

START

- **ELLA.** So what if I do have a dream to see the prince again?
And tell him what life in his kingdom is really like?
And what it could be.
- MARIE.** Exactly. And then to have him fall in love with you.
- ELLA.** No one will fall in love with me. Why do you come to visit me tonight?
- MARIE.**
I JUST KNEW I WOULD FIND YOU
IN THE SAME LITTLE CHAIR
IN THE PALE PINK MIST OF A FOOLISH DREAM.
- ELLA.** I am being foolish.
- MARIE.** Then be foolish with me. What would you dream of?
- ELLA.** Why, an invitation to the ball, I guess.
- MARIE.** (*Produces invitation.*) Right here. There's an invitation.
- ELLA.** What? But it's torn.
- MARIE.** Don't wait for everything to be perfect, just go!
Now, what else would you dream of?
- ELLA.** Oh, a white gown, I imagine. A beautiful white gown sewn up with pearls. And jewels. And a tiara of diamonds.
- MARIE.** And on your feet?
- ELLA.** Why, the most beautiful grosgrain pumps, I'd imagine.
- MARIE.** No. Better. The Venetian glass that your stepmother so loves in her trinkets and baubles. An entire pair of shoes made only of Venetian glass.
- ELLA.** Oh, how silly. I'd be the envy of all. But how would I get to the ball?
- MARIE.** Well, this pumpkin over here?
- ELLA.** Yes?
- MARIE.** I'll turn it into a golden carriage.
- ELLA.** And horses?
- MARIE.** Those mice? Trapped in this cage.

ELLA. And a fox as a footman, and a raccoon as a driver.
Oh, you are crazy, Marie. Why, in order to do that, you
would have to be a fairy godmother.

*(MARIE turns and rips off her rags and ragged
cape. Underneath is the most beautiful gown.
ELLA gasps.)*

ELLA. Marie! But you're a crazy woman! What are you
doing in that beautiful gown?

MARIE. You'd be surprised how many beautiful gowns have
crazy women in them.

ELLA. Are you really my fairy godmother?

[MUSIC NO. 08 "IMPOSSIBLE"]

MARIE. But of course, my child. Actually, I'm everyone's
fairy godmother. But you're the only one who's given
me charity. Generosity. And kindness. And now, I must
make all the dreams we joked about come true.

ELLA. But that's so improbable. Implausible.

MARIE.

IMPOSSIBLE

FOR A PLAIN YELLOW PUMPKIN
TO BECOME A GOLDEN CARRIAGE!

IMPOSSIBLE

FOR A PLAIN COUNTRY BUMPKIN
AND A PRINCE TO JOIN IN MARRIAGE!

AND FOUR WHITE MICE WILL NEVER BE FOUR WHITE
HORSES -

SUCH FOL-DE-ROL AND FIDDLEDY DEE OF COURSE IS
IMPOSSIBLE!

BUT THE WORLD IS FULL OF ZANIES AND FOOLS
WHO DON'T BELIEVE IN SENSIBLE RULES
AND WON'T BELIEVE WHAT SENSIBLE PEOPLE SAY,
AND BECAUSE THESE DAFT AND DEWY-EYED DOPES
KEEP BUILDING UP IMPOSSIBLE HOPES,
IMPOSSIBLE THINGS ARE HAPP'NING EVERY DAY!

ELLA.

IMPOSSIBLE!

MARIE.

IMPOSSIBLE!

ELLA.

IMPOSSIBLE!

MARIE.

IMPOSSIBLE!

ELLA.

IMPOSSIBLE!

MARIE.

IMPOSSIBLE!

ELLA & MARIE.

IMPOSSIBLE!

CONT.

ELLA. But if you could be a beggar woman not five minutes ago and now are my fairy godmother, then anything is possible, right?

MARIE. I suppose so.

ELLA. You could change it all. You could make it all happen.

MARIE. No, but you could change it. You could make it all happen.

ELLA. Never. I couldn't.

MARIE. You're right.

(As "mopey ELLA.") It's all so -

IMPOSSIBLE

FOR A PLAIN YELLOW PUMPKIN

TO BECOME A GOLDEN CARRIAGE!

(As herself) IMPOSSIBLE

FOR A PLAIN COUNTRY BUMPKIN

AND A PRINCE TO JOIN IN MARRIAGE!

AND FOUR WHITE MICE WILL NEVER BE FOUR WHITE HORSES -

SUCH FOL-DE-ROL AND FIDDLEY DEE OF COURSE IS IMPOSSIBLE!

ELLA.

BUT THE WORLD IS FULL OF ZANIES AND FOOLS
WHO DON'T BELIEVE IN SENSIBLE RULES
AND WON'T BELIEVE WHAT SENSIBLE PEOPLE SAY,

CONT.



ELLA. It's the most beautiful gown in all the land!

[MUSIC NO. 08B "IT'S POSSIBLE"]

MARIE. And as promised, in our laughter...glass slippers.

(She holds up the glass shoes, places them on the ground, and ELLA eases into them.)

But Cinderella – I must tell you – all of this magic is very powerful, but it will end at midnight tonight. Now go – to the ball. In the name of every girl who has ever wished to go to a ball in a beautiful dress. In the name of every girl who has ever wanted to change the world she lived in. Go! With the promise of possibility!



STOP