

Cinderella Audio Script

Time	Action	Script	Sound Effects
0:11	Intro by Narrator	Stevie's Wheelhouse Productions presents an audio adaptation of the Brothers Grimm's tale, Cinderella, formally known as Ashputtle. Narration by Stephanie Williams.	
0:08	Narration Story Begins	The wife of a rich man fell sick; and when she felt that her end drew nigh, she called her only daughter to her bedside...	
0:05	Dying Mother	Always be a good girl, and I will look down from heaven and watch over you.	
0:21	Narration	Soon afterwards she died and was buried in the garden; the little girl went every day to her grave and wept and was always good and kind to all about her. By the time the spring came, her father had married another wife. This new wife had two daughters of her own. they were fair in face but foul at heart.	Crying
0:04	Stepsister 1	What does the good-for-nothing want in the parlour?	
0:02	Stepsister 2	They who would eat bread should first earn it.	
0:02	Stepsister 1	Away with the kitchen-maid!	
0:34	Narration	They took away her fine clothes and gave her an old grey frock to put on. She was forced to do hard work; and rise early before daylight, and bring the water, to make the fire, to cook and to wash. In the evening when she was tired, she had no bed to lie down on, but was made to lie by the hearth among the cinder; and as this, of course, made her always dusty and dirty, they called her Cinderella. It happened once that the father was going to the fair and asked his wife's daughters.	Sweeping, Fire Burning, Pots and Pans, laughing
0:02	Father	Now daughters, what should I bring you?	
0:01	Stepsister 1	Fine clothes.	
0:01	Stepsister 2	Pearls and diamonds.	

0:02	Father	Now, child, what will you have?	
0:07	Cinderella	The first twig, dear father, that brushes against your hat when you turn your face to come homewards.	
0:52	Narrator	He bought for the first two the fine clothes and pearls and diamonds they had asked for: and on his way home, as he rode through a forest, a hazel twig brushed against him, so he broke it off and brought it away; and when he got home, he gave it to his daughter. she took it and went to her mother's grave and planted it there; and cried so much that it was watered with her tears; and there it grew and became a fine tree. Three times every day she went to it and cried; and soon a little bird came and built its nest upon the tree, and talked with her, and watched over her, and brought her whatever she wished for. Now it happened that the king of that land held a feast; and out of those who came to it his son was to choose a bride for himself. Cinderella's two sisters were asked to come; so, they called on her.	Horse gallop, Crying
0:01	Stepsister 2	Now, comb our hair,	
0:01	Stepsister 1	Brush our shoes,	
0:02	Stepsister 2	And tie our sashes for us,	
0:01	Stepsister 1	For we,	
0:01	Stepsister 2	We,	
0:03	Stepsister 1 & 2	Are going to dance at the king's feast!	
0:06	Narrator	She did as she was told; but when all was done, she could not help crying, for she thought to herself...	
0:02	Cinderella	I should have liked to have gone with them to the ball.	Crying
0:06	Narrator	And at last, she begged her mother to let her go.	
0:08	Stepmother	You, Cinderella! You who have nothing to wear, no clothes at all, and who cannot even dance—you want to go to the ball?	
0:04	Narrator	And when she kept on begging, she said at last, to get rid of her...	

0:18	Stepmother	I will throw this dishful of peas into the ash-heap, and if in two hours' time you have picked them all out, you shall go to the feast too.	
0:05	Narrator	Then she threw the peas down among the ashes, but the little maiden ran out into the garden, and called out:	Peas thrown
0:15	Cinderella Song: Hither	<i>Hither, hither, through the sky, Turtledoves and linnets, fly! Blackbird, thrush, and chaffinch gay, Hither, hither, haste away! One and all come help me, quick! Haste ye, haste ye! —pick, pick, pick!</i>	
0:32	Narrator	First, came two white doves, flying through the kitchen window; next came two turtledoves; and all the little birds under heaven, chirping and fluttering in: they flew down into the ashes, stooped their heads down and set to work, and soon picked out all the good grain, and put it into a dish. Long before the end of the hour the work was quite done, and all flew out the window. Cinderella brought the dish to her mother, overjoyed at the thought that now she should go to the ball.	Turtledove, Bird sounds, grain poured in dish
0:09	Stepmother response	It is all of no use, you cannot go; you have no clothes, and cannot dance, and you would only put us to shame': and off she went with her two daughters to the ball.	
0:09	Narrator	Now when all were gone, and nobody left at home, Cinderella went sorrowfully and sat down under the hazel-tree, and called out:	
0:07	Cinderella Song: Hazel Tree	<i>Shake, shake, hazel-tree, Gold and silver over me!</i>	
0:41	Narrator	Her friend the bird flew out of the tree, and brought a gold and silver dress for her, and slippers of spangled silk; she put them on and followed her sisters to the feast. But they did not know her, and thought it must be some strange princess, she looked so fine and beautiful in her rich clothes; and they never once thought of Cinderella, taking it for granted that she was safe at home in the dirt. The king's son soon came up to her and took her by the hand and danced with her, and no one else: and he never left her hand. When anyone else came to ask her to dance....	Turtle dove
0:02	The King's Son	This lady is dancing with me.	
0:04	Narrator	They danced till the late hour of the night.	
0:02	Cinderella	I must go home.	

0:02	The King's Son	I will go and take care of you to your home.	
0:18	Narrator	He wanted to see where the beautiful maiden lived. But she slipped away from him, unawares, and ran off towards home. Though in such a hurry that she dropped her left golden slipper upon the stairs. The prince took the shoe, and went the next day to the king his father	
0:04	The King's Son	I will take for my wife the lady that fits this golden slipper.	
0:14	Narrator	The sisters were overjoyed to hear it; for they had beautiful feet and had no doubt that they could wear the golden slipper. The eldest went first into the room where the slipper was, and wanted to try it on, and the mother stood by.	Celebration
0:02	Stepsister 1	My Toe!	
0:07	Narrator	Her great toe could not go into it, and the shoe was much too small for her. Then the mother gave her a knife.	Knife sharpening
0:08	Stepmother	Never mind, cut it off; when you are queen you will not care about toes; you will not want to walk.	
0:23	Narrator	So, the silly girl cut off her great toe, and thus squeezed into the shoe, and went to the king's son. He took her for his bride, and set her beside him on his horse, and rode away with her homewards. But on their way home they had to pass the hazel-tree that Cinderella planted; and on the branch sat a little dove singing:	Scream, Horse Galloping
0:14	Dove Song: Not Thy Bride	<i>Back again! back again! look to the shoe! The shoe is too small, and not made for you! Prince! prince! look again for thy bride, For she's not the true one that sits by thy side.</i>	Turtledove
0:11	Narrator	Then the prince got down and looked at her foot; and he saw, by the blood that streamed from it, what a trick she had played him. So, he turned his horse round, and brought the false bride back to her home.	Horse Galloping
0:05	The King's Son	This is not the right bride; let the other sister try and put on the slipper.	
0:06	Narrator	Then she went into the room and got her foot into the shoe, all but...	
0:02	Stepsister 2	My heel!	
0:18	Narrator	Which was too large. But her mother squeezed it in till the blood came and took her to the king's son: He set her as his bride by his side on his horse and rode away with her. But when they came to the hazel-tree the little dove sat there still and sang...	Grunting, Scream, Horse Galloping

0:12	Dove Song: Not Thy Bride	<i>Back again! back again! look to the shoe! The shoe is too small, and not made for you! Prince! prince! look again for thy bride, For she's not the true one that sits by thy side.</i>	Turtledove
0:10	Narrator	Then he looked down, and saw that the blood streamed so much from the shoe, that her white stockings were quite red. So, he turned his horse and brought her back again.	Horse Galloping
0:05	King's Son	This is not the true bride. Have you no other daughters?	
0:07	Father	No. There is only little Cinderella, the child of my first wife. I am sure she cannot be the bride.	
0:02	King's Son	Send for her.	
0:07	Stepmother	Stepmother: No, no! She is much too dirty. She will not dare to show herself.	
0:02	King's Son	Send for her.	
0:20	Narrator	She washed her face and hands, and then went in and curtsied to him. He reached her the golden slipper and she put in on. It fit, for it had been made for her. And when he drew near, he looked at her face and he knew her.	
0:02	King's Son	This is the right bride.	
0:13	Narrator	The mother and both sisters were frightened and turned pale with anger as he took Cinderella on his horse and rode away with her. And when they came to the hazel-tree, the white dove sang...	Gasps, Horse Galloping
0:12	Dove Song: Thy Bride	<i>Home! home! look at the shoe! Princess! the shoe was made for you! Prince! prince! take home thy bride, For she is the true one that sits by thy side!</i>	Turtledove
0:08	Narrator	And the dove came flying, and perched upon her right shoulder, and went home with her.	Turtledove, Horse Galloping
0:04	Outro by Narrator	This was an audio presentation from Stevie's Wheelhouse Productions.	