won! (*Bops Desmond*) You stupid horse.

A routine happens here where Desmond sinks onto his front knees and Buttons lifts him up. As he does this, Desmond's hind part collapses and Buttons lifts it. This can be repeated as required. Finally, in frustration, Buttons pulls Desmond's tail and Desmond stands biting Buttons. Buttons then loads Desmond up with the props. Pulling the straw from his person and shows the audience, Button places it on Desmond. Desmond collapses scattering all the props

Buttons: (*to audience*) That was the straw that broke the horses back! (*To Desmond*) There! I work my fingers to the bone to keep you, and then, you breakdown. (*To audience*) I got homestart, roadside and a tow home, but I'm not sure about a horse that's been horsing about! Do you know, this morning I saw a RAC van parked up and the driver was sobbing his eyes out? I thought to myself, that guys heading for a breakdown!

Desmond nuzzles up to Buttons affectionately

Buttons: It's no use trying to get around me like that. You're just like all the rest. You'll be sorry when I'm gone. I am the only man worth his mettle, bold as brass, nerves of steel, iron constitution...

Cinderella enters with a bundle of sticks suitable to sit on

Cinders: (*cutting in*) And if you get copper bottoming, you'll be perfect!

Buttons: You'll have to be quick as it's cracking up with age!

Cinders: Oh, Buttons, you do make me laugh.

Buttons: You should let me collect the wood for the fire, Cinderella.

Cinders: You do enough for me already, Buttons. (*Looking about*) What's all of this about?

Buttons: It's Cuthbert's and Horace's worldly possessions. I've been instructed by those two sisters of yours to bring it all to the Manor.

Cinders: Is there anything of value?

Buttons: Wouldn't think so. But we can have a look.

Buttons opens the bag with the garments and begins to reveal each underwear item and displaying it to the audience. Cinderella and Button can ad-lib as each item is shown. Off stage Slap and Tickle are heard. Buttons quickly replaces the garments into the bag

Slap: (*off*) Coo eee!

Tickle: (*off*) Yoo hoo!

Cinders: Oh, lord. It's my sisters and I bet there is something I haven't done for them. They make my life a misery.

Buttons: (*protecting Cinders*) Don't you worry, Cinderella. I will protect you!

Slap and Tickle enter with prominence

Buttons: (*retreating*) On the other hand, you're big enough to fight your own battles. (*Begins to collect the props together*)

Slap: Cinderella, we're waiting for our lunch. If I don't have food, I'll fade away.

Tickle: My dear, you've been fading for years. You ought to be there by now!

Slap: My stomach feels as empty as a hole.

Tickle: I'm withering like a hot house tropical flower.

Buttons: And I'm off before I throw up!

Buttons and Desmond exit

Slap: Now, Cinderella. Why are you not preparing our fine dining experience?

Tickle: With a little bit of this and a little bit of that.

Slap: And I prefer the other anytime.

Cinders: The stew is in a pot boiling on the stove, just help yourselves.

Tickle: That's not what I call eating with a delicate palate.

Cinders: If it's good enough for the pigs, it's fine for you.

Slap: Well, really! What a common little scragg you are. It makes me wince to call you my sister.

Cinders: I've winced ever since I knew you were my sisters.

Tickle: I'll have you know, Cinderella, that we are fastidious.

Cinders: I know. *(Indicates one then the other)* She's fast and your hideous!

Slap: Cinderella! As our youngest sister, you will show some respect to your elder sisters.

Cinders: Why? You have never had respect for me.

Tickle: We have no reason to. You were born in a fire grate and in a fire grate you will remain forever!

Cinders: I was not born in a fire grate.

Slap: Then you must have fallen down the chimney.

Tickle: As you were all covered in cinders, Cinderella.

Slap: Come on, Tickle. *(Turns and begins to exit and stops)* And if you think you are going to the ball tomorrow, Cinderella, you can think again.

Tickle: You are neither nobleman, commoner, employer or employee.

S & T: *(exiting)* You're just a dirty, scruffy urchin of embarrassment that won't get beyond the Palace gates! *(Laughs exiting)*

Cinders: Oh, dear. I can't understand why they are so nasty to me. I do all I can for them, but I get no thanks for it. *(Sits on the bundle of sticks)* Of course, papa is kind to me, but Slap and Tickle seems to overrule all he decides. It's only Buttons that helps me where he can. Poor Buttons, he does all his work for nothing, because he loves me and hopes that one day, I will return the same love. But that I know that won't happen. I'm not sure, 'who will float my boat' as they say or the type of man I wish for a husband, but I know Buttons is not that man. What is it they say in fairy tales? 'If only my Prince will come'.

Song:

At the end of the song Cinders picks up the bundle of wood and makes her way to exit. Cinders exit is stopped by the entrance of the Fairy Godmother stage right. She costumed more in the fashion of a old poor lady and hobbles with a stick

Fairy: (*holds out her hand*) Spare a coin for a poor old fairy that's fallen on hard times, my dear?

Cinders: I wish I could. But I am as poor as you are. (*Placing the wood down*)

Fairy: It's a sorrowful world we live in these days to allow a beautiful girl like yourself to be poverty stricken.

Cinders: Things aren't that bad. I live in a fine house with food to eat, there are others worse off than myself. (*With puzzlement*) But, as a fairy, are you not able to conjure up wealth and a life of good living?

Fairy: My dear, I can only help others, I cannot help myself. And in these times of not being so well off and my bank account being low, I only wear my fairy dress when I know I am to use my fairy powers.

Cinders: Oh, I see. I did not realise fairies are also affected by financial ruin. Not that I know much about fairies anyway.

Fairy: And neither do others my dear, we are secret to the world. (*With affection*) I know everything there is to know about you though.

Cinders: (*shocked*) You do?

Fairy: And all I ask is for a coin or some fire wood to keep warm.

Cinders: You are welcome to this bundle of wood. It won't take me long to gather more for myself.

Fairy: You are very kind, but I do not wish to impose, my dear.

Cinders: Think nothing of it. (*Picking up the bundle*) Now, if you show me the way to your house, I shall drop it onto your doorstep.

Fairy: It is very kind of you to help an old biddy like me. But who knows, maybe one day soon, I can return your kindness. (*As if to Exit*) I will lead the way, I live in the little cottage beside Dangly End's trickling stream! (*Exiting right*)

Cinders: (*following*) No need to return anything, I am more than happy to help. I will even light a fire for you, after all, I get enough practice on that subject. (*Exits*)

Dandini and Prince enter. Prince is either holding or hidden an invitation list for the ball

Dandini: It really will not do. The way you say 'Your Highness' gives the impression of a doorman at (*local place*).

Prince: (*bows with more emphasis*) I am very sorry, your HIGH-ness.

Dandini: Um! I suppose that is an improvement.

Prince: I have no flair for this sort of thing. I had no idea a servant could be such a difficult position.

Dandini: It's easy for anyone to, 'swank' but when it comes to being polite to your superior without being supercilious, obedient but never inferior, I am afraid you have a lot to learn.

Prince: *(with no finesse)* This 'ere, me bein' you and you bein' me ain't so easy after all is it, gov? *(Sniffs wiping his nose in his sleeve)*

Dandini: No, it aint! *(Quickly correcting)* I mean, it is not. Now, have you the invitation list for the ball?

Prince: The original official invitation list and not the open invite to all and sundry as declared earlier today?

Dandini: That is what I asked for.

Prince: Then you're in luck as I have it, your Highness. *(Gives the list to Dandini)*

Dandini: *(looking at the list)* Some may not have been at my public invitation and it would be rude to forget them. I see Baron de Broke is here, such a fine old English name.

Prince: There's a lot of English aristocracy 'Broke' these days I'm afraid.

Dandini: And three daughters. How remarkable.

Prince: They say things come in three's, your Highness.

Dandini: I cannot recall them being there at my announcement. I think I ought to visit the manor and make sure they know. And to espy on the creatures of the opposite sex allowing my roving eye fall upon the butterflies of beauty.

Prince: It is unfortunate that two are decrepit moths and the third I have not seen in years, but I remember her dirty as a chimney.

Dandini: Beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

Prince: I suggest you go to specsavers first, your Highness. Scraping the bottom of the barrel is one thing. But to go through its bottom and finding the Baron's daughters, requires a strong stomach and a health warning!

Dandini: *(firmly)* My mind is made up, I shall go alone to the manor. *(Begins to exit)* I wish to see for myself the beauty you keep from me. And after I have had the first pick, you may have second best. *(Exits)*

Prince: *(shrugs his shoulders)* On your head be it.

Cinders enters

Cinders: Your master seems to be a determined man.

Prince: *(a little startled lost for words)* Is he? - He is? - I mean, I suppose - oh, dear.

Cinders: It appears I have startled you. Quite common for servants who are caught unaware.

Prince: *(looking at Cinders clothing)* Are you also a down trodden servant?

Cinders: Not really. My father is the Baron de Broke.

Prince: You are never one of his three daughters?

Cinders: Yes. I am the youngest, the one that is never noticed.

Prince: I fail to see how anyone, anywhere, would not notice you.

Cinders: It's quite simple really. Slap and Tickle, my two older sisters are the ones that are noticed. In fact, you can't help but notice them. They have as much charm as two Sumo wrestlers fighting over a cream bun. They take after our late mother for that.

Prince: So your mother has departed from this world!

Cinders: She died when I was very young. And as my sisters are not domesticated, I have to wait on them hand, foot and finger. I seldom go outdoors and not seen often.

Prince: I thought your father was a kind man?

Cinders: He is and says I take after him. I suppose we are what is known as a divided family with different attitudes and values.

Prince: And talking of value. Why are you dressed in such a manner?

Cinders: My sisters take what little money there is and spend on it themselves. I wear what rags they cast off and make the best of them. Trouble is, sifting ashes, making fires, sweeping floors and everything, I end up looking like this.

Prince: Don't you mind?

Cinders: What you've never had you never miss. But I dream that one day life will be different. I sit alone and gaze into the glowing embers of the fire and let my mind drift away to a fantasy world. Do you do that?

Prince: I can't say that I have ever done so.

Music starts quietly as Cinders delivers the following line. The music should continue to play until the end of all the dialogue quietly. Choose a piece of music that the two can easily go into a duet to end the scene

Cinders: You ought to try it. It's such fun. The flickering flames, the wisps of smoke, the logs as they collapse and send out a shower of spark bringing my dreams alive.

Prince takes Cinders into his arms and they dance a few steps, she suddenly breaks away

Cinders: I'm sorry - I didn't mean to - I mean - dreams sometimes seems so real. Just for a moment I felt like a Princess and you were my Prince.

Prince: *(reaching for her hand)* Then dream again, Miss. Let me come with you into that dream. For a moment you can be a Princess and I shall be your Prince. A grand wealthy Prince holding in his arms the most beautiful Princess in all the world.

They dance for a few seconds and continues when suddenly Dandini runs onto the stage followed by Slap and Tickle

Dandini: I've changed my mind. You can have the pick of any one of the Barons daughters.
And the best of British luck, duck. *(Exits)*

Slap and Tickle follow Dandini in hot pursuit and ad-libs suitable lines and exits off after Dandini.

Song: *A duet with Cinders and Prince. They begin as they stop dancing to the tune which has been playing quietly. This means NO break in music from when it starts earlier in the dialogue*

Black-out

PantoScripts Perusal

ACT ONE
 SCENE FOUR
 OUTSIDE DANGLY END (front cloth)

Baron and Buttons enter

Buttons sniffs and does business

Baron: *(dreamily)* Oh, what a lovely romantic evening. If I had only a lady to share it with and take to the ball tomorrow night.

Buttons: I remember such another night as this one morning when as per usual nothing had happened on the night in question. The very trees themselves had packed their trunks and taken their leaves!

Baron: But you should be catch of the day!

Buttons: I'm not a flipping Trout y'know! And it's very difficult to woo a girl when I got no money.

Baron: No money. How's that come about?

Buttons: You haven't paid me any for twelve months.

Baron: *(taken aback)* I owe you twelve months wages! *(Dismissing)* What a ridiculous accusation.

Buttons: It's not ridickiedulas. I only want my money.

Baron: I do not owe you any.

Buttons: But I've been working for you for twelve months and not seen one penny for my services.

Song: *A song to do with work or money*

Baron: Now let us get this into a proper prospective.

Buttons: Exactly. Most perper-dick-ie-ment-ly.

Baron: I agree you have worked for twelve months, but I disagree that I owe you twelve months wages.

Buttons: The answer is in the infirmary.

Baron: And you'll be in an infirmary before long with such preposterous suggestions of the suggested preposterous accusation. Now, we shall work this out. Have you a pencil or something?

Buttons: I have a something, but nobody wants it! *(From the wings he brings on a blackboard and easel or similar which he places stage centre)* I'm sure you'll be short sighted where money is concerned, Baron. But we'll give it a go. *(Gives the Baron a piece of chalk)*

Baron: My eyesight is perfect. The optician says, "I have the ability to see what I want to see and not see what I wish to ignore!"

Buttons: My optician said that I was colour blind! That was a bolt out of the orange!

Baron: Now, let me see. You have been working for twelve months and a year is three hundred and sixty-five days. *(Goes to write on the board)*

Buttons: *(stops the Baron)* It was a leap year.

Baron: So it was. It was three hundred and sixty-six days. *(Writes the number on the board)*

Buttons: *(holds out his hand)* I'll take cash, bank transfer but not a bouncy cheque.

Baron: Just a moment. How many hours in a day?

Buttons: Twenty-four.

Baron: But you don't work twenty-four hours a day.

Buttons: Of course not. I work eight hours a day.

Baron: Correct. Now, eights into twenty-four go three times. Which means you actually work a third of each day. And that makes a third of each week and a third of each month which equates to a third of a year. Am I correct?

Buttons: It's a lot of thirds but it seems right as long as I get paid.

Baron: A third of three hundred and sixty-six is one hundred and twenty two. So, you have worked for me one hundred and twenty-two days in the last year. *(Writes one hundred and twenty-two on the board)*

Buttons: Thereabouts.

Baron: And to be fair to us both, you do not work Sundays, do you?

Buttons: Not likely. That's the day I venture out to find a girlfriend. I met one the other week and she had sore lips. Rendering assistance to her ailment, I gave her a glue stick instead of a chap stick and has not heard from her since!

Baron: Quite! Now there's one Sunday a week, fifty-two weeks in the year. That makes fifty-two Sundays to come off the working week. *(Writes fifty-two on the board)* So one hundred and twenty two takeaway fifty makes, seventy working days. *(Writes seventy on the board)*

Buttons: I'm think you'd better give me some money whilst it's still visible!

Baron: Ah, but wait. Am I correct in thinking you have half a day off each week?

Buttons: Wednesdays. When I go to my club to see how many glasses it takes so I can't read wine labels.

Baron: I have to deduct those half days I'm afraid. And if I am not mistaken you go to football every Saturday afternoon. How is your team doing by the way?