

# GLASS SLIPPER, SIZE 8 1/2

## By Jaquelyn Priskorn

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### CHARACTERS

ELLA                    20s, female  
MATT                    20s, male  
SHERILYN            20s, female

### TIME & PLACE

One o'clock in the afternoon. A bed in a single spotlight. This is actually ELLA's bedroom in the apartment she shares with her roommate, SHERILYN.

***AT RISE: ELLA is lying in the bed. The sounds of hospital equipment, beeping and such, fill the room. SHE sleeps through all of it. Suddenly, MATT bursts into the room and kneels at her bedside.***

MATT: Oh, Ella! I was so worried! I got here as soon as I could!

ELLA: ***(stirring dramatically as SHE wakes)*** Matt?

MATT: ***(squeezing her hand)*** I'm here. How do you feel? ***(SHE begins to answer, but HE places a finger to her lips)*** No. Don't speak. When I heard what happened to you today, I began to think. First, I was so angry with myself for not being there with you. I should never have taken that second job at the rescue mission, but those little kids' faces—

ELLA: Matt, what are you--?

MATT: I need to tell you this, Ella. I don't know what I'd do if I'd lost you and never told you...

ELLA: Told me what?

MATT: I—I...

***(They are slowly drawing closer and closer. Just when their lips are about to meet, there is a pounding at the apartment door. The hospital sounds cut out, the lights shift, and MATT vanishes.)***

SHERILYN: ***(offstage)*** Ella! Are you still in bed?!

ELLA: (*curses under her breath; calling*) Yes! Now go away!

*(Hospital sounds return, lights shift back and MATT reappears at her bedside)*

MATT: I don't know what I'd do if—

ELLA: Yeah, we covered that. We were right about here last.

*(SHE pulls his face about an inch from HERS)*

MATT: Ella, I lo—

*(Shift back to)*

SHERILYN: (*offstage*)—ost my key! Come on! Let me in!

ELLA: Can you come back later?

*(Shift back)*

MATT: Ella, I lo—

SHERILYN'S VOICE: ELLA!!!!!!!

*(ELLA tries to catch MATT before HE can disappear again, but is left kissing empty air. The hospital room is gone. SHE sits up, looks around the room, hoping to see the dream guy somewhere, but HE is lost. SHERILYN continues pounding on the door and shouting. Slowly ELLA gets out of bed exits towards the pounding.)*

ELLA: I'm coming, you tyrant!

*(We hear the front door unlock and open.)*

SHERILYN'S VOICE: You're in your pajamas?! Girl, it's one in the afternoon!

*(ELLA re-enters and crawls back in bed. SHERILYN is right behind her.)*

SHERILYN: Don't you dare get back in that bed! How can you still be in bed?!

ELLA: Same way you can just be getting back from Joel's party.

SHERILYN: What are you insinuating, mole-girl? (*pulls the covers off of her*)

ELLA: Sherilyn, come on! Don't!

SHERILYN: Do you know, while you were lying here working on your “Rapunzel” cross-stitch and watching The Princess Bride for the gajillionth time, you could’ve been out at Joel’s with me talking to people who don’t smear when you get them wet.

ELLA: What are you talking about? And give me back my blankets!

SHERILYN: I’m talking about how ever since you and Matt broke up, you’ve been living in an animated fairy tale world, holed up in this room.

ELLA: **(snatching her sheets back and settling in)** It’s part of the healing process, Sherilyn.

SHERILYN: It’s been three weeks, Ella! You haven’t even gone to class because you’re scared of seeing him.

ELLA: I’m not scared.

SHERILYN: Whatever. Look, all I’m saying is it’s about time you moved on. Turn the page. Take the next step. Get out of this apartment!

ELLA: Why can’t you just be supportive and understanding like friends are supposed to be?

SHERILYN: What? Need I remind you that I went to the store and bought those aloe tissues for you so you wouldn’t get red-nosed from crying? Or the fact that I baked you two caramel apple cheesecakes and gained three sympathy pounds “mourning” with you. I never said a word, did I? Did I?

ELLA: No, but—

SHERILYN: But nothing! Now you’re really starting to drag me down with you. Do you know how depressing it is when every time I walk into a party the first thing people say to me is, “Where’s Ella?” No, “Hey, Sherilyn! Glad you could make it!” or “Boy, Sher, you look HOT tonight!” No. It’s always, “Where’s Ella?” And when I tell them, they always want to know “How is she?” It’s like I have the official “Ella Report”!

ELLA: You’re just saying that.

SHERILYN: If I was going to make up a lie, I’d tell you Joel finally broke up with Suzi the Slut and begged me for my love—but, I live in the real world. Which, my friend, is not a bad place...mostly. You should at least visit. As a matter of fact...**(pulls her toward the bedroom door and hands her a brush from the dresser)** ...I’m going to make myself look presentable. Why don’t you do the same? We’ll go down to that oyster bar on Sixth Street and cruise the suits on their lunch break.

ELLA: I don’t—

SHERILYN: If you go out with me this one time, I promise to never bug you again. I need to get my mind off Joel, you need to get your mind off Matt. We make a great pair. Get moving. **(pats her on the back and exits)**

ELLA: ARGH! I wish I could just—! (*makes a stabbing gesture at her own chest with the hairbrush*)

MATT: (*discovered lying in the bed in boxer shorts*) There is a shortage of perfect br—

ELLA: No, Matt.

MATT: That's not the line. You say, "Oh my sweet Wesley," and you run over and kiss me. So, let's try this again from the top and this time let me finish my li—

ELLA: I'm thinking Sherilyn's kind of right. I should probably move on from the "Princess Bride" fantasies about you.

MATT: (*slightly shocked*) Oh. Okay.

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