

Broadways, Into The Woods - Prologue Act I

NARRATOR
Once upon a time

CINDERELLA
I wish...

NARRATOR
in a far-off kingdom

CINDERELLA
More than anything...

NARRATOR
lived a fair maiden,

CINDERELLA
More than jewels...

NARRATOR
a sad young lad

JACK
I wish...

NARRATOR
and a childless baker

JACK
More than life...

CINDERELLA & BAKER
I wish...

NARRATOR
with his wife.

JACK
More than anything...

CINDERELLA, BAKER & JACK
More than the moon...

BAKER'S WIFE
I wish...

CINDERELLA
The King is giving a Festival. BAKER & WIFE

BAKER
More than life...

JACK
I wish...

CINDERELLA
I wish to go to the Festival.

BAKER
More than riches...

JACK
I wish my cow would
give us some milk.

CINDERELLA
And the Ball...

BAKER'S WIFE
More than anything...

JACK
Please, pal-

BAKER
I wish we had a child.

BAKER'S WIFE
I want a child...

JACK
Squeeze, pal...

CINDERELLA
I wish to go to the Festival.

JACK
I wish you'd give us some
milk or even cheese...

CINDERELLA
I wish...

BAKER'S WIFE
I wish we might have a child.
I wish...
I wish...

STEPMOTHER
You wish to go to the Festival?

NARRATOR
The poor girl's mother had died,

STEPMOTHER
You Cinderella, you wish to go to the festival?

FLORINDA
What, you, Cinderella, the Festival?
The Festival?!

LUCINDA
What, you wish to go to the Festival?

ALL THREE
The Festival?
The King's Festival?

NARRATOR
And her father had taken for his new wife

STEPMOTHER
The Festival...

NARRATOR
a woman with two daughters of her own.

FLORINDA
Look at your nails!

LUCINDA
Look at your dress!

STEPMOTHER
People would laugh at you-

CINDERELLA, STEPMOTHER, & STEPSISTERS
Nevertheless,
I/she still want/s to go to the Festival
And dance before the Prince.

NARRATOR
All three were beautiful of face, but vile and black of heart.
Jack, on the other hand, had no father, and his mother-

JACK'S MOTHER
I wish...

NARRATOR
Well, she was not quite beautiful-

JACK'S MOTHER
I wish my son were not a fool.
I wish my house was not a mess.
I wish the cow was full of milk.
I wish the house was full of gold-
I wish a lot of things...

You foolish child!
What are you doing with a cow inside the house?

JACK
A warm environment might just be
what Milky White needs to produce
his milk.

JACK'S MOTHER
It's a she!
How many times must I tell you?
Only she can give milk!

BAKER'S WIFE
Why, come in, little girl.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
I wish...

It's not for me,
It's for my Granny in the woods.
A loaf of bread, please-
To bring my poor old hungry
Granny in the woods...

Just a loaf of bread, please...

NARRATOR
Cinderella's Stepmother had a surprise for her.

STEPMOTHER
I have emptied a pot of lentils into the ashes for you.
If you have picked them out again in two hours' time,
you shall go to the ball with us.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
And perhaps a sticky bun?...

Or four?...

CINDERELLA

Birds in the sky,
Birds in the eaves,
In the leaves,
In the fields,
In the castles and ponds...

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

And a few of those pies... please...

CINDERELLA

Come, little birds,
Down from the eaves
And the leaves,
Over fields,
Out of castles and ponds...

JACK

Now, squeeze, pal...

CINDERELLA

Ahhh...
Quick, little birds,
Flick through the ashes.
Pick and peck, but swiftly,
Sift through the ashes,
Into the pot...

JACK'S MOTHER

Listen well, son. Milky-White must be taken to market.

JACK

But, mother, no- he's the best cow-

JACK'S MOTHER

Was! Was! SHEEEEE'S been dry for a week.
We've no food, no money,
and no choice but to sell her.

JACK

But mother...

JACK'S MOTHER

Look at her!
There are bugs on her dugs.
There are flies in her eyes.
There's a lump on her rump
Big enough to be a hump-

JACK

But-

JACK'S MOTHER

Son,
We've no time to sit and dither,
While her wither's wither with her-
And no one keeps a cow for a friend!

Sometimes I fear you're touched.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

Into the woods,
It's time to go,

I hate to leave,
I have to, though.
Into the woods-
It's time, and so
I must begin my journey.

Into the woods
And through the trees
To where I am
Expected ma'am,
Into the woods
To Grandmother's house-

Into the woods
To Grandmother's house-

BAKER'S WIFE
You're certain of your way?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
The way is clear,
The light is good,
I have no fear,
Nor no one should.
The woods are just trees,
The trees are just wood.
I sort of hate to ask it,
But do you have a basket?

Into the woods
And down the dell,
The path is straight,
I know it well.
Into the woods,
And who can tell
What's waiting on the journey?

Into the woods
To bring some bread
To Granny who
Is sick in bed.
Never can tell
What lies ahead.
For all that I know,
She's already dead.

But into the woods,
Into the woods,
Into the woods
To Grandmother's house
And home before dark.

CINDERELLA
Fly, birds,
Back to the sky,
Back to the eaves
And the leaves
And the fields
And the-

FLORINDA
Hurry up and do my hair, Cinderella!

Are you really wearing that?

LUCINDA
Here, I found a little tear, Cinderella.

Can't you hide it with a hat?

CINDERELLA
You look beautiful.

FLORINDA
I know.

LUCINDA
She means me.

FLORINDA
Put it in a twist.

LUCINDA
Who will be there?...

CINDERELLA
Mother said be good,
Father said be nice,
That was always their advice.
So be nice, Cinderella,
Good, Cinderella,
Nice good good nice-

FLORINDA
Tighter!

CINDERELLA
What's the good of being good
If everyone is blind
And you're always left behind?
Never mind, Cinderella,
Kind Cinderella-
Nice good nice kind good nice-

(Florinda slaps Cinderella hard across the face.)

FLORINDA
Not that tight!

CINDERELLA
I'm sorry.

FLORINDA
Clod.

NARRATOR
Because the Baker had lost his Father
and his Mother in a baking accident...
Well, at least that's what he believed,
he was eager to have a family of his own, and was concerned
that all efforts until now had failed.

BAKER
Who might that be?

BAKER'S WIFE
We've sold our last loaf of bread.

BAKER
It's the witch from next door!

BAKER & BAKER'S WIFE
We have no bread.

WITCH
Of course you've got no bread!

BAKER
Then what is it you wish?

WITCH
It's not what I wish! It's what you wish!

(points to Baker's Wife)
Nothing cooking in there now is there?

NARRATOR
The old enchantress told the couple she had placed a spell on their house.

BAKER
What spell?

WITCH
In the past, when you were no more than a babe,
your Father brought his young wife and you here to this cottage.
They were a handsome couple,
but not handsome neighbours!
You see, your mother was with child,
and she had developed an unusual appetite.
She took one look at my beautiful garden,
and told your father that what she wanted more than
anything in the world was

(rapping)
Greens, greens and nothing but greens:
Parsley, peppers, cabbages and celery,
Asparagus and watercress and
Fiddleferns, lettuce-!

He said, "All right,"
But it wasn't, quite,
'Cause I caught him in the autumn
In my garden one night!
He was robbing me,
Raping me,
Rooting through my rutabaga,
Raiding my arugula and
Ripping up my rampion
(My champion! My favorite!)-
I should have laid a spell on him
Right there,
Could have changed him into stone
Or a dog or a chair...

But I let him have the rampion-
I'd lots to spare.
In return, however,
I said, "Fair is fair:
You can let me have the baby
That your wife will bear.

And we'll call it square."

BAKER

I had a brother?

WITCH

No! But you had a sister.

NARRATOR

But the witch refused to tell him anymore of his sister.
Not even that her name was Rapunzel.

WITCH

I thought I had been more than reasonable.
And that we all might live happily there after.
But how was I to know what your father
had also hidden in his pocket?
You see, when I had inheired that garden,
my mother warned me that I would be punished
if I were to ever loose any of the BEANS!

BAKER & WIFE
Beans?

WITCH

The special beans.

I let him go,
I didn't know
He'd stolen my beans!

I was watching him crawl,
Back over the wall-!
Then bang! Crash!
And the lightning flash!
And- well, that's another story,
Never mind-
Anyway, at last
The big day came,
And I made my claim.
"Oh, don't take away the baby,"
They shrieked and screeched,
But I did,
And I hid her
Where she'll never be reached.

Your father cried,
your mother died.
And for extra measure-
I admit it was a pleasure-
I said, "Sorry,
I'm still not mollified."

And I laid little spell on them-
You, too, son-
That your family tree
Would always be a barren one...

BAKER'S WIFE

No!!

WITCH

So there's no more fuss
And there's no more scenes
And my garden thrives-
You should see my nectarines!
But I'm telling you the same
I tell kings and queens:

Don't ever never ever
Mess around with my greens!
Especially the beans.

JACK'S MOTHER

Now closely to me, Jack. Lead Milky-White to market and
fetch the best price you can.
Take no less than five pounds.
Are you listening to me?

Jack Jack Jack,
Head in a sack,
The house is getting colder,
This is not the time for dreaming.

Chimney stack
Starting to crack,
The mice are getting bolder,
The floor's gone slack,
Your mother's getting older,
Your father's not back,
And you can't just sit here dreaming pretty dreams.

To wish and wait
From day to day
Will never keep
The wolves away.

So into the woods
The time is now.
We have to live,
I don't care how.
Into the woods
To sell the cow,
You must begin the journey.
Straight to the woods
and don't delay-
We have to face
The marketplace.
Into the woods to journey's end-

JACK
Into the woods to sell a friend-

JACK'S MOTHER
Someday you'll have a real pet, Jack.

JACK
A piggy?!

JACK'S MOTHER
(groan)

NARRATOR
Meanwhile, the Witch, for purposes of her own,
explained how the Baker might lift the spell;

WITCH
You wish to have
The curse reversed?
I'll need a certain
Potion first.
Go to the woods and bring me back
One: the cow as white as milk,
Two: the cape as red as blood,

Three: the hair as yellow as corn,
Four: the slipper as pure as gold.

Bring me these
Before the chime
Of midnight,
In three day's time,
And you shall have,
I guarantee,
A child as perfect
As child can be.

Go to the wood!

STEPMOTHER
Ladies.
Our carriage waits.

CINDERELLA
Now may I go to the Festival?

STEPMOTHER
The Festival-!
Darling, those nails!
Darling, those clothes!
Lentils are one thing but
Darling, with those,
You'd make us the fools of the Festival
And mortify the Prince!

CINDERELLA'S FATHER
Our carriage is waiting.

STEPMOTHER
We must be gone.

CINDERELLA
Good night, Father.
I wish...

BAKER
Look what I found in father's hunting jacket.

BAKER'S WIFE
Six beans.

BAKER
I wonder if they are-

BAKER'S WIFE
The Witch's beans! We'll take them with us!

BAKER
No! You are not to come.

BAKER'S WIFE
I know you are fearful of the woods at night.

BAKER
No! The spell is on my house.
Only I can lift the spell,
The spell is on my house.

BAKER'S WIFE
No, no, the spell is on our house.

We must lift the spell.

BAKER

No. You are not to come and that is final.
Now what am I to return with?

BAKER'S WIFE

You don't remember?

The cow as white as milk,
The cape as red as blood,
The hair as yellow as corn,
The slipper as pure as gold-

BAKER

The cow as white as milk,
The cape as red as blood,
The hair as yellow as corn,
The slipper as pure as gold...

NARRATOR

And so the Baker, reluctantly, set off to meet the
enchantress' demands.
And as for Cinderella:

CINDERELLA

I still wish to go to the Festival,
But how am I ever to get to the Festival?

BAKER

The cow as white as milk,
The cape as red as blood,
The hair as yellow as corn-

CINDERELLA

I know!
I'll visit Mother's grave,
The grave at the hazel tree,
And tell her I just want to
Go to the King's Festival...

BAKER

The slipper as pure as gold...
The cow, the cape,
The slipper as pure as gold-

BAKER'S WIFE

The hair-!

CINDERELLA & BAKER

Into the woods,
It's time to go,
It may be all
In vain, I know.
Into the woods-
But even so,
I have to take the journey.

CINDERELLA, BAKER & WIFE

Into the woods,
The path is straight,
You know it well,
But who can tell-

BAKER

Into the woods to lift the spell-

CINDERELLA

Into the woods to visit Mother-

BAKER'S WIFE

Into the woods to fetch the things-

BAKER

To make the potion-

CINDERELLA

To go to the Festival-

CINDERELLA, JACK, JACK'S MOTHER, BAKER, WIFE

Into the woods

Without regret,

The choice is made,

The task is set.

Into the woods,

But not forget-

ting why I'm on the journey.

(Little Red Riding hood Joins)

Into the woods

to get my wish,

I don't care how,

The time is now.

JACK'S MOTHER

Into the woods to sell the cow-

JACK

Into the woods to get the money-

BAKER'S WIFE

Into the woods to lift the spell-

BAKER

To make the potion-

CINDERELLA

To go to the Festival-

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

Into the woods to Grandmother's house...

Into the woods to Grandmother's house...

ALL

The way is clear,

The light is good,

I have no fear,

No no one should.

The woods are just trees,

The trees are just wood.

No need to be afraid there-

CINDERELLA & BAKER

There's something in the glade there...

ALL

Into the woods,

Without delay,

But careful no

To lose the way.

Into the woods,

Who knows what may
Be lurking on the journey?

Into the woods
To get the thing
That makes it worth
The journeying.
into the woods-

STEMOTHER & STEPSISTERS
To see the King-

JACK & MOTHER
To sell the cow-

BAKER & WIFE
To make the potion-

ALL
To see-
To sell-
To get-
To bring-
To make-
To lift-
To go to the Festival!

Into the woods!
Into the woods!
Into the woods,
Then out of the woods,
And home before dark!