

# CINDERELLA AND THE FAIRY GODMOTHER'S SPELL

By Edith Weiss

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## CHARACTERS

2 Male 9 Female 7 \*Flex

QUEEN	the Prince's mother, very royal, quite eccentric
SIR BUFFPUTT	attendant, very stuffy and proper
HERALD SMITS*	eager, energetic, young
COOK*	an earthy, practical person
TOM*	Cinderella's cat and best friend
MO*	the "leader" of the mice, all three Cinderella's friends, 3 Stooges like
LARRY*	a mouse. Often argues with Mo
CURLY*	a mouse, easily panicked
PRUNELLA:	a nasty stepsister, can be beautiful, must be self absorbed, vain, selfish
VENDETTA	a nasty stepsister who tries to emulate PRUNELLA:
SIMPERINA	a nasty cousin
VEXIANA	a nasty cousin
MAMA	the stepmother, a mean and jealous woman
CINDERELLA	she starts out timid and compliant, then gets stronger
LADY LOTTE PHYLLIS:	a neighbor, man hungry, vain
LADY LOTTE BONBON	Phyllis' friend, also man hungry
FAIRY GODMOTHER* (OR GODFATHER)...	wacky, fun loving, easily confused
PRINCE CHARMING	incredibly shy, nice young man

## PROPS

Large royal banner (*Queen*)  
Piece of cheese (*Mice*)  
Hand mirror (*PRUNELLA*; can be attached to her costume)  
Broom (*Cinderella*)  
Very Long List of chores (*Cinderella*)  
Bed Pillows (*optional ..Simperina and Vexiana*)  
Lacy handkerchief (*Lady Lotte Phyllis*)  
Purses, filled with powder puffs, cosmetics (*Phyllis and Bon Bon*)  
Herald's Scroll (*Buffputt*)  
Dress to be mended (*Mama*)  
Stockings to be mended (*Simperina*)  
Ball dress with cones on bodice (*Mice*)  
Wand (*Fairy Godmother*)  
Book of Spells (*Fairy Godmother*)  
Dress for Buffputt (*Buffputt*)  
Glass slippers (*Cinderella*)  
Groucho glasses and nose (*Fairy Godmother*)  
3 baby bonnets (*mice*)  
3 pacifiers on neck strings (*mice*)  
Ugly polyester dress (*Tom*)  
Tray of food (*Cook*)  
Tray of pastry, made with shaving cream (*Cook*)

## SET PROPS

Hamper full of clothes, hearth or fireplace, royal throne

## PRODUCTION NOTES

Everyone, except Cinderella, can get by with one costume, unless otherwise indicated above. To look different for the Ball, shawls, scarves, overskirts can be used, as well as hair ornaments.

For more male/female flexibility, the Fairy Godmother can be a Fairy Godfather

Note: The stepsisters and cousins don't have to be portrayed as "ugly." That, in fact, reinforces the myth that beauty equals goodness.

## **SET**

The inside of the castle and the inside of Cinderella's house. Cinderella's house can be indicated by a hearth moved onstage. In Scene One, the castle can be indicated by a throne that wheels onstage.

## **PRODUCTION HISTORY**

Cinderella was originally produced by the Northglenn Youth Theater, the Young Actors Theater of Denver, the Comedy Works in Denver, and won the Best Children's Play of the Year at the Bonfils Theater Denver.

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***AT RISE: Enter QUEEN, BUFFPUTT, SMITS, and COOK, carrying a large banner. They station themselves near an empty throne onstage.***

QUEEN: Follow me. Quietly! We'll just hide behind this banner.

BUFFPUTT: Why, Highness, are we hiding behind this banner?

QUEEN: To spy on the Prince! There's something wrong with him. He sighs all day long. Sits and sighs, paces and sighs, sits and sighs some more!

COOK: Your Highness, I think he's lonely.

QUEEN: Don't be ridiculous, Cook! He has us, how can he be lonely?

BUFFPUTT: It's probably some mysterious royal ailment.

QUEEN: Oh, yes! We Royalty are afflicted with many mysterious ailments. It's the price we pay for living lives of unbelievable wealth and privilege.

SMITS: I hear something! ***(all hide behind banner)*** False alarm. Sorry.

BUFFPUTT: It's as if he's searching for something. Probably beyond the understanding of common folk like us.

SMITS: We're just the little people.

QUEEN: Oh, Smits, I love the little people. Who else would do all the work? Sshhh! Here he comes!

***(They duck behind banner.)***

COOK: That is one lonely looking Prince.

QUEEN: Shhhh!

***(Enter PRINCE, sighing. HE sees them hiding, sighs even more. Sits.)***

PRINCE: Mother, why are you hiding behind a banner with the cook, the herald, and the Royal Advisor?

QUEEN: We're dusting the banner, dear.

PRINCE: Mother, you don't dust! You're spying on me again, and you're driving me crazy!

***(PRINCE exits.)***

QUEEN: Oh, dear. I'm at my wit's end with that boy.

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COOK: Why don't we throw a party? That would cheer him up.

SMITS: He could meet some of the maidens in the Kingdom.

BUFFPUTT: We could have a ball! A royal ball, looking for a wife for the Prince!

QUEEN: A ball! Sir Bufferbutt, that is a great idea!

BUFFPUTT: Sir Buffputt, your Highness.

QUEEN: Come, Butterpuff, we've got planning to do!

BUFFPUTT: **(as they exit)** It's Buffputt, Majesty. Sir Buffputt.

***(All exit, enter TOM the Cat, who settles in and sleeps, head curled in hands. Enter 3 Mice, arguing over a piece of cheese. The mice remind one of the Three Stooges. They see TOM and freeze.)***

MO: Is that Tom?

LARRY: I'm not sure. It could be a cat we don't know.

CURLY: One that eats mice? Mice like us?

LARRY: It looks vicious. Vicious and very hungry.

MO: Well then, keep quiet and we'll sneak away!

LARRY: You're the one who's talking!

CURLY: You're both talking!

LARRY: Everyone is talking! Why are we all talking?!

CURLY: You're yelling! Mo, he's yelling!

MO: If you two don't stop it, we'll be three dead mice!

***(TOM Cat wakes up; yawns.)***

CURLY: We're dead!

MO: We're cheese!

LARRY: Goodbye, guys. You're the best friends a mouse ever had.

CURLY: Group hug.

TOM: Larry- Curly- Mo- what are you guys doing back there?

LARRY: It's Tom!

CURLY: Oh, thank goodness, its just Tom!

MO: I told you it was him you knuckleheads!

LARRY: No, you didn't.

CURLY: You were as scared as we were!

TOM: **(to audience)** Those three argue all the time.

LARRY: Hey, where's Cindy Rella?

TOM: You wouldn't believe how hard her stepsisters are making her work today!

***(From offstage.)***

VENDETTA: Prunella!

CURLY: They're coming!

LARRY: They're the worst!

MO: Let's beat feet!

**(Mice run off. TOM runs closer to the audience; watches.)**

VENDETTA: **(entering, calling off)** Prunella, come in here and bring me my hand mirror. **(enter PRUNELLA with hand mirror)** Our cousins Simperina and Vexiana will be here any minute! Do I look unbelievably gorgeous?

PRUNELLA: You are so gorgeous! How do I look?

VENDETTA: Fabulous! You look absolutely fabulous!

PRUNELLA: We haven't seen Simperina or Vexiana in years!

VENDETTA: What if they're--

PRUNELLA: More beautiful than us!

VENDETTA: They wouldn't dare!

**(Doorbell rings.)**

PRUNELLA and VENDETTA: They're here!

**(Enter SIMPERINA and VEXIANA.)**

SIMPERINA and VEXIANA: Prunella! Vendetta!

PRUNELLA and VENDETTA: Simperina! Vexiana!

ALL: Kiss kiss kiss kiss!

SIMPERINA: **(aside to VEXIANA)** They haven't aged well.

PRUNELLA: **(aside to VENDETTA)** Jowly.

VENDETTA: Dowdy.

VEXIANA: Frumpy.

ALL: You look incredible!

MAMA: **(entering)** Good morning.

PRUNELLA and VENDETTA: Mama!

SIMPERINA and VEXIANA: Hello Aunt Mama!

MAMA: Simperina and Vexiana! Kiss kiss kiss kiss. How lovely you look.

**(SHE curtseys, notices cat hair)** Oh! Cat hair all over my gown!

Where is Cinderella? It's from that disgusting cat of hers.

TOM: Oh oh.

PRUNELLA: Cinderella has been gone all day.

VENDETTA: Sleeping in the sun, probably.

SIMPERINA: She was always so lazy!

VEXIANA: A lazy gadabout, that Cinderella!

MAMA: Oh, look. Here she comes now.

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CINDERELLA: (**checking list of chores**) Feed the chickens, check.

Milk the cows, check. Re-roof the shed, done it. Oh, hi Tom.

TOM: Cindy Rella, I got cat hair all over--

MAMA: Cinderella!

CINDERELLA: She sounds mad. Is she mad?

TOM: She's always mad. But she's extra mad right now.

MAMA: So! You've been lying about while your sisters work their fingers to the bone! And they have company, the lovely cousins Simperina and Vexiana.

CINDERELLA: Hello, how do you--

SIMPERINA and VEXIANA: Kiss kiss.

MAMA: No supper for you! You must be taught a lesson, you lazy loll-about!

CINDERELLA: But I've been--

VENDETTA: And your horrible alley cat got hair all over Mama's gown!

MAMA: Why can't you have a poodle like a decent person, and get rid of that hideous cat!

CINDERELLA: I couldn't do that to Tom!

SIMPERINA: How dare you talk to Aunt Mama like that!

MAMA: Oh, how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have an ungrateful child!

VENDETTA: (**the following happens very quickly, so CINDERELLA barely has time to turn around**) My shoes need shined.

MAMA: Shine her shoes.

CINDERELLA: Right away.

PRUNELLA: My frock needs hemmed.

CINDERELLA: Of course.

MAMA: Hem the frock, oil the lock, and set the clock.

CINDERELLA: Yes, mama.

VEXIANA: Come, Aunt Mama, you're exhausted!

SIMPERINA: I don't know how you put up with it.

PRUNELLA: She's a saint!

MAMA: I'm a saint! Come, girls, beauty nap time.

**(Exit MAMA, sisters, and cousins.)**

CINDERELLA: I am getting so tired of this.

**(Enter Mice, TOM goes to CINDERELLA.)**

MO: Are they gone?

CINDERELLA: Yes.

TOM: Sorry about the cat hair on her gown.

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CINDERELLA: It's all right. If it wasn't that, they'd find another reason to be mad.

MO: Cindy Rella, I think they're getting meaner.

CURLY: Am I seeing double or were there more of them?

CINDERELLA: The cousins are here for a visit.

LARRY: Vexiana and Simperina? Oh, no.

CURLY: I shudder to think of it. It's so unfair! Sisters should share the work and the fun.

MO: Yeah! We share everything.

LARRY: Sometimes you hog the cheese.

MO: I would never hog the cheese!

TOM: Will you two stop arguing! Cindy Rella, you've got to stand up to them.

CINDERELLA: I know I should.

CURLY: But they're older than you.

LARRY: They're bigger than you.

MO: They're five times as many as you!

CINDERELLA: Yeah. Looks like I'm stuck, clean out of luck.

SIMPERINA: **(entering)** Cinderella! My pillow isn't plumped! How can I sleep on unplumped pillows?

VEXIANA: **(entering)** My pillow is lumped up! How can I sleep on unplumped lumped up pillows?

CINDERELLA: Coming.

**(CINDERELLA and cousins exit.)**

LARRY: We worked that whole night.

**(Enter CINDERELLA, sweeping with TOM upstage.)**

MO: In the morning, she and Tom were still sweeping.

**(From offstage we hear:)**

LADY LOTTE PHYLLIS: Yoo Hoo! Cinderella!

CURLY: It's Lady Lotte Phyllis.

TOM: Oh, no. She hates cats.

LARRY: And Lady Lotte Bonbon. She hates mice.

CURLY: I don't get it. We're so cute!

LARRY: Let's get out of here.

LADY LOTTE BONBON: Mice!

**(Screams, jumps into LADY LOTTE PHYLLIS's arms, both scream, Mice exit.)**

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LADY LOTTE PHYLLIS: Get off of me! How undignified!

LADY LOTTE BONBON: I'm sorry, but they're so scary and hairy and icky.

LADY LOTTE PHYLLIS: And you, you stupid cat. Aren't you supposed to eat mice?

TOM: Yuck!

LADY LOTTE PHYLLIS: Worthless cat! You stay away from me. I'm terribly allergic.

***(TOM sneaks behind LADY LOTTE PHYLLIS.)***

LADY LOTTE BONBON: Cinderella, we heard the cousins were in town-

LADY LOTTE PHYLLIS: And we'd like to invite them over for a – ah- ah- ah-CHOO!

LADY LOTTE BONBON: Oh, for heaven's sakes. You've sneezed right on my good satin.

CINDERELLA: Oh, no.

LADY LOTTE PHYLLIS: I didn't have time to get out my hanky! It was that despicable thing! Get away – shoo- hahahahachoo! ***(blows nose loudly)***

LADY LOTTE BONBON: You probably have fleas too! ***(TOM tries to cough up a hairball)*** Oh! Cat phlegm!

CINDERELLA: I'm sorry. Stop it, Tom. It's just a hairball! Tom. Tom! Get into the house! Go! I'm sorry.

LADY LOTTE PHYLLIS: Look at me. Is my nose all red?

CINDERELLA: No, not really.

LADY LOTTE BONBON: It's as red as beets in June!

LADY LOTTE PHYLLIS: And there's a man coming this way!

LADY LOTTE BONBON: A man?

LADY LOTTE PHYLLIS: Powder me.

LADY LOTTE BONBON: Dry me off!

***(Reach into their purses, powder and dry each other. Enter SMITS and BUFFPUTT.)***

BUFFPUTT: Good morning ladies.

LADY LOTTE PHYLLIS: Good morning.

***(Drops handkerchief purposely on ground.)***

SMITS: You dropped your hanky.

LADY LOTTE PHYLLIS: Oh, my heavens. Is there a man here gallant enough to pick it up?

BUFFPUTT: Pick it up, Smits.

SMITS: What if it's used?

BUFFPUTT: That's disgusting.

SMITS: Not as disgusting as expecting me to pick it up. (**BUFFPUTT glares at him**) Oh, all right. There you go, Lady Lotte Phyllis.

LADY LOTTE BONBON: So chivalrous! So gallant!

BUFFPUTT: Excuse us, ladies, but duty calls.

SMITS: Sir Buffputt and I must announce the Queen.

LADY LOTTE PHYLLIS: The Queen! She's a close personal friend of mine.

LADY LOTTE BONBON: You lie.

LADY LOTTE PHYLLIS: So?

BUFFPUTT: Hear ye! Hear ye! Gather round, all! (**all onstage, excited**) Her Royal Highness is entering the area!

**(Enter QUEEN and COOK. All Bow.)**

QUEEN: Good morning, Subjects. You may rise. (**they do**) And bow. (**they do**) And rise. (**they do**) And bow. (**etc.**)

COOK: Why are you doing this, Your Highness?

QUEEN: Because I can.

COOK: We're here on official business, remember?

QUEEN: So we are. Subjects, we are giving a royal Meet the Prince dance. (**people crowd in, excited**) Oh, heavens. Bubblebutt, take over.

BUFFPUTT: Hear ye! (**crowd runs to him**) Not so close, people. (**they give him room**) Two nights hence, there will be a ball. (**people chatter, move in closely**) People! There will be a ball, and you're invited, one and all. People! Dress ever so fine, there'll be music, food, and wine, for the honorable Prince seeks an honorable wife!

PRUNELLA: A wife?

VENDETTA: A husband!

MAMA: A husband for one of my daughters! And he's so very rich!

LADY LOTTE PHYLLIS: There'll be a dance, there'll be a chance, to meet the charming Prince!

LADY LOTTE BONBON: There'll be a ball, free food for all, I'll wear my lace and chintz!

SIMPERINA: He'll pick me, just wait and see. I'll drink fine wine and dress so fine.

PRUNELLA: He will give me rings and things and strings of precious jewels, and when it's hot, or if it's not, five men standing round me, fanning, just to keep me cool.

VEXIANA: I put dibs on the Prince.

COOK: You can't put dibs on the Prince!

VEXIANA: Why not?

COOK: Because he's a person! You don't put dibs on a person!

LADY LOTTE PHYLLIS: What do you know? You're just a cook!

SMITS: Everyone, please stay calm--

LADY LOTTE BONBON: I say he's mine. He belongs to moi.

VEXIANA: **(the next four "Mines" overlap and get increasingly threatening)** Mine.

SIMPERINA: Mine.

VENDETTA: Mine.

PRUNELLA: Mine.

QUEEN: It looks like there's going to be a fight. Oh, goody. I love fights. I lay money on the little one--

SMITS: Fighting is not good, your Majesty. I'd have to try to break it up, and then they'd all beat me up. Do something, Sir Buffputt.

BUFFPUTT: All bow for the Queen's exit!

QUEEN: Why, that's me. I didn't realize I was leaving. Goodbye, everyone.

**(All are bowing, still whispering Mine! As QUEEN, BUFFPUTT, COOK and SMITS leave. Group stays in a low bow until QUEEN exits, they stand, SHE almost immediately reenters, they bow again)**

QUEEN: And rise!

**(QUEEN exits.)**

TOM: For the next two days, things got steadily worse. You never saw such preparation.

**(Ladies mime preparing, doing their nails, hair, practice walking, etc. and ad-lib: my nails, my hair, I know the PRINCE will like me, etc.)**

TOM: Such excitement, such anticipation, such dirty looks! **(ladies give each other very dirty looks in passing. LADY LOTTE PHYLLIS shoos TOM away)** Finally, it was the day of the Ball.

MAMA: These last two days just flew by!

LADY LOTTE PHYLLIS: The ball – tonight!

PRUNELLA: Tonight!

VENDETTA: I'm so excited!

VEXIANA: I'm anticipating--

SIMPERINA: Just waiting--

MAMA: For tonight!

ALL: Tonight!

LADY LOTTE BONBON: The stars will twinkle--

PRUNELLA: The moon will shine--

LADY LOTTE BONBON: All things acquiesce to make the Prince mine.

LADY LOTTE PHYLLIS: Mine. Moi. All moi.

VEXIANA: Mine!

SIMPERINA: Mine!

PRUNELLA: Mine!

VENDETTA: Mine!

MAMA: Girls! We mustn't argue and frown! It will give us wrinkles.

SIMPERINA: Wrinkles!

VEXIANA: Ewww.

PRUNELLA: Gross.

VENDETTA: We should try being sweet.

SIMPERINA: How do you be sweet?

VEXIANA: I don't know.

MAMA: Watch me, girls. Cinderella, we're going to the beauty parlor.

Would you please sew my dress, yes? Thank you.

SIMPERINA: Oh, let me try. Cinderella, dear, would you be so sweet as to mend these stockings for my feet? Thank you.

LADY LOTTE BONBON: Ladies, we're wasting time. Hair, nails, skin, gown, jewels – we have to get ready!

***(Ladies all exit.)***

TOM: What got into them? Please? Thank you? I'm in shock.

CINDERELLA: Tom, if I hurry, maybe I could make myself a dress and go to the ball--

***(Enter Mice.)***

MO: Yo! Cindy Rella!

LARRY: Is the coast clear?

TOM: Finally.

CURLY: We made you a dress for the ball. ***(it is hideous, it has cones in the bodice)***

CINDERELLA: Oh-- it's beautiful.

MO: Yeah. Well you know, we just used some stuff from the sewing basket--

LARRY: We worked for hours! None of us knew how to sew!

CURLY: Do you really like it?

CINDERELLA: ***(forcing herself)*** I love it!

TOM: This is great! Let's finish up here, and then you can get dressed--

***(Enter Ladies, exit Mice, TOM goes into corner.)***

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MAMA: Cinderella, we're home!

CINDERELLA: So soon?

PRUNELLA: It's late Cinderella, there's no time to waste!

MAMA: We have to get ready Cinderella, make haste!

VENDETTA: Bring my gloves and bring my cape.

MAMA: Make sure my dress is very nicely draped.

SIMPERINA: Cinderella, bring me flowers. Cinderella, you take hours!

ALL: We're going to the ball, what bliss!

CINDERELLA: I'm getting pretty sick of this.

VEXIANA: Spray me with perfume.

VENDETTA: And clean up this room

CINDERELLA: I can't. I have to get ready, too.

ALL: You!

CINDERELLA: Why, yes. I'm going to the ball, too.

ALL: Hahahahaha!

SIMPERINA: Is this your dress?

ALL: Hahahahahahaha!

MAMA: Give me the dress. You'd just embarrass us in this dress. You'll stay right here tonight and clean.

PRUNELLA: So, that is all we have to say. We're off to the ball, get out of our way!

***(They exit, enter Mice.)***

CINDERELLA: They took my dress.

MO: It's too late to make another dress!

***(All get sad, music plays for FAIRY GODMOTHER's entrance, Ponchinelli's "Dance of the Hours". SHE leaps onstage to crescendo in music. All hide in fear.)***

FGM: Cinderella! Cinderella! Oh don't tell me I've got the wrong house!  
Cinderella!

***(TOM peeps out.)***

FGM: There you are. Your hair is a mess, child. Don't you own a comb?  
You are not Cinderella. Why would you let me stand here and think you were?

TOM: I haven't had a chance to say anything! I'm a cat.

FGM: My goodness, you're huge. And you stand on two legs. No wonder I was confused. You really shouldn't fool a Fairy Godmother.

CINDERELLA: Fairy Godmother?

FGM: Well, there you are you silly thing.

MO: Fairy Godmother? This I gotta see.

FGM: Oh, look it's three mice. You're huge, too! Must be something in the water.

CINDERELLA: This is Larry, Mo, and Curly.

FGM: You're all staring at me. Don't know what a Fairy Godmother is? **(they shake heads "no")** If you're ever in trouble, or need help and don't know where to get it-- and then someone comes out of the clear blue to help, that could be your Fairy Godmother. Or Godfather. In this case, Godmother, that's me.

LARRY: You're here to help Cindy Rella?

FGM: That's what I was getting at, Einstein. You see, you, Cinderella, let people push you around. Not good. You don't stand up for yourself.

CINDERELLA: No, I guess I don't.

FGM: Well, that's settled then. Goodbye!

ALL: Goodbye?

FGM: Well, now that you know what the problem is, you can just stand up for yourself and go to the ball. Bye!

CINDERELLA: Fairy Godmother! I was going to go--

LARRY: We made her a beautiful dress!

CURLY: With cones!

MO: She'd have been the only one there with cones. She woulda really stood out.

TOM: But they took it away! And now she has nothing to wear.

FGM: Oh. Well, I can help there. I am a Fairy Godmother, after all. I have the perfect spell! All righty—oh, mighty wand that's in my hand, work your magic and-- STOP!

***(Puts wand away.)***

ALL: What?

FGM: Just in case something goes wrong, between the old dress and new, perhaps you'd better go somewhere private. **(CINDERELLA leaves)** Okay. Let's see. Which wand was it-- this looks good—Oh, mighty wand that's in my hand, work your magic in this land!

***(There is an offstage crash, a loud yell. BUFFPUTT, COOK, and SMITS come onstage. BUFFPUTT is in a dress.)***

SMITS: Don't blame me! I was just standing there in the royal kitchen, next thing I know, we're here!

BUFFPUTT: What is the meaning of this? Who are you people?

FGM: Oh, no. Something has gone awry.

TOM: It's the cook, Smits, and Sir Buffputt.

FGM: I didn't know the men here wore dresses.

BUFFPUTT: Men here do not wear dresses.

COOK: Do you feel that draft around your knees?

BUFFPUTT: Yes, it is drafty-- I'm wearing a dress! Why am I wearing this dress?

SMITS: I don't know, Sir.

FGM: What's the matter, it doesn't fit?

COOK: I think it's a perfect fit, ma'am.

BUFFPUTT: I'm wearing a dress! We were all at the castle, getting ready for the ball, and now we're here with three mice, a cat, and this odd looking person.

FGM: Me? You're the one wearing a dress.

BUFFPUTT: Will somebody tell me what's going on? Cook, what are you staring at?

COOK: Can I have that dress when you're done with it? I really like it.

BUFFPUTT: Has everyone gone nuts?!

FGM: Don't be alarmed. Everyone stay calm.

SMITS: It's just that Sir Buffputt, the Prince's advisor, doesn't like to wear dresses.

FGM: Well, keep your pants on. Well, too late for you, Sir Butterbutt. Hahaha. I love when I make jokes, just like that. I think I enjoy it more than making magic, really. Well then, let's see. Well, I used the wrong wand, that's all!

BUFFPUTT: Get me out of this dress. Now. I demand it.

COOK: The color is you. It really is. You're an autumn, did you know that?

BUFFPUTT: I DEMAND SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS AT ONCE!

FGM: *(twirls wand at COOK, SMITS, and BUFFPUTT)* Freeze. *(they do, FGM consults a book)* Here we are. I send a tornado, with winds tried and true, so you won't remember what happened to you. Bloof.

*(They go off screaming in the midst of a tornado.)*

CURLY: Whoa.

FGM: Now, back to Cinderella. Off you go! *(CINDERELLA exits)* Abra ca dabra, razzamatazz, magical bagical and all that jazz: inspired incantations of such finesse, nothing more and nothing less, to give Cinderella a brand new dress!

*(CINDERELLA enters in a beautiful dress, no shoes.)*

CINDERELLA: Oh, Fairy Godmother it's beautiful! It's the most-- shoes?

FGM: Shoes. Some people are never satisfied. Shoes. A tinker, a tailor, give the cobbler the news: Cinderella needs a new pair of shoes! **(nothing happens)** Now, I'm irked. Never irk a Fairy Godmother.

LARRY: She's yelling at her wand.

MO: Don't irk her. She might send us off in one of them tornadoes.

CURLY: She's good.

FGM: A tinker, a tailor, give the cobbler the news Cinderella needs a new pair of shoes! **(one shoe flies onstage)** A PAIR of shoes! What's she supposed to do, hobble at the ball? **(other shoe flies onstage)**

CURLY: She's really good.

CINDERELLA: Thank you!

FGM: **(pointing wand offstage)** And a coach!

LARRY: I don't believe this!

CINDERELLA: Tom, look at me!

TOM: Wow! You look great, Cinderella!

CINDERELLA: This will be the happiest night of my life!

FGM: Cinderella!

CINDERELLA: It's bewildering!

TOM: It's flabbergasting!

FGM: Cinderella!

CINDERELLA: It's marvelous

TOM: and miraculous

FGM: CINDERELLA!

MO: The big cheese is trying to tell you something.

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