

INTO THE WOODS

CINDERELLA
If he knew who I really was—

WIFE:
Oh? Who?

CINDERELLA:
I'm afraid I was rude.

WIFE:
Oh? How?

CINDERELLA:
Now I'm being pursued.

WIFE:
Yes? And—?

CINDERELLA:
And I'm not in the mood.

I have no experience with Princes and castles and gowns.

WIFE: Nonsense, every girl dreams—

Fanfare in the distance; we hear voices advancing.

STEWARD (Off): Look, sir! Look!

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE (Off): Yes, there she is! Move!

CINDERELLA: I must run.

Wife grabs a shoe.

WIFE: And I must have your shoe.

CINDERELLA: Stop that!

The two engage in a violent tug-of-war over the shoe. Cinderella wins the battle and desperately runs off; Wife is embarrassed by her own behavior. She straightens herself up as Cinderella's Prince and Steward bound onstage.

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE: Where did she go?

WIFE (Bows): Who?

STEWARD: Don't play the fool, woman!

Sondheim & Lapine

WIFE: Oh! You mean the beautiful young maiden in the ball gown? She went in that direction. I was trying to hold her here for you . . .

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE: I can capture my own damsel, thank you.
(He begins to go off towards Cinderella)

WIFE: Yes, sir.

Prince and Steward dash offstage. We hear Florinda, Lucinda and Stepmother. They enter, first looking behind them, then looking towards the Prince.

STEPMOTHER (To Wife): Where did he go?

WIFE: Who?

LUCINDA: The Prince, of course!

WIFE: That direction. But you'll never reach them!

FLORINDA: We would have if that mongrel with the cow hadn't molested us.

WIFE: Cow?

The stepsisters giggle. Baker runs onstage with Milky-White. They are both out of breath.

BAKER (Holding up ear of corn): Please, let me just compare this color with that of your own.

Lucinda and Florinda chortle.

LUCINDA AND FLORINDA: He wants to compare our hair to corn!

The threesome exits laughing hysterically. There is a long moment of silence. Wife and Baker stare at one another.

BAKER (Dejected): I thought you were returning home. (Angry)
I've had no luck.

WIFE: You've the cow!

BAKER: Yes. I've the cow. We've only two of the four.

WIFE: Three.

BAKER: Two.

WIFE (Pulls the hair from her pocket): Three! Compare this to your corn.

Baker does so and smiles.