

make you work harder than a servant. If you want to be a servant, you can go to some other place and be paid.

CINDERELLA: You mean leave my Stepmother? I don't think if Father were alive he would like that. Do you think so?

(Pause)

GODMOTHER: Aren't you going to ask me in?

CINDERELLA: Oh, forgive me, Godmother . . . of course! Come round to the door.

Repeat
(CINDERELLA crosses to the doorway. As her back is turned, there is a flash of light and the GODMOTHER is standing calmly by the fireplace.)

GODMOTHER: Don't bother.

(CINDERELLA turns quickly, amazement on her face)

CINDERELLA: How did you get in?

GODMOTHER (Shrugs): The window.

CINDERELLA (Quite bewildered): The window.

GODMOTHER: The window. Aren't you going to offer me some tea?

SPB
(The fire suddenly lights by itself behind the GODMOTHER, unseen by CINDERELLA.)

CINDERELLA: Oh, I'm terribly sorry. . . I'll just light the fire. . .

(She turns to the fireplace and sees the fire going.)

But it was out!

SPB
(CINDERELLA reaches out to touch the tea kettle, but pulls her hand away quickly. Unseen by CINDERELLA, the GODMOTHER motions to an empty vase on the kitchen table and flowers appear in it.)

CINDERELLA: And the kettle's hot! It's most curious. . .

(She turns and notices the flowers)

Flowers! But I'm sure. . . You brought them, didn't you?

(CINDERELLA is very pleased to have solved at least this mystery.)

SPB
GODMOTHER: I thought they'd brighten the room. Your water's boiling.

CINDERELLA (Turning to fix the tea): Please sit down. I'll have this in a minute.

GODMOTHER: Thank you.

(She motions to a chair and it moves across the floor until it is neatly under her and she sits)

CINDERELLA (Bringing the tea, she sits next to GODMOTHER): You know, I'm so awfully glad you happened to come by tonight. I was getting very lonely.

GODMOTHER (Wisely): I thought you might be.

CINDERELLA (Pouring tea): Godmother, do dreams never, never come true?

GODMOTHER: Oh, I wouldn't say never—just seldom.

CINDERELLA: That's not very often, is it?

GODMOTHER: Not very often is precisely what "seldom" is. You're a nice godchild, but you ask very foolish questions.

CINDERELLA: I wish you believed in wonderful things. I wish you believed that once in a while something marvelous and magical could happen.

GODMOTHER (Measuring her words): Well, I don't say that I don't believe that once in a while something marvelous and magical can't happen.

(She has picked up a small broom that had been propped up against the wall by the table.)

CINDERELLA: For instance, do you believe in guardian angels?

GODMOTHER (Contemplating the broom): Well-I-I, I can't say I don't believe in them.

SPB
(At this point, the end of the broom gleams like a shining star for a few seconds and then goes out. The GODMOTHER puts her hand on CINDERELLA's head.)

Only thing is, it's dangerous to believe too much in good fairies and guardian angels.

CINDERELLA: Why?

GODMOTHER: Oh, you get to lean on them too much. You get in the habit of sitting back and expecting them to do all the work for you. You've got to help yourself, you know.