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# **The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of Cinderella**

By Bryan Forbes

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Why do they always  
sound so many trumpets?

I'm not Jehovah.

Why can't a prince  
come home without a fuss?

Presumably because  
he is a prince, sir.

Other people can sneak in  
the back way unannounced,  
which is how  
it should be.

What are you  
smiling at?

Oh, was

I smiling, sir?

Just the sudden warmth  
cracking my face.

A prince's lot is  
nothing more than a bore.

Your face cracks  
rather easily, doesn't it?

Now, you mark  
my words,

before you

can count to 10,

through that door,

with the odious punctuality  
of our neighbor's

much vaunted,

recently invented, hideously  
irritating cuckoo clock,

will come our dear

and loyal subject,

the ever-unctuous

lord high Chamberlain.

5, 6...

7!

He's improving.

One of these days,

he's going to achieve

the elusive

10-minute mile.

Ha ha ha ha!

Your royal highness.

Ah, welcome home.

Welcome home,  
your royal highness.

My lord high Chamberlain,  
what an unexpected  
pleasure.

I am commanded by  
his majesty the king,  
your father,  
and her majesty  
the queen, your mother--  
yes, yes, now,  
don't tire yourself,  
I am acquainted  
with them.

How are my  
doting parents?

Their majesties are naturally  
most anxious to hear  
such glad tidings

I feel sure you bear  
concerning your recent  
absence from the court.

Namely, the matter  
of your acceptance of  
and betrothal to the princess  
selina of carolsfeld.

Indeed, in anticipation  
of such wonderful news,

his majesty the king  
has decided to make you  
a knight grand cross  
of the most illustrious order  
of Saint David the martyr.

Which is usually  
awarded posthumously.

A suitable honor,  
as it happens,  
for the matter of my betrothal  
is very status quo.

I did not find the lady of  
your choice to be my choice.

Oh, but, sir--

we are returned...  
As we departed.  
The king I'm sure,  
and indeed my dear mama  
will share  
your noticeable grief.  
Indeed, sir,  
the whole court will be grieved.  
Well, so be it.  
Any simple peasant is  
afforded the ability  
in love...  
To win or lose  
while I of the nobility  
am robbed of the facility  
to choose  
any serf or servant  
can by natural selection  
elect himself a mate  
if she's amenable  
but due to my high breeding,  
I'm continually acceding  
to demands  
I find increasingly  
untenable  
all I ask, and it's a  
simple enough request--  
well, follow me,  
by all means, follow me.  
I wish to know,  
I demand to know...  
Why can't I be  
two people?  
Why can't I live  
two roles?  
Why can't one of me perform  
all the cloying amenities ti  
while the other me,  
twin brother me  
be a free and happy soul?/  
why can't I be  
two people?  
Split myself right in half  
then I could satisfy

and mollify  
and pacify and qualify  
while the other me  
would have  
a hell of  
a healthy laugh, ha? 'll  
the custom of royalty  
in referring to oneself  
is to naturally employ  
the royal "we  
"we are very happy" si  
y, we are very sad I  
we are bored  
and suffer from ennui"  
for a royal prince,  
there's no such word as me"  
it's always "we  
so, rightfully, I  
should be two on three  
don't you agree?  
It's not for me to say,  
your royal highness.  
Perhaps not.  
So, I ask myself...  
Why can't I be  
two people?  
Why can't I play  
two parts?  
Why can't one of me endure  
the appalling formalities  
while the other me,  
twin brother me  
have a free  
and happy heart?  
If I could be  
two people  
life would not  
pass me by  
I'd have a chance  
to pick and choose  
I'd have a chance  
to win or lose  
and maybe one of us  
would have a chance to live...

Before we die!  
Die? Who's died?  
Ah! At last!  
Our dear son.  
We are... we are...  
We're what?  
Delighted.  
Yes, delighted  
to see you return.  
Oh!  
Ah, yes, I have  
something for you.  
Father...  
Your majesty--  
kneel, sir.  
Father.  
I do not wish" it would  
be most inappropriate...  
Your majesty, his royal  
highness has returned--  
of course he's returned! You  
get more senile every day.  
I have returned,  
father--  
now you' re  
catching it.  
Empty-handed.  
Kneel, sir.  
Father, this is  
most emibarrassing.  
I command you  
to kneel, sir!  
I don't deserve it.  
I haven't earned it.  
Nobody earns this.  
It's given because I am  
the king and I like it.  
Where's my sword?  
Ah! It's far  
too heavy.  
You know, I was born with the  
curse of the weak wrists.  
Oh, I do so love  
a ceremony.

Ah, that's better.  
I dub thee--  
now, wait a minute.  
Shouldn't there be  
something before that?  
Yes, indeed, sire.  
I have it here.  
Your majesty--father,  
do we--must I--  
us, or course,  
you must. Ahem!  
Let it be known  
to all here present  
that by our command  
his royal highness,  
the prince  
Edward Charles  
"Albert George James  
Richard Augustus Philip  
has received  
our gracious favor.  
er... who wrote this?  
You did, sire.  
Ah, yes, well,  
it's magnificent stuff.  
Well worth  
paying attention to.  
From this day henceforth  
shall be entitled  
"to be known as  
a knight grand cross  
of the most illustrious order of  
Saint David the blessed martyr. "  
There's... somebody  
in the room!  
Very fine. Now I kiss  
you on both cheeks.  
That's the part  
I like best.  
I sometimes give medals  
to a whole regiment.  
Good. Very  
touching ceremony.  
Most touching, sire.

Sycophant!  
Don't always have  
to agree, you know.  
Congratulations,  
dear cousin.  
Oh, lord!  
Who let him in?  
Congratulations !  
I heard all the trumpets.  
Now, don't you start.  
Oh! A little  
premature, am I?  
I say, have I dropped the  
tiniest of social brickettes?  
I mean, I was being  
quite sincere.  
Well, you know, as  
sincere as I ever am.  
Oh, no!  
Who is it? Has there been  
an uprising?  
No, your majesty. It's  
just the Duke of montague.  
Is he still alive?  
I thought we buried him.  
Father, ever since  
I entered this room,  
I've been trying  
to tell you that  
what you expected of me  
did not take place.  
My throw, I think.  
No, it's not.  
You're cheating again.  
Kings never cheat. They  
adapt to circumstances,  
but they never cheat.  
If I may, sir,  
by roux leave,  
this thing  
is choking me.  
You see how  
I'm placed?  
Accused in front of the



court by my own wife.  
Father,  
this is serious.  
Of course,  
it' s serious.  
I shall probably  
concede the game.  
It's a royal prerogative  
to be unsporting.  
Never concede.  
I throw.  
Black 5 !  
The match, father, was of  
your making not of mine.  
Even so,  
as a dutiful son,  
I journeyed far  
beyond our borders  
to pay my respects  
to the lady and...  
See for myself.  
And she was fair,  
was she not?  
Indeed, sir. Perhaps  
pale rather than fair.  
A sickly lady, sir,  
given to much swooning  
and... and vapors.  
All ladies swoon. They know  
it's expected of them.  
Some swoon  
more than others, sir,  
and swooning to excess is not  
a quality I greatly admire.  
She refused you? Is that  
what you're saying?  
No, father,  
she could not refuse me  
because I did not offer.  
You perhaps placed  
too much trust  
in the portrait painters  
of carolsfeld.  
The likeness

was no likeness.  
Indeed, since you force me  
to the discourtesy,  
the lady was bald, sir.  
Her golden tresses false!  
Her mouth crabbed with age, sir,  
and devoid of teeth!  
In short, sir, she left  
much to be desired.  
Extraordinary '.  
Father,  
it's a small thing  
and doubtless  
very irritating to you  
but when I marry,  
as needs I must one day,  
it will be for the  
convenience of love,  
rather than the convenience  
of... convenience.  
Love?  
Did he say love?  
Ha ha!  
How absurd.  
What has love got to do  
with getting married?  
Why should love enter  
into it at all?  
Love can make you quite emotionally  
harried when you're married  
it's pedantic  
and romantic folderol  
find a mate, dear boy,  
find a mate  
princess Susan  
princess Karen  
princess Kate  
find a mate, dear boy,  
find a mate  
love will have to wait  
I disagree.  
You disagree?  
How can you  
disagree, dear?

Look at me.  
Look at us.  
Us, ha ha!  
Look at us.  
What has love got to  
do with being married?  
Being married is  
a problem all its own  
love is highly overrated and  
makes marriage complicated  
when the bed is  
elevated to the throne  
find a mate, dear boy,  
find a mate  
pick the proper princess  
primed to propagate  
find a mate, dear boy,  
find a mate  
love will have to wait  
there is many  
an eligible maiden  
of good family  
with title of her own  
who would come to us  
bountifully beladen  
with an army that could  
fortify our throne  
Uncle!  
I couldn't have said  
that better myself.  
Well, I could,  
and in fact,  
I think I will.  
What has marriage got to do  
with being happy?  
Being married can't compare  
with being royal  
being royal you engender  
every luxury and splendor  
while a marriage  
can get overripe and spoil  
'find a mate, dear cousin,  
set the date  
why procrastinate

uh-uh!

T and stay the hand of fate? 'find a mate, dear cousin,  
set the date  
happiness  
can always wait  
get him out of here.  
Get him out.  
Oh, have I made  
a little faux pas?  
I was enjoying myself.  
There, you see, that's the price  
that we shall have to pay  
unless you name  
the day.  
Listen, lend an ear.  
I say again...  
What has love got to do  
with getting married?  
What has bread  
got to do with wedding cake?  
We are bored with your  
defiance of connubial alliance  
for a line of royal giants  
is at stake  
find a mate, dear boy,  
find a mate  
we are growing old  
and time is growing late  
find a mate, dear boy,  
find a mate  
it's your duty to the state  
not to stay a celibate  
find a mate  
find a mate.  
Find a mate.  
Find a mate.  
What has love got to do  
with getting married?  
We are not prepared  
to say.  
Oh, what a relief  
that is over  
and done with.  
Help me, my darlings. My

fingers are positively numb.  
Mama, didn't  
you think the vicar was--  
Girls,  
girls, girls.  
Can you never do anything  
without squabbling?  
Black was never  
my color.  
So unbecoming.  
Especially when one's  
so young and pretty.  
And where do you think  
you are going, child?  
To my room,  
stepmother.  
Your room?  
Her room!  
All the rooms  
in this house are mine now.  
Your father,  
m'! Late husband,  
sadly missed by  
us all,  
is dead, child.  
Dead and buried  
beneath the snow  
in the same grave  
as your dear mother.  
That is a double misfortune  
for you.  
And now you must start  
a new life.  
Your father, as a token of  
his great love for me,  
saw fit to make a will  
placing you in my care  
and protection.  
My father  
never loved you.  
You tricked him.  
How dare you, madam!  
You tricked him!  
Well...

Well if I did,  
he did not live  
to rue the day, did he?  
And now you can curb  
your tongue;  
cultivate humility,  
know your present place.  
I hate you.  
I hate you all.  
Now, listen to me, girl,  
and hear me well!  
Blood is thicker  
than a widows tears,  
and God knows I have shed  
enough of those.  
I have two daughters  
of my own to support,  
which situation  
has forced me  
to make certain economies  
in the household.  
Is that not so, girls?  
Yes, mama.  
Certain drastic  
economies, mama.  
Exactly.  
But being a woman  
of principle,  
I shall honor your  
father's last wishes  
and continue to provide  
a roof over your head  
below stairs!  
And do not think you will  
find sympathy with the staff.  
The staff  
have been dismissed.  
You are now the staff.  
To take orders  
instead of giving them.  
Mostly from us.  
Never.  
Oh, yes.  
You will cook

and you will carry.  
You will fetch  
and you will mend.  
Your father's will  
allows and the law upholds.  
So, take your pick,  
either accept  
your lot  
or go to  
the orphanage.  
They tell me,  
cinderella,  
one can be  
awfully happy there  
and very warm.  
They sleep  
6 to a bed.  
Not counting  
the rats.  
Do not tease,  
my darlings.  
It spoils  
your looks.  
Now, your first task will  
be to make us some soup.  
Burying a husband  
is a cold business.  
And sadly for me,  
I have now buried two.  
Poor mama!  
Give me  
your cloak, girl.  
You will not be needing  
it down there.  
Hurry, girl, hurry!  
And do not keep us  
waiting for the soup.  
Come along, my doves, we  
must rearrange the rooms.  
Oh, mama,  
may I have cinderella's room?  
No, mama,  
you promised me first pick.  
She always has everything--

my darlings...  
Everything will be fairly  
divided. Now, come along.  
I'm the eldest, and I  
should have first choice.  
She may be the eldest,  
but I'm mama's favorite.  
Oh, no, you're not.  
Oh, mama,  
sun's so beastly!  
Little steps,  
girls, little steps.  
Once I was loved  
I knew I was loved  
I flew through my days  
in fanciful ways  
secure and sure  
there'd always be  
endless love  
for me  
gone is that love,  
my fanciful dove... 'H  
has tears in her eyes,  
she no longer flies  
and yet, my heart  
will not despair  
for it's there,  
just a memory away  
once I was loved  
so always come what may,  
love's happy memory  
k ever will be loving ne l  
Come on!  
Hey! Ha ha!  
This place  
fascinates me, always has,  
ever since I was a child.  
It isn't just  
thoughts of destiny  
or morbid curiosity.  
Look here.  
When they first  
brought me here  
it was part of my royal



education, you see.  
I was only knee-high  
to a tombstone.  
They stood me in front of this  
and they said,  
"that's yours.  
That's waiting for you. "  
Very cheerful !  
Humor was never  
the family's strong point.  
I wasn't frightened.  
I was intrigued.  
I see they've even put  
your name on in advance.  
It's a sobering  
thought, isn't it?  
No matter what  
I do or don't do,  
no matter how I do it  
or don't do it,  
my last appointment  
is here.  
Good kings, bad kings,  
sane kings or mad kings  
benevolent or nefarious t  
here is where  
they bury us  
oh, ho, ho, what  
a comforting thing to know  
there's a prearranged spot  
in the family plot  
where my royal bones  
will go  
k yes, tel be  
sleeper) 'Q  
into the beautiful  
family crypt  
qi oh, ho, ho, what  
a comforting thing to know  
that drunkard,  
young king ferdinand  
he reigned  
for half an hour  
oh, yes?

He got so soused  
when they crowned him  
he fell from  
the castle tower  
and here lies  
old king Frederick  
he stole  
for 40 years  
the day he died,  
the people cried...  
They cried?  
They cried,  
"three cheers ! "  
110e110, he, what  
a comforting thing to see  
the traditional stone  
that is all m'! Own  
where my dying date  
will be  
in peace you'll rest  
beneath the beautiful  
family crest  
110e110, he, what  
a comforting thing to see  
and here lies  
brave king rothar  
oh, the battles  
that he won  
k he hes n state,  
serene. And great k  
still getting  
nothing done I  
what about  
king Lloyd?  
King Lloyd,  
king Lloyd.  
King Lloyd was lewd  
and lecherous  
evil, cruel,  
and treacherous  
king Roy?  
Was mad and dreaded  
'till the day  
he was beheaded

qi oh, ho, ho, what  
a comforting thing to know  
qi oh, ho, ho, what  
a comforting thing to know  
but remember  
good king phineous  
saintly, kind,  
and wise 'll  
he did nothing  
ignominious  
yet beside these noble  
brutes and knaves  
and drunks and skunks  
he lies  
k 0, h0, o k  
what a comforting thing  
to know  
there's a prearranged spot  
in the family plot  
where your royal bones  
will go  
yes, I'll be slipped  
into the beautiful  
family crypt  
I ho, ho, he, what a  
comforting thing for you to see  
oh, ho, ho,  
what a comforting thing to  
oh, ho, h0, what  
a comforting thing to  
Oh, ho, ho, what  
a comforting thing to know  
who was that?  
Sir?  
The girl. There.  
She was hiding  
there.  
I saw no one, sir.  
I could have sworn.  
A servant girl.  
So, madam, you are  
returned at last!  
You wicked girl,  
how dare you disobey me.

Where have you been?

I only went...

Yes?

To my parents'  
grave, stepmother,  
to put  
some flowers there.

How touching...

With flowers  
from my garden,  
stolen flowers !

No.

I say yes !

I say you stole them.

You're not only  
a liar but a thief,  
and thieves we know  
must be punished.

Come !

This is your place,  
and there  
is your task.

We are expecting guests  
for dinner tonight...

Important guests.

And for repaying my kindness  
with cunning and deceit,  
henceforth, you will not dare  
to venture from this room  
without my saying.

Is that understood?

Yes, stepmother.

Then make a start  
and make amends.

John,  
tell me something.

Have you ever wished  
you were in love?

Oh, yes.

Often? I mean,  
as often as I wish it?

Well...

Well, I am in love.

You are? How amazing.

Who is she?  
The lady Caroline,  
sir, since you ask.  
What? The lady-in-waiting  
to my grandmother?  
That lady Caroline?  
Yes.  
How amazing!  
Wm.  
Well, it' s extraordinary.  
Not extraordinarily  
extraordinary, of course,  
but I never guessed.  
Heh, heh. I know.  
Well, I'm delighted.  
You have m'! Blessing.  
I - I - I must  
congratulate her.  
No! No, please, sir.  
Don't do that.  
It's kind of you, but  
it wouldn't be seemly.  
How so?  
Alas, my cause  
is a lost one.  
Well, the lady does not  
return your affections?  
Oh, indeed! But the fact  
remains that I am what I am:  
A servant!  
Positioh, sir.  
Position.  
John, I'm twice amazed.  
I must be very dense.  
Am I?  
Of course not. You  
have your problems;  
I have mine.  
Where are we?  
That's us?  
You're sure this map's  
been drawn to scale?  
I believe so,  
your majesty.

Then what have I been  
looking at all these years?  
I thought that was us.  
I always go by  
the brown parts for the land  
and the blue parts  
for the sea.  
Who's that?  
First lord of  
the Navy, sire.  
Have we got a Navy?  
The royal barge  
on the lake?  
Oh, yes, yes.  
Well, remind me not  
to travel in it again.  
So, even allowing for  
errors in the cartographer's art,  
we are small in comparison  
with our neighbors.  
Though great in, ahh,  
what's the word?  
Er, tradition?  
Traditioh, yes. Great  
in tradition and spirit,  
in fact, we are small.  
Hear, hear.  
So we have to have a plan!  
Now, you're all aware  
of the problems  
of my son's reluctance to  
have a perfectly good wife  
chosen for him.  
This generation has  
no respect at all.  
I mean, I was married off  
before I was 14!  
Carolsfeld - -where's that?  
Ah, you see, the size of it,  
see the size of it. Perfect.  
Now, what's the solution?  
With respect,  
your majesty,  
I have prepared

a small paper.  
What I am seeking  
is a proper balance,  
weighing  
what we sack  
against what  
we have to offer.  
Oh, for goodness sakes, stop talking  
in those boring, diplomatic riddles.  
Speak the king's  
euphranian, man!  
Forgive me, your majesty.  
I had in mind a celebration.  
What are you  
going to celebrate?  
A marriage, sire.  
Getting married again?  
Hmm. Finally  
got rid of her, eh?  
Well, not my marriage, sire.  
His royal highness,  
the prince Edward's.  
Well, we'd all like  
to celebrate that.  
That's what  
we're talking about.  
Sometimes I think I'm  
surrounded by a lot of idiots.  
Here we are, hedged  
in by hostile forces,  
and all you can think of is  
something that's been thought of.  
Sire, this time,  
I have a new idea,  
an idea that the prince himself  
will not be able to resist!  
Well, make sure  
that she's got teeth.  
He's got an obsession  
about them having teeth.  
I thought, a ball!  
A ball?  
A great ball !  
The greatest ball that

has ever been known, sire.  
And to it, we will invite every  
eligible princess in Europe,  
and even beyond,  
your majesty.

What do you think  
of that idea?

I remember my first ball.  
Yes, well, we don't want to go  
into the realms of fantasy.

What else?

I have prepared a list,

**your:**

and I thought we could  
make such preparations  
as would dazzle  
our enemies and dmde them,  
for protocol would not  
allow them to make war  
while they are guests  
in our midst.

And I remain convinced  
that the prince, your son,  
will do his duty.

Indeed, face to face in the  
presence of the entire court  
he could hardly fail  
to do anything else.

The occasion,  
the music, the candlelight,  
the swirling dresses,  
the perfume,  
the very atmosphere of love!

Put him on  
the retirement list.

I shall make  
a royal decision!

Taking this idea  
and improving on it,  
we must plan every detail.

Noblesse oblige!

Quite so, your majesty.

You understand that



I'm talking about diplomacy.

Protocol!

Yes, we must be  
protocoligorically correct  
good form must never suffer  
from neglect  
the rules and  
regulations we respect  
must be treated circumspect  
else the kingdom  
will be wrecked  
we've a system to protect  
checked and double-checked  
and protocoligorically  
correct

sire! Please, sire.

When its army is  
battered and broken  
and back to its  
borders it crawls  
to what clings  
a tottering kingdom  
if not to its protocols?

And when the treasury's  
tapped of its treasures  
are the tapestries  
stripped from the walls?

No, the court carries on  
with its pleasures  
inquisitions

and banquets and balls

But they must be  
protocoligorically correct  
good form must never suffer  
from neglect

the rules and regulations  
we respect  
t must be treated circumspect  
else the kingdom  
will be wrecked  
we've a system to protect  
checked and double-checked  
and protocoligorically  
correct

ho, ho,  
well-done, sire.  
Precedent!  
We need a book that will  
give us chapter and verse.  
In the library--  
it'll be in the library.  
I believe we are already within  
the library, your majesty.  
Well, of course,  
of course.  
I knew that !  
What volume  
do you suggest?  
There is only one,  
your majesty, the Bible.  
Bible?! Well, let's keep  
religion out of it.  
No, sire. I should  
say in this case,  
the Bible is forms  
and addresses  
for royal occasions  
b'! De Lyon.  
Ah.  
Now then,  
let me see, sire...  
Abdications,  
dismissal of ministers,  
garden parties,  
investitures...  
Judicial beheadings"  
yes, skip all that.  
Your majesty, questions  
of precedent pertaining  
to the seating  
of crowned heads  
in difficult situations.  
Ahh! We should rehearse it!  
Uh, you can be  
the princess esmerelda,  
ever willing to serve,  
your majesty.  
And you the duchess

of rambouillet,  
and you the daughter of  
the emperor of bratislava,  
and, uh... oh, the rest of you can  
sort it out amongst yourselves.

What an inspired idea,  
your majesty.

If the daughter of  
the duchess of snarden  
were to be seated by  
the countess of snead  
for this breach  
of decorum to snarden  
the invasion  
of snead would proceed qi  
and seat the heiress  
to the barony of neuburg  
by the side of her  
hated cousin gwenn  
oh, how quickly  
the armies of neuburg  
would deploy  
to destroy us again  
So we must be  
protocoligorically correct  
good form must never suffer  
from neglect  
the rules and regulations  
we respect  
t must be treated circumspect  
else the kingdom  
will be wrecked  
we've a system to protect  
checked and double-checked  
and protocoligorically  
correct  
so we must be  
protocoligorically correct  
good form must never suffer  
from neglect  
the rules and regulations  
we respect  
t must be treated circumspect  
else the kingdom

will be wrecked  
we've a system to protect  
checked and double-checked  
and protocoligorically  
correct  
protocol  
protocol  
protocol  
protocol  
above all  
above all  
above all  
makes a kingdom  
rise or fall  
so we must be  
protocoligorically correct  
good form must never suffer  
from neglect  
the rules and regulations  
we respect  
t must be treated circumspect  
else the kingdom  
will be wrecked  
we've a system to protect  
checked and double-checked  
and protocoligorically  
correct  
protocoligorically correct  
well, now!  
Were you expecting me?  
No. I wasn't  
expecting anybody.  
Funny. You should  
have felt something.  
I'm losing my touch.  
Could I come in and rest  
by your fire, please?  
I've been traveling  
a long way.  
Well... I'm not supposed to  
talk to anybody or see anybody,  
but...  
Yes, of course.  
You're welcome

to share my fire...  
Such as it is,  
but I'd be obliged  
if you didn't stay too long.  
Please excuse me  
if I carry on working,  
but I have to finish  
these, and I'm very slow.  
Yes! Well, there are more ways  
than one of peeling potatoes.  
The fire seems  
to have cheered up.  
I could warm you a little  
broth if you like.  
No, thank you.  
But thank you for the thought.  
Live down here  
on your own, no you?  
I do now.  
Yes.  
Things have changed.  
But that doesn't mean to say  
they won't change again.  
I get around quite a bit,  
you know.  
Must be nice to travel.  
Yes and no.  
I sometimes wish  
I could settle in one place,  
but there's never enough time.  
I'd like somewhere cozy,  
with a dog to keep me company.  
I expect your dog is  
a great comfort to you.  
My dog?  
I haven't got a dog.  
Isn't he yours?  
Where did he come from?  
He came in when I came in.  
Oh! Oh, what am I going  
to do with him?  
Well, why don't  
you keep him?  
He'll take care

of himself.  
He's an old hand at that.  
Ohh!  
He seems to like you.  
Oh, I love him!  
I'm just so afraid of what  
my stepmother will say.  
Cinderella!  
There she is,  
and I haven't finished!  
I've got to hide you.  
Well, I'll be off.  
I've seen what I want to see.  
You just take care of him.  
Cinderella!  
I know! I'll hide  
you under here.  
Promise not  
to make a sound.  
Have you been  
struck dumb, girl?  
Oh!  
Oh!  
Answer me when I call.  
You know I hate having  
to raise m'! Voice.  
Now, I hope you have  
been hard at work. I...  
I see.  
Well, uh...  
Uh, I see.  
I see I shall have to give  
you more to do next time.  
What do you make of all that?  
I will not have  
my authority flouted  
in this fashion.  
It has always been the custom  
for the heir to the throne  
to take a wife in good time.  
And you show a strange reluctance  
to comply with tradition.  
Father,  
I emphatically disagree.

And I totally refuse to take part  
in such an embarrassing charade.  
But I've decreed it!  
Then you must  
undecree it.  
Impossible !  
You talk to him.  
Dearest boy--  
oh, mother,  
it's no use trying  
to get round me  
that way.  
The very idea  
of giving a ball  
and inviting a selection  
of titled wallflowers  
to vie for my hand  
is utterly repulsive!  
Degrading  
to all concerned.  
In my day,  
I never had the choice!  
Not that I would have chosen  
any differently, of course.  
You take a decision  
without consulting me.  
Well I am your father,  
and I am the king!  
It's like some  
sordid beauty contest  
with me  
as the grand prize.  
Since you won't go to mecca,  
mecca must come to you!  
You have to get  
married someday, dear.  
But not in this way.  
Well, it seems perfectly  
reasonable to me.  
We've invited every eligible  
princess in the almanac.  
And it's a question of duty!  
Father, I have never questioned  
that it is my bounden duty

to take a wife and ensure  
the royal succession.  
But that does not mean I have to be  
party to and judge a cattle show!  
Whoever heard  
of such a thing?  
Cap-cattle show!  
A bride-finding ball si  
a bride-finding ball si  
where every maiden's  
bound to laugh at me  
the royal  
fatted calf  
a bride-finding ball si  
a bride-finding ball si  
though I'm the one  
who does the choosing  
I'm the one  
who does the losing  
it's nauseating,  
nauseating!  
Can't you  
just imagine it?  
Hope Springs in all  
short, fat, or tall  
as they primp  
and preen and pray  
that this will be  
their lucky day  
there is no affair  
of which I'm aware  
more galling to bear  
than a bride-finding ball  
I just heard the news!  
Oh,  
who let him in?  
Is it true, dear Uncle?  
The tattle is that you're going  
to invite a whole nursery  
of nubile delicacies  
to a ball.  
Some other time, nephew.  
We're busy now.  
Oh, but you can't



keep me in suspense.  
You just can't, Uncle.  
I mean, I realize that  
I won't have first pick,  
but that doesn't matter to me  
because I'm not proud.  
I'm just desperate.  
We're all desperate!  
So it's true, then!  
Oh, how exciting!  
Now, I must decide  
what to wear.  
High heels, I think, to  
give me added stature.  
The moment you've  
made your choice,  
I shall unleash myself.  
I've already made  
my choice, cousin.  
As far as I'm concerned,  
you can have your  
pick of the lot.  
Oh, but you can't do that!  
You can't be such  
a spoilsport! I mean...  
A bride-finding ball si  
a bride-finding ball si  
where luscious lovelies  
from each land  
will vie to win  
the royal hand  
a bride-finding ball si  
a bride-finding ball si  
with frills on tresses,  
party dresses  
every maiden effervesces  
giving her best  
gving her all  
dancing, glancing,  
laughing, teasing  
whirling, swirling  
touching, squeezing  
there's no affair  
to ever compare

or thrill or enthrall  
like a bride-finding ball  
Your majesty.

Well, what is it?

I bring grave tidings.

Carolsfeld has mobilized.

There is talk of war.

War?!

War?!

War.

War.

As your majesty's  
senior minister of state,  
it is my solemn duty to advise you  
that the situation is critical.

The news that his royal  
highness saw fit to decline  
the hand of the  
princess selina in marriage,  
was ill-received.

True.

True.

Edward, m'! Sou...

I beseech you not as a  
father but as your monarch.

Reconsider before  
it's too late.

Put aside your  
personal feelings.

The whole country looks to  
you to form an alliance  
through  
the marriage bed.

And do as I did when

I took your mother.

I closed my eyes and  
thought of euphrania.

Bratislava!

Wildenstein!

Neuburg !

Oh!

Oh!

Aah!

Uhh!

How many  
does that make?  
Well, your majesty, of the  
couriers who returned,  
6 have reported  
acceptances.  
In addition, there  
were 5 refusals.  
One of them couched in  
the most obscene terms.  
Two of those  
invited were dead,  
and the remaining 3  
could not be traced.  
That makes 6 out of 16.  
Well, I think that's  
a fair average, don't you?  
Yes, indeed, sire.  
Perhaps not quite  
the breadth of choice  
we at first envisaged.  
Well, invite all local  
nobility as well.  
We don't want  
the place half empty.  
We can always raise  
the taxes to pay for it.  
In fact, I'll invent a new tax,  
a tax on snobbery.  
They'll all pay that.  
Brilliant, your majesty!  
Brilliant!  
Don't over do it.  
Don't over do it.  
You'll be paying it, too.  
Girls! Girls!  
Isabella! Palatine!  
Right here, mama!  
Come quickly!  
What is it, mama?  
Wonderful news.  
We have received a royal  
invitation to a ball  
in honor of his royal

highness, the prince!  
Oh, mama, but--  
now, now, now,  
careful, careful.  
You might tear it,  
and I want  
to have it framed.  
Oh, I think  
it's so exciting,  
I shall have the vapors!  
How shall I have  
my hair?  
Oh, what shall I wear?  
There is work  
to be done.  
We have not  
a moment to lose.  
What can we wear?!  
We'll have to have  
something new.  
Yes. I mean, none of my  
things are possible.  
Let us go and see.  
Oh! Can you never do  
a job properly, girl?  
Look at all that dirty water.  
You had better do  
the whole staircase again!  
Come, girls!  
Mama I think palatine  
should wear a brown dress.  
You spiteful creature!  
You should wear green  
to match your complexion.  
Oh, mama!  
But the prestige, your royal  
highness, the prestige!  
It will put  
euphrania on the map.  
Uh, pin there, idiot.  
Not there, there.  
Excuse me,  
your royal highness.  
Fine, fine, fine.

Enough's enough.  
I'm delighted.  
You've done very well.  
Now leave us, please.  
Oh, John!  
What have  
I let myself in for?  
A little more  
pomp and circumstance.  
And who knows?  
Perhaps there will be one to  
whom you can give your heart.  
Will you dance  
with your lady Caroline?  
Alas, not done, sir.  
Oh, yes, how stupid of me.  
I was forgetting.  
Not in 20 years!  
We're sold out!  
My choicest brocades!  
Sold out?  
What do you mean,  
you ridiculous man?  
How can you be sold out  
when we have not  
purchased anything?  
The ball, gracious lady.  
I'd scarcely opened me doors this  
morning when they descended!  
Who? Who descended?  
Everybody, mi lady !  
They came like  
the heron to the pool,  
taking everything I had.  
I have never heard  
of such a thing.  
You, my good man, should  
learn to distinguish  
between riffraff and people  
of consequence, like us.  
What shall we do?  
Coachman, drive us home.  
Girls, do stop pulling  
those dreadful faces.

I'm in a bad enough  
mood as it is.  
Idiot!  
Oh, mama,  
she's so beastly to me!  
Cinderella!  
Cinderella! Where is  
that wretched girl?  
Why do you not come  
when I call you?  
Come over here. I have  
a job for you to do.  
Take these, unpick them, and make 3  
splendid new dresses out of them.  
Oh, mama, you're so clever.  
Make sure they fit  
to perfection.  
Now start immediately.  
There's not a moment  
to lose.  
Be sure your hands are clean  
before you start sewing.  
And we're to look  
as pretty as possible.  
Ah, well, as pretty  
as we are!  
We must all be  
utterly splendid.  
So run along, child.  
Start at once!  
Yes...  
Utterly... splendid!  
But already,  
his heart was--  
oh, henrietta,  
no stop grumbling.  
His heart was  
burning with... love  
as if it had been laid  
on red hot coals!  
You like that?  
So do I.  
Sit down, dear.  
Don't do that.

At this point, scheherazade  
saw the approach of morning  
and fell silent.  
As well she might.  
Now look what you've done,  
set your friends off.  
I suppose you want feeding.  
No rest, no peace.  
Well... see if you like this.  
You'll fall.  
Hansel, gretel...  
Is that  
the wrong way round?  
Who's that?  
Oh, it's you, is it?  
Oh, don't wipe  
your paws, will you!  
I've got nobody to help  
me clean, you know.  
I have to do all myself.  
Do you realize that tiresome scheherazade  
is barely halfway through her 1,001 nights?  
I have to think of another  
496 tales before she's safe.  
And m'! Diary is chock-a-block.  
Look! Wednesday, a sea journey to  
take care of a little mermaid.  
Friday... oh, the ugly  
duckling's due to hatch.  
Well, I have to be  
back for that.  
Oh, do be quiet, henrietta.  
I can't think!  
Now, what's that?  
Ah! A new key cut  
for pandora' s box.  
Well, it's all very well  
for hans Christian andersen  
to say his life  
is a fairy story.  
Mine isn't.  
Nothing! One long slog!  
I can do all manner of things  
for other people,

but never anything for myself.  
Watch! You'd like a bone.  
Simple. There you are.  
Let me try it for myself.  
Would I like a cup of tea?  
Yes, I would.  
Thank you very much.  
Now watch this.  
Kettle, boil.  
See? Disaster.  
Now, what's happened  
to cinderella?  
How funny.  
I was just wishing--  
yes. I know.  
Do you mind if I make  
a very rude comment?  
These are hopeless.  
They're worse  
than hopeless.  
I've ruined them.  
I'm going to get  
into such trouble.  
Now, we don't want  
any of that.  
Dry your tears  
and have something to eat.  
Hmm. You look  
half-starved and worn out.  
I'm afraid there isn't  
anything to eat.  
I was too busy doing  
those to cook anything.  
What's that, then?  
Where did that  
come from?  
And where did  
you come from?  
I don't understand.  
No. Well, very few people do.  
You're not meant  
to understand it.  
You're meant  
to accept it graciously.



Now, look.  
I'm a very busy woman,  
and I sometimes--  
sometimes lack tact.  
The first thing you must learn in  
life is never to go by appearances.  
Things are never quite  
what you think they are.  
Do eat up; That's  
one of my best recipes.  
Take me, for example.  
I'm not what I seem.  
Mind you, I don't  
dress the part  
and for very good reason.  
Human nature--oh, well,  
we won't go into what  
I think of human nature,  
but if I were to go about my  
business all sparkle and glitter,  
quite apart  
from looking absurd"  
because despite what they write  
in those storybooks for children,  
it's a most unsuitable  
costume for a grown woman--  
I should never be able to sort out  
the worthy from the unworthy.  
don' t you agree?  
I'm not sure I know  
what you're talking about.  
I'm a... fairy godmother.  
Have been all my life.  
And please don't ask  
how I got into it,  
because it's a long story.  
Highly improbable...  
And I sometimes wish  
we'd never been invented.  
Are there many of you?  
Not enough to go round,  
judging by the amount  
of work I have to do.  
How do you like that?

Delicious.  
It's the sauce, you know.  
That old wizard michelin  
gave me the secret  
in return for 3 of my magic  
knives and forks. Where was I?  
Yes! Well, I have  
to put people to the test.  
Now, you passed the test.  
Those-that unholy trio upstairs  
I simply didn't bother with.  
Not worth the effort.  
However, to work.  
Best that you can do  
is get a good nights rest.  
No'! You.  
I didn't include you.  
You've got work to do.  
Wm.  
Ah. Let me concentrate.  
What are they wearing  
in Paris these days?  
I can't keep up  
with fashion.  
Well, have you got  
any ideas?  
Oh, concentrate.  
Concentrate.  
Of course,  
it is not what I am used to,  
but I must say, you have made a  
reasonable job of stitching this.  
I'm mam'sa favorite,  
and she promised me first.  
Girls, it is  
time to leave!  
We must not keep  
the prince waiting.  
Mama, I've just been  
telling palatine  
that she's not to  
feel jealous  
if the prince asks  
me to dance first.

Oh, mama!  
Shh.  
Cinderella,  
straighten that hem.  
How do  
I look, mama?  
Don't I look superb?  
You both look  
ravishing.  
It will be difficult for your  
poor mama to outshine you.  
Well!  
Come, let us depart.  
Clear up the mess in my  
bedroom, cinderella.  
I do not want to come home  
and find it all untidy.  
Have a nice time.  
You may  
depend on that!  
Oh, mama,  
we look wonderful.  
Well, I do.  
Come, girls.  
Your royal highness,  
my lords,  
ladies and gentlemen.  
Her serene highness  
the princess Maria of Tuscany.  
The grand duchess Sofia  
Elizabeth of dietrichstein.  
Her imperial highness  
princess Alexandre.  
Oh, why not?  
I'll just make time.  
Yes. Yes,  
just as I thought.  
Sitting all alone feeling  
sorry for ourselves, are we?  
Well, that's  
understandable, I suppose,  
though I never cared much for  
these royal occasions myself--  
too formal, and not

enough to eat or drink.  
Still, I daresay in your heart  
of hearts you'd like to go.  
Go?  
Me go to the ball?  
Well, of course.  
That what you were  
wishing, isn't it?  
Not wishing,  
exactly,  
but thinking what  
it must be like.  
Same thing.  
Now, listen. I haven't got  
a great deal of time,  
because I'm simply run  
off my feet these days--  
what a  
miserable fire.  
You shall go  
to the ball.  
I just hope I haven't  
stretched everything too far  
and that I can  
make it work.  
My powers are not  
unlimited, you know.  
No, I didn't know.  
Oh, I have to  
share them out.  
Now, let me think.  
Yes, I can borrow  
a bit until midnight.  
Right.  
Now.  
You !  
Outside.  
Hey, I shall need you,  
so off you go.  
Oh, and you.  
Take them with you, dog,  
and see if you can round up  
a frog or a lizard.  
Now, then, I must do

something about you.  
It doesn't  
always work, this,  
but then,  
I have been lucky.  
Oh, dear.  
Oh, dear!  
Most unsuitable  
for a ball.  
Yes.  
Yes, it is.  
Well, you'll just have  
to go as you are.  
Oh, it's beautiful!  
It's beautiful!  
How do you do it?  
Well, that's  
a trade secret,  
but it helps  
if you dream.  
If you dream...  
Suddenly  
'suddenly it happens  
and the dream comes true  
wonderfully  
beautifully it happens  
and your world is new  
x magically  
you're holding  
the golden prize  
mystically  
your castles  
begin to rise  
suddenly  
dizzily you're spinning  
with the thrill of life  
suddenly  
'thirstily you're drinking in  
your fill of life  
k but secrets)!  
you just can't believe  
it's true  
and wonderfully  
beautifully

suddenly  
it happens to you  
cinderella.  
I can't believe it.  
I just can't  
believe it!  
Oh.  
My stepmother  
and my stepsisters"  
they'll recognize me.  
No one will recognize  
you for what you are.  
People seldom do.  
But how  
shall I behave?  
I'm dressed like  
a princess.  
Oh, just be  
yourself.  
And for tonight,  
you are a princess--  
the princess  
incognita.  
But I must  
warn you--  
and take heed, for it  
is a solemn warning--  
the magic I have conjured here  
tonight is borrowed magic.  
On the stroke of midnight,  
you must return it.  
Otherwise, everything  
I have transformed  
will change back to  
its original state.  
Suddenly  
dizzily you're spinning  
with the thrill of life  
suddenly  
thirstily you're spinning with  
the thrill of life  
but secretly  
you just can't believe  
it's true

when  
wonderfully  
beautifully  
suddenly  
it happens to you  
now...  
Off you go,  
and enjoy yourself.  
Oh, it's beautiful.  
Thank you,  
fairy godmother.  
Remember, before the  
stroke of midnight!  
Suddenly  
'suddenly it happens  
and the dream comes true  
wonderfully  
beautifully it happens  
and your world is new  
x magically  
you're holding  
the golden prize  
mystically  
your castles  
begin to rise  
suddenly  
dizzily you're spinning  
with the thrill of life  
suddenly  
'thirstily you're drinking in  
your fill of life  
k but secrets)!  
you just can't believe  
it's true  
when wonderfully  
beautifully  
suddenly it happens  
to you  
splendid. I always  
enjoy a polonaise.  
Ahem. Charming  
little thing.  
Doesn't speak  
a word of euphranian.

John?  
Ma'am?  
Take me  
on the floor.  
Yes. Yes,  
or course.  
How very  
interesting.  
Do you like to dance?  
Excellent teeth.  
Ha ha!  
Your majesties,  
your royal highness,  
my lords,  
ladies and gentlemen.  
Her highness  
the princess... incognita.  
Who is she?  
Who can she be?  
I've no idea,  
your majesty.  
She's not  
on my list.  
Your list,  
your list.  
Your list. Find  
out, man. Find out.  
Yes, sir.  
I didn't quite  
catch the name.  
No, mother.  
None of us did.  
Most irregular.  
Play on.  
Play on.  
I think...  
I think I should explain why  
I'm here, your royal highness.  
My eyes give me  
enough reasons.  
My name is Edward,  
and it is for me to  
explain myself to you,  
explain why



I subjected you  
to this  
ridiculous charade.  
I'm sure I seem to you  
the master of my fate,  
but until  
this moment,  
I've been a prisoner  
trapped by my birthright.  
Trapped?  
Yes.  
It was never my inclination  
to behave like this.  
What I mean is...  
And I'm not saying  
it very well...  
I have always believed  
that marriage...  
Should begin with love.  
I'm sure you agree.  
I have never given  
the matter much thought.  
I'm amazed you even accepted  
the invitation to the ball.  
Yes.  
I was a little  
amazed myself.  
Didn't you  
think it odd?  
I suppose I did.  
But... you still came.  
Why?  
Must you  
ask that?  
Yes, I must.  
I had heard  
much of you.  
Good or bad?  
Oh, nothing  
but good.  
I can't think how.  
If I were you, I'd have  
believed the worst.  
You see,

I was expecting--  
I can't tell you  
what I was expecting.  
But whatever  
happens afterwards,  
I shall always remember  
this moment.  
And you must take my present  
happiness to make you happier.  
Take it...  
With all my heart,  
for I give it with  
all my heart.  
There's a secret kingdom  
all my own  
with no castles and no  
vassals and no throne  
just two subjects,  
you and me  
in my private  
monarchy  
where the king is love  
and love alone  
in that secret  
kingdom that you see  
should the make-believe  
become reality  
with no scepter  
in your hand  
no dominion  
to command  
would you be content  
with only me?  
What is a song  
that's never sung?  
What is a heart that's never  
thrilled to be young?  
What is a dream that  
can't come true?  
What is my life to me  
without m'! Love for you?  
If that secret kingdom's  
ours to share  
I could never wish for

more, for you'd be there  
just two subjects,  
you and me  
in our private  
monarchy  
all alone together  
we would love forever  
in our secret kingdom  
far away somewhere  
ahem.

Your royal  
highness?

Yes? What is it?

His majesty  
requests an audience  
with the princess  
incognita.

Please  
tell my father  
we'll be happy to  
grant his request.  
You frightened her,  
you fool!

Wait !

Come back!

Come back.

Rainbows raced  
around the room  
when he danced  
with me  
shooting stars  
began to zoom  
when he danced  
with me  
in his arms

I was ascending  
my world became  
a magic blending  
of dreams  
and hopes and love  
when he danced  
with me  
though this lovely night was  
only a fantasy

and I know tonight is  
all there will ever be  
dancing  
in his arms forever  
my heart  
will never be free  
'dreaming of the night  
he danced with me  
rainbows raced  
around the room  
when she danced  
with me  
shooting stars  
began to zoom  
when she danced  
with me  
in her arms  
I was ascending  
at last I saw  
that perfect blending  
of dreams  
and hopes and love  
when she danced  
with me  
could it be that she was  
only a fantasy?  
Could it be tonight is  
all there will ever be?  
Dancing  
in her arms forever  
my heart  
will never be free  
dreaming of the night  
she danced with me  
'dreaming of the night  
she danced with me  
Cinderella!  
Where is  
that wretched girl?  
Cinderella!  
Yes, stepmother?  
There you are.  
Why do you not come  
when I call?

I want a weak  
infusion of tea.  
My head is fit  
for cracking.  
Good morning,  
mama.  
Morning, mama.  
Bring  
the breakfast.  
Immediately,  
cinderella.  
I wasn't able  
to sleep.  
Oh, oh, the excitement  
of last night!  
Not on the bed,  
my precious.  
You would  
have been amazed.  
Your stepsisters  
were a triumph.  
Had it not been for the late arrival  
of that mysterious princess,  
I feel sure the prince would have made  
his choice between my two angels.  
What princess was that?  
Nobody seemed to know.  
He seemed quite  
taken with her,  
but then, men always  
go for the obvious.  
Oh, yes.  
I mean, she was not  
that pretty...  
Striking, perhaps.  
Don't  
forget m'! Breakfast.  
Breakfast.  
Think, mama--  
we were actually  
there at the castle.  
Where you belong,  
my dear.  
I wonder what the

prince is doing today?  
I'll tell you what the prince  
is going to do today.  
The prince is going to exercise  
his royal prerogative for once.  
Leave us.  
No, stay. I want you  
to hear this.  
I'm sick and tired of being  
treated like some village idiot!  
I'm glad you  
stayed to hear that.  
After all, he is the  
heir to the throne.  
Father, you're the one who  
treats me like an idiot.  
You arrange a  
bride-finding ball.  
Against my better judgment,  
I fall in with your plans.  
I play my part.  
I greet, I'm polite,  
I dance with, I flatter,  
I conceal my boredom from half a dozen  
twittering maidens of blue blood.  
In short, I fulfill my side  
of the bargain.  
True. I can 't  
fault him there.  
And then, by some miracle, I  
find the lady of my choice,  
and what happens?  
You frighten her away!  
A search has been made,  
your royal highness.  
Is being made  
even as we speak.  
Our police--  
our police, father, couldn't  
find a missing haystack,  
let alone a needle.  
How could she disappear  
without a trace?  
Do we not have frontiers,

customs posts, guards?

We have customs,  
of course.

Valuable source  
of revenue.

And most people say that our  
policemen are wonderful.

This is apparently the only  
clue we have, and I found it.

It's remarkably dainty.

Exactly.

It's unique...

Like its vanished owner.

Therefore, we must use it.

Whoever fits the slipper  
must fit the bill!

He's right.

He's right!

Whoever fits this slipper  
shall marry my son!

Your majesty, you have  
solved the problem.

Quite so.

Now, we must act--

uh, you must act.

Um, this slipper

must be taken

to every stranger

of note in the land.

This really is--

it really is

very dainty.

Um, the young lady

arrived incognita

but must obviously be

of some consequence.

She cannot remain

unknown forever.

A proclamation

is required, sire.

Yes. Draft it

immediately.

Be it known that it is

our royal will

to find the owner of  
this charming, uh"  
half the size  
of your mother's--  
this glass slipper,  
et cetera, et cetera.  
You'd better  
take it with you.  
Very disturbing.  
Hmm. I'm proud  
of you, Edward.  
By royal command  
of his majesty the king,  
know this--  
that whosoever shall try on  
this slipper  
and find it a perfect fit,  
then, by royal decree,  
she shall be given  
in marriage  
to his royal highness  
the prince Edward of euphrania,  
heir to the throne.  
God save the king!  
Push! Push!  
Oh, I am pushing, mama!  
It doesn't fit.  
Let me try.  
Ooh...  
Now, push hard!  
Have you found her?  
Any sign of her at all?  
And you?  
And you?  
Sir?  
Hmm?  
I don't care  
what anyone says.  
I know she exists.  
The slipper  
will remain there  
as a monument to  
my lost love.  
How absurd life is.



Down there, everything  
is so simple.  
People meet,  
fall in love,  
marry,  
and have children.  
I daresay  
they envy me here.  
I'm told envy of princes  
is a common enough thing.  
3 months,  
6 days, 10 hours.  
That's how long it's been  
since last I saw her.  
What torture love is!  
Yes.  
Oh, how selfish of me.  
Forgive me, John.  
Have you seen  
your lady Caroline?  
Oh, yes...  
Infrequently.  
What torture love is.  
You see, sir, if my father  
were a chancellor...  
How easy it would be  
the lovely  
lady Caroline  
would be a proper  
wife, you see  
but my father  
was a servant  
and my mother  
same as he  
so the lady  
of my choosing  
is a world away  
from me  
that's how it is  
and how it was  
and how it  
always shall be  
position  
and positioning

are socially  
conditioning  
how you're born,  
how you're bred  
predetermine  
who you wed  
which means there's  
nothing changeable  
nothing's  
rearrangeable  
position  
and positioning  
are everything  
in life  
farmers' daughters  
marry cow herds  
that's acceptable  
and right yes.  
But absurd  
and quite unheard of  
is a milk maid  
and a knight  
I quite agree  
he quite agrees  
she quite  
agrees  
that's how it  
always shall be  
position and  
positioning  
are socially  
conditioning  
people high,  
people low  
keep the state  
of status quo  
which means there's  
nothing changeable  
nothing's rearrangeable  
position  
and positioning  
are everything  
in life  
when a lad first

joins the army  
this is what he  
learns for starters  
never court your  
colonel's daughter  
or he'll have your guts  
for garters  
that's how it is  
and how it was  
and how it always  
shall be  
For position  
and positioning  
are socially  
conditioning  
how you dress  
and hold your head  
predetermine  
who you wed  
which means there's  
nothing changeable  
nothing's  
rearrangeable  
position and  
positioning  
are everything  
in life  
all the servants  
in a castle  
they reflect  
the world outside  
they have rank  
and they have station  
and adhere to them  
with pride  
oh, the staff that work  
below stairs  
they have dreams  
to work above  
and they're locked  
in their positions  
by tradition's  
iron glove  
that's how it is?

And how it was  
and how it always  
shall be  
we know our place,  
and happily  
we bow and scrape  
and bend our knee  
but woe betide  
the woe begone  
who try to join  
our Echelon  
for privilege  
is not, you see  
confined to just  
the royalty  
behind these doors,  
I might suggest  
I'm similarly blessed  
Yes, position  
and positioning  
are socially  
conditioning  
though you work  
your life away  
where you start  
is where you stay  
which means there's  
nothing changeable  
nothing' s  
rearrangeable  
position and  
positioning  
are stuck with you  
for life  
position and  
positioning  
are socially  
conditioning  
though you work  
your life away  
where you start  
is where you stay  
which means there's  
nothing changeable

nothing' s  
rearrangeable  
position and  
positioning  
are everything  
in life  
everything in life  
everything  
in life  
I life, life, life,  
life, life, life I  
that's how it is?  
And how it was.  
And how it  
always shall be  
All right,  
you've convinced me,  
but I shall  
prove you wrong,  
for princes,  
when convinced,  
take advantage  
of their position.  
I can't think why I didn't do  
something about it before.  
John I about what?  
Wait, and all  
will be revealed.  
Kneel.  
What? Me?  
I command it.  
I dub thee, as is my  
privilege so to do,  
a knight of the order  
of Saint David.  
Arise, sir John.  
As a knight  
of the realm,  
you can now claim the hand  
of the fair lady Caroline--  
which is fortunate  
for you but which, alas,  
leaves me without  
a companion-at-arms.

What's your name?  
Uh, willoughby,  
your royal highness.  
Can he not answer  
for himself?  
It's not his  
positioh, you see.  
Ah, true.  
But it will be.  
I shall elevate you, too,  
willoughby.  
From henceforth, you are my  
personal companion-at-arms,  
with all the privileges  
such office bestows.  
You will need  
a sword.  
Here.  
Take mine.  
It goes the other  
way around.  
Help him, will you?  
Well, that's a good  
morning's work.  
Congratulations,  
willoughby.  
And congratulations  
to you, too, sir John.  
What can I say?  
Nothing.  
Go and find her.  
Be happy.  
happy enough  
for both of us.  
I must fetch the prince.  
This is an outrage!  
Where have you been,  
you wretched girl? You...  
Your royal highness.  
Oh!  
Oh!  
I little knew, madam, that I would  
have the pleasure of meeting  
you and your delightful daughters

again in such happy circumstances.

What circumstances,  
your royal highness?

You are the legal guardian, I  
believe, of my wife to be.

Your wife to be?

Why, yes. I am more  
than her legal guardian.

I have been a mother to her.

Then I do right by formally  
asking your permission  
to take cinderella's  
hand in marriage.

Oh!

Oh!

Control yourselves !

Permission? Why, of course!

Gladly! Naturally.

I don't understand. Do I--

will you be quiet?

Your royal highness,  
please allow me the honor of  
inviting you into  
our happy home.

Come, cinderella, dear.

We were so worried about you.

Thank you, but no, I have other  
urgent business to attend to.

In my happiness,

I forgive you all.

Forgive me?

How dare she forgive me?

And what do they call you?

Cinderella,

your majesty.

A most unusual name.

The name, mother,  
is surely of no importance.

All that matters is that I've made my  
choice and wait for your blessings.

You gave us a lot of trouble,  
you know, after the ball.

People looking for you  
everywhere. Vanished, you see.

Did you go back  
to your own kingdom?  
No, your majesty. I went  
back to where I live.  
And where is that, child?  
Why, here,  
your majesty.  
Here? In the castle?  
No, father. As you've often  
remarked, love is blind.  
And we sometimes don't look  
under our noses.  
Cinderella lives in our own  
euphrania, not 20 Miles from here.  
Who is this girl?  
Why doesn't somebody tell  
me what is going on?  
This is the girl that  
Edward wants to marry.  
Is going to  
marry, father.  
I don't wish to  
seem offensive,  
but it does seem to me  
that she's most unsuitably  
dressed for such a  
solemn occasion.  
You're quite right, grandmama. It's  
something I shall correct immediately.  
Father, by your leave.  
Questions  
of precedent.  
Unprecedented  
questions of precedent.  
My own thought,  
sire.  
A meeting, I think.  
The staff council.  
It has already been  
convened, your majesty.  
Pity. Charming  
little thing.  
In other circumstances...  
Most appealing.



Who is it?

Milady, I'm commanded  
by his majesty the king  
to request an audience.

Oh.

One moment, please.

Please enter.

My lord Chamberlain.

Milady.

Forgive me for  
disturbing your rest...

But, alas, there are  
some matters of state  
that cannot be delayed.

His majesty has requested me,  
as his principal minister...

To broach...

A question of  
some delicacy.

I...

You love the prince Edward,  
do you not?

Why, of course.

Who wouldn't?

Oh, quite so.

Uh, please. Please.

And he has expressed  
his love for you  
before the whole court.

Yes.

Yes, he has.

Very commendably.

Bis makes...

Oh, dear.

Oh, dear. Oh, dear.

Oh, dear.

I'm really too old  
for this sort of thing.

Forgive me,  
my dear child, but...

Despite my appearance  
and the pomp and circumstance  
of my high office...

I am not without understanding

of your plight.  
For plight it is.  
To be blunt,  
because the hour is late.  
It is not possible for his  
majesty to give consent  
to such a marriage.  
Not possible?  
What does that mean?  
What are you saying?  
Hmm. Well...  
Your love  
for the prince  
and his love for you,  
well, that is a fine  
and private thing.  
Would that it could  
remain so,  
but the times demand  
something different.  
The prince must make  
a marriage of alliance  
with a princess  
of the blood royal.  
And that is why  
I am here,  
burdened with  
this unhappy task.  
You see,  
my dear child,  
in life, love cannot  
always find a way.  
You were born here,  
so you know that  
our little kingdom,  
whilst far from perfect,  
has yet enjoyed countless  
centuries of peace.  
Now that peace is  
threatened from without.  
There are some who look  
towards our frontiers  
with greedy eyes.  
You see only love

and happiness  
staring you in the face.  
I see nothing but war  
and destruction...  
Unless a sacrifice  
is made.  
And the sacrifice...  
Is to be me.  
Yes.  
It's a lot to ask,  
but I have to  
ask it.  
To leave him now?  
To leave him now,  
before it's too late.  
But he would  
search for me again.  
He would search  
for me and find me.  
I know he would.  
Yes. That, too,  
is true,  
but we've allowed  
for that.  
It is suggested  
that with proper dowry  
and every other  
consideration  
fitting the circumstances  
of this most unhappy occasion,  
it is suggested that you be  
taken from here this very night  
to a secret place of exile  
far beyond our borders.  
You have forgotten  
nothing, then.  
I thank you for  
bringing such tidings  
with tact  
and understanding.  
You were well chosen  
for the task.  
Your ladies-in-waiting  
will be sent for.

But in bowing to  
the royal demands,  
I must make one  
of my own.  
Milady?  
It is not very much  
and something  
which...  
With your greater experience  
in these matters,  
you will not find  
very difficult.  
I wish you to tell his  
royal highness...  
Prince Edward...  
I wish  
you'd tell him...  
Tell him...  
Tell him that  
it wasn't love  
say I tried  
say I lied  
tell him  
I'm unworthy of  
what he feels  
inside  
tell him that  
you heard me say  
what seemed right  
just last night  
simply seemed  
to fade away  
in the light of day  
tell him of the  
countless other lovers  
whom I tantalized,  
victimized  
tell him of  
the many other times  
I've played  
this heartless game  
just tee saw'.  
'Tell him  
what I really am

is just a cold  
and empty sham  
tell him anything  
but not  
that I love him  
tell him that  
it wasn't love  
all we shared,  
all we cared  
make him hate  
my memory  
make him glad he's free  
paint me evil,  
paint me cruel  
say I broke every rule  
make him feel  
that he's a fool  
for his loving me  
don't let him know  
why I must leave him  
why I mus go  
so far away  
for if he knew  
how much I love him  
no power on earth  
could make him stay  
your majesty.  
The deed is done.  
She certainly behaved  
like a princess.  
Come on!  
The frontier!  
Father.  
Father, you have done  
what you've done.  
The spoils  
are yours,  
but it is  
a small victory.  
If I could explain...  
Spare me that.  
Spare me the final hypocrisy  
of your sympathy.  
Take your map.

Rearrange it to your  
hearts content.  
Make your precious  
marriage of alliance.  
You've destroyed whatever  
vestige of love and happiness  
I might have found,  
and you've done it in  
the name of patriotism.  
So... let it be thus.  
Choose me a bride  
from amongst the ragbag  
of royal virgins  
I have twice  
rejected.  
Choose who you will.  
I care not.  
I'll play my public  
part to the altar  
but no further.  
Your royal house  
will live with you  
but die with me.  
Dear cinderella,  
forgive me.  
I have no heart for what  
I must shortly perform.  
My heart is yours  
and yours alone.  
I would not have you grieve  
for what was not to be.  
It's only in fairy tales  
that the prince...  
Marries the lady  
of his choice.  
The real world  
is not so kind.  
There are no  
private kingdoms"  
only public ones.  
I have loved but once.  
I have loved but you,  
and I have lost you twice.  
I can't forget

the melody  
although our song  
is through  
the love we shared  
the dream we dared  
was just a prayer  
that can't come true  
I try to stop  
remembering  
but till the day I die  
within my memory  
will live the melody  
of the song  
that was you and me  
although our song  
is through  
I can't stop loving you  
for I can't forget  
the melody  
and what, might I ask,  
are you doing here?  
Oh, it's you.  
You gave me  
such a shock.  
I should hope so.  
That is nothing to the shock  
you've just given me.  
Why, you shouldn't  
be here at all.  
That's not  
how I planned it.  
Oh, really!  
I sometimes wish  
I could retire.  
Unless I'm  
on the spot  
to take care of  
every little detail,  
something  
always goes wrong.  
I know exactly  
what happened.  
You stayed beyond  
the stroke of

midnight, didn't you?  
Yes. Oh, but please  
don't scold me.  
I'm unhappy enough  
as it is.  
Well, of course,  
you're unhappy.  
Any girl  
would be unhappy  
if she were missing  
her own wedding.  
Wedding?  
Yes.  
The prince gets  
married today.  
I had the date  
underlined in my diary.  
Why else do you suppose  
I am dressed like this?  
Who...  
Who's he marrying?  
Well, at the moment, the  
wrong girl, obviously.  
Oh, it's  
too irritating.  
I had it  
all mapped out.  
Well, I suppose I shall simply  
have to rise to the occasion  
and do something  
spectacular yet again,  
and spectaculars always  
take so much out of me.  
Just come down  
off the swing.  
It was the same  
with snow white.  
All the same,  
you young girls.  
Never do  
as you're told.  
Men are much easier.  
Oh, mama.  
Your majesty.



Sire.  
Ahem.  
Sir.  
Ahem !  
Oh...  
What can I say?  
This is, uh--  
I can assure you--  
Your excuse  
is absolutely inadequate.  
Ahh.  
Is the ceremony  
over?  
What a relief!  
Your majesty,  
this could lead to war.  
I know, I know!  
Well, think of something!  
He cannot  
marry her, sire.  
The constitution  
does not allow it.  
Well, don't tell me.  
I wrote it.  
Yes. Don't tell him.  
He wrote it.  
I beg your  
pardon, madam?  
And if he wrote it,  
he can unwrite it.  
Don't you agree,  
your majesty?  
He can write  
what he likes,  
so long as  
he clears this room.  
There are too many  
people in it by far,  
most of them  
not worth a candle.  
After all,  
you are the king.  
Yes, that's right. I am!  
And absolute monarchs

should act absolutely.  
It's very becoming.  
She's right  
who is she?  
I've no idea, sire.  
She must be  
one of the visitors.  
But even if you alter the  
constitution, your majesty,  
it doesn't solve the problem  
of the other bride.  
No, you're right. So we're  
back where we started.  
It's staring you  
in the face.  
What is?  
The answer.  
What sort of  
an answer is that?  
They're in love!  
They are?  
It was love at  
first sight.  
You have my word  
for it.  
Ask him.  
Cousin...  
Cousin, it has been  
brought to my notice--  
oh, yes. And to mine.  
Isn't she ravishing?  
But, uh, am I  
to understand--  
yes... anything.  
It really  
is disgraceful.  
Well, what can we do as fathers  
faced with this very human dilemma?  
It's a question  
of honor.  
Yes. Well, it would seem in all  
the circumstances to be, uh...  
Afait accompli?  
It's certainly

a fate. Ha ha.  
The younger generation's  
so fickle.  
Not like us,  
no sense of duty,  
no sense of history.  
Speaking for myself,  
I had a sword in my back.  
You, too?  
Well, that's what I mean.  
We never shirked  
our responsibilities.  
So, what's it to be?  
Well, it looks like  
another wedding.  
Yes. It looks  
like that.  
Can I speak  
as man to man?  
I'd welcome it.  
He's, uh, not what  
I wanted, but, us...  
Then neither  
was she.  
Oh, charming girl!  
Plenty of spirit.  
I'll arrange everything.  
My place, I think.  
The sooner the better.  
Yes, thus cementing  
our great alliance.  
Conceal ing  
our shame.  
Amen.  
In the name  
of the father,  
of the soh, and  
of the holy spirit.  
Amen.  
In the name of the father  
and of the son  
and of the holy spirit.  
Amen.  
Amen.

Not a royal state  
a royal state of mind  
it comes shining into view  
when the one you love  
loves you  
and alone together  
you will reign forever  
in that secret kingdom  
where love's dreams  
come true  
So we must be  
protocoligorically correct  
good form must never  
suffer from neglect  
the rules and regulations  
we respect  
must be treated circumspect  
else the kingdom  
will be wrecked  
we've a system to protect  
checked and double-checked  
and protocoligorically  
correct  
so we must be  
protocoligorically correct  
good form must  
never suffer from neglect  
the rules and regulations  
we respect  
t must be treated circumspect  
else the kingdom  
will be wrecked  
we've a system  
to protect  
checked and double-checked  
and protocoligorically  
correct  
Protocol  
Protocol,  
protocol, protocol  
above all  
above all, above all,  
above all  
makes the kingdom

rise or fall  
so we must be  
protocoligorically correct  
good form must  
never suffer from neglect  
the rules and regulations  
we respect  
must be treated circumspect  
else the kingdom  
will be wrecked  
we've a system to protect  
checked and double-checked  
and protocoligorically  
correct  
Protocoligorically correct