

(She exits. CINDERELLA crosses and closes the door. The kettle in the fireplace whistles and she races over and takes it off the fire, then sits in the chair by the hearth. with a sigh.)

CINDERELLA

Ah... Alone at last.

MUSIC 4: IN MY OWN LITTLE CORNER

(A WHITE MOUSE peeks out.)

It's all right – the coast is clear.

(Three more WHITE MICE pop into view, chattering.)

Sh-h-h, quiet – they're resting.

(The MICE scurry over to CINDERELLA. A cat – CHARLES – appears.)

Charles, will you be joining us?

(CHARLES trots across the room and joins the OTHERS.)

I have a surprise.

(The ANIMALS lean in eagerly. The DOVE coos at the window, getting CINDERELLA'S attention.)

Yes, for you too.

(The DOVE disappears momentarily, then reenters onto the hearth as CINDERELLA reaches into her pocket.)

Crumpets, if you please!

(Spreading the crumbs on the floor and the hearth for the impatient ANIMALS.)

There's enough for everyone, now share. So, how was your day? Same old-same old, huh? Yeah, me too. "Cinderella, the packages!" "Cinderella, the tea!" "Cinderella, the door!" How can three grown women be so helpless? Well, I suppose that's what I get for letting them walk all over me.

I'M AS MILD AND AS MEEK AS A MOUSE...

(Aside to the MICE.)

No offense.