

CINDERELLA

by Nigel Holmes



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CINDERELLA - CAST LIST

CINDERELLA: Daughter of Baron Hardup. An honest yet naive girl.

BUTTONS: The valet and general servant of Baron Hardup. He is secretly in love with Cinderella. A cheeky chap, full of bounce.

TINKLY: Part of the comedy duo. Happy and jolly.

SPRINKLY: Part of the comedy duo. Often miserable.

PROSECCO: Ugly sister. Played by a man.

CAVA: Ugly sister. Played by a man.

PRINCE CHARMING: The Prince. Handsome and upper class.

DANDINI: Subservient, yet knowing. Assistant to the Prince.

BARON HARDUP: Cinderella's father. Owner of Hardup Hall.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Fairy Godmother. Mature. Appears to be hard of hearing but hears more than she lets on.

HERALD: Has two voices. An extra posh "phone voice" for announcing. Then an "uncouth" voice for normal times. Uses unconventional words in odd places.

ACT I SCENE 1: THE KITCHEN AT HARDUP HALL.

THE CURTAIN GOES UP ON A SCENE OF A RUN DOWN "PANTOMIME" KITCHEN WITH A LARGE FIREPLACE TO ONE SIDE. THE ENSEMBLE ARE DANCING AND SINGING.

MUSICAL NUMBER. The ensemble and villagers.

SUGGESTION: Can't Stop The Feeling - Justin Timberlake (from "Trolls").

AT THE END OF THE MUSICAL NUMBER THE ENSEMBLE EXIT IN ALL DIRECTION. WE ARE LEFT WITH A VIEW OF THE SAD FIGURE OF CINDERELLA SITTING BY THE FIRESIDE. SHE IS WEARING A TORN AND SCRUFFY DRESS.

AFTER A FEW MOMENTS CINDERELLA RISES AND PICKS UP A BROOM. SHE THEN WALKS A FEW STEPS SLOWLY SWEEPING.

CINDERELLA: The fire's gone out and that's the end of the kindling. Oh well. No more heat until I go and scavenge some sticks from the forest again.

I wish mother was still alive. She would have never let us get in this situation. Father tries, but somehow the money gets squandered and we end up in the same downward spiral again.

MUSICAL NUMBER: Cinderella.

SUGGESTION: This is Me - Keale Settle (from the Greatest Showman).

CINDERELLA SITS BACK DOWN BY THE FIREPLACE AND HANGS HER HEAD.

BUTTONS ENTERS AT SPEED, CHEERFUL AND BOUNCY. HE GOES CENTRE FRONT. HE HAS NOT SEEN CINDERELLA, SO HE TALKS DIRECTLY TO THE AUDIENCE.

BUTTONS: Hello everyone. (GESTURING FOR POSSIBLE RESPONSE.) When I say everyone, I mean everyone. Even you people hiding at the back. You're supposed to reply "Hello Buttons". Can you do that? (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) I said, can you do that? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Better. Okay so let's try again. And not just the kids this time.

Hello everyone. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Well done. You're getting the hang of it.

CINDERELLA: Why are you always so cheerful Buttons?

BUTTONS: (TURNING.) Cinderella!

CINDERELLA: Hello Buttons.

BUTTONS: Have you been crying? What's wrong?

CINDERELLA RISES AND JOINS BUTTONS.

CINDERELLA: Oh you know. Just life in general.

BUTTONS: But things are about to get a lot better. Your father, the Baron, has remarried so there will soon be a new mother figure back in Hardup Hall.

CINDERELLA: I'm not sure I'm ready for that.

BUTTONS: I'm told she has two lovely daughters about the same age as you. So you'll have a couple of new stepsisters to be friends with. They'll help you around the place.

CINDERELLA: You're right. Oh Buttons, I love the way you see everything in such a positive light. You've cheered me up a little. I can get on with my chores with a bit more spring in my step.

CINDERELLA EXITS WITH MORE BOUNCE.

BUTTONS: Poor Cinderella. She's so down at the moment. Things have been bad for her lately, but it looks like it's going to get better very soon.

Anyway, where were we? Oh yes. Let's see if you remember. And not just the kids this time. Mums and dads as well.

Hello everyone. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) You're doing really great.

TINKLY AND SPRINKLY: ENTER CARRYING WATER PISTOLS.

SPRINKLY: (ENTERING.) Oh no we're not.

TINKLY: (ENTERING FROM OTHER SIDE AND ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE TO JOIN IN.) Oh yes we are.

SPRINKLY: Oh no we're not.

TINKLY: (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.) Oh yes we are.

SPRINKLY: Whatever.

BUTTONS: Ladies and gentlemen. A big round of applause and a loud cheer for Hardup Hall's handymen, Tinkly and Sprinkly:.

TINKLY ACCEPTS THE APPLAUSE WITH A WIDE ARM GESTURE, WHILE SPRINKLY: LOOKS SUSPICIOUSLY INTO THE AUDIENCE.

TINKLY: Yeah! Whoop whoop! Brilliant!

SPRINKLY: I don't like 'em.

TINKLY: Who?

SPRINKLY: Them.

BUTTONS: What have you got there.

TINKLY: It's a gun that shoots H,I,J,K,L,M,N,O.

SPRINKLY: Yes, H.I.J.K.L.M.N.O.

BUTTONS: What's that.

TINKLY: It's the chemical formula for water.

BUTTONS: Exactly! H to O.

BUTTONS: But what's with the water pistols?

TINKLY: They're broken.

SPRINKLY: Broken.

TINKLY: Being the best fixers in the world...

SPRINKLY: Universe.

TINKLY: ...best fixers in the universe, we're gonna fix 'em.

BUTTONS: Which bits broken?

TINKLY: (SHOWING BUTTONS BUT WITH GUN POINTING HIGH OVER THE THE AUDIENCE.) It's this little nib-knob here. When you pull the trigger it should send out a stream of water, (FIRING WATER INTO AUDIENCE AND IGNORING IT.) but it doesn't work, look.

BUTTONS: Push it again. I thought I saw something happen.

TINKLY: (FIRING WATER.) Nah! It's still broken.

SPRINKLY: (SHOWING THE PISTOL.) This one. Jammed. See. (FIRING WATER INTO AUDIENCE AND IGNORING IT.)

BUTTONS: That's bad.

SPRINKLY: It doesn't fire. (FIRING WATER.) See.

BUTTONS: Can you fix them?

SPRINKLY: Might.

TINKLY: (LOOKING INTO AUDIENCE.) Has it been raining?

BUTTONS: Why do you ask?

TINKLY: Some of these people look wet.

SPRINKLY: (TO AUDIENCE.) Oh no it wasn't. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

TINKLY: Oh no it wasn't. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

SPRINKLY: Told you they'd wouldn't like us.

BUTTONS: But I'm sure you're good guys in your spare time.

TINKLY: Sometimes. At least my mummy loves me.

SPRINKLY: I never had a mummy.

BUTTONS: Of course you had a mummy. Everyone has to have a mummy.

TINKLY: Who delivered you?

SPRINKLY: The moped man from the kebab shop.

TINKLY: What! You came from the kebab shop?

SPRINKLY: Found on the doorstep. Dad rung for a bargain bucket and they delivered me. With fries.

In fact, Dad brought me up as an only child. Which really used to annoy my two sisters.

BUTTONS: How do you know what stuff needs fixing?

TINKLY: Info comes in on an app.

SPRINKLY: Yeah! Dummy!

BOTH TINKLY AND SPRINKLY: GET OUT SMART PHONES.

TINKLY: Here. It's showing what been reported broken

SPRINKLY: (LOOKING OVER AT TINKLY'S PHONE.) There's a huge red area on the GPS pie chart. It's got one of those emoji faces that looks like someone's let off a stink bomb in the boys toilets. It looks like...

BOTH TINKLY AND SPRINKLY: PULL A SILLY FACE TO DEMONSTRATE THE EMOJI.

TINKLY: This app currently shows twenty five and a half problems. (TO SPRINKLY.) What's yours showing?

SPRINKLY: Two hearts and a unicorn having a glittery poo.

TINKLY: What?

SPRINKLY: (SHOWING PHONE.) You collect the glitter tokens, which you feed to the unicorn.

BUTTONS: (ENTHUSIASTIC.) You're playing 'My Poopy Unicorn!' I've got that. What's your top score?

TINKLY: Oi! We're supposed to be fixing stuff.

SPRINKLY: Spoilsport!

TINKLY: The app shows something needs fixing close by. We'll have a look around.

TINKLY EXITS, FOLLOWING THE DIRECTIONS ON THE PHONE.

SPRINKLY: (PLAYING ON PHONE.) Yeeeee! (HIGH FIVE'ING BUTTONS.) Two rainbows and enough glitter for a purple poo.

TINKLY: (FROM OFF.) Oi!

SPRINKLY EXITS AT THE RUN.

BUTTONS: Anyway. Where were we? Oh yes. I'm Buttons. I work for Baron Hardup as a valet and personal assistant.

Sadly, since his wife died, Baron Hardup has lost most of his money and isn't paying his debts.

His daughter Cinderella has had to sell almost everything to make ends meet. She's fantastic and, if I can tell you a little secret, I'm in love with her.

Kids, what do you think? I really want to kiss her. Does that sound sloppy?

(LOOKING INTO WINGS.) Shooooosh! Don't say anything. She's coming back.

CINDERELLA ENTERS.

CINDERELLA: Are you still chatting Buttons?

BUTTONS: Oh, just keeping everyone happy. Cinderella, you look fantastic.

CINDERELLA: What this old thing? It's about the only decent dress I've got. We can't afford new clothes at the moment.

BUTTONS: You still look fantastic. Doesn't she everybody? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

CINDERELLA: You're very kind. (TO BUTTONS.) Have you seen Daddy?

BUTTONS: I really would like to kiss her.

CINDERELLA: *Buttons!*

BUTTONS: Oh! Did I say that out loud?

CINDERELLA: You did. Buttons I'm shocked. I've known you from when I was a small child. We've grown up together. I can't think of you that way.

BUTTONS: What way?

CINDERELLA: The way boys and girls feel funny towards each other. You're a friend.

BUTTONS: Not a boyfriend?

CINDERELLA: Oh Buttons. Have I hurt your feelings? I'm so sorry. But I just think of you as someone who's always there for me. I can't think of you in a holding hands, skipping along, sort of way. That would be totally wrong.

BUTTONS: What about a taking me home, snuggling on the sofa, sort of way?

CINDERELLA: Buttons no! You're my friend. Yes I love you. But like a brother. Not in a sloppy kissy, huggy sort of way.

BUTTONS: How about a matching jumper'ie, pinch your chips, sort of way?

CINDERELLA: I don't think so.

BUTTONS: Like a brother then? Oh well, I guess I'll take that.

CINDERELLA: Have you seen Daddy?

BUTTONS: Isn't he at home?

CINDERELLA: He went to the big city (OR LOCAL TOWN NAME) to meet my new stepsisters off the train. They're coming to stay with us for a while to see if they like Hardup Hall. They'll be staying for the summer so we'll be able to go for walks in the country and do things like... Oh you know... Swimming naked in the river.

BUTTONS: In the river? Swimming? In the naughty nudie?

CINDERELLA: Of course. Why not? I do it all the time Buttons. It's so fresh and invigorating.

BUTTONS: Invigorating? Yes I can feel the invigoration starting. Or at least I think that's what it is. Just a moment. (TO AUDIENCE.) Gentlemen. Are you feeling invigorated? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

CINDERELLA: Oh I'd thoroughly recommend it. I walk through the woods and enjoy the birds singing in the trees. I wander down to the stream and, first checking there's no one about, I strip off all my clothes and plunge in the cool water.

BUTTONS: Obviously I'm just innocently asking, but *when* exactly do you do this? Is there a specific time?

CINDERELLA: Normally on a Monday when I've finished my chores. Round about nine o'clock. Why do you ask?

BUTTONS: Oh, no reason. Nine o'clock Mondays?

CINDERELLA: Every Monday.

BUTTONS: Just a moment. (TO AUDIENCE.) Gentlemen, please stop making notes. Updates will appear on my Instagram page.

CINDERELLA: I hope my new stepsisters will want to join in.

BUTTONS: I hope so too.

CINDERELLA: Ah at last. Here's Daddy.

BARON HARDUP ENTERS.

BARON HARDUP: Can either of you lend me a fiver?

CINDERELLA: No sorry Daddy.

BUTTONS: Sorry Baron. But I've not had my wages for two months.

BARON HARDUP: Disgraceful. You should speak to your boss about that.

BUTTONS: You are my boss.

BARON HARDUP: Ah! So you haven't got a fiver?

CINDERELLA: How did your meeting with my new stepsisters go?

BARON HARDUP: Oh yes, ah! Fantastic. That's what I need the fiver for. I met them from the train, but the railway guard refused to release the girls bags unless we pay.

BUTTONS: Understandable.

BARON HARDUP: Damed cheek actually. Don't they know who I am?

CINDERELLA: Where are my stepsisters now?

BARON HARDUP: Still at the station. They can't come until their bags are released. You sure you haven't got a fiver?

BUTTONS: We could go and look down the back of the sofas. You might find some loose change.

BARON HARDUP: I doubt it. I did that yesterday and only found a slightly moldy packet of Haribo.

BUTTONS: Oh I like those. The fried egg ones.

BARON HARDUP: And the ones that fizz in your mouth.

CINDERELLA: Come on. We'd better go and see what we can find.

BUTTONS, CINDERELLA AND BARON HARDUP
EXIT.

THE TWO UGLY SISTERS ENTER AT THE BACK
OF THE AUDITORIUM WITH A LOT OF
CRASHING AND BANGING. WITH THEM IS A
PORTER STRUGGLING WITH A LARGE AMOUNT
OF LUGGAGE.

PROSECCO: In here Tarzan. Take care with that big case.
It's my sister's make-up.

CAVA: And that long one is for her broomstick.

PROSECCO: Just a moment darling. There's people in here
sitting in the dark. Hasn't anyone got fifty pee
for the meter?

CAVA: Perhaps it's one of this seances? You know, (IN A
SPOOKY VOICE.) is there anyone there?

PROSECCO: Don't touch them darling. You don't want to wake
them from a trance

CAVA: They'd get a nasty shock if they woke up and found
you leaning over them.

PROSECCO: Who are all these *horrid* people?

CAVA: Probably your fan club.

PROSECCO: Push your way down to the front darling. Watch out
for the bald ones. They're the worst.

CAVA: What's wrong with them?

PROSECCO: It's a well known fact that all bald men sleep
hanging out.

CAVA: Their arms. Hanging out from the duvet.

PROSECCO: With my last boyfriend, something kept popping out,
so I sewed up the slot in his pyjamas.

CAVA: (TO MALE VICTIM.) This one looks desperate.

PROSECCO: Do you want me to come over there and cheer him up?

CAVA: You'll need a strong set of jump leads.

PROSECCO: (TO FEMALE VICTIM OF A COUPLE.) Is he with you
lovie?

CAVA: Obviously not a woman with money or she'd have
chosen better.

THE PORTER TAKES THE CASES ONTO THE
STAGE AND SLINGS THEM TO THE GROUND.
THEN STANDS WAITING FOR PAYMENT.

PROSECCO: Whoa Tarzan. You should be taking care of the old
bags.

CAVA: A nice thought, but it's a bit too early in the day
for me.

THE UGLY SISTERS GO ON STAGE.

PROSECCO: Have you got any money darling?

CAVA: No. Did you promise something for payment?

PROSECCO: The usual rates darling. But I said it would be double or quits if he beat me at Rock, Paper, Scissors.

CAVA: That's a bit dangerous.

PROSECCO: Not the way I play it. (TO PORTER.) Are you ready big boy? One, two, three.

AFTER THREE, THE PORTER AND PROSECCO SHOW THEIR HANDS. THE PORTER DOES "PAPER". PROSECCO SHOWS A CUPPED HAND WITH THE FINGERS POINTING UPWARDS AND WRIGGLING.

PROSECCO: I win. You get nothing.

CAVA: (LOOKING AT WRIGGLING FINGER GESTURE.) What's that?

PROSECCO: It beats everything darling. It's FIRE!

THE PORTER LOOKS DISGUSTED THAT HE IS BEATEN AND EXITS.

CAVA: Dirty!

PROSECCO: Well we've got no money darling. I lent our last £5,000 to Aunty Gladys for plastic surgery.

CAVA: Can't you get it back?

PROSECCO: I would do but now I don't know what she looks like.

CAVA: For me it's been a really bad year.

PROSECCO: Oh I know. Especially when your Ex got run over by a bus.

CAVA: It got even worse. I lost my job as a bus driver.

THE UGLY SISTERS LOOK INTO THE AUDIENCE.

PROSECCO: Have you seen these people darling? They all look so different from here.

CAVA: Slightly fuzzy.

PROSECCO: That's because you're not wearing your glasses.

CAVA: Guess who I bumped into on the way to Specsavers?

PROSECCO: Who did you bump into darling?

CAVA: Everybody!

PROSECCO: But look at their poor little worn out faces.

CAVA: A vision of what we're going to look like in a few years.

PROSECCO: My face is perfect darling.

CAVA: (TO AUDIENCE.) I knew her three faces ago.

PROSECCO: But just look at your chins. What happened there?

CAVA: When God was giving everyone a chin, I thought he said "Gin", so I asked for a double

PROSECCO: Hello everyone. My name is Prosecco. (TO AUDIENCE.) Say "Hello Prosecco". (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

CAVA: And my name is Cava. (TO AUDIENCE.) Say "Hello the good looking one". (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

PROSECCO: Mother gave us those names because of their involvement in our creation.

CAVA: Just imagine if mother was teetotal. We could have been called J20 and SunnyD.

MUSICAL NUMBER: Prosecco and Cava. Backed by the ensemble.

SUGGESTION: It's All About the Base - Meghan Trainer..

THE ENSEMBLE ENTER TO JOIN IN WITH THE MUSICAL NUMBER. DURING THE NUMBER THE ENSEMBLE REMOVE THE LUGGAGE.

PROSECCO: Darling! Our luggage has gone?

CAVA: Oh no, we've been knobbed.

PROSECCO: Robbed!

CAVA: Oh no, we've been robbed.

PROSECCO: (RUNNING AROUND IN A PANIC.) Help, help!

CAVA: Save us poor little girls.

PROSECCO: Help, help!

CAVA: Help! There's been a problem with a couple of old bags.

PROSECCO: My sister and I have been violated.

CAVA: Have we?

PROSECCO: We might be if the policemen look okay.

BUTTONS ENTERS.

BUTTONS: Can I help you ladies?

CAVA: Oh goodie! A man in uniform.

PROSECCO: Are you the police?

BUTTONS: I'm the valet here at Hardup Hall. You must be Baron Hardup's step-daughters.

PROSECCO: His *beautiful* step-daughters Prosecco and Cava.

BUTTONS: My name is Buttons, and I am...

PROSECCO: What! Like a belly button?

BUTTONS: Buttons. With an 'S'.

CAVA: Belly Buttons?

BUTTONS: Just Buttons.

PROSECCO: You're staff.

CAVA: That means we can call you what we like.

PROSECCO: (TO AUDIENCE.) Shut it!

BUTTONS: (RESIGNED.) Ladies, your bags have already been delivered. Please walk this way.

BUTTONS EXITS.

CAVA: (FOLLOWING BUTTONS.) If I could walk that way, I wouldn't need the talcum powder.

END SCENE.

SCENE 2: ON THE WAY TO THE WOODS.

PLAYED ON THE APRON IN FRONT OF THE
TABS OR A FRONT CLOTH.

PRINCE CHARMING AND DANDINI ENTER.

PRINCE CHARMING: I say Dandini, did you hear the cries of a damsel
in distress? Going "help help" and so forth.

DANDINI: I thought, sir, it was a couple of foghorns.

PRINCE CHARMING: The bellowing was coming from around these parts.

DANDINI: Sadly I am at a loss to identify the person
responsible sir.

PRINCE CHARMING: You're quite educated in the ways of royalty
Dandini.

DANDINI: We did the history of Kings and Queens at
university, sir.

PRINCE CHARMING: Then tell me this. Do you think the Burger King
was ever a Prince?

THE HERALD ENTERS AND BLOWS A SMALL,
OUT OF TUNE, TRUMPET.

HERALD: (ANNOUNCING IN AN EXTRA POSH VOICE.) Make way,
stand back, pull your stomachs in. Swoosh aside
and let his royal high necessity the Prince
Charming, surround you with goodness and light.

PRINCE CHARMING: Great Scott! You should jolly well have been here
ages ago. Before me. To announce my arrival?

HERALD: Oh... you mean... Is I late?

PRINCE CHARMING: Really, we've been here simply ages.

HERALD: Sorry your majestic-ness. There be a problem with
me watch.

PRINCE CHARMING: Your watch?

HERALD: Yes. On account of I ain't got one.

Cook went and borrowed me 'er egg timer. Works
okay if yer don't mind me announcing yer every
three minutes.

PRINCE CHARMING: Isn't there some other way of measuring time?

HERALD: There is yer royal-ness. (DEMONSTRATING.) Jumping
from one leg to the other in time with ticking of
village clock. Gives yer exactly 60 jumps a
minute.

PRINCE CHARMING: Well done you. An excellent idea. (JOINING IN
WITH THE JUMPING.)

DANDINI: I hate to point out the obvious sir, but wouldn't
the same timing occur whilst reading the actual
hands of the town clock?

HERALD: That may 'as be, but this technique be recommended
by Slimming World. Burns the carbs your holiness.
Burns the carbs. Feel the burn.

PRINCE CHARMING: Join in Dandini. Feel the heat.
DANDINI: No sir. I think not.
PRINCE CHARMING: Not becoming eh?
DANDINI: It does give one a certain foolish appearance, sir.
PRINCE CHARMING: Ah! (STOPPING JUMPING.)
HERALD: Twenty more steps and I've burnt off enough to have a big stick.

THE HERALD EXITS, JUMPING FROM SIDE TO SIDE ALONG THE WAY.

PRINCE CHARMING: Why the deuce would my herald want a big stick?
DANDINI: I think sir, the translation might have been, "biscuit".
PRINCE CHARMING: Ah!
DANDINI: Exactly sir.
PRINCE CHARMING: Why are we here Dandini?
DANDINI: Are you inquiring about the eternal question of life itself sir, or some other notion?
PRINCE CHARMING: I don't get you. Where is this place?
DANDINI: We have transgressed slightly from our usual path sir. We are currently on our way to the woods.
PRINCE CHARMING: Gosh! Past real people's houses?
DANDINI: I fear so sir.
PRINCE CHARMING: Do you mean to say there might be a few young commoners around?
DANDINI: (GLANCING AT AUDIENCE.) I can see a few from here sir, but as they have paid their money for entry I doubt there is anything we can do about it.
PRINCE CHARMING: Can you see any ladies? Only mother, the queen, want's me to get married.
DANDINI: I am aware of that fact sir, although if I might suggest, this may not be a suitable hunting ground.
PRINCE CHARMING: Better toddle along then, what? Lead on Dandini.
DANDINI: Certainly sir.

THEY WANDER ABOUT THE STAGE AS IF WALKING TO SOMEWHERE.

PRINCE CHARMING: What a totally topping idea to come this way.
DANDINI: Thank you sir. It is my duty to give satisfaction.
PRINCE CHARMING: You know, this marriage thingamejig. All the girls that I meet are just trying to be my wife so that they can become a posh princess.
DANDINI: Undoubtedly sir.

PRINCE CHARMING: But I say Dandini. They've seen the cartoon version of princesses. They think it's always going to be lovie dovie and so on all the time.

DANDINI: Naturally sir, there will be expectations.

PRINCE CHARMING: Yes but what they don't expect is me first thing in the morning before I've had my café latte laced with syrup of figs and those little tiny marshmallows floating on top. I'm grumpy beyond belief.

DANDINI: My heart bleeds, sir.

PRINCE CHARMING: Then there's mummy, the Queen, slurping the milk in her bowl of cornflakes and waddling about in that bri-nylon pink flowered dressing gown. Being a prince is not all the cartoons make it out to be Dandini.

DANDINI: I should not be surprised, sir.

PRINCE CHARMING: What I really need is to go incognito. Be someone else for a while so that the ladies don't know I'm a prince.

DANDINI: If I might be permitted to make a suggestion sir?

PRINCE CHARMING: I'm all ears Dandini.

DANDINI: Your ears are actually quite neat sir.

PRINCE CHARMING: I meant, give me that little old suggestion Dandini.

DANDINI: Well sir. If we were to swap places for a time...

PRINCE CHARMING: You mean, you become me and I become you? What jolly fun.

DANDINI: Precisely sir.

PRINCE CHARMING: Dash it all, what a fascinating idea. I could be in disguise. A false beard and so forth. MI5 or that Bond fella. (IN JAMES BOND STYLE.) Charming! Prince Charming. Shaken not stirred Miss Money Penny.

DANDINI: I fear you would have to change your name sir. You would need to become me.

PRINCE CHARMING: So you would become me? Prince Charming. And I become Dandini. I say, what a ruse.

DANDINI: It is not my place to push sir, but if you were to pass over the royal sash, I feel that would be all that should be needed to affect the change.

PRINCE CHARMING: Ingenious Dandini. Here, take the bally thing.

THEY SWAP THE SASH FROM THE PRINCE TO
DANDINI.

DANDINI: Thank you sir.

PRINCE CHARMING: You will have to stop calling me "Sir".

DANDINI: Yes sir.

PRINCE CHARMING: Ah ah!

DANDINI: Sorry sir. Somewhat of a habit sir.

PRINCE CHARMING: Think royal Dandini.

DANDINI: I will try to accomplish that sir.

THE TABS START TO OPEN AND PRINCE
CHARMING AND DANDINI PASS THROUGH INTO
THE NEXT SCENE.

END SCENE.

SCENE 3: THE ENCHANTED WOODS.

A DARK AND SINISTER WOOD OR FOREST.

PRINCE CHARMING AND DANDINI WALK
DIRECTLY INTO THE SCENE FROM THE
PREVIOUS ONE.

PRINCE CHARMING: Shifting on a little, pray tell where we are now.
DANDINI: Part of the Royal estate sir. The enchanted woods.
PRINCE CHARMING: Great Scott! You mean my family own all these
trees? How many trees are there?
DANDINI: I regret I am unable to give you the exact number
sir. You might like to try Google.
PRINCE CHARMING: More than one hundred?
DANDINI: I have been told by the under gardener that there
are, em... And I quote... Flipping millions, sir.
PRINCE CHARMING: All made of wood?
DANDINI: Every one sir.
PRINCE CHARMING: Fantastic! Hello, I think I hear someone coming.
DANDINI: It may not be prudent to meet anyone until we are
used to our new roles sir. Perhaps we should slip
away until they pass.

PRINCE CHARMING AND DANDINI EXIT

SPRINKLY AND TINKLY ENTER AND CREEP
ACROSS THE STAGE LOOKING SCARED.

SPRINKLY: I don't like this.
TINKLY: What?
SPRINKLY: This.
TINKLY: This what?
SPRINKLY: Something I don't like.
TINKLY: I don't like this either.
SPRINKLY: Where are we?
TINKLY: Somewhere I don't like.
SPRINKLY: Me too.
TINKLY: Do you believe in ghosts?
SPRINKLY: As a child I was butted by one.
TINKLY: No, you ass.
SPRINKLY: It wasn't an ass. It was a goat. It butted me.
TINKLY: Not goat. I said ghost.
SPRINKLY: I don't like things that make me jump. Because I
always jump higher than a house
TINKLY: How can you jump higher than a house?

SPRINKLY: Easy. Houses can jump.

TINKLY: But do you believe in ghosts? You know...
Whooooooooo, whooooooooo.

SPRINKLY: Hold on! I think I just heard an owl.

TINKLY: No that was me you idiot. I went... Whooooooooo,
whooooooooo!

SPRINKLY: See. There it was again. They always sound spooky
don't they?

TINKLY: Anyway, owls don't go like that. There's always a
twit in front.

SPRINKLY: You can say that again.

TINKLY: They go T-wit T-woooo!

SPRINKLY: So what goes Whooooooooo, whooooooooo?

TINKLY: Ghosts.

SPRINKLY: So it WAS a ghost I heard. Not an owl?

TINKLY: You didn't hear a ghost.

SPRINKLY: I did. It made a noise like an owl.

TINKLY: There is no such things as ghosts.

SPRINKLY: Monsters?

TINKLY: No!

SPRINKLY: Zombies?

TINKLY: No!

SPRINKLY: Vampires?

TINKLY: No!

SPRINKLY: Ghosts?

TINKLY: We've already done ghosts. They are the ones that
go... whooooooooo, whooooooooo.

SPRINKLY: There! See! I heard it again.

TINKLY: What?

SPRINKLY: A ghost.

TINKLY: There are no such things as ghosts.

ENTER A GHOST BEHIND TINKLY AND
SPRINKLY.

SPRINKLY: (TO AUDIENCE) Have any of you EVER seen a ghost?
(AUDIENCE REACTION "IT'S BEHIND YOU".)

TINKLY: No. Of course you haven't. No one has ever seen a
ghost.

SPRINKLY: What do you mean, behind us? What? A ghost? I
don't like this. There's a ghost behind us. Can I
hold your hand?

TINKLY: Don't be silly. There's nothing there. We'll prove it. (SPRINKLY PUTS HIS ARM AROUND TINKLY'S SHOULDERS.) We'll turn round together and see.

TINKLY AND SPRINKLY: TURN TOGETHER IN A LONG CURVE AND THE GHOST TURNS WITH THEM STAYING BEHIND THEM AT ALL TIMES. THEY ALL TURN A FULL CIRCLE UNTIL THEY ARE BACK FACING THE FRONT.

SPRINKLY: See. Nothing there. (TO AUDIENCE) There are no such things as ghosts are there children?

THE GHOST TAPS SPRINKLY ON THE SHOULDER. SPRINKLY TURNS AND SEES THE GHOST. SPRINKLY RUNS OFF AND EXITS.

TINKLY: What's wrong with him? It's like he's seen a ghost. There are no such things as ghosts. It was just me making noises. Whooooooooo, whoooooooo.

THE GHOST TAPS TINKLY ON THE SHOULDER. HE TURNS AND SEES THE GHOST.

TINKLY: Whooooooooo, whooooooooo! Oh Mummy! Whoooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!

TINKLY RUNS OFF AND EXITS, FOLLOWED BY THE GHOST.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA ENTERS.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Hello boys and girls. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) You'll have to be louder than that. I'm a bit hard of hearing. Hello boys and girls. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) There's no need to shout.

I'm a fairy. I bet you've never seen a proper fairy before. Have you? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh no you haven't. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh no you haven't. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Goodness me. You'd think I was deaf or something.

Okay kids, put your hand up if you believe in fairies. I know. How silly. What about the tooth fairy? Who's had a visit from her? Pardon? She sells those teeth you know. That's where she gets the money she gives you. Yes! She sells them to the factory that makes false teeth. Next time you see an old person, look closely at their teeth. Some of them could be yours.

Yes. Right! Let's do some official fairy stuff. We speak in rhyme you know. Rhyme is like rap, but without "getting down".

I am Fairy Phyllidia.
A real life Fairy Godmother.
This wand I carry makes good spells.
It will be needed it foretells.
For Cinderella, things get bad.
And of my help, she will be glad.
So let me make a spell to see,
If Cinders will be good to me.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA EXITS AS CINDERELLA ENTERS. SHE CARRIES A BASKET IN WHICH SHE IS COLLECTING STICKS FOR THE FIRE.

CINDERELLA: We may not have much money, but at least we will have a fire tonight. I love it here in the woods. It's so quiet.

TINKLY RUNS ACROSS THE STAGE. ENTERING FROM ONE SIDE (BEHIND CINDERELLA) AND EXITING ON THE OTHER.

TINKLY: (SCREAMING.) Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhg!!!!!!!!!!

A FEW SECONDS LATER SPRINKLY RUNS RIGHT ACROSS THE STAGE IN THE SAME DIRECTION.

SPRINKLY: (SCREAMING.) Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhg!!!!!!!!!!

CINDERELLA: As I was. saying it's always so peaceful here in the woods. You can almost hear the silence.

TINKLY ENTERS RUNNING, FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY BY SPRINKLY. THEY RUN RIGHT ACROSS THE STAGE IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION AND EXIT.

TINKLY: (SCREAMING.) Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhg!!!!!!!!!!

SPRINKLY: (SCREAMING.) Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhg!!!!!!!!!!

CINDERELLA: The woods are a place where you can forget the worries of the day. Somewhere you can be quite and at peace with yourself.

TINKLY AND SPRINKLY ENTER AND RUN A RING AROUND CINDERELLA.

TINKLY: (SCREAMING.) Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhg!!!!!!!!!!

SPRINKLY: (SCREAMING.) Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhg!!!!!!!!!!

JUST AS TINKLY AND SPRINKLY: ARE ABOUT TO EXIT, CINDERELLA CALLS OUT TO THEM. THEY STOP AND RETURN TO HER.

CINDERELLA: Excuse me!

TINKLY: Sorry! We can't stop.

SPRINKLY: We're being chased by a... What are we being chased by?

TINKLY: A woodland THING.

SPRINKLY: Of the woodland type.

CINDERELLA: What did it look like?

TINKLY: I didn't wait to find out.

SPRINKLY: What do you mean, you didn't wait to find out?

TINKLY: I thought it was that man again. That man who chases me with a fish.

SPRINKLY: A man chases you with a fish?

TINKLY: Yes, he puts the fear of COD into me.

SPRINKLY: Let's get out of here before we look foolish.

TINKLY AND SPRINKLY EXIT SLOWLY (CRABLIKE) LOOKING EMBARRASSED.

CINDERELLA: As I was saying, I come here to gather sticks for the fire. It's so quite. You hardly see anyone.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA ENTERS. SHE IS COVERED IN A LARGE CLOAK AND HOOD.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: (TO AUDIENCE.) Look! It's really me. In disguise. (TO CINDERELLA.) Hello my child.

CINDERELLA: Suddenly this place is like (NAME OF LOCAL TOWN MAIN STREET).

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Pardon? You'll have to speak up as my hearing's not what it was.

CINDERELLA: Are you lost?

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Simon Cowell. In his underpants.

CINDERELLA: Sorry?

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Yes please. Two sugars.

CINDERELLA: Is there something I can help you with?

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: On the number 42 bus. (OR LOCAL BUS NUMBER.)

CINDERELLA: My name is Cinderella.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Oh I know. I can't bear those spiders either.

CINDERELLA: I'm collecting wood for our fire.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: So am I.

CINDERELLA: What?

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Collecting wood for my fire.

CINDERELLA: You heard me.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Of course I heard you. I do have ears you know.

CINDERELLA: But you don't have any wood.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: The pixies stole it.

CINDERELLA: Pixies?

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Or was it the elves? They didn't say.

CINDERELLA: You've been seeing pixies and elves?

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: They stole my firewood? I don't know how I'm going to keep warm tonight. (GESTURING TO AUDIENCE FOR "AH" RESPONSE.) It's sadder than that. (GESTURING AGAIN.) How can I keep warm if the pixies and elves have my wood?

CINDERELLA: I can't let you get cold. Here... You can have my wood. There is still a little at home and I'm sure Buttons will manage with that.

CINDERELLA PASSES OVER THE BASKET.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: You're very kind Cinderella.

CINDERELLA: How do you know my name?

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: You told me just now.

CINDERELLA: But you didn't hear.
FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Didn't I?
CINDERELLA: Who are you?
FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Twenty minutes past ten.
CINDERELLA: I didn't get your name.
FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: I must go now. Watch out for those pixies and elves.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA EXITS.

CINDERELLA: How very odd. I feel I should know her but I can't place her.

(TO AUDIENCE.) Does anyone know who she was.
(AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Did someone say a fairy? No, don't be silly. Fairies, pixies and elves don't exist. Everyone knows that.

MUSICAL NUMBER: Cinderella.

SUGGESTION: A Million Dreams - Pink (from The Greatest Showman.)

AS CINDERELLA SINGS, SOME FAIRIES, PIXIES AND ELVES DANCE BEHIND HER. (THE ENSEMBLE?) THIS COULD BE A CHANCE FOR SMALL MEMBERS OF THE CAST (PANTO BABES) TO PERFORM.

AT THE END OF THE SONG THE ENSEMBLE, OR PANTO BABES, EXIT.

CINDERELLA MOVES TO ONE SIDE AND CONTINUES TO LOOK FOR AND PICK UP STICKS. PRINCE CHARMING AND DANDINI ENTER. CINDERELLA DOES NOT SEE THEM AT THIS POINT.

PRINCE CHARMING: I say Dandini, did you hear that beautiful singing?

DANDINI: Excuse me sir. But you must remember that you are now me. Dandini. And here is your perfect opportunity to try out your new identity. (POINTING TO CINDERELLA.)

PRINCE CHARMING: Jolly good idea. Right! I am you?

DANDINI: Precisely sir. You might like to approach the girl in your new guise.

PRINCE CHARMING: Oh absolutely!

PRINCE CHARMING GOES TO CINDERELLA.
DANDINI "PROMPTS" FROM A DISTANCE.

PRINCE CHARMING: Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! What!

DANDINI: You are Dandini sir.

PRINCE CHARMING: Oh yes. Oi there miss. 'ow is yer?

DANDINI: A rather vivid change sir.

PRINCE CHARMING: Pleased to meet yer miss.

CINDERELLA: And I am pleased to meet you.

PRINCE CHARMING: I was a walking in this 'ear wood place when I heard you a-singing.

CINDERELLA: Oh no. I didn't know anyone was about. I am embarrassed that you heard.

PRINCE CHARMING: You'se 'ave nothing to be embarrassed about miss. (DROPPING INTO NORMAL ACCENT.) I mean, great Scott, and all that. It was fantastic. Oh indeed rather.

DANDINI: Sir!

PRINCE CHARMING: Oi ah miss, I just love-a-ducked it.

CINDERELLA: You are very kind.

PRINCE CHARMING: What be you'se a'doing in this 'ear wood pray fair maiden?

CINDERELLA: Just collecting a few bits of firewood. But I must go. My father will be expecting me home to greet my new stepsisters. It was lovely to meet you sir. I hope we meet again.

PRINCE CHARMING: I should jolly well hope so, what?. Toodle pip!

DANDINI: Sir!

PRINCE CHARMING: Ah! Er! And... Er... Yeah Baby! (HIGH FIVE'ING CINDERELLA.)

CINDERELLA LOOKS QUIZZICAL AND EXITS.
DANDINI JOINS PRINCE CHARMING.

PRINCE CHARMING: What do you think Dandini?

DANDINI: I am inclined to venture sir, that being a mimic may not be your calling.

PRINCE CHARMING: Not that. The girl. Wasn't she wonderful? I think I might be in love. She thought I was you. She likes me as me, well me as you, and doesn't know I'm a prince.

DANDINI: I could not be certain that you entirely pulled it off sir.

PRINCE CHARMING: Come on old thing. She and me. We clicked.

DANDINI: If you say so sir.

PRINCE CHARMING: Dash it all, I do say so. Who is she Dandini? You must find out.

DANDINI: I will endeavor to do my best sir.

PRINCE CHARMING: There must be a way of finding her again.

DANDINI: Well sir, I once saw this cartoon film where...

PRINCE CHARMING: Cartoons are not real life Dandini. Not real like us.

DANDINI: I know sir. But in this cartoon the prince held a ball.

PRINCE CHARMING: Careful.

DANDINI: A ball at his palace sir. He invited all the ladies in his kingdom and found his girl that way.

PRINCE CHARMING: Well suck a Curly Wurly. I think you have something there Dandini. Gosh, these cartoon people are clever.

DANDINI: Precisely sir.

PRINCE CHARMING: I will hold a ball.

DANDINI: Careful sir.

PRINCE CHARMING: I will invite all the ladies in the kingdom and find this girl that way.

DANDINI: What a clever idea sir. I don't know how you think of such things.

PRINCE CHARMING: Breeding Dandini. Breeding.

BUTTONS ENTERS.

BUTTONS: Excuse me gentlemen, but have you seen a pretty young lady pass this way?

PRINCE CHARMING: Golly yes.

DANDINI: Sir!

PRINCE CHARMING: Yes me ol' mucker. I am Dandini, I expect you could tell, and I'm looking for them pretty ladies to 'ave a nice time wiv.

BUTTONS SPOTS THE ROYAL SASH ON DANDINI AND BOWS LOW.

BUTTONS: My prince. I had not realised it was you.

DANDINI: Yes my good man. It is I, Prince Charming. And this is my servant Dandini.

PRINCE CHARMING: Hallo! I mean, hello sir. I be me, the grovelling servant of 'is.

DANDINI: Myself and my servant were just passing though these lovely woods on our way back to the palace. We must go now or the Queen...

PRINCE CHARMING: My mother.

DANDINI: ... The queen, MY mother with start to get worried.

PRINCE CHARMING: She worries a lot about us don't you know? Worry, worry, worry.

DANDINI: Dandini!!!

PRINCE CHARMING: We better be a'going me graciousness.

DANDINI: Here we go. Right now. We are going.

PRINCE CHARMING AND DANDINI START TO EXIT.

PRINCE CHARMING: What a lark! I think we pulled that off.

DANDINI: I fancy we might have sir.

PRINCE CHARMING: Let's scarper.

PRINCE CHARMING AND DANDINI EXIT FULLY.

BUTTONS:

(TO AUDIENCE.) Have you seen Cinderella? Which way did she go? Her two new stepsisters have arrived and Baron Hardup want's Cinderella to meet them. Actually I'm not sure they're very nice people.

BUTTONS STEPS THROUGH THE CLOSING TABS
AND INTO THE NEXT SCENE.

END SCENE.

SCENE 4: ON THE WAY TO HARDUP HALL.

PLAYED ON THE APRON IN FRONT OF THE
TABS OR A FRONT CLOTH.

BUTTONS WALKS THROUGH THE CLOSING TABS
FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

BUTTONS: What am I going to do about my love for Cinderella?
She says she loves me, but only like a brother. I
guess that might be something I'm going to have to
accept.

MUSICAL NUMBER: Buttons.

SUGGESTION: Perfect - Ed Sheeran.

AFTER ANY APPLAUSE FOR BUTTON'S SONG,
TINKLY ENTERS GALLOPING. WEARING THE
TOP HALF OF A PANTOMIME HORSE COSTUME.

SFX - HORSE OF THE YEAR MUSIC.

TINKLY: (GALLOPING AND MAKING HORSE NOISES.) Neeeeeeigh!
Whoa horsey! Brrrrrrr, snort!

BUTTONS: What on earth are you?

*NOTE: If using a mic, the horse head can stay on for the comedy
value. If not then I would suggest that at this point the horse
head is removed and held.*

TINKLY: Don't be stupid. A horse.

BUTTONS: Just the front half?

TINKLY: Am I? (SUDDENLY LOOKING FOR THE OTHER SECTION.) I
started off with a back end, but we must have
parted at the triple bar and gate.

BUTTONS: Show jumping?

TINKLY: We were entered in the (NAME OF TOWN) all comers
seasonal riders trophy.

BUTTONS: But you don't have a rider.

TINKLY: (LOOKING AROUND AGAIN IN SHOCK.) What! We must
have lost Fiona Fortuna-Tompkinson at the water
jump. I do remember hearing a splash.

BUTTONS: Didn't the judges notice you were a pantomime
horse?

TINKLY: I don't think so. In the opening parade we won the
(LOCAL BUSINESS NAME) rosette for the best looking
nag.

SPRINKLY ENTERS GALLOPING. DRESSED AS
THE BOTTOM HALF OF THE HORSE.

SPRINKLY: (GALLOPING AND MAKING HORSE NOISES.) Neeeeeeigh!
Whoa horsey! Brrrrrrr, snort!

TINKLY: Where have you been?

SPRINKLY: Finishing the jumps you missed. Unfortunately I
took out the top row of bricks and the left obelisk
at the wall and got four faults.

TINKLY: We didn't get a clear round?

SPRINKLY: No, the announcer said (CUPPING HANDS AROUND MOUTH.) "Hard Up and Over..."

BUTTONS: Hard Up and Over?

TINKLY: We named our horse after Hardup Hall.

SPRINKLY: "Hard Up and Over gathered 22 faults and a place in the record books for leaving the arena in three separate parts."

BUTTONS: How did you get entered in a showjumping event?

TINKLY: It was because lots of people cancelled.

SPRINKLY: The escape artist wriggled out of it.

TINKLY: The memory man forgot to put it in his diary.

SPRINKLY: And they haven't heard a word from the mime artist.

BUTTONS: Perhaps you should get back together.

SPRINKLY DUCKS DOWN AND JOINS UP WITH THE FRONT OF THE HORSE. ONCE CONNECTED THEY DO A LITTLE DANCE OR WALK ABOUT A BIT.

SFX - HUGE FART.

SPRINKLY PULLS OUT FAST FROM TINKLY'S HEAD SECTION AND STANDS UP IN JUST THE BACK END'S LEGS.

SPRINKLY: Pwaaarh! What did you do that for?

TINKLY: Do what?

SPRINKLY: That Tinklyy one. What have you been eating?

TINKLY: It wasn't me?

SPRINKLY: Oh yes it was. (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.) Help me out here. Oh yes it was.

TINKLY: Oh no it wasn't

SPRINKLY: Oh yes it was.

TINKLY: He (she) who smelt it, dealt it.

SPRINKLY: I had my head right up there and I know which way the wind was blowing. Just a moment...

SPRINKLY GOES TO THE WINGS AND RETURNS WITH A FLORAL SPRAY AIR FRESHENER. SPRINKLY OPENS UP THE BACK END OF TINKLY'S COSTUME AND SPRAYS SOME INSIDE.

TINKLY JUMPS AWAY AS IF THE SPRAY STINGS.

TINKLY: Oi! What are you doing back there?

SPRINKLY: You can't expect me to stick my head up your what-knot if you're going to let those off.

BUTTONS: I thought horse poo was good for the garden.

SPRINKLY: (POINTING TO TINKLY.) Where were you educated?
Poo doesn't come from a horse's front end.

TINKLY: Come on. Link up. We need to practice. Tomorrow
we're running in the two twenty at Newmarket.

BUTTONS: What are your odds.

SPRINKLY: He (she) starts at 4 to 1 and I'm on evens.

BUTTONS: And you'll probably finish the race at twenty to
five.

TINKLY: (WHILE EXITING.) Well I'm off to a gymkhana.

SPRINKLY: And I'm off with Jim from the stage crew.
(EXITING.)

BUTTONS: (TO AUDIENCE.) And after that bit of horsing
around, let's go back to Hardup Hall and see what's
happening.

BUTTONS WALKS THROUGH THE TABS AS THEY
START TO OPEN FOR THE NEXT SCENE.

END SCENE.

SCENE 5: THE KITCHEN AT HARDUP HALL.

BUTTONS ENTERS THE SCENE THROUGH THE OPENING TABS DIRECTLY FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

AT THE SAME TIME, PROSECCO AND CAVA ARE ALREADY ON STAGE. THEY HAVE A CLOTHES RAIL CONTAINING SEVERAL EVENING DRESSES AND A THEATRE WICKER/LAUNDRY BASKET.

PROSECCO: Are! There you are Belly Button.

BUTTONS: My name is Buttons.

PROSECCO: Whatever.

CAVA: Get us some food.

PROSECCO: We're starving.

CAVA: We haven't eaten anything for at least five minutes.

PROSECCO: Darling, I could eat a horse.

BUTTONS: Front or back end?

BUTTONS EXITS.

CAVA: These are really quite poor dresses. They probably belonged to the Baron's dead wife.

PROSECCO: (FLICKING THROUGH DRESSES.) Who on earth would wear these? Someone fat and frumpy. Large and lumpy.

THEY DRAG THE DRESSES OFF THE RAIL AND THROW THEM ABOUT. THE ENSEMBLE ENTER AND CATCH OR PULL THE DRESSES ABOUT IN A DANCE.

MUSICAL PRODUCTION NUMBER: The Ugly Sisters and the Ensemble.

SUGGESTION: Bad - Michael Jackson.

NOTE: A dance where the dresses from the rail are paraded by the dancers. They are swished about or thrown in the air and generally treated like flags. The dresses are finally thrown into the wicker hamper.

THE DRESSES ARE ALL THROWN INTO THE HAMPER. PROSECCO SLAMS THE LID AND SITS ON IT.

THE ENSEMBLE EXITS.

PROSECCO: That was fun darling.

CAVA: We can't have such cheap tat about now that we're in charge.

CINDERELLA ENTERS.

PROSECCO: Talking of tat, here's a case in point.

CINDERELLA: (SEEING CLOTHS RAIL.) Where did you find this rail? It used to be my mother's. It's where she hung all her dresses.

PROSECCO: She's dead.

CINDERELLA: But her dresses. I was going to alter them to fit me.

CAVA: They've gone.

CINDERELLA: Where have they gone? Who's taken them?

PROSECCO: They just disappeared.

CAVA: Poof!

PROSECCO: Poof!

CINDERELLA: I want them back.

CAVA: They're never coming back. Out with the old. In with the new.

CINDERELLA: I'll find them. I need them. They can't be far.

CINDERELLA EXITS IN TEARS.

CAVA: (MIMICKING IN CHILDISH VOICE.) I'll find them.

PROSECCO: (MIMICKING IN CHILDISH VOICE.) I need them.

CAVA: (MIMICKING IN CHILDISH VOICE.) They can't be far.

PROSECCO: Not far.

CAVA: Just under your bum.

THEY BOTH LAUGH.

PROSECCO: Burn them! Let's find that Belly Button and have them burnt. Belly Button! Where are you Belly Button?

BUTTONS ENTERS.

BUTTONS: My name is simply Buttons.

PROSECCO: Well then Simple Belly Button. Burn this basket and everything inside. Take it away and set fire to it in the yard. We never want to see it again.

BUTTONS: May I ask what's inside the...

CAVA: You may not ask anything. Burn it!

BUTTONS REMOVES THE BASKET AND EXITS.

PROSECCO: (LOOKING INTO AUDIENCE.) Just a moment. Did I hear someone boo us? Come on then. Let's hear a proper boo. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Is that all you've got? One last chance (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Pathetic!

CINDERELLA AND BARON HARDUP ENTER.

BARON HARDUP: Hello girls. How are you finding the old dump?

PROSECCO: (SWEETLY.) Oh hello daddy. We're really enjoying being here.

CAVA: Just finding out where everything is.

BARON HARDUP: I hope you three girls are getting along together?

CINDERELLA: There does seem to have been a little misunderstanding.

PROSECCO: (SWEETLY.) Oh we understand everything darling.

CAVA: We're like three playful sisters.

BARON HARDUP: I don't suppose any of you has a spare fiver do you? Only the two twenty at Newmarket looks a good bet. There's a horse running called "Hard Up and Over".

CINDERELLA: Daddy, perhaps it isn't a good idea to bet money on a horse we know nothing about.

BARON HARDUP: Oh by the way. A herald from the palace came by and gave me this envelope. (TAKING ENVELOPE FROM POCKET) Something to do with a ball. He said it was for the ladies of the house.

PROSECCO: We are those ladies. (LOOKING INTO AUDIENCE.) Who said that? If I have to send my sister down there you'll be sorry. I'll have you know, she's a black belt in karaoke.

BARON HARDUP GIVE THE TICKET ENVELOPE TO CINDERELLA.

CINDERELLA: Oh I'm so excited. Tickets to the ball. We'll meet the prince and everything. I hope he's handsome. (OPENING ENVELOPE AND PULLING OUT TICKETS.) Look! Three tickets. One for each of us girls.

BARON HARDUP: I hear tell that Prince Charming is looking for a bride. Perhaps it could be one of you.

CINDERELLA: I don't think I'm good enough to marry a prince

PROSECCO: It will obviously be me he picks.

CAVA: I think not. He'll want a younger model. Actually... Like me.

PROSECCO: Darling! You don't stand a chance with me around. All this natural poise and elegance.

CAVA: I'm not sure anyone has ever told me he's blind.

PROSECCO: Well I've just started a new diet. I had eggs for breakfast.

CAVA: Scrambled?

PROSECCO: No, Cadbury's

CAVA: And how long is it before you start seeing results if you eat those "thin" mints?

PROSECCO: It's not our fault though. Obesity runs in our family.

CAVA: That's because nobody runs in our family.

PROSECCO: You look like one of those "before" pictures.

CAVA: You look like a visible fart.

BARON HARDUP: Well, I'll leave you ladies to chat and work out what you're going to wear. (EXITS.)

PROSECCO: Yes, what shall we wear darling?

CAVA: What does it say on the tickets?

PROSECCO SNATCHES THE TICKETS FROM
CINDERELLA.

PROSECCO: It says - Posh frocks or ball gowns.

CAVA: Oh I love a nice silky dress. With matching underwear.

PROSECCO: (TO CINDERELLA.) I bet your knickers have holes in.

CINDERELLA: I may be poor but they don't have holes.

PROSECCO: Then how do you get your legs through.

CAVA: My bra is size B plus B times X. It's an Alge-bra.

CINDERELLA: My dress will be... Well... I'm not sure I have anything to wear now. I had to sell all my lovely ball gowns to give us enough money to buy food. I could have altered some of Mummy's ball gown, but they seem to have disappeared.

PROSECCO: Oh dear. I wonder how that could have happened?

CAVA: Yes. Oh dear.

PROSECCO: We'll that's it then. If you don't have a ball gown to wear, you can't go.

CAVA: And if you can't go you won't need this ticket.

PROSECCO: That's right darling.

PROSECCO WAVES ONE TICKET IN THE AIR
THEN PROCEEDS TO TEAR IT INTO SMALL
PIECES. SHE THROWS THE TORN BITS OVER
CINDERELLA.

CAVA: Oh dear. What a shame.

PROSECCO: Shame! (TO AUDIENCE.) I've told you lot already about booing. I'll send my sister down there to give you a clip round the Kardashians.

PROSECCO AND CAVA EXIT.

CINDERELLA: I would have liked to go to the ball but if I don't have a dress or a ticket, I don't see how I can.

BUTTONS ENTERS.

BUTTONS: What's happened?

CINDERELLA: Oh Buttons. I really wanted to go to the ball but it's not possible now.

BUTTONS: Don't be sad. We can have a ball here. All we need is a little imagination.

BUTTONS GOES INTO THE WINGS AND RETURNS
WITH A CURTAIN WITH RINGS STILL
ATTACHED.

BUTTONS: Here. Try on your spectacular cloak. (HE DRAPES IT AROUND CINDERELLA.)

CINDERELLA: (SHOWING IT OFF.) Oh Buttons, I feel like a queen.

BUTTONS: And a queen needs a crown.

BUTTONS RUSHES INTO THE WINGS AND
RETURNS WITH A VEGETABLE STRAINER/
COLANDER AND PLACES IT ON HER HEAD.

CINDERELLA: I feel so regal.

BUTTONS: (BOWING.) May I have this dance your majesty?

THEY DANCE TOGETHER AND SING.

MUSICAL NUMBER: Cinderella and Buttons.

SUGGESTION: Dancing With A Stranger - Sam Smith and Normani.

AT THE END OF THE SONG CINDERELLA
SLOWLY AND SADLY TAKES OFF THE DRESSING
UP PROPS AND GIVES THEM BACK TO
BUTTONS.

CINDERELLA: (SADLY.) Thanks for trying to cheer me up Buttons.
But if I've learned one thing in life it's that
once you're down on the floor, it's easier for
others to kick you.

BUTTONS: Don't be blue Cinders. It'll all come right in the
end. (CHANGING TO BRIGHT AND CHEERY.) I know.
Let me go and get my pet mice. They'll cheer you
up.

BUTTONS EXITS.

CINDERELLA: (SADLY.) I know you're trying Buttons, but nothing
good seems to happen in my life.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA ENTERS (WITH SMOKE
EFFECT OR A FLASH.)

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Hello my child. Don't be so sad.
I know the future looks quite bad.
I said I'd help, if you recall?
You will indeed go to that ball.

CINDERELLA: But who are you? We have not met.
And I'm not sure I trust you yet.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: The ball is somewhere you will go.
With dress so bright you'll almost glow.
A carriage and a team of four.
Transport you to the palace door.
The beauty in you has to shine.
I'll make you look almost divine.

CINDERELLA: We seem to be talking in rhyme.
Is that because it's pantomime?

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: I bet you thought your mind had flipped?
It is because it's in the script.

CINDERELLA: So can we stop this rhyming thing?
And even, if we have to, sing?

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: I'll make a spell to have it stop.
It really is an awful flop.
Let's wave my wand and give it some.
Before it bites me on the... (WAVING WAND.)
...Ah! That seems to have done it.

CINDERELLA: Who are you?

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: What? Oh yes. I am Fairy Phyllidia. Your fairy godmother.

CINDERELLA: I didn't know I had a fairy godmother.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Oh you have dearie. Everyone has. It's just that we don't like to show ourselves about too much. It's all the dressing up in this fairy gear you see. I'd rather be at home in my slippers.

CINDERELLA: But what do you do?

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Yes please. Two sugars.

CINDERELLA: No, what do you do?

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Oh I see. We grant wishes. We help out when people are in need.

BUTTONS ENTERS WITH A CAGE OF MICE.

BUTTONS: Oh hello! Where have you come from?

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Well I was in (NEARBY TOWN NAME) doing a bit of shopping, when I got this emergency call on Facebook Messenger.

CINDERELLA: Buttons, she's my Fairy Godmother.

BUTTONS: A fairy? I thought fairies were young.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Oi!

BUTTONS: I thought fairies were... er... silver.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Well recovered. What have you got there?

BUTTONS: My pet mice. (HOLDING UP CAGE.) They're called Eenie, Meenie, Miney and Graham.

CINDERELLA: Graham? What happened to Mo?

BUTTONS: I don't want to talk about it. It's too sad. (ENCOURAGING AN "AH" FROM THE AUDIENCE.) It's much sadder than that. (ENCOURAGING AGAIN.) Thank you. Mo spun off his exercise wheel at such a speed, his little head got stuck in the bars of the cage. Just then, Tiddles happened to be walking past and...

CINDERELLA: Oh no he didn't?

BUTTONS: Oh yes he did.

CINDERELLA: Urgh! (LOOKING IN CAGE.) Graham seems a lovely substitute.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: What? Put the mice over there.

BUTTONS PUTS THE CAGE NEAR THE TRANSFORMATION AREA.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Right! They need a pumpkin.

BUTTONS: Pumpkin? Mice like cheese.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: It's not for them. It's for Cinderella.

CINDERELLA: I don't like pumpkin either.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: What? It's not for eating. It's for... Never mind. Have you got one?

BUTTONS: I could order one online from Tesco's (OR LOCAL SUPERMARKET). Click and deliver. What time slot would be good for you?

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Time what? Slot? No we need it now. The ball is tonight.

CINDERELLA: There's a mouldy old one in the potting shed. Left over from Halloween.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: (TO BUTTONS.) Bring it here.

BUTTONS: Please!

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Nothing to do with trees.

BUTTONS EXITS AT SPEED.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Now then, what? Oh yes. Remember child, we will be using complicated magic. I hope. And magic this strong will not continue into the next day. These spells I create will stop working at midnight. Remember this. It's important. Midnight. Yes! Midnight. Not a minute more.

CINDERELLA: Yes Fairy Godmother. Midnight.

BUTTONS RETURNS WITH THE PUMPKIN.

BUTTONS: Are we having pumpkin pie?

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Pumpkin pie. What? No!

BUTTONS: Do you want me to carve your face in it?

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Just put it over there with the mice.

BUTTONS: Please.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: What has this got to do with trees? I will turn this pumpkin into a beautiful coach for you to ride to the ball. The mice will become... something... something that pulls it. You will arrive at the ball like a princess.

CINDERELLA: But I don't have a dress to wear.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Oh come on! From your dress of rags I will create the most wonderful ballgown. It will be covered in jewels and you will look like a princess. You will be called the Princess Crystal. Yes! See! Not so stupid now eh? Stand back.

CINDERELLA SLOWLY MOVES CLOSE TO HER
EXIT POINT READY TO MAKE HER
TRANSFORMATION.

AT THE SAME TIME FAIRY PHYLLIDIA MAKES
A FEW "MAGICAL PASSES". POSSIBLY SOME
TINKLING STYLE MUSIC PLAYS OR A SET OF
FAIRY BELLS ARE SHAKEN BACKSTAGE. THIS
SHOULD BE BIG AND BOLD TO MAKE A
DIVERSION FOR CINDERELLA TO SLIP OFF
STAGE HOPEFULLY UNSEEN.

CINDERELLA STEPS OFF STAGE FOR AN INSTANT. AT THIS POINT THE COACH IS REVEALED. (FROM BEHIND CURTAINS OR FROM ANYWHERE YOU CAN MAKE IT APPEAR. USE YOUR INGENUITY.)

NOTE: This transformation scene is the end to the first half, so should be as big and flashy as you can make it. Giving the audience something exciting before the interval. Use all the theatrical toys at your disposal to produce something spectacular. Smoke, flashing lights, exciting music. Make it a BIG production.

CINDERELLA ENTERS IN HER BALLGOWN.
BUTTONS ESCORTS HER TO THE COACH.

BUTTONS: Doesn't she look lovely? Like a princess.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: She is the Princess Crystal.

BUTTONS: You look a million Dollars Cinders.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Remember my child, everything I have created will only last until midnight. Keep an eye on the clock.

BUTTONS: Someone said that all the clocks have to go back soon. I'm a bit worried because I can't remember where I got mine from.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Ignore him. Midnight! You MUST leave the ball before then. When the clock strikes twelve the magic coach will disappear. Your dress will return to rags. Do you understand?

CINDERELLA: Yes Fairy Godmother. I understand. I will be home before midnight.

FAIRY PHYLLIDIA: Then go my child. Our wishes are with you. GO CINDERELLA. GO TO THE BALL.

THE COACH STARTS TO MOVE OFF AS BUTTONS AND THE FAIRY PHYLLIDIA WAVE.

END SCENE. END ACT I. INTERVAL.

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