**Ugly Sisters (and Cinderella)**

Salmonella: What a shame we didn’t catch that young man. My tootsies are sweating something awful after all that chasing. Even my bunions have bunions.

Listeria: Ah! Buttons. (*Sitting on a chair, and thrusting her foot at him*.) Can you give these a relaxing massage? My feet are killing me.

(*Buttons takes an involuntary whiff, sighs, and faints*.)

Salmonella: I think your feet have killed him!

Listeria: What cheek! My perfect piggies have inspired artists to create great works in the past.

Salmonella: You mean the supports on Tower Bridge?

Listeria: You stop right there! Now, give us a hand with poor Buttons.

Salmonella: What do you mean? Since when did we try to helpful?

Listeria: I don’t want to help him. I just want him out of my room! Come on, Sally… Get his arms.

(*The Ugly Sisters take an arm each and drag Buttons off the stage, talking as they go.)*

Salmonella: This certainly makes a change, doesn’t it Lizzy?

Listeria: What does?

Salmonella: Well, normally we drag unconscious men into our room…

Listeria: That’s true!

(*The Ugly sisters seat themselves at their make-up tables. There is a timid knocking at the door from offstage.)*

Salmonella: Who dares interrupt our quiet time?

Cinders: (*From the other side of the door / from offstage.*) It’s me… Cinderella.

Listeria: Typical! I just settle down to compose my thoughts and Cindersmella turns up to disrupt me. What do you want?

Cinders: (*Still offstage.*) I’ve brought you something.

Salmonella: Free stuff? Why didn’t you say so before! Get in here, you grubby little ragamuffin, and you can give us our gifts whilst you clean up our cuticles.

(*Cinders enters, with 3 ball invitations in her hand. The Ugly Sisters look expectant*.)

Cinders: I was in the woods just now and I met the Prince’s Valet, Dandini. He gave me these three tickets for the Royal Ball this evening.

Listeria: Aha! I obviously impressed the Prince more than even I expected! He has sent the tickets to me through you so he doesn’t appear too eager.

Salmonella: You fool! It is clearly me that he wants. I could see the longing in his eyes…

Listeria: Loathing, more like. The way your incessant bantering kept him from the sweet nothings he wanted to whisper in my ear…

Salmonella: And sweet nothing is what you’re going to get when the Prince sees my outstanding outfit. Come on, we’ve got to get ready!

Cinders: I’m just going to brush up my party dress. So you want me to clean up yours at the same time?

Listeria: Point one: No, we will of course be buying new outfits for the Ball. I opened an account for Hardup Hall at the new fashion boutique this morning.

Salmonella: Yes, they’re very good. The outfits might cost an arm and a leg but at least it will be daddy’s arms and legs that will be taken!

Listeria: And point two: What makes you think you are going?

Cinders: I just thought that we could go together, you know, the three of us…

Salmonella: Three of us? THREE? If you think I’m going to besmirch my good name, and her average one, by being seen around town with you, then you’ve another think coming!

Listeria: Besides which, you’ve still got a list of chores as long as your arm to get done today. Maybe if you had your nose to the grindstone instead of your head in the clouds you’d get your work done.

Cinders: If I get all my jobs done this afternoon, can I come with you then?

Salmonella: If you’ve swept the floors…

Listeria: And oiled the doors…

Salmonella: And washed the clothes…

Listeria: And painted our toes…

Salmonella: And mopped the stair…

Listeria: And… errm… upholstered a chair…

Salmonella: And baked me a cake…

Listeria: And… errm… swum though a lake?

Salmonella: (*Glaring at Listeria*.) Then you can come with us.

Cinders: Then I’ll get started right away!