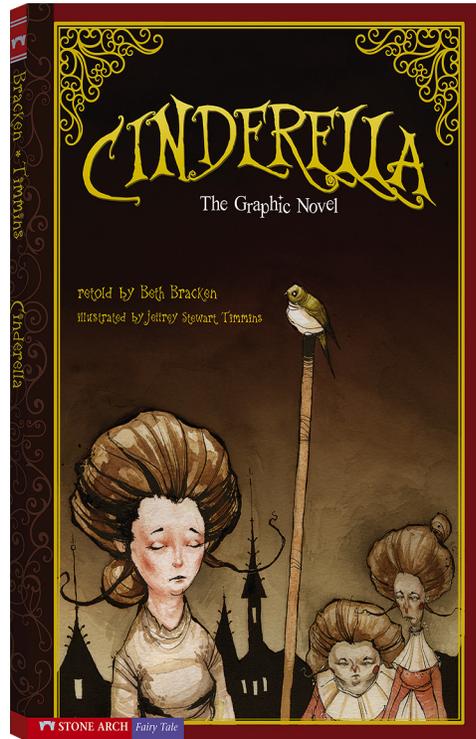




READER'S THEATER



Cinderella retold by Beth Bracken

Characters: **Evil Stepmother**
 Evil Stepsister #1
 Evil Stepsister #2
 Father
 Cinderella
 Narrator

Genre: **Fairy Tale**

Ages: **8-13**

Cinderella page 1

Narrator: Once upon a time, a heart was broken, Ella's mother had passed away . . . but by early spring, Ella's father had found another wife. The woman had two daughters. They were beautiful, but they had vile hearts.

Father: You ladies will share a room with my daughter. She'll help you feel at home here. Isn't that right, Ella?

Cinderella: Yes, Father.

Narrator: The two stepsisters soon made Ella's life miserable.

Stepsister #1: Ooh! This dress is beautiful! You don't mind if I have it do you, Ella?

Stepsister #2: Of course she doesn't mind! She won't need any of these nice clothes anymore.

Narrator: From morning until night, Ella obeyed her stepsisters.

Stepsister #1: You missed a spot!

Stepsister #2: When you're finished, clean out the hearth. You wouldn't want to sleep in cinders.

Stepsister #1: You're so filthy! I'm going to call you Cinderella!

Stepsister #2: Ha! That's a good name for that disgusting girl.

Narrator: One day . . .

Father: I'm going to the city. What should I bring home for you, daughters?

Stepsister #2: Dresses! As many as you can fit into your carriage!

Stepsister #1: Jewels! As many as you can fit into your pockets!

Father: And you, Cinderella? What will you have?

Cinderella: Father, bring me the first twig that knocks against your hat on your way home.

Cinderella page 2

Narrator: Several miserable days later Father returned.

Father: Jewels and gowns for my two newest daughters. And a hazel twig for my dear Cinderella.

Cinderella: Thank you, Father.

Stepsister #1: A twig! What a foolish girl! Whatever will she do with such a gift?

Narrator: Cinderella planted the twig on her mother's grave. She cried so much that her tears fell on the twig and watered it. Soon, the twig became a handsome tree, budding with leaves and home to many kind birds. Still, it could not cure Cinderella's sadness. Then one day, a messenger arrived at the house with a decree from the king that read, "Hear ye! Hear ye! The king has issued a proclamation! A ball in his son's honor will take place in three days. Every young woman is invited, and the prince will choose a bride!"

Stepmother: Oh, my! Did you hear that, girls? You better find something to wear.

Stepsister #1: I will wear my red velvet dress with French lace trimming!

Stepsister #2: And I will wear my gold flowered cloak and my diamond necklace!

Cinderella: The messenger said that every young woman is invited. May I go, Stepmother?

Stepmother: Covered in dust and dirt? The prince would be ashamed to see you.

Cinderella: Please! I promise I'll work twice as hard until the day of the ball.

Stepmother: Okay. I have a deal for you. Do you see this dish of seeds? If you can pick all of them out of the ashes, you can come to the ball with us.

Cinderella: But that's impossible!

Stepmother: Then I'm afraid you're not going anywhere!

Cinderella page 3

Narrator: Cinderella rushed outside . . .

Cinderella: Tame pigeons, turtledoves, all you birds beneath the sky . . . come and help me!

Narrator: Suddenly, a great whooshing sound filled the sky.

Cinderella: The birds! They're picking the seeds out of the ashes! Look, Stepmother! I have done what you asked! Now may I go to the ball?

Stepmother: But Cinderella, you still have nothing to wear. The prince would only laugh at you.

Cinderella: Please, Stepmother! I'll do anything!

Stepmother: No! And that is the end of it!

What will Cinderella do? Will she ever make it to the ball, or will her stepmother create another impossible task? To find out, read *Cinderella: The Graphic Novel* from Stone Arch Books.

THE END