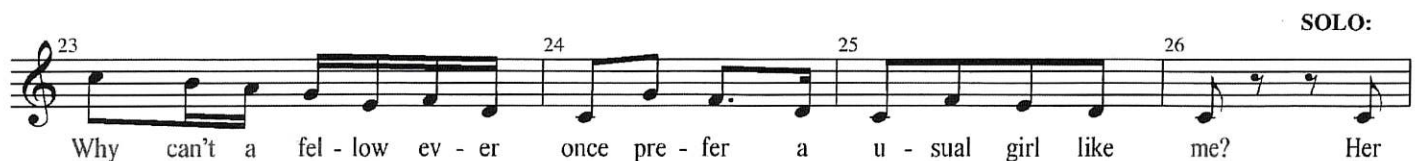
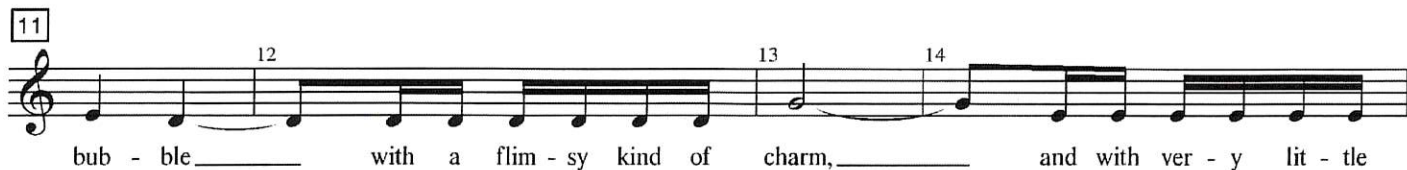
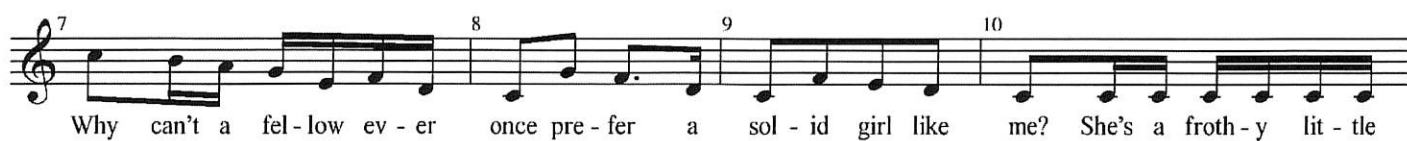


CALLBACKS – Stepsisters/Madame – “Stepsister’s Lament” (m.3-53) p.1

3 CHARLOTTE:



25





CALLBACKS – Stepsisters/Madame – “Stepsister’s Lament” (m.3-53) p.2

CHARLOTTE: SOLO:

31 skin may be de - li - cate and 32 soft, but not a - ny sof - ter than a 33 doe's is. 34 Her

35

CHARLOTTE:

36 neck is no whit - er than a swan's. 37 She's on - ly as daint - y as a 38 dais - y. She's

ALL:

39 on - ly as grace - ful as a bird. 40 So why is the fel - low go - ing 41 cra - zy? 42 Oh,

43

44 Why would a fel - low want a girl like her? 45 A girl who's mere - ly love - ly? 46

47 Why can't a fel - low ev - er 48 once pre - fer a girl who's mere - ly 49 me? 50 What's the mat - ter with the

51 man? What's the mat - ter with the 52 man? 53 What's the mat - ter with the 54 man?



CALLBACKS – Ella/Charlotte/Gabrielle/Madame – Scene work

MADAME

When I left this house in my carriage, I was quite convinced my daughter was going to be queen and I would never have to come back here to this. And now, well, I'm back here to this.

ELLA

Was the ball a disappointment, Madame?

MADAME

The Prince, despite his being well born, and raised with great care by our Lord Protector, showed the most appalling manners. Appalling! He spent the entire evening talking and dancing with some little nobody.

ELLA

How did Gabrielle and Charlotte take that?

(The door swings open. CHARLOTTE enters, dejected. GABRIELLE follows.)

CHARLOTTE

The Prince has fallen head over heels for someone else. If he keeps this up, I may not want to go out with him!

MADAME

What was going on in His Royal Highness's thick skull?

CHARLOTTE

The way he looked at her. With respect! I hope no man ever looks at me that way.

MADAME

If that woman had any morality or sense of what's right in this world, she would not have appeared at the ball at all.

GABRIELLE

But can you imagine how she must have felt tonight, arriving at the ball and meeting the man of her dreams?

MADAME

I cannot, for my mind has no place for the puerile or rank.

GABRIELLE

I can imagine it, I think.

ELLA

I can imagine it.

CHARLOTTE

I can imagine it, and I have no imagination.