



**Sample Pages from  
Cinderella's Crunchy Christmas Cake**

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# CINDERELLA'S CRUNCHY CHRISTMAS CAKE

A CHRISTMAS PLAY IN ONE ACT BY  
*Lindsay Price*



*Cinderella's Crunchy Christmas Cake*  
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## Characters

3M 7W

**Cinderella:** She's gone from rags to riches

**Millicent:** A cook who's not used to having royalty in the kitchen

**Beatrice:** Fairy Godmother

**Theodore:** The Prince

**Salamander:** The Prince's footman

**Gladiola:** Stepsister

**Gardenia:** Stepsister

**Violet:** The stepsisters' snobby socialite cousin

**Elmer:** Cranky grandfather elf

**Ishy:** Elmer's twin (a cranky grandmother elf)

## Setting

Two kitchens – Cinderella's and the stepsisters'. Two different backdrops in front of the same furniture would do.

## Songs

Recordings of some of the rarer songs/singing games used in this play can be downloaded from: <http://tfolk.me/p46>



## Scene One

*The scene is CINDERELLA's kitchen. CINDERELLA enters. She's in a happy mood.*

CINDERELLA: Hello there! It's good to see so many faces. I'm glad you decided to join me for Christmas. The more the merrier I say! For those of you who don't know me, my name is Cinderella – but all my friends call me Ella and you can too. Now on the count of three, why don't you all shout out your names to me. One, two, three. *(she listens as the audience shouts out their names)* Got them! Oh my good dear friends; I always have such a good time during the holidays. Let's sing a Christmas song together. That'll get us all in the spirit. Let's sing *Jingle Bells*. We'll start with the chorus. Now I like to use my whole body when I sing. When we sing let's move our bodies like *Jingle Bells*. Every time you sing *Jingle Bells* you have to shake like a *Jingle Bell*, like this: *(she demonstrates)* Let's practice. *(she sings and shakes her body like a Jingle Bell with the audience)* "Jingle Bells. Jingle Bells." Very good! Now when we get to the big "OHHHH" part I want everyone to throw their arms in the air like this *(she demonstrates)* "OHHHH." Let's practice. It comes right after this line: *(she sings)* "Oh what fun it is to ride in a one horse open sleigh – OHHHH." Very good! Here we go!

*CINDERELLA sings Jingle Bells with the audience. At the end of the song MILLICENT the cook comes running on stage.*

MILLICENT: What's this, what's this, what's all this racket? *(she sees the audience)* Oh! What are you doing here? *(she turns and sees CINDERELLA)* OH! Your Majesty! What are you doing here? Oh! *(she starts curtsying and bowing as low as she can)* Oh if I had known you were coming down to the kitchen I would have dusted the silverware and polished the mantle. I mean polished the milverware and dusted the santle. I mean, Your Majesty I don't know what I'm talking about. Please forgive me! *(she goes into an extra low bow)*

CINDERELLA: *(to audience)* This is Milly our cook. Everyone say "Hi Milly!"

*CINDERELLA says "Hi Milly" along with the audience. MILLICENT stays in her bow position with her head down. She sticks her hand out and waves at the audience.*

MILLICENT: Hello.

CINDERELLA: (*helping MILLICENT to a standing position*) Milly I wish you wouldn't do that.

MILLICENT: I did something wrong? Oh Your Majesty I'll be dery vepressed if I did something wrong, I mean very repressed. Awful sad Your Majesty.

CINDERELLA: Milly you're not doing anything wrong. Not one single solitary thing. I wish you'd forget I'm royalty and think of me as a friend. You don't have to call me "Your Majesty."

MILLICENT: (*doing a curtsy/bow combination*) I'm sorry Your Majesty.

CINDERELLA: And you certainly don't have to curtsy and bow. I spent too much time in a kitchen to have people do that to me.

MILLICENT: But if I don't call you "Your Majesty" what am I supposed to call you? I can't say "Hey you." That's hardly proper. "Hey you." I'd be the laughing stock of the Cook's brigade! Oh this is a serrible sibuation, I mean a berrible nituation. A big mess.

CINDERELLA: You can call me Ella like everyone else does. Now Milly, there's a very very important reason I came down to the kitchen today.

MILLICENT: My kitchen is your kitchen. Would you like a tour? How about a ladle, I have plenty. What's the matter? You have a funny look on your face.

CINDERELLA: It's the smell. (*taking in a deep sniff*) Ooooooh there's no better place to be than in a kitchen at Christmas time.

MILLICENT: That's the truth!

CINDERELLA: (*to the audience*) Don't you agree my friends? I love the way a kitchen smells at Christmas. Let's take a big smell together on the count of three. One, two, three. (*she takes a big sniff*) What Christmas smells did you smell? Shout it out! (*she listens to the audience for a moment before continuing*) I smell turkey and stuffing and cranberries and gingerbread, figs, walnuts, pine boughs and so much more!

MILLICENT: And it all smells so good!

CINDERELLA: It smells so good I almost forgot why I came down here in the first place. Milly I have a special secret surprise and I need your help.

MILLICENT: Me? Hy melp? I mean my help? You need my help? Oh my goodness gracious! Whatever could I do?

THEODORE: (*offstage*) Ella! Oh Ella!

CINDERELLA: Oh here comes the Prince! I'll have to tell you my surprise later. It's a big secret for Teddy, so don't say anything!

*THEODORE, the Prince, enters supported by SALAMANDER, his footman. THEODORE lets out a big groan.*

MILLICENT: Jumping Jackrabbits! This kitchen has never seen this much royalty all at once!

THEODORE: Ice. I need ice.

SALAMANDER: He needs ice.

MILLICENT: I'll get some right away. (*she exits*)

CINDERELLA: Poor Teddy. What did you do?

*THEODORE gives another big groan.*

SALAMANDER: He's been helping the footmen shovel snow.

THEODORE: And now my back is sore.

SALAMANDER: And now his back is sore.

THEODORE: I ache everywhere!

SALAMANDER: He was doing it all wrong. You're supposed to put the weight in your legs. My Uncle Fritz shovelled snow wrong once. He lost all the feeling on the right side of his body.

CINDERELLA: Salamander.

MILLICENT: (*entering with an ice pack*) Ice, ice coming through. (*she dumps it on THEODORE's lap. THEODORE leaps up*)

THEODORE: YEOW!!!

SALAMANDER: Too cold?

MILLICENT: Oh I'm so horry your sighness. Sour yighness. Yeep! (*she goes into a deep bow*)

THEODORE: (*sounding grumpy*) Thanks for the ice Milly.

CINDERELLA: Someone sure is a grumpy gus. Look Teddy, all our friends are here.

THEODORE: (*sounding grumpy*) Hello there. Merry Christmas.



CINDERELLA: I know what will put you in a good mood. We must sing a song. We'll all sing!

THEODORE: Oh Ella, I don't feel like it.

MILLICENT: I can't sing with royalty.

SALAMANDER: My uncle Fritz sang with royalty once. He strained his throat and couldn't speak for six years.

CINDERELLA: No excuses. There's no reason to be all grumpy and growly, especially at this time of year.

THEODORE: Oh I know what this is about. *(to the others and the audience)* She's got the Christmas spirit in her.

CINDERELLA: I can't help it Teddy. I feel it in my toes. It's wriggling up my body all the way to my nose! *(she does an all-over body wiggle)* It's that special Christmas feeling! I want everyone to be happy. *(to the audience)* Do you feel it too?

THEODORE: The only thing I feel is my back. *(he groans again)*

CINDERELLA: A happy song will be just the ticket. Let's sing *If You're Happy and You Know It*. *(to the audience)* Do you know the words? We'll sing it once and then you can join in. It's a pretty active song though – everyone has to stand up.

THEODORE: It's not too active is it?

*All the characters stand up and come to the front of the stage. CINDERELLA sings the verse by herself, but they all do the actions.*

CINDERELLA:

If you're happy if you know it clap your hands  
If you're happy and you know it clap your hands  
If you're happy and you know and you really want to show it  
If you're happy and you know it clap your hands

CINDERELLA: Now let's do it all together!

*The characters lead the audience through the song with four verses: clap your hands, stomp your feet, shout hooray, and then do all three.*

CINDERELLA: There! Doesn't that make you feel all better?

THEODORE: It does indeed my dear. I've got the Christmas spirit again, all the way down to my toes. *(he does an all-over body wiggle)*

CINDERELLA: Hooray!

SALAMANDER: My uncle Fritz got the Christmas spirit once. He wiggled so much he came this close (*hold up two fingers*) to having his nose fall off.

CINDERELLA, THEODORE & MILLICENT: Salamander!

SALAMANDER: What?

THEODORE: Let's go Salamander. Back to work. (*to audience*) Merry Christmas everyone!

*THEODORE and SALAMANDER exit.*

CINDERELLA: It's a good thing he's going to be busy. I wouldn't want him to walk in here when I'm making his surprise. Oh Milly, I didn't tell you what it is yet did I? I've been bursting to share the news!

BEATRICE: (*offstage*) Cinderella! Yoo Hoo!

CINDERELLA: It's Beatrice, my Fairy Godmother! I wonder what she's doing here!

*BEATRICE enters. She is carrying a suitcase and is wearing a beach hat and sunglasses.*

BEATRICE: Merry Christmas Cinderella! Merry Christmas Milly.

MILLICENT: A Prince, a Princess and now a Fairy Godmother. In my kitchen. I fink I'm going to taint. Foing go gaint. I'll just fall down now. (*she faints*)

CINDERELLA: Milly!

BEATRICE: Has she been spending too much time in the coal shed?

CINDERELLA: (*helping MILLICENT up*) Here we go. Upsy-daisy.

MILLICENT: Oh Your Majesty. Oh your Fairy Godmotherness. I'm so sorry. Forgive me.

CINDERELLA: Nonsense Milly. Do you need some water?

MILLICENT: You get me water? No, no, no. I'll get my own water. And I think I'll count the peas. Yep, I'm going to go into the pantry and count peas.

BEATRICE: You're going to count peas?

MILLICENT: I think that would be best. My nerves are shot.

*MILLICENT gives a little groan and exits.*

CINDERELLA: She'll be fine. It's not everyday a Fairy Godmother comes to visit. Oh! I haven't even wished you a Merry Christmas yet. (*hugging BEATRICE*) Merry, merry Christmas!

BEATRICE: You've certainly got the Christmas spirit, haven't you.

CINDERELLA: Oh Fairy Godmother, I'm so happy! I've got the Christmas spirit all the way down to my toes. (*she does an all-over body wiggle*) It's the first Christmas here in the castle for Teddy and me and... Fairy Godmother? Why are you dressed that way?

BEATRICE: I'm going to Hawaii.

CINDERELLA: What for?

BEATRICE: I'm going on vacation. It's the first one I've had in five-hundred years. I'm going to spend the whole holiday on the beach sipping out of a pineapple and digging my toes in the sand. I might even build a sandcastle. I just wanted to drop by and wish you a Merry Christmas before I left.

CINDERELLA: But won't you miss the snow? The caroling? The roaring fire? The turkey?

BEATRICE: Nope. I've even learned how to hula for the trip. Want me to show you how?

CINDERELLA: Sure! Will you teach my friends too?

BEATRICE: Of course I will.

CINDERELLA: (*to audience*) If you want to hula too, stand on up.

BEATRICE: (*demonstrating as she talks*) First you need to stand just so. Then, you put your arms out just so and then you sway your hips back and forth just so. But what am I thinking? You can't hula properly without music. We need some music. (*She waves her magic wand. Polynesian music plays*) That's better.

CINDERELLA: (*as she dances*) Oh this is fun! I can practically feel the sand squishing between my toes.

BEATRICE: I can already hear the ocean and taste the salt air.

CINDERELLA: (*to the audience*) Do you hear the ocean, taste the salt air and feel the sand squishing between your toes?

BEATRICE: (*as she dances*) When you say hello or goodbye to someone in Hawaii you have to say Aloha. Everyone say "Aloha!"

CINDERELLA: (*with audience*) Aloha!

BEATRICE: (*as the dance ends*) Whosh! I'm getting tuckered out. I don't want to be too tired to lie on the beach.

CINDERELLA: That was fun! I hope you have a good time.

BEATRICE: Aloha Cinderella. I'll send you a postcard. (*she exits*)

CINDERELLA: Isn't that something. Now, where was I? Oh! The surprise! (*calling out*) Milly! You can come out now! She's gone.

MILLICENT: (*entering*) Eight thousand, six hundred and twenty three Your Majesty.

CINDERELLA: Eight thousand, six hundred and twenty three what?

MILLICENT: That's how many peas we have in the pantry. That's a lot of peas.

CINDERELLA: Never mind about that. I've got to tell you about my secret surprise.

MILLICENT: Jumping jackrabbits! I forgot about that!

CINDERELLA: (*to audience*) Did you forget too? Are you busting at the seams to hear my special surprise secret? OK. Here it is. Milly, I need you to get a special recipe for me. I want to make the Christmas cake this year.

MILLICENT: THE Christmas cake?

CINDERELLA: Yes.

MILLICENT: The Prince's favourite cake?

CINDERELLA: Yes.

MILLICENT: The cake that's been in his family for generations?

CINDERELLA: Yes.

MILLICENT: The cake that's very, very, hard to make? The cake that's so hard to make no one in the castle can make it? The cake we have to get the old, old, old, old, woman in the next village to make every year?

CINDERELLA: Oh I'm sure I can handle it. It'll be a piece of cake.

MILLICENT: But Your Majesty...

CINDERELLA: I want to do something extra special for Teddy and I know how much he enjoys his Christmas cake. I want to make it all by myself.

MILLICENT: Whatever you say Your Majesty.

CINDERELLA: Ella, Milly.

MILLICENT: Yes Ella-majesty.

CINDERELLA: (*to audience*) What do you think of my secret? You mustn't say anything! When you see the Prince you must put a lock on your lips. I know! We'll do the secret keeping ceremony. Everybody raise their right hand and repeat after me. (*the audience repeats after each line*)

I promise

I swear

Even if I see a bear

Even if he has no hair

Even if he says "Hey there."

Even if the bear,

Who has no hair,

Who says Hey there,

Goes

Ook-a-laka Ook-a-laka

Wing-a-ling, Wing-a-ling Whooooo!

A-wooga, A-wooga,

Blooooooaaaaaaah. (*CINDERELLA does an all-over shake.*)

I promise

Not to spill the secret

Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

*CINDERELLA locks her mouth with a key and throws it away. She encourages the audience to do the same.*

CINDERELLA: Thank you everyone. I know I can trust you! Come on Milly, let's go get that recipe!

*CINDERELLA and MILLY exit.*

**Scene Two**

*The kitchen of CINDERELLA's stepsisters GLADIOLA and GARDENIA. The girls enter in a tizzy. They look a wreck – their dresses are faded and distorted, their hair is a mess.*

GARDENIA: Oh!

GLADIOLA: Oh!

GARDENIA: Oh!

GLADIOLA: Oh!

GARDENIA: *(looking at herself)* Oooooooooooooohhh!

GLADIOLA: *(looking at herself)* Oooooooooooooohhh!

GLADIOLA & GARDENIA: *(looking at each other)* OH!

GARDENIA: You are a mess.

GLADIOLA: You're a mess too.

GARDENIA: We're both a mess.

GLADIOLA: A big mess.

GARDENIA: A very big mess. A very, very, very, very, very, very, very...

GLADIOLA: Gardenia!

GARDENIA: We're rather untidy.

GLADIOLA: Look at our clothes. It's a disaster.

GARDENIA: I told you not to dry them so close to the fire Gladiola.

GLADIOLA: And I told you not to wash them in boiling water.

GARDENIA: We're a mess all right. A very, very, very, very, very, very, very, very...

GLADIOLA: Gardenia! What are we going to do? We can't wear these to the Christmas family picnic. The fabrics all faded.

GARDENIA: It leaves me so jaded.

GLADIOLA: My skirt's tattered and torn.

GARDENIA: It looks very worn.

GLADIOLA: Would you stop rhyming and be helpful! The feathers and sequins have all fallen off. What am I going to do without feathers and sequins!!

GARDENIA: Sequins are so last year anyway.

GLADIOLA: Who says?

GARDENIA: I do!

GLADIOLA: Oh yeah!

GARDENIA: Yeah! Double yeah! Triple yeah! To infinity!

GLADIOLA: Stop it! We shouldn't be fighting. We're on the same team. We should be joining forces.

GARDENIA: That's right. We're on the same team! Gooooooooo Team!  
(*the two get themselves into a cheerleading pose*) OK? Ready? Hit it!

GLADIOLA & GARDENIA:

We got spirit, we got what?

Yeah we got it now. (*double clap*)

We got spirit, we got what?

Yeah we got it now. (*double clap*)

We got spirit – Whoo let's hear it!

We got spirit – Whoo let's hear it!

(*to audience*) When we say Gladiola you say Yeah!

Gladiola (*yeah*) Gladiola (*yeah*)

When we say Gardenia you say Yeah!

Gardenia (*yeah*) Gardenia (*yeah*)

Go Team!

*The two of them scream, jump up and down and high kick in cheerleader fashion. While they are doing this, VIOLET enters. She is a snob socialite extraordinaire. GLADIOLA and GARDENIA stop jumping when they see VIOLET.*

VIOLET: Well, well, well. Look what the cat dragged in. And out. And in again.

GARDENIA: Violet?

GLADIOLA: What are you doing here?

VIOLET: Is that any way to treat your favourite cousin...

GLADIOLA: Who we haven't seen in ages and ages...

GARDENIA: And ages and ages...

VIOLET: Who's come all this way to visit.

GARDENIA: We didn't know you were coming to visit.

VIOLET: Didn't you get my letter?

GLADIOLA: No.

VIOLET: Must be because I didn't send it.

GARDENIA: So what are you doing here?

GLADIOLA: Yeah, what are you doing here?

VIOLET: There's been some, how shall I say it, rumours circulating through the family about what's been going on here since that Cinder-person left. The decline. The descent. The deterioration. The downhill.

GARDENIA: Did you bring us toboggans? Oooh I love going sledding.  
(GLADIOLA hits GARDENIA) Ow!

VIOLET: It seems that everything I heard is spot on. *(she runs her fingers over a surface and makes a face at what she sees)* Revolting. Wretched.

GLADIOLA: Oh yeah?

VIOLET: Quite.

GARDENIA: So what's going on here?

GLADIOLA: Yeah Mrs. Smarty Pants. What's going on?

VIOLET: Catastrophe. Calamity. Mishap. Misfortune.

*VIOLET sits in a chair and her eyes go very wide. She tries to move in the chair and can't. She tries to get out of the chair and can't. She's stuck.*

VIOLET: Ew! Ew! Ew!

GLADIOLA: Ew, ew, ew?

GARDENIA: What's ew, ew, ew?

GLADIOLA: What are we doing that's ew, ew, ew?

VIOLET: No you dunces! I'm stuck! I'm stuck to the chair!

GLADIOLA: Ooooooh.

GARDENIA & GLADIOLA: She's stuck to the chair.



GLADIOLA: That's too bad.

GARDENIA: Ew. Ew. Ew.

VIOLET: Don't just stand there. Help me out!

GLADIOLA: What do you think Gardenia? Should we help her out?

GARDENIA: I don't know. She's being pretty mean to us with the ew, ew, ew and all.

VIOLET: Hurry up! My dress will be ruined.

GLADIOLA & GARDENIA: Awwwwwww.

GLADIOLA: She'll ruin her dress.

GARDENIA: And she doesn't even have any sequins or feathers on hers.

GLADIOLA: Tragedy, tragedy.

VIOLET: All right, all right, all right. I'm sorry for what I said. Now will you please help me off this chair!

GARDENIA: OK. (to GLADIOLA) On the count of three we pull. Ready? One, Two Three!

*GLADIOLA and GARDENIA give a huge yank. VIOLET goes flying offstage. There is the sound of a huge crash.*

GLADIOLA: Oops.

*GARDENIA and GLADIOLA laugh. VIOLET comes back on. She is very much disheveled. VIOLET does a little dance of frustration.*

VIOLET: Eeeeeeeeeeeeeew! This place is disgusting. You two are a disgrace. You have got to do something about your situation immediately.

GARDENIA: Oh yeah?

VIOLET: Yeah!

GLADIOLA: Or else what?

VIOLET: Or else, you won't ever be allowed to the Christmas family picnic ever again.

GLADIOLA & GARDENIA: WHAT???

VIOLET: I'll see to it that you're banished for life.

GLADIOLA: That's so mean!

GARDENIA: We love the Christmas family picnic.

VIOLET: Well then you better shape up. Get this place back in order, get yourselves back in order and do it yesterday. Hop to it!

*VIOLET tries to leave gracefully but trips and ends up with a stumbling, bumbling exit.*

GARDENIA: What are we going to do?

GLADIOLA: I don't know. I don't know.

GARDENIA: We have to do something.

GLADIOLA: I know. I know.

GARDENIA: I want to go to the Christmas family picnic.

GLADIOLA: Me too.

GARDENIA: I don't want to be banished.

GLADIOLA: Me neither.

GARDENIA: If we don't get to go to the picnic, the whole holiday will be ruined. Ruined I tell you!

GLADIOLA: It'll be the worst Christmas ever.

GARDENIA: We should be able to figure this out. We're a team. A-number one. If we put our heads together we should be able to come up with something.

GLADIOLA: OK. Let's put our heads together.

*The two of them go to put their heads together but end up knocking heads.*

GARDENIA: Owwww. That kind of something isn't helpful at all.

GLADIOLA: Heeeeeeeey. I think I got it! You know what we really need? We need Cinderella back.

GARDENIA: Her? Ick! Yuck! Phooey! What do we want her for? She's not coming to the picnic. No way, no how!

GLADIOLA: We need her to get this place back in order, get us back in order and do it yesterday. We need her to do all the washing and cooking and cleaning. We need her to make new dresses. If

we're going to save Christmas, we need someone else to do all the work for us.

GARDENIA: You're right! We need Cinderella bad! But how will we do it?

GLADIOLA: We will... I mean we'll... Well I think we should... I don't know. It seems impossible. Hopeless.

GARDENIA: Dopeless. Boatless. Coatless.

GLADIOLA: Stop rhyming and be helpful!

GARDENIA: There's just got to be a way to get Cinderella back.

GLADIOLA & GARDENIA: (*thinking very hard*) HMMMMMMMM.

GARDENIA: It's too bad we don't have a Fairy Godmother like Cinderella has.

GLADIOLA: Yeah.

GARDENIA: Then we could just make a wish and things would go our way.

GLADIOLA: Yeah.

GARDENIA: That would be good.

GLADIOLA: Yeah. Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Hold the eggnog. Who says we can't have a Fairy Godmother?

GARDENIA: I don't know.

GLADIOLA: Me neither. That's what we need: a big old Fairy Godmother!

GARDENIA: How do we get one?

GLADIOLA: We probably need a chant or a song. Not a nice song. We don't want someone all sugar and sweet.

GARDENIA: Like Cinderella.

GLADIOLA: Like Cinderella.

GLADIOLA & GARDENIA: Ick! Yuck! Phooey!

GARDENIA: Ooooooh you know what I could go for right now? A peanut butter and jelly sandwich. That's the kind of Fairy Godmother I want! The kind who'll bring me a peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

GLADIOLA: Isn't there a song about making peanut butter sandwiches?

GARDENIA: Let's sing it right now!

GLADIOLA: (*to the audience*) You can help too. We need all the help we can get. The chorus goes like this: "Peanut, peanut butter – JELLY! Peanut, peanut butter – JELLY!"

GARDENIA: And you have to shout the JELLY part really loud. Let's practice. (*with audience*) "Peanut, peanut butter – JELLY! Peanut, peanut butter – JELLY!"

*Once they teach the chorus GARDENIA and GLADIOLA sing the "Peanut Butter Song" with the audience.*

GLADIOLA & GARDENIA:

Peanut, peanut butter – JELLY  
 Peanut, peanut butter – JELLY  
 First you take the peanuts and you crunch 'em  
 You crunch 'em, you crunch 'em, crunch 'em, crunch 'em  
 For your peanut, peanut butter – JELLY  
 Peanut, peanut butter – JELLY  
 Then you take the berries and you squish 'em  
 You squish 'em, you squish 'em, squish 'em, squish 'em  
 For your peanut, peanut butter – JELLY  
 Peanut, peanut butter – JELLY  
 Then you take the bread and you spread it  
 You spread it, you spread it, spread it, spread it  
 For your peanut, peanut butter – JELLY  
 Peanut, peanut butter – JELLY  
 Then you take your sandwich and you eat it  
 You eat it, you eat it, eat it, eat it  
 Cause it's peanut, peanut butter – JELLY  
 Peanut, peanut butter – JELLY

*At the end of the song there is a whirlwind of sound: whistles, foghorns, bells and trumpets. GARDENIA and GLADIOLA hold each other in fear.*

GARDENIA: What's that?

GLADIOLA: Do you think it's our Fairy Godmother?

*ELMER & ISHY enter in a puff of smoke, if possible. They are both coughing and hacking and waving the smoke out of their faces. They are hunched over and should look like elves. ISHY is holding a big magic toothbrush. The two should always be joined (perhaps*

*their costumes are even sewn together) at the hip and never be apart.*

ELMER & ISHY: *(with a huge cough)* You rang.

GARDENIA: Macaroni Baloney! You're our Fairy Godmother?

ELMER & ISHY: *(with another cough)* Do we look like a Fairy Godmother?

GLADIOLA: *(to ELMER)* You look like a cranky grandpa elf.

GARDENIA: *(to ISHY)* And you look like a cranky grandma elf.

GLADIOLA & GARDENIA: And you both smell.

ELMER & ISHY: That's what we are all right.

ELMER: The Peanut Butter Song gets us every time. *(with a bow)* I am Elmer.

ISHY: *(with a bow)* And I am Ishy.

ELMER & ISHY: Our wish is your command.

GARDENIA: Is it really?

ELMER: *(with a cough)* It is.

ISHY: Really.

GARDENIA & GLADIOLA: We did it! We did it!

GLADIOLA: We're so much better than Cinderella. We've got two for the price of one!

GARDENIA & GLADIOLA: *(they say the following lines syncopated, not in unison)* I want a new wardrobe! And a pony! I want a whole room full of gold and jewels! I want two ponies! I want...

GLADIOLA: No! No! No! That's not what we really want.

GARDENIA: Are you sure... I really want a pony.

GLADIOLA: No. We want Cinderella back.

GARDENIA: To do all our work for us. So we can go to the Christmas family picnic.

GLADIOLA: And not be banished for life.

GARDENIA: So we can lounge around and eat bon bons.

GLADIOLA: We never ate bon bons before.

GARDENIA: We should start. Everyone loves a good bon bon. Or a ron ron. Or a don don.

GLADIOLA: Stop rhyming! (to ELMER & ISHY) Can you help us?

ELMER: You're on your own for the bon bon part.

ISHY: But the Cinderella snafu?

ELMER & ISHY: Piece of cake.

GLADIOLA & GARDENIA: Hooray!

ELMER: Not so fast. There's a catch.

GARDENIA: Oh Oh. The catch is never good.

GLADIOLA: What kind of catch?

ELMER & ISHY: We only grant wishes to a certain type of person.

ISHY: A particular...

ELMER: Specific...

ELMER & ISHY: Unique individual.

GLADIOLA: What type of certain person?

ELMER: We only give out cranky wishes...

ISHY: ...to people who are as cranky as we are.

GLADIOLA: You came to the right place then!

GARDENIA: We're very cranky. Very, very, very, very, very, very, very...

GLADIOLA: Gardenia!

ELMER & ISHY: How do we really know you're cranky?

ISHY: How do we know you won't give bon bons to Cinderella?

GARDENIA & GLADIOLA: Cinderella?? Ick! Yuck! Phooey!

ELMER & ISHY: You have to prove you're as cranky as we are.

GARDENIA: We could do a cranky dance. With lots of cranky faces!

GLADIOLA: Gardenia, I don't want to do a cranky dance with cranky faces.

ELMER: That's what we want to see.

ISHY: A cranky dance with lots of cranky faces.

GLADIOLA: But we don't have any music. We can't dance crankily without music.

ELMER: Piece of cake. (*ISHY waves her toothbrush and music starts to play*)

GARDENIA: Yeah! Cranky dancing! Whooooo!

GLADIOLA: Ohhhhhhh.

*GARDENIA and GLADIOLA do a cranky dance with cranky faces.*

ELMER & ISHY: Wow.

ELMER: You sure sold us.

ISHY: You two are very cranky.

GARDENIA: Very, very, very, very, very...

GLADIOLA: Gardenia!

ELMER & ISHY: Your wish is granted.

GLADIOLA: What do we do?

GARDENIA: Yeah what's the plan Stan? With a flan. In your hand.

GLADIOLA: Just ignore her. What's next?

ELMER: Let's go spy on Cinderella.

ISHY: And then we'll figure out our dastardly plan.

*They all laugh and leave.*

**Scene Three**

*CINDERELLA's kitchen. It looks like a disaster with flour, bowls and other kitchen implements all over the place. MILLICENT enters all in a fluster followed closely by SALAMANDER.*

MILLICENT: Salamander I don't know what to do!

SALAMANDER: It can't be that bad.

MILLICENT: It's worse than bad. Jumping jackrabbits! It's slamming pots and flying flour. It's big huge crunchy lumps in the batter! She's making a crunchy Christmas cake! Nobody likes a crunchy Christmas cake. I don't know what to say. I don't know what to do!

SALAMANDER: My uncle Fritz didn't know what to do once...

MILLICENT: Salamander! This is an emergency! I don't care about your Uncle Fritz! Oh no. She's coming. She's coming. We have to get out of here!

SALAMANDER: Too late!

MILLICENT: What do we do!

*They bump into each other, get all twisted and as a last resort hold pots in front of their faces.*

*CINDERELLA enters. She's covered in flour and her hair's a mess. She's trying to read a recipe book and stir a mixture in a bowl at the same time.*

CINDERELLA: (*reading*) Continue folding the butter until the batter is completely smooth. The batter's not getting smooth at all. And what does fold the butter mean? How am I supposed to fold butter? I'll never get this. (*she looks up and sees SALAMANDER and MILLICENT hiding behind their pots*) Salamander? Milly? Is that you?

*SALAMANDER and MILLICENT sheepishly put the pots down.*

MILLICENT: Right you are Your Majesty.

SALAMANDER: So. How's the cake coming?

MILLICENT: Salamander!

CINDERELLA: The cake is fine. Perfect. No problems.

MILLICENT: No problems? Are you sure?



CINDERELLA: Positive.

MILLICENT: Are you sure you don't want any help? I could go get the old woman in a flash.

CINDERELLA: Thank you very much Milly but everything is just fine.

MILLICENT: Are you absolutely sure...

CINDERELLA: Absolutely. I just need to be alone with the batter.

MILLICENT: OK then. *(with a sigh)* Come on Salamander.

SALAMANDER: We should stay. This could get interesting.

MILLICENT: Out!

*MILLICENT pushes SALAMANDER out. CINDERELLA puts the bowl down with a thump.*

CINDERELLA: *(to audience)* Oh my friends, everything is not fine. It's not fine at all. But I don't want Milly or anyone else to make this cake. Oh I wish it weren't so lumpy and crunchy! Maybe if I stir it some more.

*CINDERELLA continues working on the batter. From the side of the stage GARDENIA, GLADIOLA, ELMER and ISHY sneak on.*

GARDENIA: And you're sure she can't see us or hear us?

ELMER: We put a special spell on our clothes.

GLADIOLA: So if we make faces at her, she won't even know.

ISHY: Nope.

GLADIOLA: What about them? *(pointing at the audience)* Can they see us?

ELMER: It doesn't matter if they can...

ISHY: ...Cinderella is the only one who matters.

GARDENIA: Let's try it out.

*GARDENIA and GLADIOLA make faces at CINDERELLA who doesn't see anything. Hopefully at this point the audience will try and tell CINDERELLA the others are in the room.*

CINDERELLA: Oh my good friends. I don't think I'm ever going to get this cake right. What's the matter friends? Are you trying to tell me something? There's someone else here in the kitchen? Where? Over here? (*she comes to stand right beside the others and looks around*) I don't see anybody.

GLADIOLA & GARDENIA: She can't see us! She can't see us!

ELMER & ISHY: We told you so!

ISHY: Now stop jumping around...

ELMER: ...and let's get down to business.

GLADIOLA: Right! Down to business.

GARDENIA: Down to business. What business?

ELMER & ISHY: The business at hand!

GARDENIA: Ohhhhh. The business at hand. (*pause*) Which is...

*GLADIOLA smacks GARDENIA.*

GARDENIA: Owwwwwww.

GLADIOLA: Getting Cinderella back you silly goose!

GARDENIA: Hey, hey, hey! I may be silly and I may be a goose, but never will I be a silly goose.

ELMER: Be quiet!

ISHY: Shush!

*ELMER, ISHY, GLADIOLA & GARDENIA hunker down in a corner of the stage.*

CINDERELLA: What am I going to about this cake? I thought I would be able to do it on my own – oh I so want to do it on my own! Maybe my Fairy Godmother has some ideas. But she's so far away... (*to audience*) maybe if you helped call her she'd hear me. On the count of three we're going to yell out Fairy Godmother at the top of our lungs. One, two, three: FAIRY GODMOTHER.

*BEATRICE enters. She's even more dressed up in vacation wear. She's carrying a drink in a pineapple.*

ELMER & ISHY: Oh no!

GLADIOLA: What is it?

GARDENIA: What is it?

BEATRICE: What is it? I'm very busy soaking up the rays on the beach. I'm trying to tan. It's very hard to tan five hundred year old skin. What do you want?

CINDERELLA: It's an emergency! I need help!

BEATRICE: What's the matter? Are you all right?

ELMER: Don't move.

ISHY: Not a muscle.

CINDERELLA: It's this cake. I've never seen a recipe like this before. It's hard. There are so many ingredients and it's taking so long. There are all these crunchy bits in the batter and I don't think they're supposed to be there. I want the cake to be perfect; I don't want to give Teddy a crunchy Christmas cake! Is there any way you could wave your magic wand and make this recipe easier?

BEATRICE: My wand is on vacation too. Fixing a cake isn't really an emergency is it?

CINDERELLA: No. *(with a sigh)* I guess not.

BEATRICE: You'll be fine. You're a smart cookie.

CINDERELLA: If I'm such a smart cookie how come I've got such a dumb cake?

BEATRICE: *(she turns to exit but pauses for a moment. She sniffs the air)* Cinderella is there any garlic in your recipe?

CINDERELLA: Of course not! It's a cake.

BEATRICE: How about smelly socks?

CINDERELLA: No.

BEATRICE: There's a very peculiar smell in the air. *(she moves around sniffing)*

GARDENIA: What do we do?

BEATRICE: *(to the audience)* Do you smell something funny?

ELMER: We have to stay still.

ISHY: Very, very still.

BEATRICE: It reminds me of something, something... *(she gets right up close to ELMER)*

ELMER: If we stay very very still she won't find us.

GARDENIA: Very, very, very, very, very...

ELMER & ISHY & GLADIOLA: Shhhh!

BEATRICE: What does that smell remind me of? Don't you smell it?

CINDERELLA: All I smell is cake batter.

GARDENIA: *(to the audience, hopefully they are shouting)* Hey! Be quiet! Stop yelling! Don't give us away. Shoo. Shoo!

ELMER: Don't move around so much.

ISHY: You'll shake the magic off our clothes.

BEATRICE: Hmmmm. I can't put my finger on it. Good luck Cinderella. I'll see you after Christmas. *(she exits)*

GARDENIA & GLADIOLA: Whew that was close!

ELMER: Ha!

ISHY: Double ha!

ELMER & ISHY: We outsmarted a Fairy Godmother!

CINDERELLA: Fiddlesticks! I was really counting on her helping me out. *(she picks up the recipe book)*

ELMER & ISHY: Ah ha!

ELMER: We know just what to do.

*ELMER and ISHY confer silently for a second. Then they clap their hands and face CINDERELLA. ISHY waves the magic toothbrush. CINDERELLA freezes.*

GLADIOLA: Hey! She's not moving.

ISHY: We froze her.

GARDENIA: That is so cool! You know Gladiola; if we had one of those magic toothbrushes we wouldn't need Cinderella.

GLADIOLA: Quiet! *(to ELMER & ISHY)* You were saying you know what to do?

ELMER: Cinderella wants a shortcut.

GARDENIA & GLADIOLA: Uh huh!

ISHY: She'll do anything to make this cake.

GARDENIA & GLADIOLA: Uh huh!

ISHY: If someone, say a cranky grandma elf...

ELMER: Or a cranky grandpa elf...

ISHY: ...were to come by the kitchen selling shortcut potions... *(she brings out a vial from her pocket)*

GARDENIA & GLADIOLA: Uh huh!

ELMER: She'd be sure to buy it.

GARDENIA & GLADIOLA: *(less sure)* Uh huh...

ELMER & ISHY: What's the matter?

GARDENIA: If you give her a shortcut potion...

GLADIOLA: Then she gets what she wants...

GARDENIA & GLADIOLA: But we don't get what we want.

ELMER: Fools!

ISHY: We're going to put something in the shortcut potion.

GARDENIA & GLADIOLA: *(back with the plan)* Uh huh!

ELMER: That will put her into a trance.

GARDENIA & GLADIOLA: *(with more excitement)* Uh huh!

ELMER & ISHY: She'll be your servant for life!

GARDENIA & GLADIOLA: Yay! *(a la cheerleader chant)* Our teams the best! Better than the rest! *(to audience)* When we say Elmer you say yeah! Elmer! *(yeah)* Elmer! *(yeah)* When we say Ishy you say yeah! Ishy! *(yeah)* Ishy *(yeah)*!

ELMER & ISHY: Enough with the cheering!

ELMER: You're giving us a pompom-sized headache.

ISHY: OK, you two go over to the corner and hide. We're going to unfreeze Cinderella. *(she waves her magic toothbrush and exits)*

GARDENIA: This is so exciting. I can't wait to prove Violet wrong. That snobby snob.

GLADIOLA: I can't wait to have clean clothes and good food and a sparkling house again!

GARDENIA: Here we go! Shhh!

GLADIOLA: You shhh!

GARDENIA: You shhh!

GLADIOLA: I don't have to shhh because she can't hear me say shhhh!

GARDENIA: Oh.

CINDERELLA: ( *pacing and stirring* ) What am I going to do?

ELMER & ISHY: ( *offstage* ) Shortcuts for sale! Shortcuts for sale!

CINDERELLA: What's that?

ELMER & ISHY: ( *offstage* ) We said... Shortcuts for sale! Shortcuts for sale!

CINDERELLA: I wonder if they have a cake making shortcut! ( *running to look offstage* )

GARDENIA: ( *yelling out* ) They have a cake making shortcut!

GLADIOLA: She can't hear you.

GARDENIA: Oh right.

*ISHY and ELMER enter.*

ISHY: Hello my dear.

ELMER: ( *holding out vial* ) Do you have any use for a shortcut?

CINDERELLA: I do, I do. I'm making this very special Christmas cake and I can't get it to work and I really want... ( *she reaches for the vial but then pulls back* ) Oh Beatrice is probably right. I should figure it out on my own. I'm a smart cookie. I can do it.

GLADIOLA: Oh so close!

CINDERELLA: ( *reaching forward again* ) But I want the cake to be perfect! ( *pulling away* ) Oh I don't know. ( *she reaches forward again* ) A shortcut would help. ( *she pulls back.* ) I probably shouldn't...

GARDENIA: Use the shortcut! ( *she gets hit by GLADIOLA* ) Owwww.

ELMER: It's just a little shortcut my dear.

ISHY: Just to make the batter smooth.

CINDERELLA: It makes the batter smooth?

ELMER & ISHY: You don't want to serve a crunchy Christmas cake, do you my dear?

CINDERELLA: Not at all. How much is the shortcut?

ELMER: This particular potion is brand new.

ISHY: We have a sample here we're giving away for free.

CINDERELLA: For free?

ELMER: It is Christmas after all. (*handing over a small bottle*) Here you go my dear.

ISHY: All you have to do is sprinkle it into the batter.

CINDERELLA: And it makes the batter smooth?

ELMER: Smooth as glass.

ISHY: Your cake'll be perfect.

GARDENIA: She's putting it in the batter! She's putting it in the batter!

GLADIOLA: I know, I know!

ELMER: Now stir it up. Stir it up.

ISHY: You probably want to give it a taste, just to make sure the potion is thoroughly mixed.

CINDERELLA: All right.

*CINDERELLA takes a taste of the potion. When she does there is a magical sound. CINDERELLA stands up straight with a glazed look in her eye. She is in a trance.*

GLADIOLA & GARDENIA: It worked! It worked!

ELMER & ISHY: Your cranky wish has been granted.

GLADIOLA & GARDENIA: It worked! It worked!

GARDENIA: Elmer and Ishy are the best! Better than the...

GLADIOLA: Wait a second. How do we know she's really in a trance?

GARDENIA: She looks like she's in a trance. (*she waves her hand in front of CINDERELLA's face*) Whoo. Yoo-hoo.

ELMER: Why don't you ask her to do something?

GLADIOLA: Cinderella, come over here.

CINDERELLA: (*she moves*) Yes Mistress.

GLADIOLA: Cinderella, go over there.

CINDERELLA: (*she moves*) Yes Mistress.

GARDENIA: Cinderella, lift up your left leg.

CINDERELLA: Yes Mistress.

GARDENIA: Cinderella, put down your leg. Scratch your head. Dance in a circle like a ballerina!

CINDERELLA: (*doing all the actions*) Yes Mistress.

GLADIOLA: All right, Gardenia I think the point's been made.

GARDENIA: But there are so many silly things we could have her do. Many, many, many...

GLADIOLA: Cinderella, you're going to come home with us and cook and clean just like before.

CINDERELLA: Yes Mistress.

GARDENIA: And you're going to make us new dresses for Christmas with lots of feathers but no sequins cause sequins are so last year.

CINDERELLA: Yes Mistress.

GLADIOLA: But I like sequins.

GARDENIA: OK. OK. Cinderella, you're going to make a cutting edge fashion dress for me and an out-of-date disco ball dress for Gladiola.

CINDERELLA: Yes Mistress.

GLADIOLA: Hey! Who are you calling a disco ball?

GARDENIA: If the dress fits...

*It looks like the two sisters are going to get into a tizzy over the dresses but ELMER and ISHY step in-between them.*

ELMER & ISHY: So.

ELMER: What do you think?





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