

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.

(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.

CINDERELLA. I know. I think about it a lot, but then I don't know what to do. And so I always wind up just wishing and dreaming. I don't suppose *that* does any good at all.

GODMOTHER. Well, I don't say that it doesn't do any good at all. As a matter of fact, everything has to start with a wish. *Nothing* happens without wishing.

CINDERELLA. Do you know what I was wishing tonight? Just before you came?

GODMOTHER. (*Grimly.*) I'm almost afraid to hear.

CINDERELLA. (*Crossing to window.*) Do you see that pumpkin out in the yard?

GODMOTHER. I nearly stumbled over it in the dark.

CINDERELLA. The moon is shining on it now. Well, I was wishing that that pumpkin would turn into a great big royal golden carriage that would take me to the ball tonight.

GODMOTHER. What were you going to do for horses?

CINDERELLA. White mice. Four white mice would turn into horses! Beautiful white prancing steeds.

GODMOTHER. Were you going to drive them yourself?

CINDERELLA. Oh, no. There'd be a coachman and a footman and two flunkies on the back seat.

GODMOTHER. Where were *they* coming from?

CINDERELLA. They could be the four baby rats I saw down in the cellar yesterday.

(She looks up at her GODMOTHER.)

Oh, I know what you're going to say. Fol-de-rol and fiddledy dee.

GODMOTHER. Yes. Fol-de-rol and fiddledy dee!

CINDERELLA. It's impossible, I suppose.

GODMOTHER. Impossible.

CINDERELLA. Just the same, it was what I was wishing and I am still wishing it.