

# CINDERELLA

## CINDERELLA AND FAIRY GODMOTHER

**CINDERELLA:** Who are you?

**GODMOTHER:** Who am I? I am your fairy godmother, Cinderella.

**CINDERELLA:** My fairy godmother?

**GODMOTHER:** Why, yes, Cinderella. Your fairy godmother. I've listened to your dreams and I have come to help you.

**CINDERELLA:** Are you really my fairy godmother.

**GODMOTHER:** Well, you needn't look so surprised. If you can believe in dreams, you certainly can believe in me.

**CINDERELLA:** Oh, but my dreams will never come true.

**GODMOTHER:** Now that not quite true, is it, Cinderella? Once upon a time, they always came true. Think back, back to the happy times.

(**CINDERELLA** looks back at the place where she and her father danced)

**CINDERELLA:** With daddy.

**GODMOTHER:** That's it, what are you and daddy doing?

**CINDERELLA:** Dancing.

**GODMOTHER:** I should have guessed.

**CINDERELLA:** I'm on his feet, dancing, dancing.

**GODMOTHER:** Now that's magic.

**GODMOTHER:** Now, we've transformed the inside we'll just have to do the outside.

*[She pulls out her glasses and a book out of her pocket. Placing the glasses on her face, she flips through her spell book]* Now then, Cinderella, let me see. Yes, here it is. Run get me the mouse-trap. Well, we need mice. Now hurry run and get them. Somewhere in this house, there are six mice dreaming about becoming prancing, big, black, strong and handsome -- uh -- horses.

**[CINDERELLA** starts to leaves to search for the mice] Wait! Almost forgot. We need a pumpkin. One extra large pumpkin. *[She checks her list as CINDERELLA leaves to fetch the items]*

**GODMOTHER:** Six mice, one pumpkin. Now what else do we need? One teaspoon of salt and a dash of cinnamon, two ounces of sweet chocolate.... Oh, dear, no! That's my recipe for Magic Cake. A spoonful of sugar to help the medicine go down... no, wrong fairytale. Here we are! Ah-ha! We need one last ingredient: lots of good, strong, fresh wishes.

