

SNOW WHITE: MICRO VERSION

Chris Lane

6 chairs. 5 have people sitting with clipboards.

THERAPIST: DOC

4 dwarfs. GRUMPY. SLEEPY. DOPEY. BASHFUL

*Doc checks clipboard.*

*Sleepy is asleep.*

**DOC:** So: from what you say, Sneezzy has the flu and is in bed, Happy has run out of his anti-depressant medication and also won't get out of bed? OK. *(makes a note)* And Snow White?

*The 4 dwarfs shrug.*

**DOC:** OK: Let's make a start. *(Smiles falsely)* I see you all have the survey I asked you to fill in.

Bashful: you first. Can you tell us how your week has been?

*BASHFUL goes all shy, shakes head and hides behind clipboard.*

**GRUMPY:** *(angrily points at Bashful)* Look! Just as bad as ever, Doc! Wouldn't even answer the door when those Jehovah's Witnesses came round!

**DOC:** Ah: right. Thanks, Grumpy. *(makes a note)* Don't blame him/her for that one to be honest.

How about you, Grumpy? Has the anger management session done any..

**GRUMPY:** No! It hasn't. Bloomin' waste of time! Sitting there listening to that know-it-all droning on and on and ...

**DOC:** Oh dear. Right. *(makes a note; looks at Dopey without any great hope)* And you, ah...

**GRUMPY:** Dopey! Call him Dopey. That what he's called and that's what he is!

**DOC:** Oh well; you remember? We said that maybe we'd consider using another less 'negative' name such as...

**DOPEY:** Fish Fingers!

*They look at him, confused.*

**DOC:** Sorry? What about them?

**DOPEY:** My new name. Hur-hur! Fish Fingers! *(turns to neighbour Bashful)* I loves 'em I do: Fish Fingers!

*Bashful giggles embarrassed and hides face again.*

**DOC:** Ah. OK. So – ah – 'Fish Fingers'. How did you get on - with that book I gave you to read?

**DOPEY:** Book?

*Doc mimes opening of a book and fascinated reading.*

**DOPEY:** Ooh! Yar! Easy! It was on every page!

**DOC:** What was?

**GRUMPY:** The dog!

**DOC:** I'm sorry: I don't...

**GRUMPY:** The book! It was called 'Janet and John and Spot the Dog'!

**DOC:** Yes, but ...

**GRUMPY:** That's what the idiot did! Spot the dog!

**DOPEY:** *(laughs)* Twas on every page! Woof!

*Doc looks on the verge of a breakdown but takes a deep breath.*

**DOC:** So ... Sleepy! *(no response from sleeping figure)* Sleepy?

*Grumpy hits Sleepy who wakes suddenly.*

**SLEEPY:** Wh..What? What's happening?

**DOC:** I was just wondering: the epilepsy? Remember? The blackouts? Those tablets you were given, to stop you having the attacks: have they ... *(Sleepy is asleep again)* Oh. Right. OK. Maybe they need to be a bit stronger. *(Makes note)*

**DOPEY:** Spot the dog!

**DOC:** Ah – *(smiles politely)* yes, indeed.

**GRUMPY:** I wouldn't spot the bleedin' dog. I'd kick it in the b...

**DOC:** Right! Moving on! Well; I was hoping for a bit more progress to be honest. Anyway: today's session is about ...

**DOPEY:** Fish fingers!

**GRUMPY:** It's getting worse!

**DOC:** Ah: no – no, not fish – ah - fingers. I was thinking more of ...

**GRUMPY:** A fight! *(rolls sleeves up and rises)*

**DOC:** No! Not again! Only these six chairs left!

*Grumpy sits angrily.*

**DOC:** You said Snow White would be along soon? Bashful: do you know if ...

*Bashful goes mega-shy and hides behind clipboard again. Doc looks at wits end.*

**GRUMPY:** 'Snow White'? No better there either! Still thinks the Queen is an evil witch planning a murder!

**DOPEY:** Wicked Queen!

**BASHFUL:** Snow White! At that clinic again! *(hides)*

**DOC:** Clinic?

**GRUMPY:** Same one: 'gender realignment'! Load of twaddle! "I want to be a woman" Ha! I've got some sharp scissors: I'll do it!

*Snow White (male in wig and costume) enters and looks at chairs.*

**SNOW:** Sorry I'm late! *(sits)*

**GRUMPY:** Well? That clinic? What did they say? They going to cut 'em off?!

**DOC:** Grumpy: we discussed this: if somebody identifies with a gender other than the one they were born with then...

*Grumpy angrily makes scissor cutting action that causes all to wince then folds arms and sulks.*

**SNOW:** What am I missing?

**GRUMPY:** *(grunts)* An ovary!

**DOC:** OK! That's not what we're here to work on. So: Snow White.

*Snow shakes her hair and smiles nicely.*

**SNOW:** Mmm?

**DOC:** I see you have the question sheet I gave you last session? About your – ah 'Wicked Step-Mother'?

**SNOW:** Oh. Her! Yes.

**DOC:** How are things going, back at the cottage? Do you still...

**GRUMPY:** Yes: he still thinks there's a 'hunter' in the woods trying to kill him!

**DOC:** 'Her', please Grumpy. We agreed to respect (name of actor) 's wishes and ... sorry: Snow White's wishes, and use female pronouns?

**GRUMPY:** Whatever.

**DOPEY:** And I'm Fish Fingers.

**SNOW:** Oh! What a lovely name!

**GRUMPY:** Pah!

*This wakes Sleepy.*

**SLEEPY:** What's happening?

**DOC:** Gosh: where to start...

**SLEEPY:** Bashful: do you know what's happening?

**BASHFUL:** Well ... ah ... 'Dopey' is now 'Fish Fingers' and can spot small dogs; (actor's name) is now 'Snow White', but hasn't had the op yet.

**SNOW:** Any day now!

**BASHFUL:** And Grumpy is still ... *(they all look at Grumpy sitting, arms folded and scowling)*

**DOC:** Can we move on? I've got the next patients coming any time so...

**SNOW:** Was that them, waiting outside? The young woman with the pumpkin in her lap and the three old ladies in ballet clothes? Bit weird. They kept hitting the pumpkin with little glittery sticks and staring at it. The woman kept crying about missing a party somewhere?

**DOC:** That's them. Take too long to explain. Anyway: look. Let's get down to the main reason we're all here.

**DOPEY:** To eat fish fingers?

**SNOW:** No: the 'dwarf' thing?

**DOC:** Yes: bluntly: do you four still think you're dwarfs?

*The four dwarfs react irritably and stand.*

**GRUMPY:** Just look at us! Obviously we're dwarfs!

**SLEEPY:** Yes!

**BASHFUL:** Indeed. Definitely.

**DOPEY:** Nuggets.

**SNOW:** Nuggets?

**DOC:** They're tiny fish-fingers. Good grief.

**GRUMPY:** Go on, 'Snow White' or whatever you're called. Stand up. Show him!

*Snow stands and is indeed far taller.*

**BASHFUL:** There!

**GRUMPY:** Well? What do you say to that, clever-clogs!

*Doc throws clipboard down and gives in.*

**DOC:** Alright! I give in! Yes! You're all dwarves; and you're a princess with an evil stepmother that can talk to mirrors. Fine! Now get out! Out!

*They exit and DOC sits, head in hand, then calms.*

**DOC:** Next!

*JACK enters.*

**JACK:** Hi there. A while ago I swapped my cow for these magic beans, but they just won't grow.

*Doc buries head in hands with a groan.*

**BLACKOUT**