

TWEETA What's...that?

TEXTA It looks like another invite!

TWEETA But it can't be! [**TWEETA** counts herself and then **TEXTA**] One...two...

BARON [*Pushes **CINDERS** forward giving her the invite back*] Three invites!

CINDERS Really Father – do you think this invite is for me!

*[**SISTERS** screech again]*

TWEETA No no no no NO! Look at the bottom here...it clearly says,

SISTERS No munters...sorreeee!

TEXTA So hand that over - we can pop it on Ticketmaster resale, might get a few quid!

*[**TEXTA** tries to take **CINDERS's** invitation - **BARON** stands between them]*

BARON If my daughter has been invited by the Prince to the ball...then to the ball she shall go – you would like to go wouldn't you Cinderella?

CINDERS Well, yes Father – I haven't had an invite like this since, well, ever!

TEXTA [*Wagging her phone*] Well maybe we'd better see what Mummy makes of all this...you upsetting us won't go down very we-

BARON [*Getting stronger*] Cinderella SHOULD go to the ball!

TWEETA But look at her – she can't go dressed like that!

CINDERS Yes Father – I, I don't suppose I can!

BARON Don't worry Cinderella – if you really want something – you can make it happen. And happen it will! You WILL have a new dress and the most beautiful thing about it, will be the person inside!

*[**SISTERS** look at one another and then do a big 'throwing up' bit]*

CINDERS Father – you are the best!

*[**BARON** kisses **CINDERS** on the cheek and exits]*

TWEETA Disgusting behaviour Cinderella

TEXTA Yes, putting on your poor old Daddy like that! All that stress and strain and pressure of getting you something he clearly can't afford!

TWEETA It might well be the end of him - and wouldn't that be a shame!?

TEXTA I was just thinking that!

[SISTERS both turn heads to one another]

SISTER Saaaame!!

CINDERS I've been invited to the Ball...

TEXTA But think of your Father...

CINDERS My Father...?

TEXTA Walking the cold mean streets of Upper Diddling...

TWEETA Staring through the shop windows

TEXTA At things he can't afford

TWEETA Sounds like this lot *[aud]* in Crawley town centre on Christmas Eve!

CINDERS Oh my poor Father!

SISTERS Like, literally! Now hand over the invite so we can dispose of it...

CINDERS No! *[Hides it in her apron pocket and she palms some pieces of paper ready for the tearing up sequence]* I can't! I must go! You can't have it!

TEXTA Well we don't need to destroy your invite Cinderella...

CINDERS Thank you...really, you have no idea about how...

TWEETA Because *[She moves behind CINDERS]* you'll to tear it up for us...

TEXTA Into tiny...

TWEETA Little...

[SISTERS are either side of her now and deliberately tread on her toes]

SISTERS Pieces...

[SFX dramatic dread music that escalates]

CINDERS Ow!! You're hurting me!

SISTERS For poor old Daddy's sake...! Tear it up!!! Tear it up!!! Tear it up!!!

[CINDERS reluctantly tears up the invite]