

SCENE FIVE

#36 Act 1 Finale — Part 1 (Florinda, Stepmother, Cinderella's Mother)

NARRATOR

(ENTERING)

And so the Mysterious Man died, having helped end the curse on his house. For the Baker, there would be no reunion with his father, and he and his wife, bewildered, returned home.

(BAKER and BAKER'S WIFE EXIT)

The Witch, who had been punished with age and ugliness that night when her beans had been stolen and the lightning flashed, was now returned to her former state of youth and beauty.

(WITCH strikes pose, then EXITS)

And Milky-White, after a night of severe indigestion, was reunited with the now wealthy Jack.

(JACK and JACK'S MOTHER EXIT with MILKY-WHITE and HARP)

As for the Prince...

(FANFARE)

... he began his search for the foot to fit the golden slipper.

(CINDERELLA'S PRINCE and STEWARD ENTER on horseback)

When he came to Cinderella's house, Cinderella's stepmother took the slipper into Florinda's room.

(FLORINDA tries on shoe; STEPMOTHER struggles to help her; LUCINDA watches)

FLORINDA

CAREFUL, MY TOE — !

STEMMOTHER

DARLING, I KNOW —

(FLORINDA and LUCINDA scream)

STEPMOTHER

How dare you!

WITCH

Put them out of their misery.

FLORINDA, LUCINDA

We're not *that* miserable!

BAKER

What are you talking about?

BAKER'S WIFE

She doesn't want a woman!

WITCH

Fine. Then what do *you* suggest we do?

GIANT

I'm still waiting.

NARRATOR

It is interesting to examine the moral issue at question here. The finality of stories such as these dictates —

(Turns UPSTAGE and notices ALL looking at him. THEY move towards him.)

To the group)

Sorry, I tell the story, I'm not part of it.

LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD

That's right.

(Pulls out knife)

WITCH

Not one of us.

BAKER

You're always on the outside.

NARRATOR

(Nervous)

That's my role. You must understand, there must always be someone on the outside.

STEWARD

You're going to be on the inside now.

NARRATOR

You're making a big mistake.

STEMOTHER

Nonsense.

NARRATOR

You need an objective observer to pass the story along.

WITCH

Some of us don't like the way you've been telling it.

(ALL grab NARRATOR and begin to pull him UPSTAGE)

NARRATOR

If you drag me into this mess, you'll never know how your story ends. You'll be lost!

BAKER

(To the others)

Wait! He's the only one who knows the story.

NARRATOR

Do you think it will be fun when you have to tell it yourselves?

(To BAKER'S WIFE)

Think of your baby.

BAKER'S WIFE

Stop! He's right! Let him go!

(Slowly and reluctantly, THEY let go of him.)

To LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD, indicating her knife)

Put that away!

(LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD does)

NARRATOR

Now, that's better. You don't want to live in a world of chaos.
(Calms down: begins to inch his way back to the apron)

There must always be an outside obser —