

SNOW WHITE

by Chris Lane

www.pantoscripts.me.uk

THE SMALL PRINT

Thanks for your interest in this script. If you have any questions at all about technical issues, cast numbers, alternate versions with or without a dame, please e-mail me at ca.lane@me.com

If you like the script, but it doesn't work for your stage or cast, then let me know – I have other versions and can often tailor it to your needs at no extra cost.

If this is the PDF version, please forward it via e-mail to any colleagues involved in the script selection. **It is in a secure PDF form.** If you cannot open it, you will need to download a free PDF reader - such as Adobe.) This may seem a bit awkward of me but at least it is the whole script (most others only send you a bit and make you pay to see the whole thing). The reason for this is that I have sent many scripts off and, though I usually have several in production around the world every year, a few go off but I never hear any more – and I would hate to hear through the grapevine that someone saw a panto remarkably similar to!

As soon as you have decided that you love this script I will send you a normal Word version. You can then make your own adaptations to the local audience (and whatever is in the news at the time) **in the marked grey areas only** - the rest has been proved to work in successful performances (and any necessary changes already made) so just trust the script and don't try to 'improve' it. You CAN cut out some songs or dances if you need to save time. Once you have made the selections & adaptations then you can print as many as you want at no extra cost. You ARE allowed to print small sections of it, e.g. just bits that the chorus need, but these must still have a title and © **Chris Lane** on it somewhere.

If you have any questions at all at any time during production (such as "How do Snow White's dwarfs juggle the sausages?") **I will be delighted to answer them; I have directed all of these pantos and can help you with just about anything!**

QUESTION: Can we alter the script?

ANSWER: Certain bits only. It is designed to be adapted to make the local jokes work (there are specially highlighted grey bits with hints). Please do add "Adapted for *** Drama Club by Fred Jones" or whoever did this. Also adapt it if you have to change the sex of a character (ideally not during the performances, but accidents do happen) but you cannot take chunks out of it and use it in "your own" work: small legal thing called 'copyright'. Someone will 'dob' on you - they always do. And you cannot rewrite bits of it; though you may think it hilarious it may not be - and it will have my name on it!

QUESTION: Are there any other petty demands?

ANSWER: Yes: I need to know where and when performances would take place. In part this also alerts me if you are putting on the same show as another club nearby.

AND all posters, programs and all copies of the script must have this somewhere: © Chris Lane

MORE BORING BUT LEGAL SMALL PRINT

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THE SWIPERS

SNOW WHITE

by Chris Lane

Directed for (Drama Club name)

by

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This copy of the script belongs to

SNOW WHITE: WHITE: AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

By Chris Lane

OVERTURE

ACT ONE

INTRODUCTION

Dramatic music rises then fades mystically; low light goes up behind Magic Mirror (front of tabs or side stage: box with 'cling film'/'glad wrap' over front. Internal light on floor and/or top.

SPIRIT OF THE MAGIC MIRROR: *(a microphone might help, with a bit of echo; or just a very miserable actor)*

Once upon a time – in a land far, far away, lived a wise and happy King and a beautiful and graceful Queen. They were loved by all the people in their kingdom and, in time, they had a baby daughter who was so fair of face, and whose skin was so delicate and pale, that they called her - Snow White. But the Queen never recovered her strength. The wisest doctors in the whole Kingdom tended her, but the Queen grew weaker and weaker until – sadly - she died.

The King was filled with grief but his sadness was reduced by the lovely baby and in time he became happy just to watch Snow White grow up into a beautiful young woman.

Then - one day – a mysterious woman appeared at the palace. The King seemed unable to take his eyes off her – almost as if he were under a magical spell - and in a short time the King took her to be his new Queen!

SCENE ONE: THE THRONE ROOM OF THE CASTLE

A colourful scene with drapes & shields. Two thrones raised on a platform at rear.

FANFARE: Curtains open to show most of chorus in medieval, colourful clothes. Bishop carrying the crown.

Two large flags enter down the theatre carried by pages, leading the King and future Queen plus attendants, small pages, flower girls etc. They mount onto the stage. The music changes to a lively medieval DANCE.

CHORUS DANCE

KING: People of Pimplevania! Kneel and greet your future Queen!

QUEEN: *(Smiling graciously)* No – no – no! Please get up! Really – there is no need for such a fuss. It is so kind of you all to be here today! And some of you have even tried to put on decent clothes! *(looks at audience)* Well – most of you. *(looks around impatiently)* So – is it time to begin?

KING: Begin? Begin what?

QUEEN: To begin the coronation.

KING: But I've already had one of those, thank you.

QUEEN: No – my little Kingy-poos; this one is for me.

KING: *(Confused)* For you?

QUEEN: Yes – you want to crown me as your QUEEN.

KING: I do?

QUEEN: Yes – *(Makes magical pass in front of his face)* - you do!

KING: Oh yes – *(in trance)* – “I want you to be my Queen.”

QUEEN: That's right.

KING: “I want you to be my Queen.”

QUEEN: All right – that's enough! Now - if we're all here, can we start the ceremony?

KING: “If we're all here...” *(Wakes up)* Yes. Perhaps we had better just check the guest list?

QUEEN: I'm sure we're all here; let's get on with it.

KING: Who has the guest list? *(louder)* Who has the guest list?

QUEEN: Those two useless 'spies' of yours!

KING: Sniff and Dribble! Where are the spies, Sniff and Dribble?

SNIFF: *(In disguise)* We are here, your majesty! *(To suitable music Sniff pulls off the dress & wig - revealing James Bond type DJ & bow tie)* At your service: Agent Sniff!

DRIBBLE: And - Agent Dribble! *(Repeat, but to show vivid disc-jockey outfit)*

SNIFF: Dribble! What are you wearing?!

DRIBBLE: What you said – my Disc Jockey clothes! *(makes DJ moves and sounds)*

SNIFF: No, Dribble, – I said wear your DJ – your DINNER JACKET!

KING: Ah – Sniff and Dribble – very good disguises. Now – can you tell us, are we all here?

SNIFF: Let me see – *(consults long list)* – ooh no, a few missing! Prince Charles of England?

DRIBBLE: His wife won't let him out by himself.

SNIFF: *****? *TOPICAL OR LOCAL*

DRIBBLE: *Reason they are not there*

SNIFF: Snow White!

DRIBBLE: Snow White isn't here yet!

KING: Good heavens – how could we have forgotten?!

QUEEN: *(sarcastic)* How indeed.

KING: Somebody fetch my daughter!

SNIFF: Look – here she comes now!

*(Music.) She appears running down centre of hall in traditional Snow White costume. She runs up the ramp daintily and dances lightly around her father. **SONG with CHORUS??***

SNOW WHITE: I'm so sorry I'm late.

SNIFF: Were you cleaning out the fire-places and scrubbing the floors?

DRIBBLE: Don't be daft – that's Cinderella! This is real life, not a fairy story!

KING: Not to worry; you're here now!

QUEEN: Mmm – indeed. So: can we perhaps make a start? Mmm?

SNIFF: One more person to arrive: Snow White's old Nanny. *(To QUEEN:)* Nanny Goat.

QUEEN: *What* did you call me?!

DRIBBLE: Not you! Snow White's old nanny. Nanny Goat. She's not here yet.

SNOW WHITE: Nanny was right behind me. Yes – here she comes!

Comedy music. NANNY GOTÉ appears at back of theatre with a crown, runs noisily down centre of hall in army boots & outrageous costume. She stumbles onto stage, crashes through royal party and collapses onto throne steps, with crown.

NANNY GOTÉ: Whoops! *(Hands crown to QUEEN.)* Here you are, Mrs Q.

QUEEN: *(angrily)* "Mrs Q"?! *(snatches crown)*

NANNY GOTÉ: Sorry I was bit late. I've been down to the fair. *(To QUEEN:)* Have you been yet? Ooh – you should. I won a prize!

SNOW WHITE: Well done, Nanny! What did you win?

NANNY GOTÉ: I won a goldfish!

SNOW WHITE: How super! Where are you going to keep it? In a bowl?

NANNY GOTÉ: No. Something bigger!

SNOW WHITE: In a tank?

NANNY GOTÉ: Bigger! I've put it in the bath!

KING: In the bath! But - what will you do – ah *(embarrassed)* when you want to – ah - use the bath?

NANNY GOTÉ: Oh, I've thought of that! *(produces tiny strip of black cloth)*. I've made it a blindfold!

SNOW WHITE: You're always so thoughtful to protect poor, little creatures, Nanny.

QUEEN: Yes – alright – now that you're here, Nanny Goat.

NANNY GOTÉ: Nanny Go-tay; it's pronounced Go-tay! *(Sniff & Dribble drag her aside.)*

QUEEN: Can we PLEASE get on with this?!

NANNY GOTÉ: Hold your horses. Let's just check everyone's here. *(Takes list and looks at audience)* Right – are the *** party here? Give us a cheer! *(Goes through list of known or imaginary members of the audience)* And I have a note here from the box-office: *name of your town's* oldest resident, Arthur Rackman, was hoping to be here, but he can't - because he is a hundred and eleven today! A big round of applause for the old fellow! A hundred and eleven! *(Sniff quickly whispers; Nanny peers at note again)* Er – no – he's not a hundred and eleven - he's ill. Sorry.

QUEEN: I think that's more than enough. *(Pushes her aside)* We are all here – *(looks at audience)* even the peasants – now start the coronation!

KING: Yes my dear.

SNIFF: No my dear. I mean – no – your worshipfulness.

DRIBBLE: There's still one more guest to arrive!

SNOW WHITE: Who is it? Somebody nice?

SNIFF: I think it might be!

DRIBBLE: It's the son of the King of the Fair Islands. According to this he's called Prince ... er ...

SNIFF: Prince Alarming!

SNOW WHITE: Prince Alarming?!

DRIBBLE: Let me see that. No – it's Prince Charm-bracelet!

SNIFF: Prince Charm-bracelet?!

SNOW WHITE: *(Disappointed)* Oh no. Not Prince Charles!

NANNY GOTÉ: Give it to me ...*(squints)* er ... Prince Farming Prince Barmy Prince Smarmy ...

FANFARE

PRINCE: ENTERS DR. *All turn to look at him.*

PRINCE: Actually, the name's Charming Prince Charming. *(He makes straight for Snow White but the QUEEN pushes in the way)*

QUEEN: Charming. What a lovely name. I am

PRINCE: *(ignores Queen and pushes past)* And you must be Princess Snow White. *(gives flowers)*

SNOW WHITE: Ah – did you have a pleasant journey?

PRINCE: Yes – but not as pleasant as arriving.

QUEEN: Enough! *(splits them and takes the flowers)* IF we are all here *(to Sniff & Dribble)* IF there is nobody else waiting to rush in? Mmmm? *(sarcastic)* No long lost aunt from Transylvania?

VOICE: No – I'm here already, thanks! *(Waves & grins)* *(Maybe Front of House member?)*

QUEEN: *(sarcastic)* Wonderful! On with the ceremony perhaps?

KING: Certainly, if you would just like to take a seat on your throne, my dear, then...

TOUR GUIDE: *(ENTERS)* STOP! Excuse me, madam – you can't sit on that. That's a valuHable hantiKEW. *(puts rope across & sign on it)* That chair dates back to the reign of King Tinkle the Incontinent. Look – you see that stain. *(Queen nods)*. Yes! And when they said it was the *reign* of King Tinkle they didn't just mean ...

KING: An antique, eh – do you think it's worth anything?

GUIDE: Do I LOOK like *TV HOST*? And to be honest, sir. We at the National Trust for Pimplevania don't judge things by their cost – we look at their part in our country's long and flowing history.

QUEEN: *(angry)* And you – would you like to be part in our country's long and flowing *river*?!

GUIDE: Ooer. Right – anyone up for a guided tour? If you like I can show you what life was like in the olden days in the kitchens!

QUEEN: And if you don't shut up straight away I will personally show you what life was like in the olden days *in the dungeons!*

GUIDE: Oooer. *(Shuffles into background)*

KING: So – now then – ahhhh – what happens next?

QUEEN: I've never been to one of these before – but I do believe you PUT THE CROWN ON MY HEAD!

KING: Quite so right then. *(Everyone kneels, fanfare, crown is placed, big cheer.)* There we are then – now if you would all like to get up, we will ...

QUEEN: No! Stay down there! I have decided I do like it after all! *(To KING)* YOU! Come with me – there are a few changes I want to make around here. *(sees Snow White with Prince)* And you! *(to Snow White)* Come! *(they exit L) (Prince exits Right)*

(CHORUS EXIT)

SNIFF: That was a moving ceremony.

DRIBBLE: Yes – lovely – very moving!

NANNY GOTÉ: Good, then come and help move furniture for the ball.

SNIFF: Ooh no – can't do that sort of thing.

DRIBBLE: No – not now we're official spies!

NANNY GOTÉ: You two – spies?! What sort of spies? MI-5 spies? MI-6 spies? MI-7 spies?!

SNIFF: Even more secret than that!

DRIBBLE: So secret it hasn't even got a number! It's just called M.I. – N!

NANNY GOTÉ: M-I-N? So – you're a couple of min-spies? How festive.

SNIFF: *(Proudly)* That's right.

DRIBBLE: We're min-spies!

NANNY GOTÉ: Good grief *(to aud)* See you lot later. Bye! ***(exits R)***

SNIFF and DRIBBLE stay on, dancing.

PRINCE: *(enters L)* Excuse me, gentlemen; have you seen the princess?

SNIFF: I think she's in the tower spinning straw into gold.

PRINCE: Really?

DRIBBLE: No – that's in Rumpelstiltskin! That's a fairy story. This is real life! Prune! Come on!

(SNIFF & DRIBBLE exit)

PRINCE: *(To audience)* Wow! This is an odd Kingdom – but princess Snow White is really rather nice. And to think I didn't want to come here today! If I'd gone on my gap year, building orphanages in Peru, I would never have met the most beautiful girl in the whole WORLD! I must go and find her! *(Exits R)*

QUEEN: *(MUSIC. Enters slowly L)* Foolish boy. To imagine that scraggy little creature, Snow White, is more beautiful than me! Ha –ha-ha! *(Looks worried)* But – perhaps I'll just check. *(Moves L to Magic Mirror. Stage dims.)* Mirror – awake!

MIRROR MUSIC. light on

MIRROR: Go away – I'm busy.

QUEEN: What?! How dare you speak to me like that!

MIRROR: Oops! A thousand apologies, oh great one – I had no idea – forgive me.

QUEEN: Very well –but here's something you can *reflect* on: I do have a HAMMER!

MIRROR: It will never happen again, your Georgeousness. Please tell your unworthy, *humble* servant what I may do. Is it the usual? "Mirror-mirror-on-the-wall-who's-the-fairest-blah-blah-blah".

QUEEN: Watch it – or would you rather be hanging in *local name* Rugby Club toilets!

MIRROR: Point taken.

QUEEN: *(dramatically)* Mirror, mirror, on the wall; who is the fairest of them all?

MIRROR: You, oh Queen, most fair of face;
none can match your charm and grace.
So elegant, with slender figure:
although your bottom's getting bigger.

QUEEN: What?! What did you say?!

MIRROR: Erk! Nothing – I mean ... You, oh Queen, with radiant hair;
flowing locks beyond compare;

The fairest here, without a doubt;
A shame you're such a crabby trout.

QUEEN: WHAT?!

MIRROR: Aargh! Err – oohh ... Of all the Queens, you are the top;
may your beauty never stop.
Your complexion is as clear as glass;
but you're a royal pain in the ...

QUEEN: Enough! Get back to those dark depths of misery and despair from which I summoned you!

MIRROR: Too late, *TV SHOW* has finished! Ta ta! (*Blackout in mirror*)

QUEEN: I knew I was the most beautiful in all the land. And always will be. Ha! If people knew what I REALLY look like! Thank goodness for Nivea, regular exercise, a healthy diet - and magic spells.
(*looks at aud*)

At least I haven't any competition down there! It would take more than magic to make you lot beautiful. Just count yourselves lucky. There have been a few women who have tried to match my beauty, but – shall we say – there are none ALIVE who succeeded! (*Exits L laughing*)

Return to palace scene. Prince & Snow White enter R

SNOW WHITE: No, I don't really know the new Queen at all. I think she was princess of a distant land and, well, Father seems very fond of her. I'm sure she'll be alright, when we get to know her.

PRINCE: I'm sure you're right. And how about you – do you have *someone special*?

SNOW WHITE: Special?

PRINCE: You know – some rich and ugly prince that your father has arranged for you to marry?

SNOW WHITE: No – nothing like that. In fact – nobody at all. How about you?

PRINCE: What – marry a rich, ugly prince?

SNOW WHITE: No – a rich, ugly princess!

PRINCE: No. My home is a beautiful island, but there are no princesses. My father the King said that I would need to cross the sea to find a beautiful princess. So I got into my ship ...

SNOW WHITE: I love ships. I watch them from the beach – but I've never been in one.

PRINCE: Well

(*Music starts*)

SNOW WHITE: Are you going to sing?

PRINCE: Yes – would you like to join me?

SNOW WHITE: Love to!

DUET – Somewhere, over the sea (La Mer) (also in Finding Nemo)

SNOW WHITE: I must go and get ready.

PRINCE: Shall I see you at the ball?

SNOW WHITE: If you keep your eyes open! (*Snow white exits R. Prince exits L*)

NANNY MUSIC. NANNY GOTÉ Enters R. In very wide crinoline.

NANNY GOTÉ: Hello, it's me, Nanny Goté again! Do you like this – it's my best ball gown. Do you like it? My last boyfriend said I was the belle of the ball. Here – I can prove I'm the belle of the ball. (*Swings dress side to side. Sound of bell tolling*) Clever, eh? (*Aside to audience, in male voice*) You don't want to know how I do that!

SPY MUSIC SNIFF DRIBBLE ENTER THROUGH AUDITORIUM. Dribble carrying a hand-held scanner

SNIFF: Right then – security check. (*starts to scan. Odd buzzing sounds*) Some of this lot look a bit shifty.

DRIBBLE: Yeah – use the scanner on them!

BUSINESS: loud buzzing from people in front row & band. The spies pull out odd things ending with a large bra. Shriek & run onto stage.

NANNY GOTÉ: What are you two doing?!

SNIFF: I've got to do a security check on you. (*Up onto stage*) Put your hands up!

NANNY GOTÉ: You what?

SNIFF: It's a metal detector – to see if you have any knives or swords hidden in all of – well, whatever all that is. Now -put your hands up.

NANNY GOTÉ: You won't tickle, will you?

SNIFF: Of course not – now just stand sti *(she slaps him round the head)* What was that for?!

NANNY GOTÉ: You were going to tickle.

SNIFF: No I wasn't! Now just stand still and we'll try again.

NANNY GOTÉ: And you won't tickle?

SNIFF: I won't tickle! Put your hands up - that's it. I'll just *(slap)* Ow! I was nowhere near you!

NANNY GOTÉ: It looked like you were going to tickle.

SNIFF: *(angrily)* Well I wasn't going to tickle! Here – Dribble – you do it!

DRIBBLE: Me – but I ... *(it is pushed in his hand & he is pushed into place)* Ooer – *(approaches from distance – machine makes loud beep. Nanny hits Sniff.)*

SNIFF: Ow! What did you do that for?!

NANNY GOTÉ: That thing – it beeped at me! It gave me a fright!

SNIFF: It's supposed to beep! It means there's something metal in there. Here – let me have a look. *(Goes to inspect clothing – hand up skirt or down front - gets slapped again.)*

NANNY GOTÉ: Hands off – cheeky.

DRIBBLE: But somebody needs to find out what you've got made of metal in there!

NANNY GOTÉ: Oh, I see. *(Flirty)* Why didn't you lovely boys say so? I'll just have to take my clothes off! *(Despite their screams & protests she starts. Drum accompaniment. She takes off her skirt to show hoops, & under hoops enormous, brightly coloured bloomers. Next is her top, to show a huge corset.)* I need a bit of help here, chaps. Just undo the laces at the back will you. Come on now! *(They struggle to do so, circling & ducking as the ropes are untied. As it comes loose, a huge twang and they are thrown forward)*

Ah – that's better.

(Has a big scratch to sound of sandpaper)

DRIBBLE: *(Runs detector over corset – huge buzzing)* I think we've found the problem.

SNIFF: Now put it all back on again before somebody sees us!

NANNY GOTÉ: Easier said than done, boys. *(Puts her hands up)* All together now.

(They put the corset round her front, circle ropes once; she holds onto edge of stage. They walk back with long bungee. Dramatic struggling Title music from Zulu.)

SNIFF: It's no good – I can't take the strain!

DRIBBLE: We're going to die! We're going to die!

KING: *(Enters L)* My word – what ARE you fellows playing at?

SNIFF: Quick – grab hold! *(King holds their belts)*

DRIBBLE: Whatever you do – don't – let – GO!

KING: Don't what?

DRIBBLE: Let go!

KING: Certainly.

(Lets go. Huge twang. S & D fly across stage and off into wings. Enormous long sequence of crashes, screams, breaking glass and cat wails, etc. Finally they reappear other side of stage, draped in foliage, sheets, flags, loo-seat, etc.)

NANNY GOTÉ: Don't just stand there!

KING: Who, me?

NANNY GOTÉ: Yes you – quickly – tie a knot - I can't hold my breath forever!

KING: Oh I say. This is quite fun, actually. Now – that should do the trick!

NANNY GOTÉ: Thank you very much. Cor -feels a bit tight though. (*Turns round to show King with hand tied to her back*) See you all at the ball! (*MUSIC. Exits R, taking KING with her, calling for help*)

QUEEN MUSIC

QUEEN: (*Enters L*) Where is everyone? I need to see people grovelling at my feet!

CHORUS & PAGES ENTER

QUEEN: (*to spies*) You two – why are you shaking like that?!

SNIFF: It's too horrible to talk about.

QUEEN: Now – servants and slaves and such like. I have a decree! Listen! I have been looking at the way the money is spent in this palace and I DO NOT LIKE IT! (*Aside*) Not enough is spent on ME! So – to save money I intend to sack half of you! You have until nightfall to decide who is going, then pack your bags and be out! But – before then – it is my coronation day and I insist that you are all happy! Start the music!

Low music: ABBA: Dancing Queen?

KING enters with Nanny & Prince.

KING: My word that was exciting! Have we started the dancing? Are we all here? Where's Snow White?

QUEEN: Never mind her. (*Pushes past him to flirt with Prince*) Who wants to have the first dance with ME? How about you?! Excuse me – are you LISTENING to me?

PRINCE: I – I'm sorry your majesty – but I have just seen the most wonderful sight! Look!

KING: My word – it's Snow White!

Music changes to Snow White's song.

Snow White glides up from the audience and onto the stage in a spectacular gown.

Cheers from people.

PRINCE: Snow White – please, allow me the honour of the first dance.

SNOW WHITE: Well – as you asked so nicely, how can I refuse?

KING: My dear – look at you – my little Snow White has grown up to be the most beautiful young woman in my whole kingdom!

PRINCE: There can surely be no other in ANY kingdom who can equal you in beauty!

Flash of lightening & thunder, stage darkens, all cower.

QUEEN strides to mirror leaving stage frozen in darkness.

QUEEN: Mirror! MIRROR!!!

MUSIC. Lights.

MIRROR: Who is it? You again? Crikey. Seems like only ten minutes ago that ...

QUEEN: BE SILENT! Listen to my question very, very carefully, and be sure to answer me truly. Mirror, mirror, on the wall – who is the fairest of them all?

MIRROR: Is that the time, crikey – I'm supposed to be ... **THUNDER**

QUEEN: Mirror!

MAGIC MIRROR: All right! (*Coughs nervously, twice*)

You, oh QUEEN: are fair, it's true,

But now there's one, more fair than you.

QUEEN: I KNEW IT! TELL ME HER NAME!

MIRROR: Oooh – now that's a hard one; bit tricky, err it's on the tip of my tongue ...

QUEEN: (*Icily*) Answer now – or you will be thrown from the highest tower in this castle and smashed into a thousand little ...

MIRROR: Snow White! It's Snow White!

QUEEN: As I guessed.

MIRROR: You're not going to do anything nasty to her are you?

QUEEN: Me? Nasty? Nasty does not come even close to what I will do to that girl!

HALF TABS / FRONT TABS close behind Queen

SCENE TWO

NANNY GOTÉ ENTERS R sees the queen then tries to exit.

QUEEN: Oh – Nanny GOAT. Now – tell me – what is it exactly that you DO here, mmm?

NANNY GOTÉ: Nanny Go-TAY! And what I do here is – I look after the little children.

QUEEN: Pardon me? Little children? Do I SEE any ‘little children’ here? I don’t THINK so! You show me these children or you – are SACKED! Come on now. Just one teeny-weeny child and you can keep your job. Come on!

NANNY GOTÉ: *(To aud)* Oh my – oh my. What can I do? I don’t have anywhere else to go! I’ll be homeless – I’ll have to go and live in a paper bag, or in a hole full of worms, or - in *NAME IF PLACE!* Oh my! Where can I find some children? *(to aud)* Hello. Are there any children out there?

QUEEN: Who ARE you talking to?

NANNY GOTÉ: To the children!

QUEEN: There ARE no children! Out you go! *(starts to push her off)*

NANNY GOTÉ: There ARE children! Quick, children. Shout!

QUEEN: I can hear NOTHING!

NANNY GOTÉ: Louder!

QUEEN: I still hear nothing!

NANNY GOTÉ: Shout louder! There – did you hear that?

QUEEN: Alright! I might hear something. You can keep your job – as long as there are ‘children’ here.

QUEEN: *(to Nanny)* For goodness sake go away: go and do something useful. *(Nanny exits muttering)*

KING enters, sees Queen and also tries to sneak out but gets caught.

QUEEN: *(to KING:)* And you ... I see you. Come here!

KING: Who – me?

QUEEN: Yes. I have a little job for you.

KING: A little job – what sort of little job?

QUEEN: An opera house. I command you to build me an opera house.

KING: An opera house?!

QUEEN: Yes. I have a superb voice. I should have been an opera singer. I just need the appropriate place to show my talent. Well – what are you waiting for? Start it NOW!

KING: Yes dear – an opera house – right away dear. *(exits in a hurry)*

QUEEN: I was born to be an opera star a diva! A prima donna!

SONG: I WANT TO BE A PRIMA DONNA or similar! *(may have to change last few lines)*

QUEEN: Now to my special place – a secret chamber, buried deep beneath this castle; a dark and private place known only to me. The Hidden Dungeon of Doom.

Sharp crack of thunder, flash of lights and blackout as tabs open onto:

SCENE THREE: THE HIDDEN DUNGEON OF DOOM

Black Set. Maybe one flat each side: dark stone & slime; manacles & rats.

Centre stage is another flat. Hanging from his wrists is a prisoner: Dangling Dan - with very long white hair & beard. His feet (false) do not touch the ground. (Actor’s lower legs are through back of flat & he is kneeling, secured by a safety harness)

DAN starts singing from The Sound of Music. “Climb every mountain,” etc.

QUEEN: BE QUIET!

DAN: I do requests. Go on, which one do you want? “You are sixteen going on seventeen” etc.

QUEEN: Enough!

DAN: “High on a hill stood a lonely goatherd. Yodel-odel-odel- yodel - eyeetee!”

QUEEN: I’m warning you - !

DAN: This one’s everyone’s favourite. “Edelweiss, Edelweiss, every morning “etc.

QUEEN: SILENCE! I can make things very unpleasant for you!

DAN: Oh yeah – like what, hang me up by my arms – in the dark – no food – no water - with bugs the size of rabbits! Hah! “Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens” etc

QUEEN: Right – that’s it – just you wait! I’ll show you what REAL suffering is! (*stamps off L*)

SMIFF: (*enters R with Dribble*) This is the place – you can stay down here. Nobody will ever know!

DRIBBLE: But why me? Why can’t you be the one?

SMIFF: Don’t start all that again. Half the staff are sacked. That means YOU! Now where’s the sleeping bag?

DRIBBLE: Sleeping bag. Oops. Forgot the sleeping bag.

SMIFF: Clot. Run and get it! (*Dribble hurries off R*)

QUEEN: (*Returns L with large feather duster, laughing. Sees Sniff.*) What are you doing down here? How did you find this secret place? It is known to none but me!

SMIFF: We – I – er – umm. Right! Yes! I’m checking the security! I’m looking for BUGS!

QUEEN: BUGS?! What is it with you people and bugs? There are NO bugs down here!

(*a bug puppet comes through one of the flats*)

There are NO bugs down here!

What? Where?

(*it has gone*) There’s nothing there!

DAN: “Doh a deer, a female deer.”

QUEEN: ENOUGH! (*to Sniff*) You!

SMIFF: Me?!

QUEEN: Yes, you, Snot, or whatever you’re called. Go and fetch Snow White. Bring the Princess here AT ONCE! (*points left*)

SMIFF: Certainly your Queenliness. (*Sniff exits L backwards, bowing*)

DAN: “How d’you solve a problem like Maria? How do you ...”

QUEEN: I warned you! (*tickles him under the arms*)

DRIBBLE: (*enters R carrying sleeping bag*) Here it is, I oo er. (*tries to sneak out but is seen*)

QUEEN: Spy! That was fast. Did you do as I asked and fetch her?

DRIBBLE: Er – I’ve got the bag!

QUEEN: The BAG! How DARE you speak of the Princess like that! (*smiling*) Though I do like your honesty. *Snow White enters L*

QUEEN: Ah – there you are my dear.

SNOW WHITE: What is this place? I’ve never been down here before.

DAN: “Ray – a drop of golden sun.”

SNOW WHITE: My goodness – who are you?

DAN: I am Dan. Formerly of the royal kitchens. Breakfasts. Dan the Breakfast Man. Pleased to meet you (*shakes hands; replaces hand in manacles*)

SNOW WHITE: Oh my. But why are you down here?

DAN: Ask her.

QUEEN: Pah! I can’t remember every single person I hang up in chains!

DAN: It all started when SHE came here – her and her new ideas for breakfast. Toast and porridge weren’t good enough for HER. No – she wanted ... Rice Krispies! I poured them in the bowl, put the milk on – then, off through the castle to her room, with the Rice Krispies going ‘snap, crackle & pop’ – but, by the time I got there ...

QUEEN: They were SOGGY!

DAN: So I went back, I got another bowl, put the milk on and RAN down the corridor, with the Rice Krispies going 'snap, crackle & pop' – but, by the time I got there ...

QUEEN: They were still SOGGY!

DAN: (*increasingly hysterical*) So I went back, got another bowl, put the milk on and RACED as fast as I could down the corridor, with the Rice Krispies going 'snap, crackle & pop ; snap, crackle & pop' – but, by the time I got there ...

SNOW WHITE: They were still soggy?

DAN: YES! And on the way back to the kitchen (*sobs*) the Rice Krispies were laughing at me. Laughing! (*in a laughing hysterical tone*) 'snap, crackle – pop , snap, crackle – pop!' MOCKING: ME!

But I showed them – I got my little hammer – I took the first little grain of Rice Krispie out of the packet – and I smashed it to pieces! Then the next – and the next – until every Krispie had stopped laughing at me. Ha ha ha!

Then – I put all their little, flattened bodies back in the box, rowed out into the middle of the lake, tied a rock to it – and threw it in! (*there is moment of disbelieving silence*)

SNOW WHITE: Ah – so – exactly what crime did they charge you with?

DAN: (*sobs*) They said I was a cereal killer!

SNOW WHITE: Oh dear. So they put you in this horrible place. (*looks round*) I bet there are creepy crawlies down here.

DAN: There are bugs!

QUEEN: There are NO BUGS! (*Another bug puppet appears through another flat*) THERE ARE NO BUGS!! (*business with aud*) Enough! This is my secret place and I say ...

NANNY GOTÉ: (*MUSIC. Enters L holding end of washing line*) Cooe, everybody! Coee!

QUEEN: No! This is my Hidden Dungeon of Doom! What do YOU want down here?

NANNY GOTÉ: Me? This is where I hang my bloomers to dry after I've washed them! Look. (*shows first pair on line*)

QUEEN: Dry your bloomers! You can't do that down here!

DAN: No!! Don't say that! It's the only pleasure I have! I look forward to this day all year!

SNOW WHITE: All year?!! You only wash them once a YEAR?!

NANNY GOTÉ: It's not as bad as it sounds. I've got LOADS of them! Here (*to aud*) you can do something useful. You can count my bloomers for me! Will you? Great. Here goes! One ... etc

She pulls line across stage. Others continue counting when she goes into R wings.

She reappears L at other end of line. She says the number of bloomers.

NANNY GOTÉ: Great. Thanks! (*exits R*)

QUEEN: Grrr! This is MY Hidden Dungeon of Doom. NO MORE INTERRUPTIONS!!

GUIDE enters with tourists including the KING

GUIDE: And this is the Hidden Dungeon of Doom. Built two hundred years ago by King Zit the Very Spotty.... Notice the architecture, which is a good example of early Lego. Excuse us. (*pushes QUEEN: aside*) And this is Dangling Dan.

DAN: Pleased to meet you. (*slips hand out of manacles and shakes hands*)

KING: How do you do.

QUEEN: I don't believe this! What are YOU doing down here?!

KING: This tour is MOST fascinating my dear. Did you know that this Hidden Dungeon of Doom is the largest dungeon in the country – it's in the Pimplevania Book of Records!

QUEEN: That's it - out! OUT! (*Snow White is the only one turning to leave.*) No – not you! Come here my dear. I have a little job for you. I want you to deliver some fruit to a little, old lady who lives in a cottage in the forest.

GUIDE: Oooh – not the Dark Forest. (*mutterings from tourists*) You don't want to go in THERE alone! Remember what happened to that what's-her-name!

TOURIST 1: Red Riding Hood! I heard about that.

TOURIST 2: Oh yes – that business with the wolf. Nasty!

QUEEN: *(nervously)* Nonsense. That was just a story! And anyway – she won't be alone. I'll send someone with her!

Spy! I want you to go with Princess Snow White.

DRIBBLE: Eh? *(looks round)* What? Go into the dark Forest? Woah! No way!

QUEEN: If I say you will go into the Dark Forest then you *will* ..

DAN: "Climb every mountain"

QUEEN:.. climb every mountain. No!

DAN: **SONG:** Ford every stream. ***(all but the QUEEN: join him for the rest of the chorus)***

QUEEN: Aaargh! *(In rage she grabs Dan's legs and ties them in a knot)* There! Now – the rest of you – out, OUT,OUT!

GUIDE: Come on now, party. This way to see the torture chamber. Who wants to try the rack?

KING: Bagsy me first!

GUIDE: Right! Walk on! *(they exit in excitement)* To the rack!

QUEEN: Well - don't break it! *(Turns menacingly on Dribble)* I think I might be using it very soon. Now, Spy, you will escort Snow White into the forest. The basket's over here. *(she takes SW across stage to basket, Left)*

SNIFF: *(enters R next to Dribble)* I can't find her. Oh, there she is! Dribble! You're here! She mustn't see there are two of us! *(Grabs sleeping bag and jams it over Dribble)*

QUEEN: Off you go then, my dear. Go and get a warm cloak. Be careful – I wouldn't want anything 'nasty' to happen to you.

SNOW WHITE: I'll be careful. I'll get my cloak, then we can set off. *(SW exits L)*

SNIFF: We will? *(Dribble makes frantic nodding and grunting)* Oh, right. Super! *(Turns back to Dribble)* Where am I going? Is it somewhere nice? *(Dribble nods madly)* Good.

QUEEN: *(Walking across and poking Dribble in the sleeping bag)* What on Earth is this thing?

SNIFF: Er – it's a bug trap! The bugs crawl up these – er – feet things and get trapped.

QUEEN: A bug trap? But – there are no bugs in here! *(repeat business with bugs)* Enough! *(Looks around)* Spy! Before you go: I need to talk to you - in private.

QUEEN AND SNIFF EXIT

Dribble remains in sleeping bag

DRIBBLE: *(PRE-RECORDED; ECHOING)* Hello? *(Pause to listen?)* HelloOO?! Anyone there? *(Prince enters R)*

DRIBBLE: *(PRE-RECORDED; ECHOING):* HelloOOo!!

PRINCE: Hello?? *(looks around)*

DAN : Wasn't me, mate. *(nods at Dribble)*

PRINCE: *(Walks to Dribble)* Hello?

DRIBBLE: Hello?

PRINCE: Hello?

DRIBBLE: Hello?

PRINCE: I say – *(pokes sleeping bag)* - is there somebody in there?

DRIBBLE: In here? *(squirms)* I can't SEE anybody – but it is rather dark.

PRINCE: *(Grabs top of bag)* Come out of there! *(Pulls it off)* Oh – it's you. You're that spy – Dribble – aren't you! Perhaps you know where to find Princess Snow White.

DRIBBLE: Snow White? Ooh now ... hard to say really.

PRINCE: *(To audience)* Can you tell me where Snow White has gone? *(Business)* The forest?! How odd! Why would she go there?

DAN: Excuse me...

PRINCE: Yes?

DAN: If you have a moment. I seem to be a bit ... *(indicates knotted legs)* ... do you think ...?

PRINCE: Come on. *(They un-knot legs but one is now longer than the other)* Oops! *(Prince pulls other leg but that is now longer)*

DRIBBLE: Here – let me ... *(repeat)*

(Repeat with legs until they reach ground. All look down.)

DRIBBLE: I - er – I've got some – er – washing in the machine. *(starts to shuffle off L)*

PRINCE: Yeah – I – er – I'll just go and find – er – Snow White. *(shuffle R)*

(Both dash off)

DAN: Oh well. *(Looks around & hums)*

SONG: SOMETHING FROM SOUND OF MUSIC. *As many bugs as possible appear through the flat around him and sing the song vigorously! (all cast)*

SCENE FOUR: THE DARK FOREST

Forest: Dappled green lighting & mist. Spooky music.

Snow White wanders about picking flowers & singing. Goblins appear briefly & vanish un-noticed.

SNOW WHITE: Ooh: this place is a bit spooky! I wish Sniff and Dribble would hurry up. I don't like being on my own. What am I saying – *(to aud)* - I've got you with me! I won't feel so scared with you here.

Let's just think about nice things, like chocolate, and teddy bears, and Prince Charming! There, I feel braver already. But – just one more thing – if you see ANYTHING scary, will you shout out and tell me? You will? Thanks!

Business with goblins. MUSIC

SNOW WHITE: *(eventually sees Goblins)* My, you are funny people? Are you pixies? No? Elves? Brownies? I know – goblins! Yes! Do you live out here in the forest?

SNIFF & DRIBBLE ENTER R. *The goblins get alarmed & run off.*

SNOW WHITE: Don't go! This is Sniff and Dribble; they're not frightening! *(Runs to wings to call them back)*

SNIFF: *(draws Dribble to front)* This is awful! What are we going to do?

DRIBBLE: I don't know! We can't just leave her here – but we can't take her back!

SNIFF: I know! What if she leaves a trail of bread crumbs!

DRIBBLE: That's Hansel and Gretel! This is real life, not a fairy story!!

SNOW WHITE: *(joins them)* Which way is it now?

SNIFF: Hard to say really.

DRIBBLE: Don't rightly know.

SNOW WHITE: There's a path here. Let's try THIS way! Come on! *(Exits L)*

SNIFF: Where did she go?

DRIBBLE: Dunno. Ooh – it IS a bit spooky. *(They huddle & walk R. As they return a goblin follows them. When they reach L and turn back a second goblin joins, etc.)* **MUSIC**

OR if time is short go straight to here *

SNIFF: *(Sees goblins in row beside him)* Ooer – Dribble!

DRIBBLE: What?

SNIFF: Just – look – behind me!

DRIBBLE: *(He does but by now they have all run behind him)* I don't see anything!

SNIFF: *(looks nervously behind him)* Nothing! Perhaps I imagined it. *(turns back to face Dribble & sees even more goblins behind Dribble)* Waah!

DRIBBLE: Now what?

SNIFF: Gob – gob – goblins!

DRIBBLE: Where?

SNIFF: Behind you!

DRIBBLE: Behind me? (Sniff nods madly. They turn to see nothing. All the goblins are upstage of them in a line) Nothing!

SNIFF: Where have they gone? *(The stalk off in opposite directions. The goblins fill the gap between them. Eventually the spies stop & slowly turn back. Double take.)*

* They see the goblins who wave at them

DRIBBLE: Now what?

SNIFF: *(Thinks)* Run away screaming?

DRIBBLE: Quick or slow?

SNIFF: I think quick. Waaah! *(they exit L & R, wailing)*

All exit.

NANNY GOTÉ: *(Enters grumpily, carrying laundry basket)* Hello again! That Queen has sent me out of the castle to dry my washing. Now – what can I tie the line to?

SNIFF & DRIBBLE *run on in terror*

NANNY GOTÉ: Sniff. Dribble. What on earth are you two doing out here?!

SNIFF: Er .. bird watching.

DRIBBLE: Hunting.

NANNY GOTÉ: Bird watching AND hunting? Well – which is it?

SNIFF: Both – we watch the cute little birdies -

DRIBBLE: - then we shoot them!

NANNY GOTÉ: Hmmm. I know you two – you're up to something! Come on now – what is it?

SNIFF: *(upset)* It's not our fault!

DRIBBLE: It's not our idea!

NANNY GOTÉ: What isn't?

SNIFF: It's that new Queen! She hates Snow White!

DRIBBLE: She wants us to leave her out here, in the forest!

NANNY GOTÉ: WHAT?! That's terrible! You can't do that!

SNOW WHITE: WHITE: *(enters L)* Can't do what? Mmm? What can't they do?

NANNY GOTÉ: Er – can't eat worms!

SNIFF: Can't take our pants off over our heads.

DRIBBLE: Can't leave you in the forest to get lost. Oops! *(Sniff hits him)*

SNOW WHITE: Leave me in the forest?! Why would you do such a horrid thing?

SNIFF: It's not our fault!

DRIBBLE: It's not our idea!

NANNY GOTÉ: It's the new Queen. It seems she wants you - out of the way.

SNOW WHITE: Out of the way? Me? But why?

SNIFF: No idea. Perhaps it's like in Cinderella?

NANNY GOTÉ: Don't be silly. This is real life – not a fairy story.

DRIBBLE: Told you!

NANNY GOTÉ: But whatever her reason, you can't go back to the castle! You must run away and hide!

MUSIC STARTS

SNOW WHITE: Run away? But where?

Sniff & Dribble exit R

NANNY GOTÉ: Just find somewhere safe – stay out of sight. We'll go back to the castle - tell the King. He'll know what to do. Come on. You'll be alright. We'll come and find you in the morning! *(Exits R)*

SNOW WHITE: Somewhere safe – but where? *(Owl hoots)* *(Looks around in panic)* Oh my – I can hear something coming! *(wolf howls)* Oh my! What can it be? *(Wolf howls louder)* Oh dear. Which way?

Behind gauze OR on projection dwarf's cottage becomes visible.

Snow White turns, sees it & slowly walks toward it. Distant sound of dwarfs singing 'Hi ho'.

**CURTAIN
INTERVAL
ACT TWO**

SCENE FIVE: THE DWARFS' COTTAGE

A cluttered, detailed interior of carved wood. There is a low ceiling with large beams.

Stage Left is a stable door; upstage of it a small window with curtains inside, flowers outside.

Stage Right is a sink with a handle-operated pump.

In the rear Left corner is a stone well, about a meter high. Hanging above is a bucket on a windlass.

Full length upstage is a platform. Along it are the dwarf bed-ends with their names on. This is reached by rough steps. Furniture is a low wooden table, centre, + dirty mugs and bowls, and a few little stools.

SNOW WHITE: *(Opens top of door & looks in)* Helloo? HelloOOo! Anybody home?

(Opens bottom of door & tiptoes in)

Nobody home.

(Looks around) What a funny little house. Such tiny furniture. It must be the home of little children!

But very dirty little children. And look! Tiny little beds. But so many! One – two – three – four – five – my, what a big family – six and SEVEN!

(she climbs up and gets onto a bed)

This is very comfy. (stretches & yawns) Perhaps I'll just take a bit of a rest.

Lights dim slightly. From offstage can be heard the dwarfs: "Hi ho".

This gradually builds until they all march in through the door carrying picks & spades.

WALT DISNEY OWN THE RIGHT TO THE NAMES: **DOC, SNEEZY, GRUMPY, DOPEY, SLEEPY, BASHFUL, HAPPY**

SO YOU CAN EITHER RISK IT, OR USE THESE. OR YOU CAN USE YOUR OWN

(use 'replace' option in Word)

DOC - BOSS, SNEEZY - POLLEN, GRUMPY – GRUMBLE-GUTS, DOPEY - YOKEL,

SLEEPY – OKEY-DOKEY, BASHFUL - SMILER, HAPPY - CHUCKLES

BOSS: *(Bossy)* Right, lads. First things first. Who's going to cook dinner? *(dwarfs try to run off or hide)* STOP! Get back here now. *(Yokel is standing on the table)* Yokel! Yokel – what are you doing up there?

YOKEL: Who. Me? I'm hiding.

BOSS: Just you get down! That's better. *(Pollen sneezes)* Bless you. Now, you all know the routine! If there's a job to do - get the sausages!

GRUMBLE-GUTS: Ding Dang Diddly! I'm not doing all that business again.

BOSS: OK. Then you can do the cooking!

GRUMBLE-GUTS: Ding Dang Diddley! Get the sausages. *(Yokel shouts & runs for the door)* YOKEL! Where are you going?

YOKEL: Get the sausages?

BOSS: *(Shakes head & points to cupboard under sink)*

A string of large sausages is found. The dwarfs stand in a line.

BOSS: Are we ready? *(they mostly are except for one)* Okey-Dokey! Wake him up. *(they do)* Right. You all know the rules. The only one left without a sausage at the end of the song does the cooking! Ready – steady – begin!

(They start to pass the string of sausages up & down the line as they chant:)

Magic sausages of fate

Before you sizzle on the plate

Before you're stuck upon our fork

Tell us who will do the work!

BOSS: It's Chuckles! Chuckles does the cooking!

CHUCKLES: Jolly super!

BOSS: There, that's settled – next – who does the cleaning?!

Repeat of panic. Boss blocks the door) (Yokel is standing still with his hand up)

Yokel – do you know what cleaning is? *(Yokel shakes head and grins)*

It means "washing the floor and dusting". (Yokel thinks about this then suddenly runs for the door screaming)

Get back in here! RIGHT! Get the sausages!!

GRUMBLE-GUTS: Ding Dang Diddly! *(Boss pushes broom at him questioningly)* Alright! Get the sausages!

Repeat of sausage ritual

BOSS: It's Smiler! Smiler does the cleaning!

SMILER: *(Goes all shy)* Oooer!

BOSS: Just one more thing! *(they all yell & flee except for Yokel who is 5 seconds behind them)*

Hey! It might be a NICE thing! *(they all laugh and return smiling)*

GRUMBLE-GUTS: Ding Dang Diddly! What could be this NICE thing! Pah!

CHUCKLES: Go on then, Boss. Tell us – what is this nice thing? *(they huddle excitedly around Boss)*

BOSS: The nice thing – is - - - - WASHING THE DISHES! *(total panic as before)* STOPPPPP!!!! GET THE SAUSAGES!!!

GRUMBLE-GUTS: STOP! LOOK!

BOSS: What is it?

GRUMBLE-GUTS: Look – somebody has been in here and ...TIDIED UP! *(all amazed)*

BOSS: You know what this means, chaps?

It means – *(dramatic)* – there is somebody else here!

MUSIC. Silent frightened huddling. Suddenly Pollen sneezes & they all jump.

GRUMBLE-GUTS: Let me at him! *(makes fists)* Who does he think he is, coming in here - washing our dishes?!

BOSS: It might not be a person! It might be - A MONSTER! *(frantic huddling)*

SMILER: A m-m-m-m-monster?!

BOSS: Yes – a great big, hairy monster!

YOKEL: That does dishes!

BOSS: Yes – a great big, hairy, dish-washing monster.

In the silence Snow White makes a sound.

SMILER: It's Still here! *(general horror – they all cower & turn)*

GRUMBLE-GUTS: Ding Dang Diddly! We're all going to be eaten!

CHUCKLES: It might NOT be a big, hairy, monster. Well – not a BIG one, perhaps?

BOSS: Somebody – has to go and have a LOOK! *(others dive their heads under the table, bottoms out, legs shaking)* Come out – you cowards! We'll use - the sausages!

Repeat of sausage chant – but quietly. Yokel loses.

BOSS: Here – you need something to defend yourself. *(hands him the sausages)* Off you go!

Yokel stalks to the beds while the others huddle.

Half way Pollen sneezes & Yokel jumps & runs back. They make him go back.

At almost the last minute another sneeze. Repeat action. Eventually Yokel is almost at the bed.

SNOW WHITE: *(Sits up and smiles)* Hello!

(MUSIC STOPS)

Yokel screams & races back. Others scream. All hide under table again.

SNOW WHITE: *(walks to them)* Hello!

BOSS: THERE'S NOBODY HERE!

SNOW WHITE: But I can see your – *(indicates bottoms)* - your – you're all hiding!

GRUMBLE-GUTS: Go away – you MONSTER!

SNOW WHITE: I'm not a monster!

BOSS: You're not a monster?

SNOW WHITE: No – I'm not a monster.

GRUMBLE-GUTS: Then what are you?!

SNOW WHITE: I'm a princess!

DWARFS: A princess?! (*they gradually crawl out and look; not Okey-Dokey*) Wow! Etc

GRUMBLE-GUTS: I say she's a monster! A tidying-up monster!

SNOW WHITE: No – I'm not a monster. But I DO wash dishes!

GRUMBLE-GUTS: I knew it! She'll be trouble! Sheeeee'll be trouble!

SNOW WHITE: I am Princess Snow White. And who are you gentlemen?

BOSS: I (*coughs nervously and glances around*) I am called Gimli.

CHUCKLES: Balin

SMILER: Dwalin

POLLEN: Thorin Oakenshield

SNOW WHITE: (*stopping the next dwarf*) But – why do the names on the beds say different names? (*they look shifty*) Boss – is that you? Chuckles – that must be you.

GRUMBLE-GUTS: Pah! You'll never guess MY name!

SNOW WHITE: Let me see – are you Grumble-Guts? (*Sneeze*) And Pollen. (*much blushing*) Smiler. And that fellow under there might be Okey-Dokey? And you ...

YOKEL: Me? I'm Boss. No I'm not – I'm Grumble-Guts. No – I'm - er

SNOW WHITE: Might you possibly be called – Yokel?

YOKEL: Am I? (*others all nod*) Oh - right!

SNOW WHITE: And what do you all do out here in the forest?

BOSS: We're miners. We dig up diamonds. And what do you do?

SNOW WHITE: Me? I'm a princess. I – er – well I – I open things.

YOKEL: Like cardboard boxes?

SNOW WHITE: No – like hospitals and bridges and things like that.

GRUMBLE-GUTS: That's not hard work. What ELSE do you do?

SNOW WHITE: I wave. (*demonstrates*)

CHUCKLES: That's super.

GRUMBLE-GUTS: (*sarcastic*) THAT must be really tiring!

BOSS: What do you do for fun?

SNOW WHITE: What do I do for fun? Well, I sing! And I dance!

DWARFS: That's what we do for fun! We play music – and dance!

MUSIC – 1920's trad jaz? with pretend instruments. Gradually all join in.

GRUMBLE-GUTS: That's all well and good. But answer me this. What – exactly – are you doing out here in the forest. There's nothing to open, and there's no-one to wave at but us! (*Yokel waves at her*)

SNOW WHITE: It's the new Queen - she wants to get rid of me! I can't go back home.

BOSS: Then you must stay here.

GRUMBLE-GUTS: What?! Ding Dang Diddly!

SNOW WHITE: I can clean! (*looks round at them*) And I can cook!

GRUMBLE-GUTS: I'm warning you – sheee'll be trouble!

BOSS: Don't be so silly. What possible trouble could she be?

GRUMBLE-GUTS: You wait and see. Just you all wait and see!

BOSS: And – we can look after you, if there's any trouble. We might not be the tallest people in the land, but that don't mean we're easy pickings!

SONG: LES MIS: LITTLE PEOPLE

CURTAIN

SCENE SIX: THE DUNGEON

BLACK TAB CURTAINS OR FLATS USED EARLIER

QUEEN: *(Enters L singing)* I want to be a prima donna etc ... Good morning, Magic Mirror. And how are we this morning?

MIRROR: **(MUSIC. Lights on)** Could be worse I suppose. My frame's a bit warped and my glass could do with a clean but I suppose ...

QUEEN: Do shut-up. I don't REALLY care how you are. I was just being polite.

MIRROR: That's a first.

QUEEN: Watch it. Time for THE QUESTION. Are you ready? Mirror, mirror ...

MIRROR: *(sarcastic)* ... on the wall, whose the fairest of them ...

QUEEN: You really don't know how to treat ROYALTY, do you!

Just cut the sarcasm and tell me who is the most beautiful woman in this whole castle!

MIRROR: That's an easy one.

In this castle, without a doubt

You're the one whose face stands out.

(pause while she smirks)

You know this mirror never lies,

But is it really a surprise?

With a ton of makeup, and a gallon of lotion,

Not to mention that magic potion!

QUEEN: What do you mean?!

MIRROR Well – get real. You DO use magic to look like that.

QUEEN: What if I do?

MIRROR Hah! If they knew what you REALLY look like!

QUEEN: ENOUGH!

MIRROR *(aside)* Talk about mutton dressed as lamb!

QUEEN: What?!

MIRROR Er ... I said: what a silly mirror I am. **(Lights off)**

PRINCE: *(enters R)* I still can't find Snow White. She should have been back from her walk ages ago!

QUEEN: Hmm. And why are you worried about that slip of a thing? Mmm?

PRINCE: I – er – well – umm *(embarrassed)*

QUEEN: And don't tell me it's all about 'love' and that slop.

PRINCE: What's wrong with love?

QUEEN: Just listen to me. Love changes everything!

SONG: QUEEN & PRINCE LOVE CHANGES EVERYTHING

PRINCE: I feel very sorry for you. I'm going to find Snow White! **(exits L)**

SNIFF: *(enters R with Dribble)* No – they said the Queen was up in her room! This is as far away from there as you can get! We'll hide here until the King gets back.

DRIBBLE: But ... *(He has seen the Queen)*

SNIFF: Don't worry!

DRIBBLE: But ...

SNIFF: She'll never find us here!

QUEEN: Who'll never find you here?

SNIFF: The Queen ... she'll ah Ooer!

QUEEN: Did you do as I ask? Did you get rid of that girl?

SNIFF: How do you mean?

QUEEN: I mean – can you guarantee that Snow White will not be coming back?!

DRIBBLE: It's really unlikely that she'll be back any time soon!

QUEEN: 'Really unlikely' - what sort of an answer is that?! Have you done as I asked or not?

SNIFF: Er What was the question again?

QUEEN: Hah! Imbeciles! If brains were made of gunpowder you wouldn't have enough to blow your nose!

SNIFF: *(To Dribble)* Is that good?

DRIBBLE: Not too sure on that one.

QUEEN: Mirror! MIRROR!

MIRROR: **(MUSIC. lights on)** I thought you'd finished for the day.

I said before – I can't tell you who's going to win ... *(something topical, maybe on TV?)*

QUEEN: Tell me true – am I not the fairest in all the land?

MIRROR: You, oh QUEEN:, are fair, that's true.

But in *all the land* – is one more fair than you.

QUEEN: WHAT?! But a minute ago you said that I was the ...

MIRROR: The fairest in the CASTLE. That's true enough, but Snow White is OUTSIDE the castle!

QUEEN: Snow White?! She is still alive?! Why has she not been eaten by wolves?

SNIFF: I'm sure that was Red Riding Hood.

QUEEN: Or been crushed by a giant?!

DRIBBLE: Jack and the Beanstalk?

QUEEN: Or been sized by a troll?!

DRIBBLE: Harry Potter!

SNIFF: Don't be silly – Harry Potter's just a story! Twerp!

QUEEN: *Why* is she still alive?!!

MIRROR: Dwarfs.

QUEEN: What?

MIRROR: She's moved in with those dwarfs that live in the forest. **(lights fade)**

SNIFF: That's nice of them.

DRIBBLE: Yeah – dwarfs are like that.

QUEEN: You two! *(They look behind them to see who she means, then look back at her & jump)*

Yes, you two – go now, travel into the forest, find the home of these dwarfs, see if Snow White is there, then ...

SNIFF: Hang on. *(is trying to write this down)* What came after 'Go now'?

QUEEN: Morons!

DRIBBLE: Is that the same as 'imbeciles', or a bit worse?

QUEEN: I shall have to do it myself! Now GET OUT! You have five seconds to be out of here or I will turn you both into toads!

They flee. Stage darkens. Spooky music.

QUEEN: *(produces apple)*

When earthly plotting fails to win,

It's time to let dark powers begin.

So now I'll use my evil magic,

And Snow White's fate will be quite tragic

This simple fruit can do no harm,

Until I work my magic charm.

A single bite will cause her death

And she will take her final ..

MIRROR: **(Lights on)** Hold on! Hang about! Just a minute!

QUEEN: What is it now?

MIRROR: You know the rules – you can only have one magic spell working at a time.

QUEEN: So?

MIRROR: Think about it: you already have one spell running - the one that makes you look beautiful! If you start messing about with magic apples – then the first spell will stop working and you'll go back to what you used to look like!

QUEEN: You're right. *(thinks)* But - only until the deed is done. If I cover myself, nobody will see me. *(She pulls up the hood of her black cloak)* There ... *(inspiration)* AND it will be the perfect disguise! Snow White will never recognise me! She'll take the poisoned apple from my own hand! Ha-ha!

MIRROR: Fair enough. ***(Lights off)***

QUEEN: This simple fruit can do no harm,
Until I work my magic charm.
A single bite will cause her death,
And she will take her final breath!

The music reaches a peak. There is a sudden blackout and a pyro flash.

The QUEEN slips behind the flat and a duplicate QUEEN takes her place.

QUEEN: manic laughter from wings.

Duplicate QUEEN: pulls back her hood to show an ugly old woman. Exits L laughing.

BLACKOUT BLACK TABS OPEN

SCENE SEVEN

THE DWARFS COTTAGE – THE NEXT MORNING

Same scenery as before but a cloth & flowers on the table. The dwarfs are getting ready for work.

BOSS: A most splendiferous breakfast. *(others all agree; Pollen sneezes.)*

SNOW WHITE: I'm so pleased you enjoyed it.

CHUCKLES: Indeed – most wonderful!

The dwarfs go into a huddle. They open to show them all holding the sausages, except for Smiler.

SMILER: *(Pushed forward)* Do you – do you want some help – *(pushed again)* – with the dishes?

SNOW WHITE: Why how kind of you. No – I'll be fine. You boys run along to work.

GRUMBLE-GUTS: Work? We can't go to work! What if that Queen comes searching for you?!

BOSS: Somebody must stay and look after you!

SNOW WHITE: That's very thoughtful of you – but nobody knows that I'm here! You go – I'll be perfectly OK.

BOSS: I'm not sure ...

GRUMBLE-GUTS: He's right. *(frightening others)* Why – that wicked woman could be walking up the path to this cottage at this very moment! *(points at door; they all turn and look)*

MUSIC. They all look scared. There is a sudden, loud knock at the closed door. They all jump.

GRUMBLE-GUTS: I knew it – it's the QUEEN! *(Panic. They form a circle around Snow White ready to fight)*

BOSS: Yokel – go and see who's at the door!

YOKEL: OK. Which door?

DWARFS: *(loud hissing whisper)* THAT door!!

Yokel tiptoes toward the door with the others tightly bunched following him.

There is another knock and they all jump. Start to walk again and door flies open.

NANNY GOTÉ bursts in.

NANNY GOTÉ: Hello! Anybody home?! *(she is wearing a green boiler suit, or similar)*

DWARFS: *(Scatter in terror)* It's the QUEEN! Etc.

SNOW WHITE: No – it's not the Queen It's my old Nanny!

NANNY GOTÉ: Snow White! I knew I'd find you! Thank goodness you're safe! Listen. I've left Sniff and Dribble trying to find the King; nobody knows where he is. Are you sure you're alright?

SNOW WHITE: Of course I am – but, what are you wearing?

NANNY GOTÉ: This? I wear this when I do my other job?

SNOW WHITE: OTHER job?

NANNY GOTÉ: I am in charge of recycling for the whole of Pimplevania. Been doing it for years. I used to recycle all of your disposable nappies!

SNOW WHITE: Yuck! What on earth did they make THOSE into?!

NANNY GOTÉ: They made them into the *Daily Mail (or other local newspaper)*,. Yes, they did. Said that it was easy to turn nappies into the *Daily Mail (or other local newspaper)*, because it's hard to tell the difference. *(aud)* They're both full of...

SNOW WHITE: Nanny! Children's show!

NANNY GOTÉ: Sorry! *(turns)* Right then, my good fellows. I want all your old stuff so we can recycle it!

GRUMBLE-GUTS: You're not having any of MY old stuff!

BOSS: What sort of stuff?

NANNY GOTÉ: What about old newspapers?

YOKEL: Can't read.

NANNY GOTÉ: Glass bottles?

CHUCKLES: Don't use them!

NANNY GOTÉ: What? Not even beer bottles?

POLLEN: Our beer comes in barrels.

CHUCKLES: We have one barrel each – a night.

NANNY GOTÉ: A whole barrel each, every night? Get away with you!

BOSS: It's true. Here – Smiler – show her.

Smiler comes up shyly then does an enormous (sound fx) BURP!

NANNY GOTÉ: Fworr! *(fans bad breath away)* Very convincing. Well. Do you have any tin cans?

DWARFS: Nope.

NANNY GOTÉ: Cardboard?

DWARFS: Nope.

NANNY GOTÉ: But you must have something. How about scraps of old food we can make into compost?

BOSS: Ah – now there we can help you!

NANNY GOTÉ: Great. Where is it?

BOSS: Mostly in Pollen's beard. Here – use this fork to get it out. You two – hold Pollen down!

NANNY GOTÉ: That's alright thank you! Never mind about the compost. *(pretends to think)* I KNOW! Just the thing! To show you how helpful I am – and to help the environment – I am willing to help you by taking away any old DIAMONDS you have!

SNOW WHITE: Diamonds?!

NANNY GOTÉ: Mmm. Any old ones. You know – a bit dirty, too big to be much use, that sort of thing?

GRUMBLE-GUTS: Pah! Do you think we're completely mad, woman?

NANNY GOTÉ: *(Looks at Yokel who has two sausages up his nostrils and a saucepan on his head.)* Well... *(Knock at the door)*

BOSS: QUIET! I heard something – outside! *(all freeze in horror)*

SMILER: Perhaps – it's the QUEEN! **(MUSIC)**

BOSS: Everyone HIDE! *(they hide behind the table & peer over)*

GUIDE: *(enters briskly)* And this is the next stop on our 'Lord of the Rings Film Location Tour'! This is the real-life home of Gimli and the other dwarfs who starred in Lord of the Rings.

BOSS: *(To band)* Quick - play the music! **(theme from Lord of Rings plays softly)**

GUIDE: In fact this very cottage was used to film Bilbo Baggins' home in Hobbiton. Mind your heads now.

TOURIST: *(poking Snow White)* This one's very tall for a dwarf!

SNOW WHITE: Hello.

TOURIST: Were YOU in Lord of the Rings? You look a bit familiar.

SNOW WHITE: No – I'm just a princess I'm afraid. *(IF this is an NZ performance change this line to: No' I'm the person in New Zealand who wasn't in it! I'm just a princess')*

TOURIST: Princess Eowyn of the mighty Middle Earth Kingdom of Rohan? *(some excitement)*

SNOW WHITE: No – Princess Snow White of Pimplevania.

TOURIST: Ah – *(disappointment)* *(points at Nanny)* This one looks like an orc!

NANNY GOTÉ: Watch it, buster.

GUIDE: Come along now. Time to get moving! *(To SW)* We're going to stage a re-enactment of the battle of Helm's Deep!

SNOW WHITE: Do you have a massive stone castle and an army of vicious orcs?

GUIDE: Not exactly ... I've got a garden shed and the *(LOCAL NAME) Brownies (or similar)*. *(louder)* See you later. Walk lively now. Follow me! *(exits)* **MUSIC**

GRUMBLE-GUTS: There – I knew she'd be trouble. They usually leave us a tip if we say we're hobbits!

BOSS: It's more important to guard the princess from that Queen!

SMILER: Don't keep talking about that Queen – she's frightening. *(they all agree)*

Sudden knock at door. MUSIC. All dive behind table again.

SNIFF: *(Voice off)* Hello? Anybody home?

DRIBBLE: *(Voice off)* See if the door's open!

The BOTTOM of the stable door opens and Sniff & Dribble peer in on hands & knees.

SNIFF: The people who live here must be very small.

SNOW WHITE: What are you two doing here?

SNIFF: Oh Snow White! Thank goodness we found you!

SNOW WHITE: Why? What's the matter?

DRIBBLE: We can't find the King anywhere: we had to leave him a note saying what had happened!

SNIFF: And the Queen knows that you're still alive! She's bound to come looking for you!

GRUMBLE-GUTS: I knew it! I said the girl would be trouble! Ding Dang Diddly!

BOSS: Shh. Let me think. Hmm.

OKEY-DOKEY: We must stay here and guard her! *(others agree)*

BOSS: No! We must make everything look normal. If we don't go to the mines, people will get suspicious. And these three'll be here if there's trouble.

CHUCKLES: I reckon she'll be safe here if she keeps the door locked, and doesn't let anybody else in

SNOW WHITE: Yes. I'll be perfectly safe. I certainly know what the Queen looks like- and I won't be letting her in!

BOSS: Then that's settled. But if there's any problem – send these folk to fetch us!

SNOW WHITE: I will. Goodbye now!

Dwarfs line up and exit singing Hi Ho.

SNIFF: Now what?

SNOW WHITE: Well – I've got three jobs to do: air the beds, wash the dishes and make some bread.

NANNY GOTÉ: Right. You two do the dishes, I'll make a start on the bread, and you can air the beds.

Snow White gets a blanket or two and goes outside.

Nanny gets gauze bag of flour. Sniff takes plates to sink & stares at pump.

SNIFF: How does this thing work?

NANNY GOTÉ: Easy. Just push the handle up and down and the water comes out.

Sniff lifts the handle and pushes slowly down. Lots of water squirts over him from wall.

NANNY GOTÉ: What's all the fuss. Hurry up with that water!

Sniff tries again. Water still gets him.

SNIFF: Dribble! Dribble - you come and stand here!

Sniff works handle. This time Dribble gets wet & Sniff laughs.

NANNY GOTÉ: Come on now, boys. Stop playing.

DRIBBLE: Oh Nanny! Naaaaaany!

NANNY GOTÉ: What is it?

SNIFF: We're – ah – having a bit of trouble with this pump.

DRIBBLE: Could you come and show us how it works?

NANNY GOTÉ: Pah! Can you two do nothing? Stand aside!

SNIFF: Delighted! *(they move away & giggle madly)*

NANNY GOTÉ: *(tries handle bit it won't move)* This handle's stuck. You'll have to use the well.

SNIFF: What? Let me ... *(pumps handle & gets soaked)*

DRIBBLE: It's working now, Nanny. Try again!

NANNY GOTÉ: *(handle won't move)* No – still stuck. Use the well!

DRIBBLE: Let me *(Pumps handle and gets soaked again)*

SNIFF: Look – it's loose now *(cautiously moves it a tiny bit)*. Your turn, Nanny!

NANNY GOTÉ: Hmm. What are you two playing at? You stand over there where I can see you.

They crouch downstage of sink, hands on knees, giggling. Nanny works the pump. Water squirts from the wall over their bottoms. They look round in disbelief.

SNIFF: Let's use the well.

DRIBBLE: Good idea.

They squelch bowlegged across to the well and Sniff looks down into it while Dribble loosens the bucket directly above Sniff's head, on a traditional windlass or wheel.

SNIFF: Wow! This thing is bottomless! *(pre-recorded)* Helloo! *(echo)* Helloo Helloo Helloo ... etc

DRIBBLE: Let me see!

Dribble lets go of the bucket. It hits Sniff on the head, knocking him headfirst into the well. Dribble grabs the seat of Sniff's trousers and stops him going down.

SNIFF: *(pre-recorded with echo)* Aargh! Get me out! GET ME OUT!

NANNY GOTÉ: NOW what are you doing?

DRIBBLE: It's not me, it's ... *(turns and lets go of Sniff, who starts to disappear, screaming, but Dribble grabs again.)*

NANNY GOTÉ: You two are completely useless!

DRIBBLE: I told you. It's not me, it's *(repeat action)*

NANNY GOTÉ: Well tell him to stop playing. Pull him out of there!

Dribble tries to pull Sniff out, banging his head on the bucket. Three times. Eventually Sniff slides to floor, gibbering madly.

NANNY GOTÉ: Stop messing around and come and help me make this pastry!

DRIBBLE: What shall we do?

NANNY GOTÉ: First – hygiene. You have to put on these two jackets and these chefs' hats.

DRIBBLE: What do we have to wear these for?

NANNY GOTÉ: Have you not been to a pantomime before?

DRIBBLE: *(nods)* See what you mean. This is just like the jacket I had to wear in the hospital. Except that one had the arms tied round the back.

SNIFF: *(has meaningful look with Nanny)* Hmm. Right. What shall I do first?

NANNY GOTÉ: Get me a bowl. There's one over there. *(gestures with bag of flour & hits Sniff in face)*

DRIBBLE: *(laughs)* What shall I do?

NANNY GOTÉ: That spoon over there, please. *(gesture & flour splat as before)*

They get the bowl & spoon. They glare at Nanny, grab a large handful of flour each from the bowl, and throw it at her, just as she says:

NANNY GOTÉ: Oops. Dropped the spoon. *(She ducks and the others get the flour in their faces)*

SNOW WHITE: *(returns)* How's the cooking? *(sees white faces)* Oh dear.

NANNY GOTÉ: Tell you what we really need. Have they got any cream?

SNIFF: I think so. Yes – here we are! *(finds can of spray cream, suitably disguised)*

NANNY GOTÉ: Thanks! *(takes can and makes 2 big mounds of cream on paper plates.)* Perfect!

Sniff picks up plate of cream. Goes to throw it at Nanny. Interaction with audience. At last moment Nanny moves back & Dribble takes her place, SPLAT!

Dribble wipes eyes. Sniff is laughing. Dribble plans to get him. Interaction with audience but at last moment Sniff turns, hitting plate back onto Dribble.

NANNY GOTÉ: Look at the state of you! You're getting it everywhere – let's get you down to the stream and sort you out. We won't be long, Snow White. You stay in here - and keep the door shut!

(to aud) You lot. You awake? Good. You keep an eye on her and make sure she doesn't let anyone in. Right?

Come on, you two. Out you go **(Distant rumble of thunder)**

Looks like there's a storm coming. Keep this door shut!

Exits & shuts door behind them.

Sound of distant thunder. Grows darker. Snow White sings as she cleans.

After a moment there is a big crash of thunder and the lightening at the window shows a dark shape.

In the following silence there is a gentle knocking at the door.

SNOW WHITE: Who can that be? *(if anyone shouts "it's the QUEEN" say: 'No – she doesn't know I'm here'.)*

Snow White goes across and slowly opens the top half of the door. Nobody there. Closes it.

SNOW WHITE: Nobody there. How strange. **(Another knock. Repeat)** How very odd. It must be the wind. I think I'd better lock the door to stop it rattling.

She crosses to the door and opens it. Loud crash of thunder; simultaneous flash from outside shows old woman in doorway.

QUEEN: Oh – did I scare you, my dear? I'm so sorry. Don't be afraid of an old woman seeking shelter from the storm.

SNOW WHITE: *(alarmed)* You did give me a bit of a fright!

QUEEN: Don't be alarmed. I know my days of being a beauty are long behind me, but what I always say is: it's not what you look like on the outside that matters, it's what you carry in your heart. Don't you agree, my lovely?

SNOW WHITE: *(still not too sure)* Why yes. Yes, indeed!

QUEEN: Do you think you could let a poor old woman come in and sit by your stove, just to warm her old bones?

SNOW WHITE: Well – I'm not really supposed to.

QUEEN: I understand, my dear. And you're quite right – you should never let a stranger into your house when you're all alone. *(peers in)* You are all alone, mmm?

SNOW WHITE: Yes. I mean – no. No – there are loads of people here! *(they look round the empty room)*

QUEEN: It doesn't matter. I'm soaked through already. A bit more ice-cold rain won't do me any harm.

I'll just go and stand under a tree, in the thunder-storm, and hope that my joints will still work when it's time to move on. Bye-bye then. *(Turns away)*

SNOW WHITE: No: wait.

QUEEN: Yes?

SNOW WHITE: Come on in. I'm sure it will be alright.

QUEEN: Bless you, my dear.

QUEEN enters slowly and puts wicker basket on table. While Snow White looks out of the door the Queen slowly takes the cloth off the basket and produces the large, red apple.

MAGIC MUSIC.

QUEEN: Here you are. A little gift for you – for showing such kindness to a poor old woman. *(offers apple)*

SNOW WHITE: How lovely. *(goes to take it then stops)* But I couldn't take your food.

QUEEN: Nonsense, I have a whole tree of them back home. I can't eat them all, not with these few teeth! *(smiles)*

SNOW WHITE: *(goes to take it then stops)* I shouldn't really – I just had a big breakfast. I'm not really hungry.

QUEEN: *(getting impatient)* Silly child. *(calms herself and smiles)* Well – if a smart, young lady like yourself doesn't think my apple is good enough for her *(goes to put it away)*

SNOW WHITE: Not at all. I'm sure it's a lovely apple. I'd love to eat it!

QUEEN: Here, my dear. *(passes apple)* I can honestly say you'll never eat another as good, ever again. *(Snow White hesitates)* Go on – take a bite. Just one, juicy bite ...

Snow White takes a small bite then gasps, clutches her throat and throws the apple to the floor. She clutches the table for support and staggers. She semi-collapses at the front of the stage.

QUEEN: *(uses her normal 'QUEEN:' voice)* So, Snow White, now I I will be the fairest in all the land. *(Laughs in an unpleasant manner as Snow White slumps, lifeless)*

MUSIC gets quieter.

DWARFS rush in, followed by Sniff, Dribble & Nanny

GRUMBLE-GUTS: *(angrily)* You should never have left her alone. Anything could have ...

YOKEL: LOOK!

BOSS: *(Rushes to Snow White)* Oh no she's she's DEAD!

They all stare at the Queen who is backing away R.

CHUCKLES: Who are you?!

POLLEN: What have you done to Snow White?!

QUEEN: It wasn't – I mean – I've done nothing. I was passing – and I looked in and ... and saw the poor thing lying there I ..

Enter: KING: & Prince Charming (plus chorus when room)

KING: What's happening? I found a note. Where's princess .. oh no!

PRINCE: Snow White! *(rushes across and kneels)* What have you done to her?! Speak, old crone!

QUEEN: *(is trying to hide her face)* Nothing – I've done nothing.

KING: I know that voice! Who are you? Show yourself!

QUEEN: *(backing away from him)* No – you must not see me like this. You must not see me!

KING: That voice. Those clothes!

NANNY GOTÉ: It's the QUEEN!

ALL: The Queen! She's right! It's the Queen! etc.

KING: Is it you?! Show me your face?!

QUEEN: You must not see me like this! Not like this!!

As Queen backs toward the well the Prince leaps and snatches the Queen's arm from her face. She screams. Others scream: "it IS the QUEEN! etc."

QUEEN: NO! NO! I am beautiful! Beautiful! *(She staggers back to the well.)* I AM THE FAIREST IN THE LAAaaaa ...

Queen Topples backwards into well. Pre-recorded: long echoing scream fades into distance. Faint splash. MUSIC STOPS

SNIFF: *(leans in to look down well then turns)* Do you think we should pull her out?

DRIBBLE: *(similar action)* Dunno – what does anyone else think?

KING: Don't go to any trouble on my account.

BOSS: Hummph. *(puts wooden lid on well. Dusts off hands)*

Sad music starts

NANNY GOTÉ: My poor princess. She's still warm. As if she's only sleeping!

PRINCE: This can't be true. We only met yesterday.

SONG: 'Tell me it's not true': Blood Brothers. Prince & Full chorus.

NANNY GOTÉ: Is there nothing we can do?

BOSS: I'm afraid Snow White is beyond earthly medicine.

SNIFF: What if the Prince gives her a kiss? That works!

DRIBBLE: That was Sleeping Beauty! That's a fairy story – this is real life!

SNIFF: Well it's worth a try! *(general mutters & nods of agreement)*

MUSIC. *Prince kneels, lifts Snow White's head and kisses her forehead.*

After a second she gives a cough and gasps. Her eyes open. The Prince lifts her into his arms.

There is much delight.

SNOW WHITE: What happened? What are you all doing here? *(stares at Prince)* Did you kiss me?!

PRINCE: Er – well – um – sort of.

SNOW WHITE: You know that in Pimplevania the custom is - if you kiss a princess you have to marry her!

PRINCE: *(to KING: happily,)* Is this true?

KING: It is now! *(helps them to their feet)* And I do believe *(turns to Nanny)* ... I do believe that it applies to Nannies too!

NANNY GOTÉ: *(teasing)* You'll have to *find* me first! *(runs off: pauses)* I'll be just over there. *(Runs again.*

KING runs after down hall/theatre)

Snow White, Prince, Sniff, Dribble & Dwarfs stroll forward. TABS close behind them.

SCENE EIGHT

SNIFF: Happy ending then!

DRIBBLE: Yep. Just like in the fairy stories!

SNIFF: See – I told you! What shall we do now?

PRINCE: Well, I think we're going back to the palace. See you all later! *(Both exit)*

DRIBBLE: *(look at each other's dirty, wet costumes)* That's a good idea. How about getting changed?

SNIFF: Good idea. See you all soon. *(Both exit, waving)*

GRUMBLE-GUTS: And what are WE supposed to do?

SMILER: Hi Ho.

BOSS: What?

SMILER: Hi Ho

CHUCKLES: He said - Hi Ho!

YOKEL: Hi hi – hi ho – hi ho ... etc

BOSS: Not yet! *(slowly)* This is where we get other people to help us! *(slow turn to aud. grin)*

OKEY-DOKEY: Look!

BOSS: Blimey – are you awake? What is it?

OKEY-DOKEY: There's someone coming!

BOSS: He's right! Who is it?

GUIDE: *(enters down hall)* Here we are: the famous *(name of venue)*. Not the most beautiful theatre in the world but we call it home. At least until they knock it down and build old people's retirement flats here. And it looks like some of the residents have moved in early!

BOSS: How may we help you?

GUIDE: You want people up on the stage?

BOSS: We do.

GUIDE: Then that's what I do best. Let's get to it. How many do you want?

BOSS: Five or six!

GUIDE: Good – fifty it is then. Now – let's find some 'volunteers'.

GRUMBLE-GUTS: There'll be hundreds of em! They'll be trouble!

CHUCKLES: Nonsense. Any children out there want to come up here and help us sing Hi Ho?!

SMILER: Don't be shy! Just copy us

Hi ho - Hi ho – Hi

Hi ho - Hi ho It's off to work we go

With a bucket and spade and some lemonade

Hi ho - Hi ho - Hi ho – HI HO!

BOSS: Who have you got to help us today?

Ad lib chatting & introductions

SONG

GUIDE: Thank you all!

BOSS: Come on then, fellows. One last chorus! Everybody now! (*Dwarfs exit singing Hi-ho*)

TABS open onto

SCENE NINE: THE THRONE ROOM

As before but with glitter curtains / flags

SNOW WHITE, PRINCE, KING, NANNY GOTÉ (*with small crown/tiara*), SNIFF, DRIBBLE are on stage

SNOW WHITE: Our story's run, we've no more time

PRINCE: Except to end this tale in rhyme

KING: Romance has won.

NANNY GOTÉ: We've had some fun

SNOW WHITE: And wedding bells today will chime.

SNIFF: The wicked Queen at last is beaten,

DRIBBLE: Er .. (*they look at him*) and all my chocolates have been eaten? Well, I'm no good at poetry!

SNIFF: Pimplevania another Queen has gotten. (*Nanny curtsies*)

DRIBBLE: Er ... (*more staring*) I don't know! What rhymes with 'gotten'? Is it a real word?!

SNIFF: Yes, it is a real word. Now hurry up! (*chanting*) Pimplevania another Queen has gotten.

DRIBBLE: But these ones got a fatter bot...!

NANNY GOTÉ: Oy!

PRINCE: Our tale is done, it's time to go,

SNOW WHITE: So now a song to end our show.

FINALE SONG

Principals exit.

MUSIC - WALK DOWN:

CHORUS

GUIDE and DANGLING DAN then point to MAGIC MIRROR,

KING with NANNY GOTÉ,

SNIFF: & DRIBBLE

QUEEN

DWARFS

SNOW WHITE & PRINCE

Point to Musicians

SHORT ENCORE with flags

Retreat waving.

FINAL CURTAIN