

DISNEY'S *CINDERELLA* – DUKE MONOLOGUE

DUKE: Well, if I may say so, Your Majesty, I did try to warn you; but you, Sire, are incurably romantic. No doubt you saw the whole pretty picture in detail. The young prince bowing to the assembly. Suddenly, he stops. He looks up. For lo... there she stands. The girl of his dreams. Who she is or whence she came, he knows not, nor does he care, for his heart tells him that here, here is the maid predestined to be his bride. (chuckles) A pretty plot for fairy tales, Sire. But in real life, or no. No, it was foredoomed to failure.