

CURTAIN OPENS: Cinderella is still sitting on the floor weeping when there is a loud thump and a few banging noise the door. Cinderella looks up and wipes her eyes quickly, and goes to the door, speaking loudly from inside. Mice hid behind chair again.

Cinderella: Who is it?

She only hears mumbling, so she puts her ear to the door.

Cinderella: I'm sorry. I can't hear you. Who did you say it is?

Fairy Godmother: Your Fairy Godmother.

Cinderella: Drucilla and Prudensa, haven't you done enough to me for one day. Please go away!

Fairy Godmother: No, really, it is your Fairy Godmother! Please let me in. A dog has been chasing me for 5 blocks!

Cinderella opens the door and in walks her Fairy Godmother who is dressed in a tutu or petticoat with a tiara, leg warmers, preferably of different colors and heights, and 2 different sneakers, one high-top and one short. She has a huge fabric purse/sack over her shoulder. Her wand is a piece of bent coat hanger with a star falling off the end of it.

The mice look at each other skeptically.

Cinderella: Who are you? Did my stepmother and stepsisters put you up to this?

Fairy Godmother: Why no, my dear, I really am your Fairy Godmother! I have come to help you.

Cinderella: No offense, but you don't look like someone who can help me.

Fairy Godmother looks down at her outfit.

Fairy Godmother: You don't like my outfit? Sorry if I look a little worse for wear. I was napping on a cloud on my way here, and I rolled over and fell off. I hit the ground pretty hard and bent my magic wand. But I think it still works?

Cinderella: Magic, huh? I don't think even magic can help me!

Cinderella sighs and lowers her head. Fairy Godmother pats her on the shoulder.

Fairy Godmother: Now, now, my dear, don't look so glum. What's wrong?

Cinderella: Well, to put a long story short...

Cinderella counts off on her fingers as she speaks. Mice shake heads in agreement.

Cinderella: Mother died...
Dad remarried
Evil stepmother...
2 seriously nasty stepsisters...
Became their servant...
Invited to the ball...

Cleaned like crazy...
Gowns ruined...
No Prince...
Life stinks!

Cinderella sighs twice.

Fairy Godmother: Oh dear, that is a lot! But I can at least get you to the ball.

Cinderella holds the sides of her dress with her hands as she speaks.

Cinderella: Like this?

Fairy Godmother: Well, of course not, dear! We will use magic!

The mice sit in or on the arms of the chair to watch. Fairy Godmother aims her wand at Cinderella.

Fairy Godmother:

Cinderella's had a rough day.
It's time something went her way.
All her troubles she did confess...
Now make this lady a lovely dress!
Beanie, weenie, Fettucine!

There is a puff of smoke, and Bill is wearing a huge hat.

Bill: Hey!

Fairy Godmother: Oh, Oh! The wand must have gotten a little damaged when I fell.
Let's try again...

Magic wand in my hand,
This time do as I planned.
Cinderella needs a gown,
To take away her awful frown!
Franza, manza, Hot lasagna!

She aims the wand at Cinderella again, and this time there is a loud noise and more smoke. Cinderella jumps back. The mice hide behind the chair again.

Scruffers: Is that thing dangerous?

Puffers: Be careful, Ella.

Fairy Godmother: Oh no! It just needs a little repair.

She attempts to straighten the wand a little and fix the star, then furiously shakes it.

Fairy Godmother: There. Shall we try again? The third time is always a charm—get it,
a charm?

Bill: Ha, ha.