

[Sergeant Meryll enters, sees his daughter and goes to her.]

Sergeant Meryll: My poor child, why are you crying?

Cinderella: Oh, papa, I know it has been a year since mother passed away but I miss her so much!

Sergeant Meryll: I know, my dear, I do, too. She was such a sweet and lovely lady.

Cinderella: She really was. And I know you love your new wife...

Sergeant Meryll: And you will, too, in time, my love.

Cinderella: I hope so. But it's just not the same. She keeps me inside doing chores and won't let me leave the house at all! How am I supposed to meet my future husband if I'm pent up cleaning all day? Wouldn't you like to have grandchildren someday? It will never happen at this rate!

Sergeant Meryll: [sighing] My dear, we've discussed this at quite some length. You know you have to do all the cleaning because your sisters are ill. I really don't know what you expect me to do about it.

Cinderella: You could stand up and defend me to her. You never do! You are always blinded by her flirtations.

Sergeant Meryll: Bah! That's ridiculous. And besides, I can't help it if I find my own wife attractive. And what can I do about it really? Her daughters, now your sisters, are far too frail to do many of the chores.

Cinderella: To do *any* of the chores you mean. And that's a load of rubbish anyway. I've seen them when you're not around. There's nothing the matter with either of them. They're both fit as fiddles.

Sergeant Meryll: I don't know what you mean. Kate is always coughing and having trouble breathing and Edith bad is so badly bent she can hardly walk.

Cinderella: Father, if Kate has asthma and Edith has scoliosis then I have the bubonic plague [Sgt. Meryll looks horrified and backs away from her.] Can't you see they're faking? Look, I can do what they do. [Coughs and hunches over.]

Sergeant Meryll: Oh my goodness, I knew you've been spending too much time with Kate and Edith! Oh, no! Now you've got their illnesses, too!?

Cinderella: [Straightens up and stops coughing.] Don't be ridiculous! See? I'm perfectly fine. No more coughing and I can stand as straight as an arrow.

Sergeant Meryll: [Inspecting her and then feeling foolish when he realizes she's right.] Ah, so I see. [Sighing] Perhaps you are right about the girls. But it hurts me so to see you so distressed. I wish I knew what could be done about the matter...

Sergeant Meryll: [Finally relenting] I guess you do make some fair points; it would be nice to have grandchildren *someday*, although there's really no rush, dear.

Cinderella: And it hadn't occurred to me to call upon my Fairy Godmother. You've mentioned her before but I've never met her. What does she look like? As a fairy I imagine she must be very pretty?

Sergeant Meryll: Well...she's certainly a very dazzling sight to be hold.

Cinderella: Oh! I can't wait to meet her! How do you think she will help me?

Sergeant Meryll: I imagine she'll probably use some magic to help you.

Cinderella: Magic? Oh that's so exciting! I've never seen magic before!

Sergeant Meryll: Yes, well, she doesn't always get it quite right so before you call your Fairy Godmother, let me try talking to Dame Carruthers to see if I can get you some help.

[Enter Dame Carruthers and her daughters Edith & Kate. Edith and Kate both appear to be fine until they see Cinderella and Sgt Meryll at which point Edith starts walking bent over like an old woman and Kate starts coughing obviously fake coughs.]

Dame Carruthers: Hello, darling! [She goes up to Sergeant Meryll and gives him a flirtatious kiss on the cheek which clearly distracts him.]

Sergeant Meryll: Hello, my love! [They flirt.]

Cinderella: [Tired of watching the flirting, Cinderella clears her throat.] Ahehem.

Dame Carruthers: [She sees Cinderella. Sergeant Meryll looks mildly embarrassed.] Why, what's all this? Cinderella, shouldn't you be doing your chores? There's so much to be done around here! Really, there's no time for you to be dilly dallying!

Cinderella: Father, can't you see how she demeans me? There she goes again using that awful nickname Cinderella. She knows I don't like it!

Dame Carruthers: What's the matter with the name Cinderella? It suits you just fine. Have you not seen yourself in a mirror lately? Why, you're positively ashen!

Edith: Isn't this so exciting? A ball! And it's held by the prince no less! What ever shall we wear?

Kate: And how shall we do our hair?

Cinderella: Oh! It sounds lovely! I bet there will be lots of handsome men there!

Kate: Certainly! And Prince Hilarion is the handsomest of them all! Ooooh I do hope he'll ask me to dance!

Edith: Me, too! Oh just think, Kate, maybe he'll ask one of us to dance, and then he'll fall in love and then ask one of us to marry him! And then one of us will eventually be a queen!

Kate: Yes! I can see it now. He'll see my new dress and fall in love immediately! Mum would be so pleased!

Edith: Not if your dress has a giant hole in it! He'll see my hair wrapped in brand new ribbons and he won't be able to take his eyes off of me.

Kate: He will when he sees I've burned your hair off!

Cinderella: Your mum won't be so pleased if you two sabotage each other.

Edith: [Edith and Kate exchange looks.] No, I guess you're right. Have you ever been to a ball, Cinderella?

Cinderella: No, unfortunately I wasn't old enough until after my mother passed away. When I finally turned of age I was in mourning and then my father married your mother, who won't let me leave the house.

Kate: Oh that's too bad! There's dancing, delicious food, sweet punch, not to mention all the fancy clothes.

Edith: Oh yes, I love seeing all the ladies in their new fashions. And the men, [to Kate] don't they look so handsome? There's nothing like the feeling of a strong man whisking you around the dance floor!

Kate: It's such a shame you have too much cleaning to do; I doubt mum will let you go. I'm sure you would love balls!

Cinderella: Balls sound like so much fun - the women all dressed up and the men all dashing in their formal wear! I would so love to see it!

Kate: Yes, It really is a shame you have so much work to do.

Edith: And even if you do somehow manage to finish your chores before the ball starts, you're in such a terrible state, it wouldn't be humanly possible for you to get ready in time. Just look at you! Even if you did have a dress, your hair is a rat's nest, you're absolutely covered in dust and ash, and you smell. It would take a miracle...

Kate: Fortunately, it won't take long for us to get ready since we have natural beauty. And, since we're sick, I suppose the rest we've had doesn't hurt!

Edith: Speaking of getting ready, if we're going to be presentable for the ball we really must go get ready. There's so much to be done! We'll need to change into our new dresses, tie ribbons into our hair, don all our best jewelry, put on our dancing shoes, add some perfume...

Kate: Don't worry, Cinderella! We'll tell you all about it when we return.

[Exeunt Edith and Kate.]

Cinderella: [To audience.] This is awful! There's going to be a fancy ball tonight hosted by the most eligible bachelor in our kingdom, Prince Hilarion, and I'm going to miss it! I must find a way to get to that ball without Dame Carruthers or my step-sisters knowing. And I'll also have to figure out what to do about these rags. I can't go in this. But what am I to do? Didn't my father have an idea? What was it again? Oh yes, he suggested I call upon my Fairy Godmother. Perhaps she can help me get to the ball so I can finally meet my Prince Charming!

[Cinderella's Fairy Godmother appears. Special lighting and mystical music is suggested here, similar to what might be used in the incantation scenes in *Iolanthe* or *Sorcerer*.]

Cinderella: Oh Fairy Godmother, is that you? Did you hear my prayers? Are you here?

Fairy Godmother: You called, my child?

Cinderella: [Looking skeptical] *You're* my Fairy Godmother?

Fairy Godmother: Yes. Why?

Cinderella: Oh, it's nothing. You just aren't quite what I was expecting.

Fairy Godmother: What were you expecting?

Cinderella: Well, to be honest, I was expecting someone a bit more... feminine... and beautiful.

Fairy Godmother: Yes, well unfortunately we can't all be blessed with good looks. Just look at the Fairy Queen in *Iolanthe*.

Cinderella: Good point. I hadn't thought of that.

Fairy Godmother: So what can I do for you, my child? Why did you summon me?

Cinderella: Prince Hilarion is hosting a ball tonight where he will choose a bride but my stepmother Dame Carruthers won't let me go because I have chores to do. I have nothing to wear and no manner of transportation but I so desperately want to go! Can you help me?

Fairy Godmother: You want to go to a ball? Tonight? Oh my! Yes, you're quite right. You can't go looking like that! You're positively ghastly! You'll need nothing short of a miracle.

Cinderella: Yes, that's why I called you.

Fairy Godmother: I was afraid you'd say that. It's been a while since I've had to use my fairy powers so I may be a bit rusty.

Cinderella: What do you mean? What's the worst that could happen?

Fairy Godmother: Well, instead of turning your clothes into a dress I could accidentally turn it into something else.

Cinderella: Something else? What else could you possibly turn it into?

Fairy Godmother: The possibilities are endless. If I don't get it 100% right, instead of a gorgeous ball gown you could end up wearing a leisure suit, overalls, jumpsuit, you get the idea...

Cinderella: I certainly don't want you to make any mistakes. I'll let you concentrate on what you need to do.

Fairy Godmother: That's a good idea, my dear. Let me think a moment... [Pondering a moment] I think I've got just the thing to help you to the ball! All I have to do is say a few spells and use some fairy dust to turn some everyday objects into the people and things you need. Yes, I know exactly what to do...

[This dialog scene can be done in front of the curtain in order to facilitate the scene change if needed.]

Fairy Godmother: So, what do you think? How do you look?

Cinderella: [Returning to the stage] Oh, Fairy Godmother, I'm so glad you got it right!

Fairy Godmother: Me, too! I was worried I might have said something wrong at the end there, but everything appears to be in order.

Cinderella: It certainly does. I feel like a Princess! Everything's so beautiful! This dress is exquisite! And the jewels so extravagant! And the shoes are so dainty!

Fairy Godmother: I guess your Fairy Godmother still has the magic touch after all.

Cinderella: Indeed you, do. I can't thank you enough for what you've done. Everything's perfect.

Fairy Godmother: I have no doubt you'll capture that prince's heart, my dear! Now, before you leave there's something you must know. Unfortunately, since I've never excelled at magic, the spell I cast will expire at midnight: your carriage will turn back to a pumpkin, your ball gown will turn back to your everyday rags, and your coachman and footman will turn back to animals. So I suggest you leave before you hear the clock strike 12!

Cinderella: This is all so surreal! I'm just so happy to be going at all, I don't mind leaving a little early. Besides, I'll need to be home before my step-mother and step-sisters so they don't suspect anything.

Fairy Godmother: Excellent! Then it's all settled. You go and enjoy yourself, dear!

Cinderella: Thank you so much, Fairy Godmother! I'll be forever grateful! [Kisses her on the cheek and leaves.]

[End scene]

16

Women
 drink Man-za - nil - la, Mon - te - ro Wine, when - it - runs in a - bun-dance en - han - ces The reck-less de -

Men
 drink Man-za - nil - la, Mon - te - ro Wine when it runs in a - bun-dance en - han - ces The reck-less de -

Pno

24

[Cinderella enters and causes people to stop their singing and dancing and gasp and stare at her, all except for a couple of women who don't notice her at first and sing the next two lines but fade out when they see her.]

Women
 light of that wil - dest of dan - ces! To the pret-ty pit-ter, pit-ter, pat ter, And the clit-ter, clit-ter, clit-ter,

Men
 light of that wil - dest of dan - ces!

Pno

A

30

[There is a moment where Cinderella and Prince Hilarion are face-to-face and are momentarily stunned. But then he comes out of his stupor and finally asks her to dance. Song stops here and goes back to the beginning to restart after short dialogue.]

Women
 clat - ter, Clit-ter, clit-ter, clat-ter, Pit-ter, pit-ter, pat-ter, Clit-ter, clit-ter, clat-ter, Clit-ter, clit-ter, clat-ter

Men
 To the

Pno

Cinderella: [Curtseys.] Good evening, your highness.

Prince Hilarion: [Bows.] Good evening, madam. Please, pardon my rudeness. I was quite overtaken with your beauty and momentarily lost my ability to speak. Would you care to dance?

Cinderella: [Beaming] I would love to! [They dance together.]

Cinderella: You are very agile and light of foot, Prince Hilarion.

Prince Hilarion: As are you. Where did you learn to dance like that? Did your governess teach you? [She shakes her head.] Did you learn it at boarding school? [She shakes her head.] Well, I don't know what your secret is but whoever taught you, I owe them a debt of gratitude!

Cinderella: Thank you! This is a beautiful ball. Thank you for hosting it.

Prince Hilarion: I'm pleased now that I did.

Cinderella: Were you not previously keen to hold the ball?

Prince Hilarion: [Shaking his head.] The ball was my parents' idea. They are keen to see me married so they can know the kingdom will have an heir to succeed them but I refuse to let myself be forced into a loveless marriage.

Cinderella: Yes, I, too, know all about parents forcing you to do things against your will.

Prince Hilarion: I'm sorry to hear that. Are your parents also trying to force you into marriage? Judging by your appearance I assume you come from royalty as well. Are you from around here? I'm afraid to say I don't recognize you.

Cinderella: Don't be. I wouldn't expect you to recognize me.

Prince Hilarion: So you're from far away then? Are you a princess from the town of Titipu? [She shakes her head.] Barataria? [She shakes her head again.] Venice? [Still shaking her head.] Well where are you from then? [She is about to speak when suddenly a clock is heard chiming 11 o'clock.]

Cinderella: Oh no! It's 11 o'clock already! I really must be going!

Prince Hilarion: So soon? But we've only had one dance! Can't you stay for one more?

Cinderella: I'm very sorry but I really must go! [She turns to leave him but he grabs her and sings...]

[They are about to kiss when Cinderella turns away and flees. The guests are all perplexed and begin murmuring to each other.]

Queen: [Approaching Prince Hilarion] Darling, where did that beautiful young lady go? Did you say something to scare her off?

Prince Hilarion: I didn't do anything, I swear, mother. She was perfect. She's beautiful, a good dancer, graceful...

King: So what went wrong?

Prince Hilarion: I have no idea. We were dancing and having a good time, at least I thought we were, and suddenly she said she had to leave.

Queen: You must have done something wrong. She wouldn't have run off with no reason. [She sniffs his clothes.] Did you forget to have your suit cleaned? No, it smells fine. [Thinking] What about your breath? I saw you were about to kiss and that was when she ran off. You must have eaten something with a bad odor.

Prince [Raises his palm to his face and breathes against it.] No, I don't think so. It smells fine to me.

King: Perhaps you were too eager? Nothing turns a potential lover off like the sense of desperation.

Prince: No, I swear it. She showed just as much interest in me as I did in her. She even complimented by dancing.

Queen: How odd [very brief pause here] that she would just disappear so quickly like that! Well, I guess we'll have to have another ball tomorrow night. I hope she shows up again.

Prince Hilarion: She said she will come back again tomorrow night.

King: If she doesn't, you will have to choose another bride.

Prince Hilarion: Oh, I don't think I could bear it if she doesn't!

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V
no! My hair is grey with ash, ha, ha! My clothes are from the trash, ha ha! If

Pno *pp*

71

V Edith & Kate: Cinderella:
that's the case my dears - - - Don't go! I'll go!

Pno [Turning their backs to leave] [Quietly, aside]

[Sgt. Meryll enters.]

Cinderella: Oh, father, thank goodness you're here!

Sgt. Meryll: What's the matter, darling?

Cinderella: Have you not heard? There is to be another ball tonight. And of course I'm not allowed to go again. Kate and Edith told me I'm too dirty and there's no way they could possibly get me cleaned up in time to go.

Sgt. Meryll: Hmmm, there is some truth in that.

Cinderella: Father! How could you side with them?

Sgt. Meryll: I'm sorry, dear, I'm not siding with them; I'm just being realistic. Have you looked in a mirror lately?

Cinderella: No, never.

Sgt. Meryll: Here, look at that (showing her a pocket mirror) and tell me if you think it's rational to expect you to be able to get ready for the ball in time.

Cinderella: No, you're quite right; it's asking too much – one must be reasonable. But just because what they said is true doesn't mean it doesn't hurt! They've no right to treat me that way!

Sgt. Meryll: I suppose you're right. It pains me that your step mother and step sisters treat you so poorly. I know new relationships are hard but I had really hoped that you all would be getting along better by now. I can't help but feel partially responsible for your situation.

43

Sgt. Meryll

thee I sing bright re-gent of the heavens!

rit. $\text{♩} = 120$

Pno

colla voce *p*

a tempo

46

Sgt. Meryll

Pno

$\text{♩} = 90$

Sgt. Meryll: I'm so very sorry to see you in such a state. I wish I knew how I could help.

Cinderella: Well, I guess I shouldn't be surprised that those two won't help me. Perhaps my Fairy Godmother can assist me again.

Sgt. Meryll: That's a wonderful idea to call on her. I'm sure she'll attempt to do her best. She means well.

Cinderella: I think she did a pretty good job last night; I felt like a princess! Although it would have been nice if the spell didn't wear off by midnight.

Sgt. Meryll: Yes, you should have seen the look on the poor Prince's face when you ran off. And the whole room was abuzz wondering who you were and what was going to happen next!

Cinderella: I wish I could have seen their faces, especially Dame Carruthers' and Edith's and Kates'!

Sgt. Meryll: The looks on their faces were indeed priceless! I have to admit it was satisfying to see you pull one over on them.

Cinderella: It'll be even more satisfying if I can do it again.

Sgt. Meryll: Yes, well I'll leave you to call your Fairy Godmother then. Good luck tonight, darling.

Cinderella: Thank you, papa. [Sgt. Meryll exits.]

[Cinderella starts to sing] Oh Godmum! Oh Godmum! Oh hear me!

Fairy Godmother: Here I am, darling. No need to go through all that rigmarole again. What seems to be the trouble? What can I do for you, sweetie?

Fairy Godmother: So there's to be another ball tonight, eh?

Cinderella: Yes, would you believe it? The King and Queen have demanded that the Prince hold another ball until he finds a wife. And of course my stepmother again forbids me to go so I need your help. Will you?

Fairy Godmother: Of course I'll help you, my love! How awful of your stepmother to keep you from going.

Cinderella: And my stepsisters wouldn't help me either.

Fairy Godmother: Oh my! You poor dear! Well, you called the right person. I will do everything I can do to get you there.

Cinderella: Thank you! Thank you! You have no idea what this means to me!

Fairy Godmother: We can't have them treating you that way! You know, perhaps I could give you a twofer.

Cinderella: A twofer? What's a twofer?

Fairy Godmother: Two spells for the price of one! While I'm casting a spell to turn you back into a princess, I can cast one to turn your stepmother and stepsisters into something if you like! He, he, he!

Cinderella: Ooooo that sounds intriguing. What exactly do you have in mind?

Fairy Godmother: Let me tell you...

Cinderella: Oh thank you, Fairy Godmother! While those are some very tempting ideas and I like the thought of my stepmother and stepsisters being turned into frogs and flies, I think it's more important to focus on getting prepared for the ball. So, you don't have to harm my stepmother or stepsisters but if you could make me look like I did last night I'll be forever grateful!

Fairy Godmother: There'll be plenty of time to thank me later, love. Are you sure you don't want me to cast a spell on your stepmother and stepsisters?

Cinderella: Not entirely, but let's just say yes.

Fairy Godmother: If you insist, dear, but you've taken some of the fun out of it. Now, let's go get you ready for that ball! We can't have you meeting the Prince like this. [Exeunt.]

King: What is going on? What is the meaning of this nonsense?

Prince Hilarion: Father, these women won't leave me alone. They've been following me around since last night, asking me to commit to dance with them at tonight's ball. And in the meantime they've renounced all the other men and are refusing to have anything to do with any of them! The women are all leering at me and the men are all threatening to leave if they women won't dance with them!

Queen: Oh dear! I'm afraid it didn't occur to me that all the ladies in the kingdom would pursue you! We can't hold a ball if only the ladies are dancing and the men are all wallflowers! We must do something.

King: Indeed. This will not stand!

Prince Hilarion: Don't worry. I am all too happy to fix this. Ladies! While I am flattered - (aside) and frightened - (to all) by your advances I can't possibly dance with all of you at once, so please take up your partners so we can get this ball started properly. Maestro, are you ready? Remember, please play it as I've instructed.

Queen: Not so fast! You still have to pick a partner. There's no point in starting the song if you aren't dancing.

Prince Hilarion: Fine! (Pointing to Kate) You, come here. Let's dance.

Kate: (Curtseys. Obviously thrilled) Yes, your highness.

Queen: Well, that was rather rude but at least he's dancing. Go ahead, Maestro...

Dance a Cachucha
Sung by Chorus (more slowly, in minor)

Chorus:

*Dance a cachucha, fandango, bolero,
Xeres we'll drink Manzanilla, Montero
Wine, when it runs in abundance, enhances
The reckless delight of that wildest of dances!*

[The King and Queen are standing by watching during the first verse and are appalled by what they see. They interrupt the dancing.]

Queen: Why does this song sound like a dirge? This is a ball, not a funeral! You'll never find a bride this way!

Prince: You only said I have to host another ball. You didn't say the music had to be lively and gay. I don't much feel like dancing tonight. Without the woman of my dreams, what's the point? So I instructed the band to play it more slowly and sadly. I'm doing as you asked. I've invited these people here to dance and they are dancing. What more do you want from me?

[The King and Queen exchange a glance and both sigh with resignation.]

Queen: Fine, darling. But don't think this gets you out of having to find a wife. This will go on until you do! [Dancing resumes.]

Women:

*To the pretty pitter, pitter, patter,
And the clitter, clitter, clitter, clatter*

Chorus:

*Dance a cachucha, fandango, bolero,
Xeres we'll drink Manzanilla, Montero
Wine, when it runs in abundance, enhances
The reckless delight of that wildest of dances!*

[Cinderella enters and just as before, causing people to stop their singing and dancing and stare at her. As soon as Prince Hilarion sees her, he practically tosses Kate aside.]

Cinderella: [Curtsies.] Good evening, your highness. You look surprised to see me. Did you forget my promise to return so soon?

Prince Hilarion: [Bows.] Good evening, madam. I am pleasantly surprised. I did not forget your promise but you left so quickly I feared I may never see you again. Since you are here, may I have the pleasure of this dance?

Cinderella: [Beaming] Of course, your highness!

Prince: [To the orchestra] Maestro, let's do it right this time, shall we? [Song resumes at normal tempo, in major. They join the chorus in dancing.]

Cinderella: Oh that was simply divine! I'm having such a lovely time!

Prince: I'm so glad you are. I am, too.

Cinderella: I'm sorry that your parents are forcing you to rush into marriage. How do they expect you to fall in love at a ball?

Prince: I felt the same way, too, until I met you. I didn't think it could be possible to fall in love so quickly, but now, looking at you, I can't imagine falling in love any other way.

Cinderella: I feel like I'm living a dream! I never would have believed this possible either, yet here we are!

Prince: Do you feel the same as I do? Can it be my love is requited?

Cinderella: I must confess I think I do!

Prince: Do you love me? Please say it!

Cinderella: I do! I love you!

Prince: I love you, too! You'll make me the happiest man on earth! [Starts kneeling] Would you do me the honor of... [Clock begins to strike 12.]

Cinderella: Oh no! It's midnight! I'm so sorry, Prince, but I must leave immediately! [She flees and as she does she loses her shoe.]

Prince: [As he's chasing her.] Wait! Please don't leave! Come back! [The Prince runs after her but stops when he finds her shoe. He picks it up.]

Queen: My goodness! What happened? Where did she go now?

Prince: I have no idea.

King: Was it something you said?

Prince: I hope not! I was just about to propose marriage to her.

Queen: Marriage?! Really?! Well you must find her then!

Prince: Yes! That's a great idea. I have her shoe here. All I have to do is find the woman who it fits.

King: Yes, we'll order all the women in the kingdom to try it on! Luiz!

[Luiz enters.]

Luiz: Yes, your highness?

King: Go spread the word throughout the kingdom that we demand all the women residing herein to try on the slipper. We'll start here in the village. Command all the townswomen to appear in the town square at noon tomorrow.

Luis: Yes, your highness. [Exits.]

King: [Addresses the chorus who are still present in the background.] My people, I have just asked my page to announce that we are requesting that all the single women of the village appear tomorrow at noon in the town square to try on this slipper that was left behind by the Prince's dance partner. I expect you all to bring any and all single women to appear at that time. [All exit, murmuring excitedly.]

Prince: Oh! I cannot wait to find her! In the meantime, I can only wonder and dream about who she is and where she might be...

Prince Hilarion: On this is joyous indeed! I can't believe I found you and so quickly, too! What good fortune!

Cinderella: It is! I was worried we would never be able to be together. With me being a poor, servant girl and you being a prince, I didn't think the King and Queen would allow it.

Queen: Well, it is a bit unorthodox to allow our son to marry someone who is neither royalty nor nobility, but our son has been so picky and we have been worried about him producing an heir, that we're just relieved he's finally fallen in love.

Prince: [To Cinderella] I was about to ask you a question when you ran off on me last night.

Cinderella: I am so very sorry that I interrupted you and abandoned you so suddenly. What were you going to ask me?

Prince: [Kneels] Would you please do me the honor of being my wife?

Cinderella: Yes!

King: Finally our kingdom will be secure!

Queen: And we will be grandparents!

Prince: I hope you'll let us enjoy some time to ourselves first!

King: Time to yourselves? I hadn't thought of that. Yes, I suppose you will want some time alone, without your dear old mum and dad. [To the Queen] Oh my! What if they don't want to see us anymore? What if they evict us from the castle? Or worse, what if they force us into exile? Once they have a child I'll relinquish my reign to him and he'll have no need for us anymore! Oh no! This is awful! We must stop this at once!

Queen: What? Dear, you're being ridiculous! This is a joyful occasion. Our son would never do that to us. Can't you just be happy for him?

King: I suppose you're right, darling, I don't know what I was thinking. It hadn't occurred to me that we're gaining a daughter. Of course we should be happy for the lovebirds!

Queen: (Relieved) I'm so glad you agree, my love. Now, let's relax and celebrate their impending union.