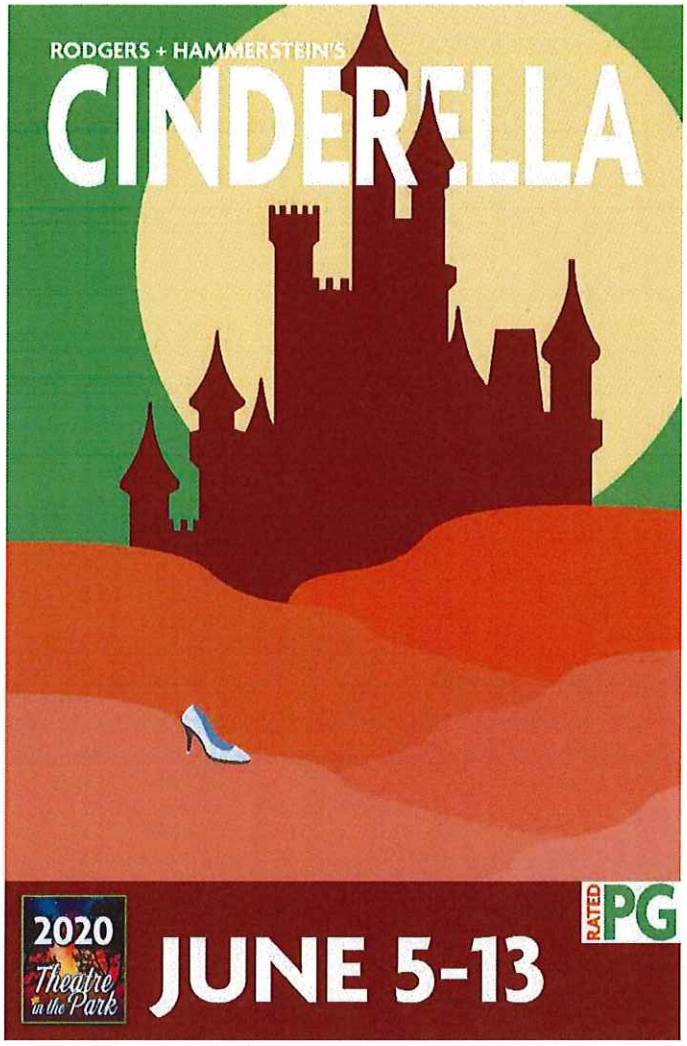


Callback Sides

Madame, Gabrielle, Charlotte

Please print a copy of the callback sides and bring it with you to callbacks

MADAME, GABRIELLE, CHARLOTTE

I – 5 – 22

BEGIN

MADAME

(Entering with GABRIELLE)
Cinderella! When you've finished tightening delicate Charlotte's corset—

CHARLOTTE

Uuhhh. I can taste my lunch.

MADAME

—we must move on to Gabrielle's hair. It is beginning to look, I fear, like a Bavarian pretzel.
(ELLA exits.)
Cinderella! Cinderell—
(Stops and chuckles)
Cinderella, it is a most amusing name. I crack myself up. She sits by the cinders of the fire, and her name is Ella. So I call her Cinder-ella.
(Becomes overcome with laughter, then says in her sigh)
Why don't I have any friends?

CHARLOTTE

Face it, Mama, you are well-versed in the art of ridicule.

MADAME

I do have a flair for it, don't I, actual daughters? Watch and learn!
(ELLA reenters.)
Cinderella, hurry, get dressed, get ready for the ball, you're going to find a husband!

ELLA

Am I?

MADAME

Ridicule—who caught it?

CHARLOTTE

I did.

GABRIELLE

That's terrible.

(A knock on the door.)

MADAME

Who can that be and at this hour? Everyone clear out of here while I get rid of this imbecile. Cinderella, get that dress on Charlotte!

(ELLA, GABRIELLE and CHARLOTTE exit. MADAME approaches the door. Another knock.)

MADAME

What brand of idiot would—
(MADAME swings open the door, it is SEBASTIAN, her affect changes to warm.)
Why, Sebastian, what an unexpected delight.

SEBASTIAN

Madame, I have but a moment. I invite you to hang upon my every word.

MADAME

Invitation accepted.

SEBASTIAN

Tonight's ball shall be in masks. The Prince will be in the white mask. What color mask will your daughter Gabrielle be wearing?

MADAME

Why, pink.

SEBASTIAN

If the daughter is anything like the mother, I think the pink mask and the white mask should meet and fall in love.

MADAME

Are you implying what I am inferring?

SEBASTIAN

Your daughter is all part of my master plan.

MADAME

You are brilliant.

SEBASTIAN

You are perceptive. I shall see you at the ball. Together we shall make this so.

(Exits.)

MADAME

Come daughters, come!

(ELLA, CHARLOTTE, and GABRIELLE run on.)

Oh Gabrielle, my Gabrielle, just look at you. You too, Charlotte, but really look at Gabrielle! Cinderella, fetch the orange box.

MUSIC 5B: VENETIAN GLASS

(ELLA quickly does so. MADAME opens the box. All gasp in amazement. MADAME pulls a tiny elegant piece of Venetian glass from the box.)

MADAME

From Venice—a piece of glass, spun to perfection. More valuable than diamonds. Each of us shall wear the tiniest bit of hand-blown Venetian glass. Allow me to place this tiny bauble around the neck of my courageous Charlotte.

(Placing glass around CHARLOTTE'S neck)

Allow me to place this tiny bauble around the neck of my beautiful daughter Gabrielle.

(Placing glass around GABRIELLE'S neck)

Cinderella, fetch the perfume! Come two daughters that count, finish getting ready!

(A knock at the door.)

MADAME (CONT'D)

Who can that be? It must be good news!

(MADAME opens the door, revealing JEAN-MICHEL, with two small bouquets.)

JEAN-MICHEL

Good evening, Madame. Gabrielle? Please forgive me for interrupting your momentous evening. For the ball tonight, I thought you might desire to take these wild flowers. I've picked them myself.

(JEAN-MICHEL hands GABRIELLE the flowers.)

GABRIELLE

Thank you, Jean-Michel. They're so beautiful.

JEAN-MICHEL

(Hands second bouquet to MADAME)

For the mother of the most perfect girl in all God's creation. I have gathered these myself and—

MADAME

(Throws bouquet out the door)

You are not welcome here! Out of my house!

(MADAME slams the door in JEAN-MICHEL'S face.)

JEAN-MICHEL

(Through window.)

Would you perhaps consider—

(MADAME takes GABRIELLE's flowers and throws them back to JEAN-MICHEL.)

MADAME

Leave! And take your simple pleasures with you.

GABRIELLE

Madame, don't be mean. That was so nice.

MADAME

No, no. No, no, no. Plans. There are plans. Plans that do not include Mr. Soapbox.

GABRIELLE

But he means well and I think he likes me.

MADAME

Let me tell you about love, Miss Flowers-in-your-hand-and-dreams-in-your-head. I married your father for love. He died and I cried. Then I married Cinderella's father for money. He died. I got a house.

(A cuckoo clock chimes.)

Seven-thirty! Ball preparation, double time!

MUSIC 6: OFF TO THE BALL

(A series of mad dashes, in final preparation for the ball, begins.)

MADAME

Cinderella, my shoes!
(ELLA polishes her shoes)
Charlotte, powder your sister's face!

(CHARLOTTE powders GABRIELLE's face and covers her glasses with powder.)

GABRIELLE

I can't see!

MADAME

Venetian glass!

(ELLA places the Venetian glass necklace on MADAME's neck.)

CHARLOTTE

I'm hungry.

MADAME

Gabrielle, feed the baby!
(GABRIELLE puts a large biscuit in CHARLOTTE's mouth.)
Cinderella, my cloak.

ELLA

Coming Madame.

MADAME

Expensive bracelet, necklace, hair. Then the Prince we shall ensnare.

GABRIELLE & CHARLOTTE

Then the Prince we shall ensnare.

MADAME

Are we worthy?

GABRIELLE & CHARLOTTE

Yes. Yes!

MADAME

To battle! The crown is ours to lose! Posture! Posture!

(MADAME, GABRIELLE and CHARLOTTE exit the house. CINDERELLA follows with the invitations. The interior transforms into the exterior of the cottage. Music continues underneath.)

Scene 6: Outside Madame's Cottage

GABRIELLE & CHARLOTTE

Expensive bracelet, necklace, hair. Then the Prince we shall ensnare. Expensive bracelet, necklace, hair…

GABRIELLE

(Realizing they've forgotten their invitations)
Invitations!

(MADAME, GABRIELLE and CHARLOTTE circle back to ELLA, who already has the invitations ready.)

MADAME

Let us storm the castle, lovely daughters. This is the night everything changes! Off to the ball!

END

(The mad dash ends, with MADAME, GABRIELLE, and CHARLOTTE fully dressed in the yard, invitations in hand.)

MADAME (CONT'D)

Expensive bracelet, necklace, hair. Cinderella's not going anywhere.

(They exit, leaving ELLA. JEAN-MICHEL enters from behind a tree, touching his bleeding lip.)

JEAN-MICHEL

One of the flowers in the bouquet was a wild rose. Its thorn has scratched my lip. Yes—I'm bleeding. I should walk up to the prince, scratch his lip.

ELLA

Oh now.

JEAN-MICHEL

Make him drink lemonade—oh, it will sting!

ELLA

That's just cruel.

JEAN-MICHEL

Enough of taking things as they are. Now is the time for us to march to the palace—the peasants, the tradespeople—and finally get the Prince to listen to us. Instead of having his fancy ball!

ELLA

You should do that. You should march up to him and talk to him!

JEAN-MICHEL

He won't listen to me, he uses his castle to hide from the truth. Him meeting me will never happen! The only thing funnier is you going to the ball. Ha! Why don't you just go to the ball and ask the prince when he's going to start noticing? Noticing that the people are being evicted from their land. Ha! That's absurd. Ha!

(Exits.)

MUSIC 7: IN MY OWN LITTLE CORNER (REPRISE)

ELLA

Jean-Michel! I could go to the Prince and he might listen to me! And if I had a ball gown, I think I might look sort of nice.

GABRIELLE AND JEAN-MICHEL ONLY

II – 5 – 64

JEAN-MICHEL

I am sick of hiding in the shadows like a fearful person.

ELLA

Would you rather see Madame?

JEAN-MICHEL

Hiding is nice.

ELLA

How are you this evening?

BEGIN

JEAN-MICHEL

I'm going out with Gabrielle and I'm wound up like a tick. Tonight, she and I will go to the green grocer and beg him for whatever scraps he might have, then we shall slave over a hot stove and serve a meal to the very poorest. I do hope she's not expecting that much fun every night.

GABRIELLE

(Entering in a simple dress.)

Good evening, Jean-Michel.

JEAN-MICHEL

Good evening, Gabrielle. I much prefer you in this simple attire. You no longer look like a carnival attraction.

GABRIELLE

You speak such kind words to me, all the day long. And what of the soup kitchen this evening?

(ELLA exits.)

JEAN-MICHEL

Our first responsibility is with the poor. Then we shall march to the palace steps and I shall speak with the Prince. We only have one thing to worry about.

GABRIELLE

What's that?

JEAN-MICHEL

That he'll even speak to me.

GABRIELLE

Well, Ella might be a help, you know she's talked to the Prince.

JEAN-MICHEL

What?! Ella talked to the Prince?!

GABRIELLE

She went to the ball! They were talking about the kingdom and how to make things better. And tonight, she is going to the banquet!

JEAN-MICHEL

The world is upside down!! But don't you know what this means? If she really talked to the Prince, then I can talk to him and he'll be open to my suggestions. What do you call this feeling I have?

GABRIELLE

Optimism.

JEAN-MICHEL

Optimism. I have to do this more often.

GABRIELLE

(Grabbing a bottle of wine and two glasses)
You can march up to the Prince and talk to him.

JEAN-MICHEL

I can march up to the Prince and talk to him.

GABRIELLE

You can be a leader!

JEAN-MICHEL

I can be a leader!

GABRIELLE

You can be my boyfriend!

JEAN-MICHEL

I can be your boyfriend. Whoa, left turn! What are you doing? This looks very counter-revolutionary.

GABRIELLE

I like the man who wants to change the world, but I also like the man who brought me flowers.

JEAN-MICHEL

Who brought you flowers? Oh, I did. No, I couldn't.

GABRIELLE

You just said so. Optimism.

JEAN-MICHEL

Optimism?

GABRIELLE

(Handing glass)
Let yourself go.

JEAN-MICHEL

(Drinks wine)
I could be your boyfriend?

GABRIELLE

Yes!

JEAN-MICHEL

Yes! Yes!
(Kisses her.)
Am I your boyfriend?

GABRIELLE

Yes!

JEAN-MICHEL

Yes!!!

END

(JEAN-MICHEL and GABRIELLE kiss passionately. MADAME walks in.)

MADAME

So that's how it is?

(JEAN-MICHEL and GABRIELLE quickly pull apart and gasp at the sight of MADAME.)

GABRIELLE

Mama!

MADAME

My own daughter—my flesh and blood deceiving me with someone so decidedly unsuitable. I had plans for you, Gabrielle, I had created a life for you and this is how you show your gratitude—

(MAMAME has found her glove. ELLA enters in GABRIELLE's dress, holding her invitation.)

ELLA

All dressed up and ready for court. How do I look?

MADAME

And you! Do you think you could go to court? I never loved your father. I just wanted his money. You've been nothing but a nuisance to me since the day he died. You think you can wear a beautiful gown? You think that is acceptable? You should be in rags.

MUSIC 21A: MADAME RIPS THE DRESS

(MADAME rips ELLA's dress.)

MADAME

Worn-out rags, that's all you deserve.

(MADAME shreds the dress.)

ELLA

No!

GABRIELLE

Mother, please stop!

MADAME: "Charlotte, play the pianoforte." [*ELLA pulls out the pianoforte, which CHARLOTTE plays.*]

37 38 39 40

Ww, Tpts

+ Xylo

Bsn, Bs

CHARLOTTE: "OK, but it's not going to be good."

BEGIN

CHARLOTTE:
(sings and 'plays' the piano)

41 42 43 44

A

Ww, Xylo

(Stgs arco)

Ww, Hns, Tpt, Kbd, Stgs (pizz)

mf + Xylo Tbn

45 (CHARLOTTE:)

46 47 48

love - - - ly night, a love - - - ly night. A

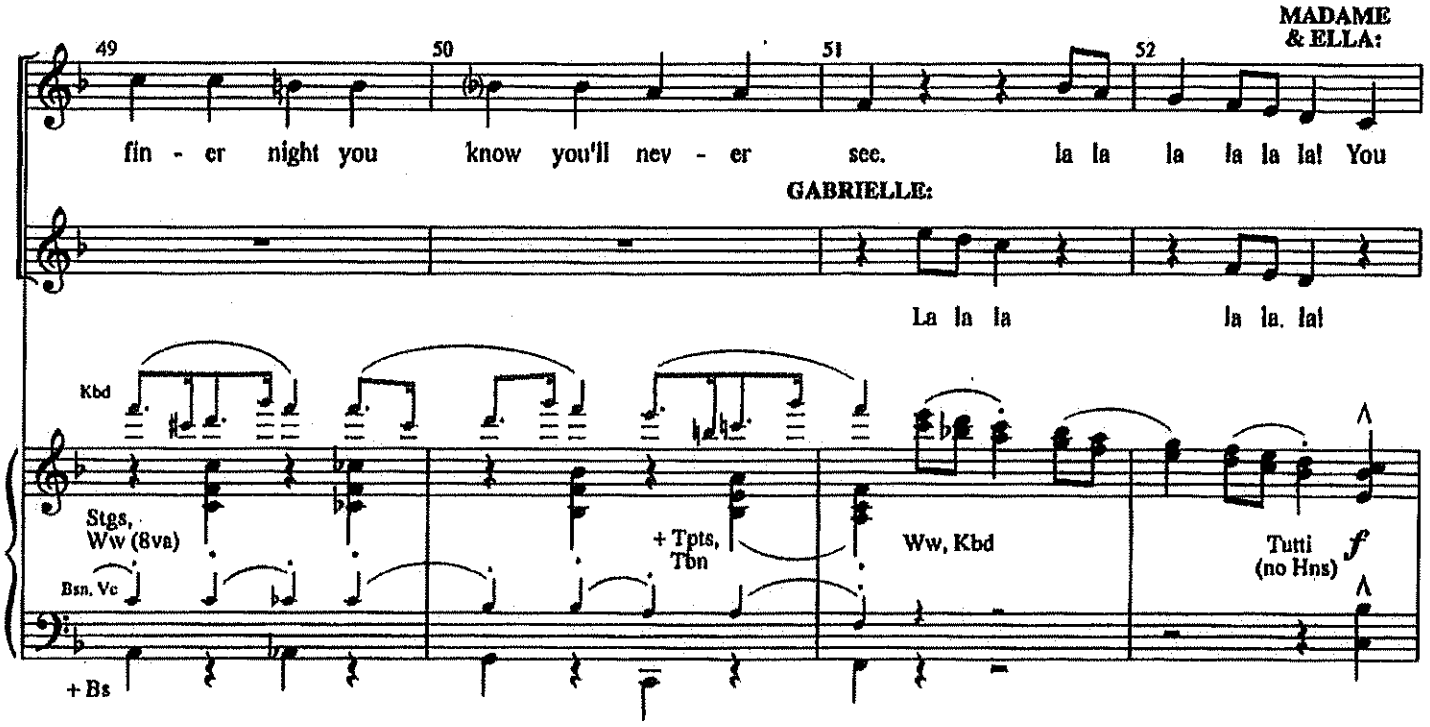
Kbd

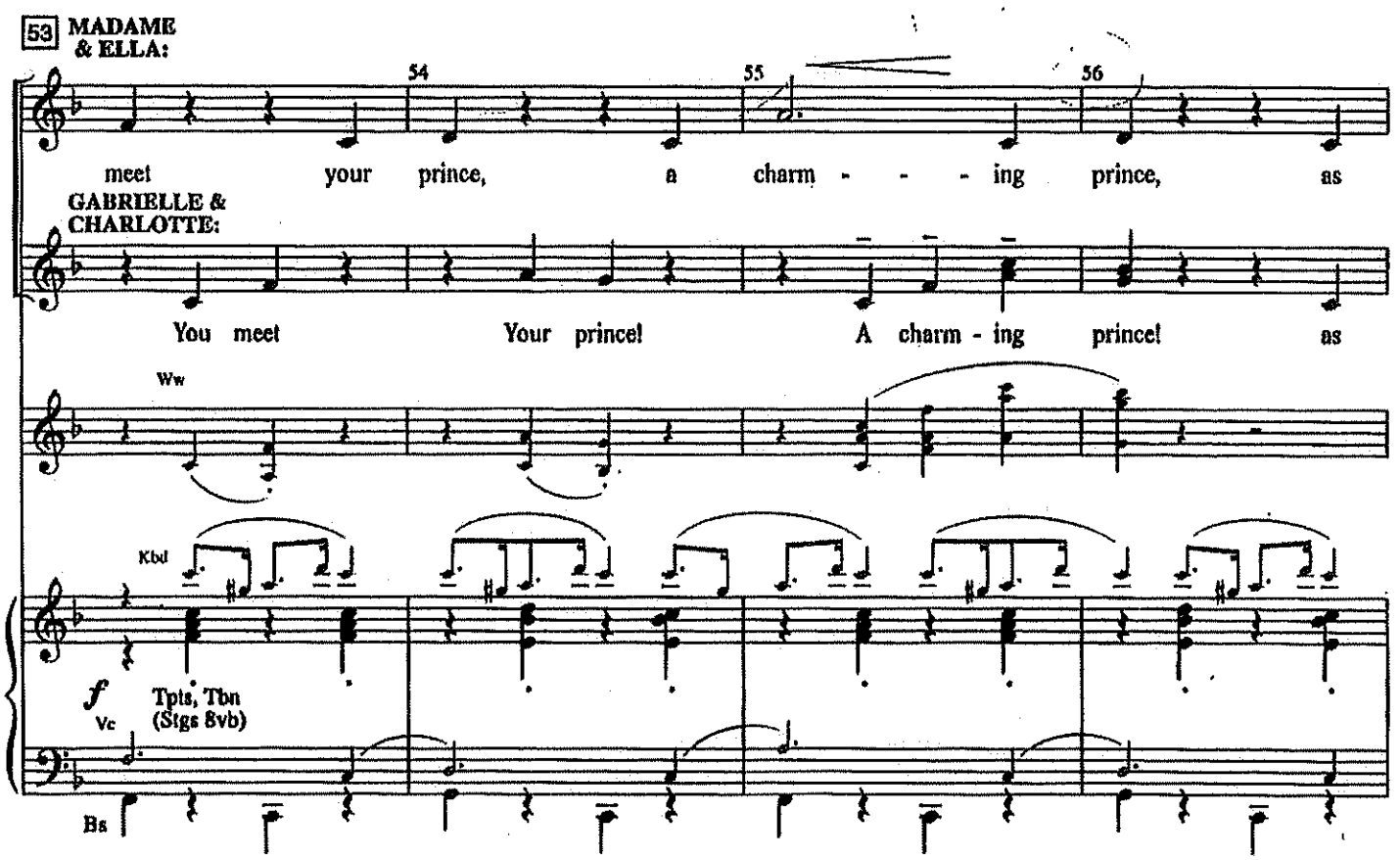
f Tpts, Tbn (Stgs 8vb)

Vc

Bsn, Vc

Bs


49
50
51
52
MADAME & ELLA:
fin - er night you know you'll nev - er see. la la la la la la! You
GABRIELLE:
La la la la la. la!
Kbd
Stgs, Ww (8va)
Bsn, Vc
+ Bs
+ Tpts, Tbn
Ww, Kbd
Tutti (no Hns)
f


53
MADAME & ELLA:
54
55
56
meet your prince, a charm - - - ing prince, as
GABRIELLE & CHARLOTTE:
You meet Your prince! A charm - ing prince! as
Ww
Kbd
f
Vc
Tpts, Tbn (Stgs 8vb)
Bs

(MADAME & ELLA:)

57 58 59 60

charm - ing as a prince will ev - er be! The

(GABRIELLE & CHARLOTTE:)

charm - ing as a prince will ev - er La la la la la la la la la! The

Kbd

Ww, Kbd

Tpts, Tbn, Stgs

Vc

Hns, Bsn, Tbn, Stgs

Bs

61 ALL 4:

62 63 64

stars in a haz - y heav - en trem - ble a - bove you,

Ww, Kbd

Vlns, Vla (div)

Stgs (div)

Hns, Bsn

Vc

Tbn (8va)

Bs

END

(ALL 4:)

65 66 MADAME: 67 68 ALL 4:

while he is whis - p'ring, *"Dar - ling, I love you!"* You

Ww, Kbd

Ww

Stgs (div)

Hns, Bsn

Tpts, Xylo, Kbd, Stgs (pizz)

sfz

Tbn (8va)
Bs

69 GABRIELLE & ELLA:

70 71 72 GABRIELLE & ELLA:

say good - bye, a - way you fly but

MADAME & CHARLOTTE:

say good - bye, a - way you fly

Vlns

Fl, Ob, Kbd, Xylo

Cl

mf Br

Bsn, Bs