

Cinderellaphant Story/Puppet Theater

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Characters:

Storytellers
Cinderellaphant
Stepmother
Hippolotta, Step-Hippo #1
Hippolene, Step-Hippo #2
Royal Messenger
Prince

Note: To adapt the story theater into a puppet theater, turn the storytellers' roles into a single narrator.

- Storyteller 1: In an animal kingdom far away, there lived a pretty pachyderm with a big heart. Her name was Ellaphant.
- Storyteller 2: She lived with her stepmother and two step-hippos. Hippolotta was a bratty bully and Hippolene was a mega meanie. They made her clean the cinders from the fireplace and they called her "Cinderellaphant."
- Storyteller 3: Cinderellaphant was as busy as a beaver. She cleaned from sunup to sundown. Her step-hippos flaunted their fancy frocks while Cinderellaphant wore rags covered in soot. She often felt irrelephant.
- Storyteller 4: One day, Cinderellaphant heard a beastly screech. She ran into the kitchen and saw Hippolotta jump on the kitchen table. Hippolene swatted a newspaper in the air and shrieked:
- Hippolene: It's so gross!
- Storyteller 5: Cinderellaphant saw a poor church mouse quivering on the floor. She quickly scooped up the little mouse.
- Cinderellaphant: Run away, little mouse, run away!
- Storyteller 5: The mouse wiggled her whiskers and scurried off. Cinderellaphant smiled.
- Storyteller 6: One morning, a royal messenger announced:

- Royal Messenger: The Prince seeks a bride. Every maiden in the kingdom must attend the Royal Ball at the King's Castle on Saturday night at seven o'clock!
- Hippolotta: [Grabbing the invitation] *Shut up!* Baboon 5 is playing at the ball!
- Hippolene: Oh my gosh! I just go ape over that band!
- Storyteller 6: The step-hippos chattered on and on about what to wear. Cinderellaphant's heart leapt for joy. What would she wear?!
- Stepmother: Cinderellaphant, you cannot attend the ball. You have a lion's share of work to do.
- Storyteller 7: Hours before the ball, Hippolotta and Hippolene badgered and bellowed at Cinderellaphant to help them get ready. Cinderellaphant tried to do everything at once.
- Hippolotta: Press my dress!
- Hippolene: Shine my shoes!
- Storyteller 8: Finally, Cinderellaphant's stepmother and step-hippos were ready. They stampeded past her and roared away in their fancy ride.
- Storyteller 9: Cinderellaphant had to hurry. She opened a cedar chest.
- Cinderellaphant: Wow! Look at all the junk in this trunk!
- Storyteller 9: Finally, she found what she was looking for. She tried on the dress but it was a tad petite for the Rubenesque beauty. *RIIP!* Cinderellaphant blubbered.
- Fairy Godmouse: Cinderellaphant, dry your tears. I am your fairy godmouse. I am here to repay your kindness when you rescued me in the kitchen.
- Cinderellaphant: What do you mean?
- Fairy Godmouse: This!
- Storyteller 10: The fairy godmouse swished her wand and Cinderellaphant was bedecked in a bedazzling ball gown and sparkling glass slippers. Then the fairy godmouse said:
- Fairy Godmouse: Quickly, dear, run into the garden and get me a peanut!



Storyteller 10: Cinderellaphant returned with the nut. With a swirl of her wand, the fairy godmouse transformed the peanut into a carriage befitting a princess.

Storyteller 11: Cinderellaphant hugged and thanked her fairy godmouse. She climbed into her carriage and sped away. When Cinderellaphant entered the castle, every creature exclaimed, "Who is that elephant?!" Immediately, the Prince beheld the exquisite animal. He asked for a dance.

Storyteller 12: The prince would not leave Cinderellaphant's side even after she stomped on his toes and twirled him across the room, sending him crashing into the buffet.

Prince: You are as strong as an ox! I love it!

Storyteller 13: No one else could get a dance with the prince. Hippolotta and Hippolene fumed. Cinderellaphant and the prince boogied and hoofed it all night long. She was having a whale of a time! They did the bunny hop. They danced the foxtrot. They even tangoed toe to toe. But then the clock struck midnight. BONG. BONG. BONG.

Cinderellaphant: I have to go!

Storyteller 14: As fast as a cheetah, she raced down the castle stairs. The prince cried,

Prince: Wait!

Storyteller 14: But it was too late. Cinderellaphant vanished, leaving only one colossal glass slipper sparkling on the stairs. The prince picked it up and proclaimed:

Prince: Only the maiden whose foot fits this sizeable slipper shall be my bride.

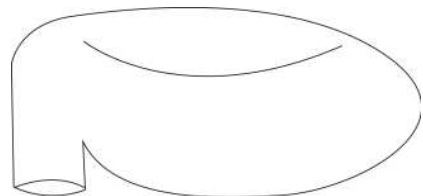
Storyteller 15: The prince began a kingdom-wide search. Every maiden in the kingdom tried on the shoe but it was hopeless. Finally, the prince arrived at Cinderellaphant's house. Hippolotta and Hippolene both stretched out their feet, but no matter how much they wiggled, waggled, and wriggled, the gargantuan glass slipper did not fit.

Prince: Is there no other maiden in this house?

Cinderellaphant: I haven't tried it on.

Stepmother: She is nothing but a maid servant!

Prince: *Every* maiden tries on the slipper.



Storyteller 16: Cinderellaphant put her best foot forward. The shiny shoe fit! She reached into her pocket and pulled out the matching sparkling slipper.

Step-Hippos: No! No! No!

Storyteller 16: Hippolotta and Hippolene threw terrible temper tantrums. The prince smiled at Cinderellaphant.

Prince: Being a princess is an enormous job and you're the only maiden big enough to fill a princess's shoes.

Storyteller 17: Cinderellaphant had found her *sole* mate! She and the prince were, of course, married. The pachyderm princess and the royal roan honeymooned in the tropics where they tangoed toe to toe. And they lived hoofily ever after.

