

Scene Two  
The Royal Gardens

[MUSIC NO. 15A "PLAYOFF POLKA AND  
UNDERScore"]

*(Immediately following. As the COUPLES  
polka offstage to another part of the palace,  
CHRISTOPHER strolls downstage with CINDERELLA  
as the scene begins to shift. A full moon  
illuminates a beautiful garden, which includes  
statuary, a bench, and upstage topiary.)*

CHRISTOPHER. May I ask you something?

CINDERELLA. Within reason.

CHRISTOPHER. What brought you here tonight?

CINDERELLA. Well, it's kind of a long story. My family didn't  
want me to come. In fact, they don't even know I'm  
here.

CHRISTOPHER. I'm glad you are.

*(The others are gradually fading upstage and  
off.)*

The truth is I almost didn't come myself.

CINDERELLA. How could a prince not show up for his own  
ball?

CHRISTOPHER. Don't you think it's all a little...medieval?  
I guess it's no secret that my folks are anxious to marry  
me off. You know - being heir to the throne and all. But  
this whole thing makes me feel like some kind of a...a  
prized bull or something.

CINDERELLA. *(Teasing him, playing the femme fatale.)*  
Every eligible young maiden vying to be your devoted  
servant, forever and forever?

CHRISTOPHER. Servants I got. What I need is...someone  
I can really talk to.

*(They share a look of understanding.)*

*(Music has concluded.)*

CINDERELLA. It's beautiful out here.

CHRISTOPHER. *(Never taking his eyes off her.)* Yes, it is.

*(He tries drawing close to her, but she turns away nervously.)*

You're not like most girls, are you?

CINDERELLA. Not like the girls you meet, I suppose.

CHRISTOPHER. Actually, I don't meet that many girls. I lead a pretty sheltered life.

CINDERELLA. So do I.

CHRISTOPHER. Really? Every day, same old - same old?

CINDERELLA. Having no life of your own...

CHRISTOPHER. ...The same silly arguments...

CINDERELLA. ...Until you just want to run away...

CINDERELLA & CHRISTOPHER. ...And never come back!

*(They laugh at having completed each other's thought.)*

CHRISTOPHER. It seems like we have a lot in common.

CINDERELLA. Oh... I'm not so sure about that. After all, you don't really know me.

CHRISTOPHER. But I'd like to. And I want you to know me.

*(Taking her hands.)*

Look, I know we've just met and it's crazy and everything but...

*(He looks deep into her eyes...then chickens out.)*

Would you like to see the rest of the gardens?

CINDERELLA. I'd love to.

**[MUSIC NO. 16 "STEPSISTERS' LAMENT"]**

*(An orchestral sting, and JOY peeks out from behind a topiary, unseen by CHRISTOPHER and CINDERELLA, as they stroll off romantically.)*

JOY. Did you get a good look at her?