

CINDERELLA

Grandchildren and Grandmother/Fairy Godmother

ACT 1:

SHAYLA: You can't have that! It's my toy!

SHERENA: You weren't playing with it.

SHAYLA: Well, I want to play with it now.

SHERENA: Sure, you can play with it... after I put it upside your head.

SHAYLA: I'm telling Grandmomma and you're gonna get it!

SHERENA: Not if I get you first!

[They chase each other yelling and screaming]

SHAYLA: Grandmomma!!!

SHERENA: You said you wanted to play with it so stop running and I'll give it to you!! I'll give it to you good!!

[Shayla sees Grandmomma enter behind Shayla and lets go of the doll.]

SHAYLA: You know, Grandmomma said we should always share our toys!

SHERENA: What does she know? She's old!!

GRANDMOMMA: But not deaf! What is going on in here?!

SHERENA: [sweetly] Hi, Grandmomma.

[Grandmomma just stares at Sherena while Shayla sticks her tongue out at Sherena until she gets "the look" as well]

SHAYLA: [quickly changing the subject] Look, Grandmomma, you lost your shoe.

SHERENA: You're always losing your shoe Grandmomma!

[Shayla runs and picks up the shoe and gives it to Grandmomma]

SHAYLA: [too sweetly] Here it is, Grandmomma.

[Sherena makes a gagging noise]

GRANDMOMMA: [sweet] Thank you, baby. [suddenly stern] Now what are you two making all that noise about?

BOTH: She won't give me my doll.

SHAYLA: This is mine!

SHERENA: No! This is mine!!!!

GRANDMOMMA: Do you mean to tell me that you'd rather fuss and argue over a doll than play with each other?

[They look at her, surprised by the question as if the answer was obvious]

BOTH GRANDCHILDREN: YES!!!

[Grandmomma sits to put on her shoe and then gestures for the children to join her]

GRANDMOMMA: My sweet babies, you don't know how lucky you are to have each other. You see, I knew a little girl who had no one to play with and no one to love her.

SHERENA: But what about her family?

SHAYLA: Yeah, Grandmomma, didn't her mom and dad love her?

GRANDMOMMA: Yes, they did, very much. But her mother died when she was very young.

SHAYLA: Was the little girl sad, Grandmomma?

GRANDMOMMA: Very sad, baby. But her father, always knew how to make her feel better.