

Acting Edition

Rodgers & Hammerstein's

Cinderella

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Acting Edition

Rodgers & Hammerstein's Cinderella

Music by
Richard Rodgers

Lyrics by
Oscar Hammerstein II

Orchestrations by
Robert Russell Bennett



CONCORD
THEATRICALS

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CINDERELLA was originally presented by CBS-Television on March 31, 1957. The production was produced by Richard Lewine and directed by Ralph Nelson, with choreography by Jonathan Lucas, settings and costumes by William and Jean Eckart, technical direction by Lou Tedesco, musical direction by Alfredo Antonini, orchestrations by Robert Russell Bennett, set decoration by Gene Callahan, lighting direction by Robert Barry, and associate direction by Rowland Vance. The stage manager was Joseph Papp. The cast was as follows:

CINDERELLA	Julie Andrews
KING	Howard Lindsay
QUEEN	Dorothy Stickney
STEPMOTHER	Ilka Chase
PORTIA	Kaye Ballard
JOY	Alice Ghostley
PRINCE CHARMING	Jon Cypher
FAIRY GODMOTHER	Edith Adams
TOWN CRIER	Robert Penn
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD	Alec Clarke
CHEF	Iggie Wolfington
STEWARD	George Hall
COURT TAILOR	David F. Perkins
TOWNSPEOPLE	Eleanor Pheips, Martha Greenhouse, Jerome Collamore, Julius J. Bloom, Jacquelyn Paige, John Call
CHILDREN	Kathy Kelly, Karen Lock, Leland Mayforth, Johnny Towsen, Karen Waters
SINGERS & DANCERS	Charles Aschmann, Herb Banke, Donald Barton, Hank Brunjes, Robert Burland, Jean Caples, Jean Coates, Sally Crane, Richard Crowley, William Damian, Grace Dorian, Debbie Douglas, Jose Falcion, Pat Finch, Marvin Goodis, Gloria Hamilton, Dorothy Hill, Stuart Hodes, Diana Hunter, Joseph Layton, Margot Moser, Giselle Orkin, Hazel Patterson, Alex Polermo, Earl Rogers, John Smolko, Tao Strong, Jayne Turner

CHARACTERS

CINDERELLA
PRINCE
KING
QUEEN
STEPMOTHER
PORTIA
JOY
GODMOTHER
HERALD
CHEF
STEWARD
COACHMAN
FOOTMAN
GUARDS
MINISTER
GUESTS AT THE BALL
TOWNSPEOPLE
CHILDREN

INCLUSION STATEMENT

In this show, the race of the characters is not pivotal to the plot. We encourage you to consider diversity and inclusion in your casting choices.

ADDITIONAL SONG

In Act I, Scene Three, an additional song, Music No. 07B “Loneliness of Evening,” sung by Prince Charming, can be added immediately following Music No. 07A “Your Majesties (Dance).” Please contact Concord Theatricals to license the music for this song.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

Scene One: The Public Square

Scene Two: Cinderella's House

Scene Three: The Royal Dressing Room

Scene Four: Cinderella's House

ACT II

Scene One: Outside the Palace

Scene Two: The Palace Ballroom

Scene Three: The Palace Garden

Scene Four: The Palace Ballroom

Scene Five: The Palace Garden

ACT III

Scene One: Cinderella's House

Scene Two: The Royal Dressing Room

Scene Three: The Public Square

Scene Four: Cinderella's House

Scene Five: The Palace Garden

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I

"The Prince Is Giving A Ball"	Herald, Townspeople
"In My Own Little Corner"	Cinderella
"Your Majesties"	Chef, Steward, King, Queen
"Your Majesties (Dance)"	Chefs, Stewards, King, Queen
"Boys And Girls Like You And Me"	King & Queen
"In My Own Little Corner (Reprise) into Fol-De-Rol"	Cinderella & Godmother
"Impossible"	Cinderella & Godmother
"It's Possible"	Cinderella & Godmother

ACT II

"Ten Minutes Ago"	Cinderella & Prince
"Stepsisters' Lament"	Joy & Portia
"Waltz For A Ball"	Chorus
"Do I Love You Because You're Beautiful?"	Cinderella & Prince

ACT III

"When You're Driving Through The Moonlight"	Cinderella, Stepmother, Joy, Portia
"A Lovely Night"	Cinderella, Stepmother, Joy, Portia
"A Lovely Night (Coda)"	Cinderella
"Do I Love You Because You're Beautiful? (Reprise)" . . .	Queen & Prince
"Finale: The Wedding"	Company

ACT I

[MUSIC NO. 01 "OVERTURE"]

Scene One

[MUSIC NO. 02 "CURTAIN MUSIC ACT I"]

*(The public square. At rise, a busy afternoon is interrupted by a trumpet fanfare. Groups of **TOWNSPEOPLE** look up from their chores and their shopping, **PEDESTRIANS** stop in their tracks, and **CHILDREN** pour out of houses to see what is happening. The **HERALD** is standing on a platform stage center between two red-faced **TRUMPETERS**, the source of the fanfare. His stiff-backed formality barely conceals his excitement at his own news.)*

*(Optional: The **GODMOTHER** appears in front of the curtain and, with a wave of her wand, brings the curtain up. Then, with successive waves, she awakens the town from a frozen tableau. Once she has brought the town to life, she exits.)*

[MUSIC NO. 03 "THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL"]

HERALD.

THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!

TOWNSPEOPLE. *(Surprised and delighted with the news.)*

THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!

THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!

HERALD. (*Reading from a scroll, he tries to deliver the whole message without taking a breath.*)

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, CHRISTOPHER RUPERT
WINDEMERE VLADIMIR KARL ALEXANDER
FRANCOIS REGINALD LAUNCELOT HERMAN –

LITTLE BOY.

HERMAN?

HERALD.

– HERMAN GREGORY JAMES

(*Breathes.*)

IS GIVING A BALL!

TOWNSPEOPLE.

THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!

THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!

(*The **CROWD** scatters to spread the news. From different areas of the stage, the following lines are sung by characters in distinct groups: a family [**FATHER**, **MOTHER**, and **DAUGHTER**]; a group of **GIRLS**; a second group of **GIRLS**.)*)

FATHER.

OUR DAUGHTER'S LOOKING DREAMY-EYED.

MOTHER. (*Providing the obvious explanation.*)

THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL.

DAUGHTER. (*Dreamy-eyed.*)

THEY SAY HE WANTS TO FIND A BRIDE;

HE MAY FIND ONE AT THE BALL.

FIRST GIRL. (*To **SECOND GIRL**.*)

IF ONLY HE'D PROPOSE TO ME.

SECOND GIRL. (*To **THIRD GIRL**.*)

I PRAY THAT HE'LL PROPOSE TO ME.

THIRD GIRL. (*To herself.*)

WHY *SHOULDN'T* HE PROPOSE TO ME?

WOMAN.

I WISH I HADN'T MARRIED SAM.

(*To **DAUGHTER**.*) PULL IN YOUR LITTLE DIAPHRAGM.

OLDEST SISTER. (*Smugly.*)

I'LL WEAR A GOWN OF SATIN JADE.

YOUNGER SISTER.

AND ME, I'M IN A PINK BROCADE.

KID SISTER. (*Putting her inconsolable chin on her two little fists.*)

AND ME, I'M IN THE SECOND GRADE!

TOWNSPEOPLE.

THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!

THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!

HERALD.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, CHRISTOPHER RUPERT,
SON OF HER MAJESTY, QUEEN CONSTANTINA
CHARLOTTE ERMINTRUDE, GWINYVERE MAISIE –

LITTLE BOY. (*Same one as before.*)

MAISIE?

HERALD.

– MAISIE MARGUERITE ANNE IS GIVING A BALL!

TOWNSPEOPLE.

THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!

THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!

SLOPPY GIRL.

I WISH I DIDN'T LIKE TO EAT.

BAD GIRL. (*À la Mae West.*)

I WISH I WERE DEMURE AND SWEET.

STUDIOUS GIRL. (*With spectacles.*)

I WISH I WERE A BOLDER GIRL.

GRANDMA.

I WISH I WERE A YOUNGER GIRL.

KID SISTER. (*Same one as before.*)

I WISH I WERE AN OLDER GIRL!

TOWNSPEOPLE.

THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!

THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!

HERALD.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, CHRISTOPHER RUPERT,

SON OF HIS MAJESTY, KING MAXIMILLIAN
GODFREY LADISLAUS LEOPOLD SIDNEY -

TOWNSPEOPLE.

SIDNEY?

HERALD.

- SIDNEY! FREDERICK JOHN
IS GIVING A BALL.

TOWNSPEOPLE.

THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!

THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!

THE PRINCE IS GIVING A BALL!

(The song ends with everyone frozen in a tableau.)

[MUSIC NO. 04 "CINDERELLA MARCH"]

*(The **STEPMOTHER**, **JOY**, and **PORTIA** enter as the freeze is broken. They walk in time to the music, and behind them the town comes to life in pantomime.)*

*(The three are dressed magnificently and walk with an obvious sense of their own importance. The **STEPMOTHER** is rather imperious, as befits a proper stepmother, but there is no happy light in **JOY** and no suggestion of intelligence in **PORTIA**. In fact the two stepsisters have been named in direct opposition to their true demeanor, for we will never see a true smile cross **JOY**'s face, and it is obvious **PORTIA** isn't bright enough to be a great lawyer like her namesake.)*

*(**TOWNSPEOPLE** pass them on the street and greet them and get nothing more than a rather sour formal bow in return. Strange looks come over the faces of the **TOWNSPEOPLE**, and as the trio passes through the town square we see behind them the object of the strange looks: a **YOUNG GIRL** invisible behind a prodigious pile of packages and parcels.)*

*(As the **STEPMOTHER**, **PORTIA**, and **JOY** cross out of the picture, the parcels teeter ominously, and the **GIRL** halts, gaining control of them just in the nick of time. As she pauses to catch her breath and re-balance her load, we see her face for the first time, peeking through the wall of packages. It is **CINDERELLA**.)*

STEPMOTHER. *(Re-enters impatiently.)* Cinderella! Come along home now. You're cluttering up the street!

*(The **STEPMOTHER** exits, and **CINDERELLA** picks up her packages and follows. As she does, the town disappears, and Cinderella's house appears.)*

Scene Two

(While the "Cinderella March" continues, JOY, PORTIA, and the STEPMOTHER enter the house. CINDERELLA enters with great difficulty, her pile of packages too tall, too wide, and too big for the doorway to the modest house. But somehow she makes it.)

(As soon as CINDERELLA enters, the family starts ordering her about. During the next sequence, CINDERELLA somehow satisfies every demand without making a mistake or missing a beat. She is a very efficient girl who always completes everything demanded of her. By the end she will have done everything asked of her and successfully served tea as well. The music continues as underscoring until she shuts the window for the final time.)

STPMOTHER. Cinderella, the door.

(CINDERELLA closes the door.)

JOY. Cinderella, close the window.

(CINDERELLA closes it, but it springs back open.)

PORTIA. *(Expecting CINDERELLA to pull it out.)* Cinderella, my chair.

(CINDERELLA pulls out her chair for her.)

STPMOTHER. Cinderella, close the window.

(CINDERELLA closes it, but it springs back open.)

JOY. Cinderella, my chair.

(CINDERELLA comes toward her.)

PORTIA. Cinderella, close the window.

(CINDERELLA closes it, but it springs back open.)

JOY. Cinderella, my chair!

(**CINDERELLA** *pulls out her chair for her.*)

STEPMOTHER. Cinderella, make some tea, honey.

PORTIA. Cinderella, iron my dress. I'll need it.

STEPMOTHER. Cinderella, lay out my new gown for this evening.

JOY. Cinderella, wash my gloves for tomorrow.

PORTIA. Cinderella, it's freezing!

(**CINDERELLA** *leaves the fireplace, where she is making tea, to close the window. It springs back open.*)

STEPMOTHER. Cinderella, poke the fire.

(**CINDERELLA** *returns to the fireplace.*)

JOY. Cinderella, close the window.

(**CINDERELLA** *closes the window. It springs open.*)

PORTIA. Really, Cinderella

STEPMOTHER. Cinderella, really.

JOY. It's freezing!

(**CINDERELLA** *closes the window. It opens.*)

PORTIA. Close the window.

(**CINDERELLA** *gives her a cup of tea.*)

JOY. Close the window.

(**CINDERELLA** *gives her a cup of tea.*)

STEPMOTHER. Close the window, Cinderella!

(**CINDERELLA** *gives her a cup of tea and closes the window firmly and finally.*)

(*Music stops.*)

Now, my daughters, I want to talk to you.

(**CINDERELLA** *approaches with a smile.*)

Well, not you – I want to talk to my *own* daughters.

(**CINDERELLA**, *still trying to smile, goes meekly to her corner by the fireplace.* **JOY** and **PORTIA** *smugly* gather around their **MOTHER**.)

JOY. That girl always wants to sit down. No wonder she never gets anything done.

STEPMOTHER. Now, Joy...

JOY. Yes ma'am.

STEPMOTHER. ...and Portia...

PORTIA. Yes, ma'am.

STEPMOTHER. As you well know, my little moppets, this *may* be the most important year of your lives. The Prince has returned from his studies abroad, and this ball that's being given in his honor is for one purpose only.

PORTIA. They want him to choose a bride.

(*She laughs her goofy laugh.*)

STEPMOTHER. Every girl in the kingdom wants to marry the Prince. Including you, Portia.

PORTIA. Uh-huh.

STEPMOTHER. And you, Joy.

JOY. (*Sourly.*) Uh-huh.

STEPMOTHER. On our shopping tour today I bought you the most beautiful materials and all the frills and froufrou my purse could afford. (*Her voice hardens.*) So whether or not you marry the Prince, you'll both have to marry somebody this year.

PORTIA. (*Snapping into frightened obedience.*) Yes, ma'am.

JOY. Yes, ma'am.

STEPMOTHER. (*Her voice softening again.*) Now there's one thing you must remember. When you want to marry a man, you can't rely on your beauty alone. Now, Portia – you are named for a great lawyer.

PORTIA. Uh-huh.

STEPMOTHER. I want you to show off your intellect as well as your beauty. Do you understand?

PORTIA. Naturally.

STEPMOTHER. And Joy, I want you to live up to your name.
I want you to be vivacious and alert as well as beautiful.

JOY. Uh-huh.

STEPMOTHER. That does not mean, however, that I want you to neglect your appearance. Our family has always been noted for its fascinating women. So now let's all go upstairs and get our beauty sleep. I'm exhausted from all that shopping. Tomorrow I'm going to have to get a massage. That's the only thing that does me any good – a good pounding. That's what your father used to say.

PORTIA. (*Following her to the stairs.*) I'm all tired out, too, Ma, going from store to store the way we did.

(**JOY** and **PORTIA** climb the stairs, arguing with each other.)

JOY. You're tired?

PORTIA. Yes, I'm tired.

JOY. I suppose you think you're the only one that's tired!

PORTIA. Well, who bought the most?

JOY. That has nothing to do with it!

PORTIA. That has everything to do with it!

STEPMOTHER. Go to bed, both of you!

PORTIA. (*To JOY as they exit.*) Leave me alone... You're always picking on me... Ma!

STEPMOTHER. That's right, don't raise your voices.

(*She is at the bottom of the stairs and turns to see CINDERELLA standing there expectantly.*)

Well, you – don't stand there gaping at me. Tidy up those tea things.

CINDERELLA. Yes ma'am.

(*The STEPMOTHER turns on her heel and goes upstairs. CINDERELLA brings a dishpan with water and a rag to the table and washes the tea things.*)

CINDERELLA. (*Happily.*) I wonder why they're so tired, looking at all those beautiful things and buying so many of them! I was too excited to be tired.

(She looks around the room.)

[MUSIC NO. 05 "IN MY OWN LITTLE CORNER"]

Oh, I love this room – when they've all gone out and there's nobody here but me.

(Drying a teacup, she dances around the room happily.)

STEPMOTHER. (*Offstage.*) Cinderella!

CINDERELLA. (*Stopping, frightened.*) Yes, ma'am?

STEPMOTHER. Stop jumping around down there like an elephant! We can't sleep for the racket!

CINDERELLA. Yes, ma'am.

(She crosses past the table to her little chair in the corner by the fireplace. She is penitent, not angry.)

I was just going to sit down, anyway. (*Brightening.*) I love sitting down right here.

(The lights change as she muses. The music becomes gentler, and she sings.)

I'M AS MILD AND AS MEEK AS A MOUSE,
WHEN I HEAR A COMMAND I OBEY.
BUT I KNOW OF A SPOT IN MY HOUSE
WHERE NO ONE CAN STAND IN MY WAY.

IN MY OWN LITTLE CORNER,
IN MY OWN LITTLE CHAIR,
I CAN BE WHATEVER I WANT TO BE.
ON THE WING OF MY FANCY
I CAN FLY ANYWHERE
AND THE WORLD WILL OPEN ITS ARMS TO ME.
I'M A YOUNG NORWEGIAN PRINCE OR A MILK MAID,
I'M THE GREATEST PRIMA DONNA IN MILAN,
I'M AN HEIRESS WHO HAS ALWAYS HAD HER SILK MADE

BY HER OWN FLOCK OF SILKWORMS IN JAPAN!
I'M A GIRL MEN GO MAD FOR,
LOVE'S A GAME I CAN PLAY
WITH A COOL AND CONFIDENT KIND OF AIR,
JUST AS LONG AS I STAY
IN MY OWN LITTLE CORNER,
ALL ALONE
IN MY OWN
LITTLE CHAIR

(She dances around a bit.)

I CAN BE WHATEVER I WANT TO BE.
I'M A THIEF IN CALCUTTA,
I'M A QUEEN IN PERU,
I'M A MERMAID DANCING UPON THE SEA.
I'M A HUNTRESS ON AN AFRICAN SAFARI –
(IT'S A DANGEROUS TYPE OF SPORT AND YET IT'S FUN.)
IN THE NIGHT I SALLY FORTH TO SEEK MY QUARRY
AND I FIND I FORGOT TO BRING MY GUN!
I AM LOST IN THE JUNGLE
ALL ALONE AND UNARMED
WHEN I MEET A LIONESS IN HER LAIR!
THEN I'M GLAD TO BE BACK IN MY OWN LITTLE CORNER,
ALL ALONE
IN MY OWN
LITTLE CHAIR.

(Blackout.)

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