

**The Glass Slipper Still Fits:
A Senior Cinderella Story**

Natalina DePhillips





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THE GLASS SLIPPER STILL FITS

By Natalina DePhillips

CAST

CYNTHIA RELLA

ANGELA

MARGIE

JASMINE

FREDERICK CHARMING

Place:

Dundee, Illinois.

Time:

Present Day.

Scene One

Setting: Scene opens with CYNTHIA alone onstage, sitting on a chair in her attic. She is flipping through a photo album and addresses the audience.

CYNTHIA: *(like she is reading a story)* Once upon a time, in a land not that far away, there lived a kind yet lonely widow in her...well, let's just say she's been voting for a while now. *(pause)* Frankly, I never envisioned my life turning out the way that it did.

(CYNTHIA looks up from the album & personally addresses audience)

So, please don't think any less of them when I tell you that I live in the attic of the house that I legally own because my daughter-in-law's lawyers want it that way. When I married my husband David, 40 years ago, I thought we would spend the rest of our years together. I mean, I really thought that we would both just end up leaving the world together, at the same time. I thought of it almost like a revolving door. We began our life together, and I figured we would just leave together as well. It's funny, like most things in life; things didn't work out the way I planned.

Scene Two

CYNTHIA: David went through that door without me. He passed away in the prime of his life due to a heart attack and left me with two small boys to raise. Jeffrey was 10 at the time and Michael was 8. I know that I did a good job with them. Jeffrey became a doctor and Michael an English professor. *(smile, full of pride)* They both married in their late 20's to two very accomplished women. Jasmine married Jeffrey and Margie married Michael. They started out their lives in a very modest manner, which, I think irked Jasmine quite a bit. She wanted it all yesterday...the big house, the luxury car...after all, he was a doctor. Charge cards and Jeffrey's patience kept the marriage fairly happy. Margie and Michael never wanted any children, but Jeffrey and Jasmine had a beautiful baby girl named Angela, my angel, as I like to call her. See *(holding up the photo album)* she's a teenager now. She grew up so fast.

Wait, I am getting ahead of myself. I do that sometimes. Ten years ago, Jeffrey and Michael went up to Wisconsin on a fishing trip, and they were killed by a drunk driver on their way home...both of them gone in the blink of an eye. The pain I felt was indescribable.

Scene Three

CYNTHIA: After they were gone, things within the family changed drastically. Jasmine and Angela moved into my house. Jasmine was a wreck and needed help with Angela. Margie moved in as well because she didn't want to live alone...and I was happy to help! They were my family, and I wanted to be there for them. But, over the years, the relationship between the girls and me began to change. After a while, it felt like I was living in their home and not the other way around. You see, Jasmine has a very, very strong personality. It's her way or else! Slowly but surely she became the lady of the house. And I, Cynthia, became a resident of the attic.

Please don't feel too bad for me though *(addressing the audience)*. I have a lot in here to keep me busy during the day. I have my books and photographs. Oh, *(laugh)* and Angela and I spend lots of time together playing rummy and talking.

(There is a knock on attic door)

Scene Four

CYNTHIA: Yes, who is it?

ANGELA: It's me, Grandma. Can I come in?

CYNTHIA: Oh Angela! Yes, of course, come in.

ANGELA: How are you today? (*gives CYNTHIA a hug*)

CYNTHIA: Oh, I'm fine. It's a beautiful day! See, I can tell by looking out my little window here, and I can hear the birds chirping. Can you hear them?

ANGELA: Yes, I can. (*frowning*) I wish your room wasn't so far away from the rest of the house! It's so unfair!

CYNTHIA: Well, I am thankful for what I have. A nice, cozy room, and lots of books to read, my photographs, and you! (*hugging ANGELA*) I am most thankful for you!

Scene Five

ANGELA: Thank you. (*smiling*) Sometimes I feel like you're the only sane one in this house. You should know that Mom is on one of her tirades again. She kept complaining all morning that I was slouching, so I made it a point to stand up perfectly straight every time I walked past her. Then fifteen minutes later, she told me that walking too straight isn't good either because it insinuates one has 'airs,' and if I kept it up I would cost her a fortune at the chiropractor. I think if it were up to her, I would walk around like this all day. (*mimics a limbo position*) I just can't please her.

CYNTHIA: (*laughing*) I'm sure your mother means well.

ANGELA: Well, I'm not so sure. I think she's trying to drive me crazy.

CYNTHIA: Come sit for a few minutes, Angela. I've been going through some of my photo albums this morning, and I'd like to show you some pictures.

ANGELA: I'd love to see them. (*sitting next to CYNTHIA*)

Scene Six

CYNTHIA: Let's see (*flipping through book*) Ah here's a very fine one of your father. He was in high school in this picture, just a little bit older than you. Wasn't he handsome?

ANGELA: Yes, he was.

CYNTHIA: And here he is at college graduation. I was so proud of him that day. You know, Angela, I think that it's important for you to see these pictures and remember your dad. I know that your mom has packed away most of the pictures that used to hang downstairs. I think it's because looking at them makes her very sad, but you still need to see them and remember your dad.

ANGELA: You know, Grandma, you're way too nice to my mother. She's not nice to you at all. I sometimes wish you could leave this place, but the selfish part of me also wants you to stay. I hope I'll eventually get past the selfish part.

CYNTHIA: I'm content here, and it's not selfish to enjoy my company. I enjoy yours!

Scene Seven

ANGELA: Grandma (*looks down at photo album*) Who's that?

CYNTHIA: Ah. That's your grandfather my dear. Isn't he handsome?

ANGELA: Yes, and he's so young there. I can't believe how much he looks like my dad! Who are the other two people in the picture?

CYNTHIA: Believe it or not, that's me in the middle and our good friend, Frederick on the right. You know he's mayor of the village now.

ANGELA: Oh right! Mayor Charming. Yes, we learned a little bit about him in school. You know, he's looking at you in this picture Grandma. He's not even facing toward the camera!

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!