The Glass Slipper
By Alan Armer and Walter E. Grauman
Should you pretend to be something you're not?

CHARACTERS

SMITTY: About 18, dark, nice looking without being handsome. His suit does not fit too well. He does not look comfortable in the necktie he wears. There is something about him that is a bit sullen and angry.

DUCHESS: About 17, slender, almost skinny. She is a sweet looking girl, not pretty. Her party dress used to belong to an older sister, but it looks nice on her. She is a dreamer, but we fear that most of her dreams will never come true.

The scene is a small room off the dance floor at a YMCA dance. Through the door at left we can hear music. At center are a table and two chairs. Duchess and Smitty enter, carrying paper cups filled with punch.

DUCHESS: Don't you just love dancing, Smitty?
SMITTY: I'm tired, Duchess. I'm all wore out. Let's relax for a spell, huh?
DUCHESS: How many dances you figure we danced together? Maybe twelve?
DUCHESS: Why thank you. How come we never met before?
SMITTY: Lots of reasons. I'm a pretty busy fella. Work most of the time.
DUCHESS: I wish I were a man - out in the world - doing exciting things. Lots better than -
SMITTY: Better than - what?
DUCHESS: Oh - better than parties all the time. A girl gets tired of parties. It's tough being popular.
SMITTY: You - you go to a lot of parties?
DUCHESS: Practically seven nights a week. Dancing - the theatre - dinners.
SMITTY: I can just see you - all dolled up in a long dress, drinking cocktails. I been to some of them parties. They're fun.
DUCHESS: Yeah, they're fun, but - a girl wants to do other things.
SMITTY: Such as? I never been a girl.
DUCHESS: You haven't missed much. Such as well, you know, settling down a little – having somebody she can . . . Why are you looking at me like that?
SMITTY: How am I looking at you? There's no law against me looking at you.
DUCHESS: Guys are funny. A girl starts talking about settling down, and right away the guy gets scared.
SMITTY: I'm not getting scared. Why should I?
DUCHESS: Aw, me and my mouth. I talk too much. Now tell me about you. You - you haven't said much.
SMITTY: Maybe I'm the silent type - like in the movies.
DUCHESS: Yeah, like Gary Cooper.
DUCHESS: He sure is handsome, ain't he?
SMITTY: He's all right.
DUCHESS: Not that you ain't handsome. I like your looks, Smitty. Honest I do.
SMITTY: Thanks, Duchess. I like your looks.
DUCHESS: Why do you all the time call me Duchess?
SMITTY: You got class. I can tell. Some girls just have that look - like they belong at night clubs and - like they got class.
DUCHESS: You say nice things, Smitty. I'll bet you gone out with a lot of girls. I'll bet you're real experienced.
SMITTY: Aw, I done all right. But, like I say, I'm a pretty busy guy.
DUCHESS: You work at an office, Smitty?
SMITTY: Well, yeah - sort of. Ever hear of International Steel Company?
DUCHESS: You - you work for International Steel?
SMITTY: Yeah, sure. What's wrong with that?
DUCHESS: Nothing wrong. It's wonderful. I'll be you make good money.
SMITTY: It ain't nothing to what I'm going to make. You might say I'm a junior executive down there.
DUCHESS: Gee, that's swell, Smitty. What do you do?
SMITTY: Well - well, I'm in charge of the slag pile. We, er, executives - we got to start from the bottom up. Got to know how to run things and take charge of things - and, well, know how the other guy feels.
DUCHESS: You know, you're different from most guys. Most guys just work at a job. No ambition - nothing to give a girl something to look forward to..
SMITTY: You think it's important a guy has a good job?
DUCHESS: Sure, it's important, Smitty. I've seen my mother washing floors and scrubbing and -
SMITTY: Washing floors?
DUCHESS: I mean - well, a long time ago. Before we made a lot of money. Seems like only yesterday.
SMITTY: Oh, you got a lot of money, huh? That's swell.
DUCHESS: You know, I sure am glad we run into each other, Smitty, I sort of got a feeling that...
SMITTY: You got a feeling that what?
DUCHESS: Oh, I don't know how to say this. I got a feeling that we're going to click together. You too?
SMITTY: Yeah, me too. It's getting late, Duchess. I better go.
DUCHESS: Ain't you going to drive me home, Smitty?
SMITTY: No, I got to catch the 12:30 Cross-town.
DUCHESS: Oh, the bus. Something wrong with your car?
SMITTY: You might say that. It's - it's in the garage.
DUCHESS: We could walk. It ain't far.
SMITTY: Well, I got some reports to finish. Work comes first, you know.
Duchess: Sure, I know. Maybe you'll call me.
Smitty: I'll call you Duchess. Any day now.
Duchess: You won't forget? Promise you won't forget.
Smitty: I won't forget, Duchess. So long, Duchess.