

1. **“A Special Place”** (from “Family Soup Reheated”)

Because...Broadway is a very special place, filled with very special people, people who can sing and dance, often at the same time! They are a different people, a multi-talented people, a people...who need people...and who are, in many ways, the luckiest people in the world. I'm sorry sire, but we don't stand a chance.

2. **“The Stepsister Speaks Out – Part I”**

It isn't easy being the ugly stepsister. Everybody always feels so sorry for poor little Cinderella, but what about me? I deserve a little sympathy, too. Does MY fairy godmother ever turn up with a magic wand? Does the prince ever dance with me at the ball? Not on your life. The best I can ever hope for with my pumpkins is a decent piece of pie. And as for the rats, well, rats are rats, with their sneaky eyes and skinny tails, nibbling and gnawing at the garbage. I never saw one yet who turned into a coachman.

If you ask me, that Cinderella is weird. Certainly, she isn't normal. Besides the fact that she has naturally curly hair and wears size 4 1/2 shoes, she is so good-natured that it's downright sickening. If you had to dust and sweep and clean all day long, would you go around singing to the birds? Of course you wouldn't. No sensible person would.

3. **“The Stepsister Speaks Out – Part II”**

A lot of people think I'm jealous of her. Maybe I am. And with good reason. I subsisted on seven hundred calories a day for three whole weeks before the ball. I did my leg-lift exercises faithfully. I got a perm and a facial and a manicure. I even bought a new gown. Blue velvet. Designer label. I mean, I was READY. PRINCEY, I thought to myself, HERE I COME!

And what happens? Little Cindy, who has never seen the inside of a health club in her life and who doesn't know the caloric difference between a carrot stick and a chocolate éclair, whips together a dress out of some old curtains from K-Mart, waltzes off to the ball and snags the prince.

It isn't fair! It really isn't fair!

4. **“Why We Tell the Story”** (from “Why We Tell the Story”)

And so we begin. Hello, there. And welcome to our seder. Here, every year, we gather together to tell The Story. It's a touching story. One with drama, suspense, some comedy – and some pathos. [thinking] Yes – pathos. No one really knows what pathos is – at least, none of us kids do – but they say that it makes a story very meaningful, very... pithy. Anyway, I'm sure you'll be hearing a lot of it this evening. But first – there are some rules to follow.

5. **There's No Place Like Home**, by L. Frank Baum (novel), N Langley, F Ryerson, and Edgar Allan Woolf

But it wasn't a dream. It was a place. And you and you and you...and you were there. But you couldn't have been could you? No, Aunt Em, this was a real truly live place and I remember some of it wasn't very nice, but most of it was beautiful--but just the same all I kept saying to everybody was “I want to go home,” and they sent me home! Doesn't anybody believe me? But anyway, Toto, we're home! Home. And this is my room, and you're all here and I'm not going to leave here ever, ever again. Because I love you all. And... Oh Auntie Em! There's no place like home!

6. **Don't Let Me Be Normal**, written by Tom Jones & Harvey Schmidt

Luisa: This morning a bird woke me up. It was a lark, or a peacock; something like that. So I said hello. And it vanished, flew away, the very moment I said hello! It was quite mysterious. So do you know what I did? I went to my mirror and brushed my hair two hundred times, without stopping. And as I was brushing it, my hair turned mauve. No, honestly! Mauve! Then red. then some sort of a deep blue when the sun hit it.... I'm sixteen years old, and ever day something happens to me. I don't know what to make of it. When I get up in the morning and get dressed, I can tell...something's different. I like to touch my eyelids, because they're never quite the same. oh, oh, oh! I hug myself till my arms turn blue, then I close my eyes and cry and cry till the tears come down and I can taste them. I love to taste my tears. I am special. I am so special!