

NARRATOR

Yes. Cinderella. I've been doing this a long time. And believe me, if I change so much as an *intonation*, the children go full Rumpelstiltskin. They object, loudly. They want things the same, every time. Don't overthink it.

(off CINDERELLA's frown)

Oh and don't furrow your brow! We want you delivering lines, not wearing them. There. Better.

(exiting)

Happy ever after.

CINDERELLA

Happy ever... Real quick though, this is happy ever after – right?

CHARACTERS turn, astonished. CINDERELLA has said the unthinkable.

NARRATOR

Of course this is – Clear the room, please!

EVERYBODY vanishes. NARRATOR turns to CINDERELLA for an explanation.

CINDERELLA

Sorry... it's just, I mean, I get the glass slippers, which are stunning, if a bit non-breathable, and the dress, which is GORGEOUS, if again, a bit non-breathable, and I win the prince – Charming! – he's wonderful, we marry, and it's happy ever after... So why do I feel so... lonely? Does this make any sense?

NARRATOR

It does not.

CINDERELLA

Ok. Sorry. It's obviously me. Thank you for –

NARRATOR

Good talk.

He's gone.

CINDERELLA

Listening.