

SNOW WHITE

BY

MARK LLEWELLIN

This script is published by

NODA LTD
 15 The Metro Centre
 Peterborough PE2 7UH
 Telephone: 01733 374790
 Fax: 01733 237286
 Email: info@noda.org.uk
www.noda.org.uk

To whom all enquiries regarding purchase of further scripts and current royalty rates should be addressed.

CONDITIONS

1. A Licence, obtainable only from NODA Ltd, must be acquired for every public or private performance of a NODA script and the appropriate royalty paid : if extra performances are arranged after a Licence has already been issued, it is essential that NODA Ltd be informed immediately and the appropriate royalty paid, whereupon an amended Licence will be issued.
2. The availability of this script does not imply that it is automatically available for private or public performance, and NODA Ltd reserve the right to refuse to issue a Licence to Perform, for whatever reason. Therefore a Licence should always be obtained before any rehearsals start.
3. All NODA scripts are fully protected by copyright acts. Under no circumstances may they be reproduced by photocopying or any other means, either in whole or in part, without the written permission of the publishers
4. The Licence referred to above only relates to live performances of this script. A separate Licence is required for videotaping or sound recording of a NODA script, which will be issued on receipt of the appropriate fee.
5. NODA works must be played in accordance with the script and no alterations, additions or cuts should be made without the prior consent from NODA Ltd. This restriction does not apply to minor changes in dialogue, strictly local or topical gags and, where permitted in the script, musical and dancing numbers.
6. The name of the author shall be stated on all publicity, programmes etc. The programme credits shall state -Script provided by NODA Ltd, Peterborough PE2 7UHø

NODA LIMITED is the trading arm of the NATIONAL OPERATIC & DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, a registered charity devoted to the encouragement of amateur theatre.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made. www.noda.org.uk E-mail: info@noda.org.uk

SNOW WHITE

By Mark Llewelin

Act One:

1. The Queen's Bedchamber.
2. The Marketplace.
3. The Queen's Bedchamber.
4. The Marketplace.
5. The Queen's Bedchamber.
6. The Woods.

Act Two:

1. The Dwarf's House.
2. The Castle Schoolroom.
3. The Dwarf's House.
4. The Queen's Bedchamber.
5. The Marketplace.
6. The Castle Ballroom.

Characters:

Snow White

Queen Devila

Cora the Cook

Sammy the Stableboy

Igor

Bob

Bitz

Fairy Nuff

The 7 Dwarfs: Bumpy, Lumpy, Snorer, Tickle, Jolly, Jingle and Raker.

Prince Philip

Chorus: Townspeople, servants, animals, ghost, guards.

SNOW WHITE

By Mark Llewelin

Act One:

Scene 1: The Queen's Bedchamber.

AS THE CURTAIN RISES THE QUEEN IS SAT ON EITHER A BED OR A CHAIR. SHE HOLDS A HAND MIRROR AND HAS HER BACK TO THE AUDIENCE.

QUEEN: Drat the lines, the frowns, the sunken eyes! .curses to growing old!

THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Enter!

ENTER IGOR.

IGOR: Mistress! Mistress!

QUEEN: What is it?

SHE RISES AND TURNS TOWARDS HIM.

IGOR: Snow White awaits you your majesty ó it is your daughter's birthday oh great one. And you are the only guest.

QUEEN: I know that Igor! I sent the invitation out.

IGOR: But she's sat there all alone in the Great Hall ó with just one balloon. And a party popper.

QUEEN: Yes ó well I'm *not* going.

IGOR: Not going?

QUEEN: No! That wretched girl doesn't deserve it.

IGOR: Now, really your Royal Highness ó

QUEEN HOLDS MIRROR BEFORE HER.

QUEEN: Look in there!

HE TAKES THE MIRROR, GINGERLY LOOKS IN AND SCREAMS.

What did you see?

IGOR: Me!

QUEEN: You? That was me.

SHE TAKES THE MIRROR BACK.

There ó look. Itøø me.

HE TAKES THE MIRROR BACK.

IGOR: Thatøø definitely me.

QUEEN: Well, what I see in there is an old hag ó with lines and crowøø feet and yellowing teeth and sinking eyes ó and you know whoøø to blame for that, donøø you?

IGOR: Max Factor?

QUEEN: No ó that evil little daughter of mine ó Snow White. What a stupid name that is anøø all. Itøø her fatherøø fault ó I wanted her called Black Beauty. But oh no he always knew better! Then he goes and pops his clogs and leaves me to work my fingers to the bone ó and you know what that gave me.

IGOR: Boney fingers?

QUEEN: No ó well, yes ó but also a foul, foul temper.

IGOR: ASIDE: I know that much.

QUEEN: And when I looked in that mirror just now and saw what had become of me I decided there and then that Snow White would pay the price for ruining my life ó LAUGHS

IGOR: The price?

QUEEN: Yes! Itøø simple Igor ó I canøø have Snow White looking all beautiful and lovely and me looking like this ó can you imagine what people are saying.

IGOR: So youøøve decided not to be seen together.

QUEEN: No, much more final than that - Snow White must die.

IGOR: But your majesty when all is said and done sheøø still your only daughter.

QUEEN: No Igor, from this day Snow White is stripped of her title of Princess ó she can go and get a job like all the other peasants round here. Got it!

IGOR: Got it.

QUEEN: Good. PAUSE Well, what are you waiting for ó go and tell her. Now!

IGOR: WALKING OUT BACKWARDS I shall do so now your regal beingness ó now, forthwith and immediately, if not sooner.

HE COLLIDES WITH THE SET.

QUEEN: If you want something done properly - do it yourself.

IGOR: Your majesty, before you do ó a thought.

QUEEN: Yes?

IGOR: Have you ever speculated that it might be the mirror?

QUEEN: The mirror?

IGOR: Yes ó I mean in (*local ladies fashion store*) they have one that makes you look very thin and at Blackpool Pleasure Beach they have one that makes you look all wibbily wobbilyí í

QUEEN: You mean I might not look so bad after all?

IGOR: Exactly.

QUEEN: Then get me a new mirror. At once.

IGOR GOES TO EXIT.

Just a minute Igor ó how do *you* think I look?

IGOR: Me? You want to know what *I* think?

QUEEN: Yes.

HE MELTS.

IGOR: Well, I think you look flaming gorgeous ó

| |
|------------------------|
| NUMBER Igor and Queen. |
|------------------------|

Scene 2: The Marketplace

THE CHORUS, AS STALL HOLDERS, ARE ON STAGE SELLING THEIR WARES.

SAMMY ENTERS. A WHISTLE BLOWS.

SAMMY: Good morning everybody!

CHORUS 1: Good morning? That was the lunchtime whistle.

SAMMY: Lunchtime already?

CHORUS 2: It's thirteen o'clock Sammy.

SAMMY: Thirteen already? That's where I went wrong; I thought it was just one o'clock.

CHORUS 3: You're getting worse my lad.

SAMMY: Well, it's never too late to be polite and say good morning!

| |
|-------------------------|
| NUMBER Chorus and Sammy |
|-------------------------|

SAMMY: TO AUDIENCE: And a very good morning to you too! REACTION
Welcome to Upper Ramsbottom where it's usually wet and windy. My name is Sammy and I'm stable boy up at the castle ó yes, I look after the hoeses for the bosses. Nay nay! Oh yes I do. Now, let me introduce you to everyone who lives here ó

AS HE NAMES SOMEONE THEY STEP FORWARD AND WAVE.

Pray silence for the Mayor - Nick De Rates, here's Sally Forth the Scout mistress, the publicans Sid and Shona Sham ó and baby Sham, the greengrocer Bea Trute, the cleaning lady Dusty Surface, the baker Flo Rebaps, the teacher Chalky Board and of course, the birdwatcher Mr C. Gull. Oh, and the Doctor ó Emma Royds. Say hello everyone!

THE CHORUS CHEER.

Well, I've taken up enough of your lunch break ó off you go.

THEY ALL RUN OFF.

So, now we've all said hello and how yer diddling it's time you should introduce yourselves to me. So, after three I want you to all call your names out. Ready? One, two, three ó

AUDIENCE SHOUT. SAMMY RUSHES ABOUT AS IF LISTENING.

Oh yes ó Helen and John and Beth and Luke and Mark and Peter and Roy. Thank you very much but you sir ó TO SOMEONE IN THE AUDIENCE ó I didn't hear you shout out. No I didn't ó what's your name sir?

MAN RESPONDS.

Well, hello to you (Name) ó you look like a gent who might like his oats. You do? I'll show you where the stables are later ó we've plenty up there! Well, I think you've met everyone now ó

CORA: Yoo hoo!

SAMMY: Now hang on, who can that be?

CORA: Yoo hoo!

HOUSE LIGHTS UP. CORA ENTERS THROUGH THE AUDIENCE. SHE MUTTERS TO THEM AS SHE ARRIVES.

You look like a nice fella ó what big thighs you've got ó keep your hands to yourself ó that's a lovely frock madam. Not ó

SHE CLIMBS ONTO THE STAGE.

SAMMY: I thought I recognised the voice.

CORA: I took me life in me hands coming through that lot ó what a rabble they are. All the men were trying to grab me assets.

SAMMY: He's the one you want to watch ó (Name)

CORA: PEERS OUT AT MAN He looks like he could be a bit of an octopus ó hands everywhere. Are you here on your own sir?

RESPONSE.

Either:

Never mind about her, come round to my dressing room after the show.

Or:

Single man out on the town ó I can be devil may care you know. Dressing room 2. Come round after the show.

SAMMY: You are a fast cat.

CORA: When you get to my age ó 28 ó you have to take every opportunity. What? What? You don't think I'm 28? Oh yes I am! REACTION Oh yes I am! REACTION Oh no I'm not! REACTION See ó gotcha!

- SAMMY: Cora ó you haven't introduced yourself. We've already said hello.
- CORA: You're right ó I was forgetting my manners. Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls and (Name) ó I am Cora the Cook, widow of this parish and life long resident. Yes, I've spent 28 years here ó ARM OUT INDICATING THE WHOLE STAGE - Upper Ramsbottom. I have indeed. Of course I'm not a cook here in the village ó oh no ó I work for the royals. Up in the castle. Well, we work together don't we Sammy.
- SAMMY: Yes, for the wicked Queen Devila ó
- CORA: - and her lovely daughter Princess Snow White. Funny name isn't it ó I always thought they should have called her Primrose Yellow. Anyhow, we've worked there man and boy haven't we Sammy?
- SAMMY: We have. Me looking after the hoeses for the bosses.
- CORA: And me looking after the old trout. No, no, no, not the Queen ó no, well - no, I meant that's her favourite dish ó trout.
- SAMMY: You're a tough woman.
- CORA: As a cook you have to be ó beating the eggs, whipping the cream and stoning the prunes.
- SAMMY: Stoning, whipping and beating ó
- CORA: CLOSING EYES Say it again but with a deeper voice!
- SAMMY: I will not!
- CORA: Spoil sport. Ooh, I almost forgot ó there is another member of staff up the castle. Yes, Igor!
- SAMMY: That's right ó the Queen's head henchman.

IGOR ENTERS BEHIND THEM.

- CORA: He's a nasty bit of work he is ó of course, you know he secretly fancies the old Queen don't you? Oh yes! GIGGLES He's got no chance.
- SAMMY: So if you ever see him listening to what we're up to ó will you tell us boys and girls?
- CORA: Yes, we want you to shout -Keep your nose out Igor! - can you do that?
- SAMMY: Let's see ó imagine he's here now!

SHOUTS

CORA: That's brilliant 'o and then I'll turn and go 'o

SHE TURNS UP STAGE, BLOWS RASPBERRY WITH HER HANDS IN HER EARS. IGOR IS NOT AMUSED. SHE TURNS TO THE FRONT.

LAUGHING 'i . He, he, I'm glad he wasn't here to see that!
FREEZES. CAN HARDLY SPEAK: Samí Sammí . Sammyí .

SAMMY IS LAUGHING.

SAMMY: What is it?

CORA: Tell him boys and girls.

SHOUTS. SAMMY TURNS AND BLOWS A RASPBERRY. TURNS FRONT.

SAMMY: You know, I could have sworn 'i 'i .

HE FACES CORA. SHE NODS. SAMMY LOOKS BACK QUICKLY.

SAMMY: And that ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, is what you do if you see the dreadful Igor. Who we don't like. Now, there's someone called Igor who we really love 'o

URNS BACK.

Ah, talking of the devil now 'o here's the lovely Igor.

IGOR STEPS FORWARD.

IGOR: Her majesty wants you two back at the castle now. She has an announcement to make.

CORA: An announcement?

IGOR: She has a proclamation.

CORA: Poor love 'o she wants to get it seen to.

IGOR: It's you who wants seeing to.

CORA: He's been talking to (Name)!

IGOR: Get to the castle now!!!

SAMMY: We're going.

CORA: See you later boys and girls!

CORA AND SAMMY RUSH OFF AS THE CHORUS ARRIVE BACK.

IGOR: Just the person I want ó

AMONGST THE CHORUS IS BOB. IGOR GRABS HIM.

BOB: What is it? I haven't done anything!

IGOR: Quiet! Quiet! Your name is Bob isn't it?

BOB: That's right ó construction works a speciality.

IGOR: That's what I thought ó Bob the Builder they call you, don't they?

BOB: At your service sir. SALUTES

IGOR: You and your brother have a building and interior design business. Is that true?

BOB: We did have.

IGOR: Did have?

BOB: We lost all our money ó went bust.

IGOR: Then feast your eyes on this - PRODUCES BUNDLE OF CASH.

BOB: STARES AT IT I'm feasting sir.

IGOR: I need some work doing up at the castle! í

BOB: WALKING AWAY At the castle? For the evil queen?

IGOR: That's it.

BOB: I don't think so ó you hear tales. I'd have to ask my brother.

IGOR: Well ask him then ó

BOB: Bitz! Bitz!

BITZ RUNS ON.

BITZ: You called brother.

BOB: I did. PUTS AN ARM ROUND HIM AND WALKS AWAY FROM IGOR This nice man is offering us cash to do some work for him.

BITZ: He is?

IGOR APPEARS BETWEEN THEM WAVING THE MONEY.

BITZ: And why haven't you said yes?

BOB: It's up at the castle.

BITZ: I see.

IGOR: Now listen boys ' I want some work doing and you need the work, I have the money and you need the money ' .

BOB: He has a point. Money talks.

BOTH: We'll do it!

IGOR: Good ' I want the Queen's bedchamber redesigned, glammed up, painted and papered ' oh, and the centrepiece must be a wonderful new mirror.

BOB: That shouldn't be a problem.

IGOR: A magic mirror that will show her how beautiful she is.

HE THROWS THE MONEY INTO BOB'S HANDS.

Deal? Or no deal?

BITZ: LOOKS AT THE CASH Deal!

IGOR: Good. Report to the castle at nine o'clock tomorrow morning.

IGOR IS GONE.

BOB: What have we gone and done? A mirror that makes that old bag look beautiful? We're designers not magicians. She's pug ugly. She looks like an old bulldog chewing wasps. I've seen her in Goodbye Magazine. ASIDE: It's cheaper than Hello but a day late.

BITZ: But we need that money ' brother, Bitz and Bob's is back in business ' and we're in the money.

| |
|----------------------------------|
| NUMBER Bitz, Bob and the Chorus. |
|----------------------------------|

Scene 3: Queen's Bedchamber

AS BEFORE.

IGOR STANDS WITH THE QUEEN.

IGOR: They have some marvellous designs your royal highness ó woodchip over there, flock up there and a dado the talk of the county.

QUEEN: If you think it ðll make me look better then so be it. But if it doesn't work Igor then you ðll be for the chop as well as that snivelling Snow White. By the way, where is she?

IGOR: On her way up ó as you proclaimed.

QUEEN: Good.

SNOW WHITE ENTERS.

QUEEN: Oh, so here you are Snow White ó at last. Finished tidying up after your party have you?

SNOW W: There wasn't much to tidy up. I was the only one who went.

QUEEN: I was busy ó I had to pull the feathers off a parrot.

SNOW W: Maybe next year mother.

QUEEN: That's what I wanted to talk to you about. There won't be a next year. The time has come Snow White for you to make your own way in the world. So, I'm going to give you a helping hand ó I'm stripping you of your Princess title and putting you to work in the kitchens.

SNOW W: But mother ó

QUEEN: And you can cut that out an' all ó no longer do I have a daughter, you will be a servant. Do you hear? Do you understand?

SNOW W: If only father were here ó

QUEEN: But he's not is he? He met a nasty little accident. LAUGHS Oh dear, how sad, never mind. Right, go on then ó get out!

SNOW W: But ó

QUEEN: Clear off. That fat old crone in the kitchens probably has some carrots to peel. Go on ó you are the weakest link. Get lost!

SNOW WHITE EXITS.

IGOR: Your majesty, If ..

QUEEN: That felt rather good. Took years off me in fact. PREENS HERSELF
Oh yes it did. REACTION Oh yes it did. REACTION Oh no it didn't.
So, Igor if your decorators or designers or whatever they are don't
make a good job of this then you'll be the next to get the heave-ho.
Got it?

QUEEN EXITS.

IGOR: Got it!

BITZ AND BOB ENTER. THEY CARRY BUCKETS, A PASTING TABLE ETC.

Oh, you're here.

BITZ: As booked.

THEY LOOK AROUND.

BOB: When was this place built?

IGOR: 1545.

BITZ: A quarter to four? They worked fast in them days.

IGOR: It is a national treasure ó look at the dados ó

BOB: I thought they were extinct.

IGOR: Friezes to die for.

BITZ: Perhaps they should turn the heating up.

IGOR: Have you no breeding? No culture? SHRUGS SHOULDERS I'll
leave you to it.

IGOR EXITS.

BOB: What are we doing here Bitz? You know what they say ó this is the
most haunted castle in the village.

BITZ: It's the only castle in the village.

BOB: Good point. But I still don't like it. What if there are ghosts and
ghoulies?

BITZ: Calm down ó I'll stop you being grabbed by the ghosties.

BOB: It's being grabbed by the ghoulies that worries me most.

BITZ: Look ó letø get on with the work and get out of here as quickly as possible.

BOB: Sounds a great idea. Letø put the pasting table up.

BITZ LIFTS THE PASTING TABLE UP. HE RELEASES THE CATCH AND BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM THEY UNFOLD THE TABLE WITH THE LEGS UPWARD. THEY PLACE IT ON THE FLOOR. JUST AS THEY DO A GHOST CROSSES BEHIND THEM. BOB TURNS AND SEES IT.

BOB: A ghost! A ghost!

BITZ COLLAPSES ON THE FLOOR. HE SITS JUST IN FRONT OF ONE OF THE TABLE LEGS AND BOBS UP AGAIN QUICKLY AS IF HEøS SAT ON A LEG. THE GHOST IS GONE.

BOB: It was a ghost!

BITZ: RUBBING HIS BACKSIDE Thank you. I got the point.

THEY TURN THE TABLE OVER. BOB PICKS UP A BUCKET AND PLACES IT ON THE TABLE.

BITZ: Letø get this over and done with ó quickly. Paste!

BOB: PRODUCING BRUSH Paste ó and brush.

BITZ: Did you bring the paper?

BOB: Yes sir ó PRODUCES A ROLL OF WALLPAPER ó here we go. Only the very best for her majesty ó

BOB DIPS THE BRUSH IN THE PASTE AS BITZ TRIES TO UNROLL THE PAPER ON THE TABLE. HOWEVER, IT ROLLS BACK.

BITZ: I canø get the paper to stay put.

BOB: Hereí .

HE TAKES THE END, BLOBS PASTE ON IT AND STICKS IT TO THE TABLE. THE ROLL IS NOW SPREAD OUT.

BITZ: Hang on! Hang on! Are we going to be painting the ceiling?

BOB: Of course we are ó black so it doesnø show the dirt.

BITZ: Then weøll need our painting and decorating overalls and hats.

BITZ OFF AND RETURNS WITH APRONS AND HATS.

BOB: You can never be too careful.

BITZ: I mean look at that Laurence Llewellyn Bowen (*or other TV designer*)
ó look at the state he gets into.

THEY PUT THE APRONS AND HATS ON.

BOB: That's it ó now at least we look professional.

BITZ: People know what we are when they look at us.

BOB: They do that.

BITZ: Right ó paste up the paper.

BOB STARTS TO PASTE THE PAPER, HE WORKS HIS WAY TOWARDS THE ROLL, WHICH BITZ HOLDS. AS HE NEARS HIM THE GHOST ENTERS AGAIN. BOB SEES THE GHOST AND SCREAMS DURING WHICH HE PASTES UP BITZ'S FRONT. THE GHOST LEAVES AS Ó

BITZ: I know I said I wanted to get plastered tonight but ó

BOB: I'm sorry, it was one of those ghosties again.

BITZ: Another one???

BOB: Get the paper up as quickly as we can.

BITZ TEARS THE PAPER OFF THE ROLL AND HOLDS IT BEFORE HIM RUSHING ABOUT THE STAGE.

BITZ: Which wall? Which wall?

BITZ TRIPS AND LIES ON TOP OF THE PAPER. HE STANDS WITH IT STUCK TO HIM.

BOB: I just want to get out of here ó shall we paint the ceiling?

BITZ: GETTING PAPER OFF HIMSELF That's a great idea ó and we'll change the light to a lower wattage, she'll never know.

BOB: Have you got the two buckets?

BITZ: Yes boss. HE PUTS TWO BUCKETS ON THE TABLE.

BOB: I'll pour some paint from my bucket into yours ó if we both do some we'll get it done quicker.

BITZ: A great idea brother.

BOB: But first we need the ladder.

BOB EXITS. AS HE GOES THE GHOST ENTERS BEHIND BITZ. HE TURNS SLOWLY. THE GHOST SCREAMS AND RUNS OFF.

BITZ: TO AUDIENCE: That spooked him.

BOB ENTERS WITH LADDER AS BITZ TAKES HIS HAT OFF TO WIPE HIS BROW. HE PUTS THE HAT ON THE TABLE NEXT TO THE BUCKETS.

BITZ: Let me help you with that.

BITZ TAKES THE LADDER AND SETS IT UP AS BOB PREPARES TO POUR PAINT FROM ONE BUCKET HOWEVER, A GHOST APPEARS AND WAVES AT HIM AND RUNS OFF ó THIS CAUSES HIM TO SHRIEK AND POUR PAINT INTO THE HAT BY MISTAKE. HE DOESNÓT NOTICE HIS MISTAKE.

THEY TAKE A BUCKET AND A BRUSH EACH.

BOB: Weøll start at either end and meet in the middle.

BITZ: Fine. The quicker the better.

BITZ CLIMBS HIS LADDER ó BOB STARTS TO CLIMB HIS AND REALISES HE DOESNÓT HAVE ONE.

BOB: Hang on, hang on ó weøve only got one ladder.

BITZ: Weøll be here for ever.

BOB: Shall we just clear up and scarper?

BITZ: Yes ó letøus do a bunk. Weøve been paid anyway.

IGOR AND THE QUEEN ENTER.

BOB: No one will know, will they?

IGOR: No one will know what?

BITZ: That weøre going to run off without finishing the job.

QUEEN: Iød get Watchdog onto you pair of nincompoops.

BOTH: Uh ho!

QUEEN: Look at my lovely room ó whereø Carol Smiley (*or TV make over presenter*) when you want her? I was told you were the very best interior designers in the village.

BOB: We're the *only* interior designers in the village.

IGOR: Your majesty, forgive me for causing you this headache.

QUEEN: Get them out of here now!

SHE EXITS.

IGOR: You two owe me a big time.

BOB: We're so sorry but it's .

BITZ: It was the ghosties and the ghoulies.

IGOR: Never mind them a clear up and get out of here. But remember, you've had my money and one day soon you'll have to pay me back a one way or another.

BOTH: Yes sir, certainly sir.

IGOR EXITS.

BOB: Start the van.

BITZ GRABS THE LADDERS, BOB THE BUCKETS. THEY GO TO EXIT. THEY STOP.

BOB: What's the matter?

BITZ: I almost forgot a me hat!

HE PUTS THE LADDERS DOWN AND PICKS UP HIS HAT. EARLIER IN THE ROUTINE PAINT WAS POURED INTO THE HAT. THERE IS A HOLE (ABOUT THE DIAMETER OF A 2p PIECE) IN THE TOP SO AS HE PULLS THE HAT DOWN ONTO HIS HEAD THE PAINT SQUIRTS OUT OF THE TOP. THE MORE PAINT IN THERE AND THE SWIFTER IT'S PULLED DOWN, THE BETTER THE EFFECT.

BLACK OUT.

Scene 4: The Market

THE CHORUS ARE ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS WHEN CORA ENTERS.

CORA: Listen everyone! Listen!

THEY DON'T LISTEN.

Excuse me! Hellooooo!

NOTHING.

ASIDE: I know. David Beckhamø (*or other good looking pin-up*) over there with his shorts off!

SILENCE.

I thought that might do the trick. Now listen up, I bring news from up the castle. Sheø gone and done it now!

CHORUS 1: Who?

CHORUS 2: What?

CHORUS 3: Where?

CORA: Donø you listen? The Queen ó sheø gone and demoted Princess Snow White ó sheø not a princess anymore - and sheø been given a job.

CHORUS 4: A job?

CORA: Yes ó working with me in the kitchens. The poor miteø devastated.

CHORUS 1: Well, she would be. ASIDE: We all would be.

CORA: Excuse me ó I shall have you know that Iøm the very best cook in the county. Gordon Ramseyø (*or celebrity chef*) never said a bad word about me.

CHORUS 3: Heø never said a good one either.

CORA: Ooh! I donø have to come here to be insulted you know ó no, I can go anywhere I can.

SAMMY RUSHES ON.

Oh, just in time ó just in time to defend me honour.

SAMMY: Right now?

CORA: Yes, right now.

SAMMY: How?

CORA: These ruffians are calling into question me culinary and catering qualities in the kitchen.

SAMMY: Oh yes!

CORA: Well

SAMMY: Well what?

CORA: Defend me!

SAMMY: Oh ohí .

CHORUS LAUGH AND START TO WANDER OFF.

CORA: Well!!!

SAMMY: Come on Cora, you do have a heavy hand.

CORA: A heavy hand?

SAMMY: Your pastry's so heavy the stove's gone bow-legged. I mean, we use the smoke alarm to tell us when dinner's ready.

CORA: I'll have you know that my cooking is cordon bleu.

SAMMY: Well, it should be cordoned off.

CORA: I have never been so insinuated in my life!

THE CHORUS ARE GONE.

SAMMY: But now you've got Snow White to help you.

CORA: Oh, oh, so she can cook and I can't? Is that it?

SAMMY: I wish you'd never asked me now.

CORA: Well so do I. You're like them judges on the telly (*you could name a current TV talent show*) all mouth and no action. You've never cooked anything yourself, have you?

SAMMY: Well why don't we try that right now.

CORA: Alright then, I like a challenge.

EITHER A TROLLEY IS WHEELED ON OR A MARKET STALL IS PULLED FORWARD. ON IT ARE ALL THE PROPS REQUIRED. IT'S PROBABLY A GOOD IDEA IF A SHEET WAS LAID DOWN BEFORE THE SCENE STARTED.

SAMMY: What shall we cook?

CORA: How about roast lamb ó but keep the eyes in and then it'll see us through the week.

SAMMY: Spotted dick?

CORA: Your problems are your own love. TO AUDIENCE: Now, is there anybody out there who needs a square meal? REACTION You do love? Here you go then ó THROWS OUT AN OXO CUBE ó it's an Oxo cube!

SAMMY: Here we go ó let's make a pie. HE PLACES A BOWL IN FRONT OF CORA We have everything we need. Flour, water, a bowlí ..

CORA: Right you are ó a pie it is. In the bowl with the water.

SAMMY POURS WATER IN.

Not too much ó they've still got a hosepipe ban on.

STOPS POURING.

SAMMY: What's next? Flour?

CORA: That's right ó flour.

HE HANDS HER A PLASTIC FLOWER.

No, no, no ó not a flower with a W but a flour with a O-U-R.

SAMMY: I am what?

CORA: O-U-R.

SAMMY: Oh you are, are you?

CORA: And to think we won two wars. It's white, it's light, it gets everywhere if you're daft ó it'sí ..

SAMMY THROWS THE FLOUR UP IN THE AIR COVERING CORA.

Well thank you very much ó I look like a snowman.

THEY QUICKLY COME FROM BEHIND THE TABLE. HOLD HANDS AND SLOW MOTION WALK TO A BURST OF -WALKING IN THE AIR- THEY

THEN GO BEHIND THE TABLE.

SAMMY: Do you need the dough?

CORA: To make pastry? Of course I do.

SAMMY: No ó not need it but knead it. K-nead it!

CORA: All I K-nead is a drink. Get on with it.

SAMMY PRODUCES A BALL OF DOUGH FROM THE BOWL. HE CLEARLY PULLS IT ABOUT BETWEEN HIS HANDS.

CORA: That's it ó give it a good working. I love doing that bit ó really cleans under your nails. My husband used to love my pies ó and my puddings. He said I had the best puddings this side of (*local town*).

SAMMY: I never knew you were married.

CORA: Oh yes, I was a child bride. It was an arranged marriage you know ó he bought me.

SAMMY: A mail order bride.

CORA: Yes, I was the cheapest thing in the Argos catalogue that Christmas. Of course, he was older than me ó and I wasn't his first wife neither. No, wait for it ó I was the 17th Mrs Trump. Yes, he'd been married so many times we didn't have Hello magazine cover our wedding, no, we had Which.

SAMMY: Hang on, Mrs Trump?

CORA: Yes, he was a millionaire owner of wind farms. He blew me away.

SAMMY: So, what happened then?

CORA: Well, he was mean ó you know, short arms and long pockets. Well, I'm a woman of quality, of expensive needs and desires. I wanted looking after, treating, cajoling and kerfuffling. I knew there was trouble on our honeymoon ó we were staying at the (*cheap local hotel*) in the Bridal Suite. We had running water ó all down the walls, they called it a swimming pool, I called it a puddle. On our first night together he says to me: -Go on love, put your coat on I'm going out.ø I said: -Are you taking me with you?ø And he said: -No, I'm turning the heating off.ø

SAMMY: So you divorced him?

CORA: No ó FILLING UP ó No ó

SAMMY: He's dead?

CORA: He flaming well will be if I ever get me hands on him. SEES SAMMY STILL PULLING THE DOUGH ABOUT Oh, you've kneaded it too much now. Look ó it'll be like cricket balls.

SAMMY: Cricket balls? Shall we?

CORA: LAUGHS Oh, go on then ó

CORA PRODUCES A TENNIS RACKET. SAMMY SWAPS THE DOUGH FOR SOME COTTON WOOL BALLS. THEY COME TO THE FRONT.

CORA: They don't call me Fanny Flintoff (*or other well-known cricketer's surname*) for nothing.

SAMMY: Are you ready? REACTION Then here they come!

SAMMY THROWS ONE AT A TIME UP AND CORA BATS THEM INTO THE AUDIENCE.

CORA: What a load of balls ó we've given away.

SAMMY: We may not have made anything to eat ó but we had a lot of fun.

CORA: We did, didn't we!

SAMMY: You know Cora, I think of you like a second mum.

CORA: Do you? Do you really? Ah, that makes me feel all warm inside. Either that or I've had an accident with all the excitement.

SAMMY: Yes well, my mum wasn't the greatest ó I knew she didn't like me when she gave me a toaster and a radio as bath toys. She used to tie a pork chop round me neck to get the dog to play with me.

CORA: Ah ó don't worry about those days.

SHE PULLS HIM TO HER ó HIS FACE IN HER AMPLE BOSOM. SHE HOLDS HIM THERE, HIS FACE BEING SMOTHERED.

You see love ó I was, and this is going to come as a great shock to you, but I was a very ugly child. I was! TO AUDIENCE: You see, there's hope for you lot ó I mean, look at me now. Yes, I remember when I was five and me mother took me for a walk in (*local*) Park. Yes, and the park keeper came along and he looked at me and he said to me mum: -What a blinking ugly child that is!ø Well, she burst into tears and she took me by the hand and went towards the little petting corner and there was a lady there selling fruits and she says to me mother: -What's wrong love? Why are you crying?ø and me mum tells her that

this man said I was ugly. -What a dreadful thing to happen, she says ó
 -Here, and this was so kind ó -Here, have a free apple and here's a
 banana for the chimp!

SAMMY: MUFFLED: That was dreadful.

CORA: You'll have to speak up love. Reminds me of a friend I had who
 worked at the local radio station ó you know ó (*local station name*) ó
 there. When ever we walked under a bridge we couldn't hear a word
 he was saying.

SAMMY STARTS TO THRASH ABOUT A BIT.

CORA: What love?

ENTER SNOW WHITE.

SNOW W: Cora! Cora!

CORA: Hello your royal highn'í ..oh sorryí .Snow White. What's the matter?

SNOW W: The Queen wishes us to serve her evening meal. Now.

CORA: I've it on a low light since breakfast.

SAMMY: MUFFLED: Can you let me out.

SHE DOES SO.

CORA: What love?

SAMMY: I couldn't breathe in there.

CORA: The old trout wants us up at the castle. Oh ó I know she's your only
 mother Snow White but she isn't half a tartar. Honestly, she'd be
 sacred in India. She could make her own yogurts by staring at milk
 bottles.

SNOW W: I'll tell her you're on your way.

CORA: Alright love, alright.

SNOW WHITE OFF.

Such a dreadful tragedy ó a beautiful girl like that locked away.

SAMMY: And treated so badly.

CORA: What can you do? No matter what you have to look on the bright side
 of life love.

| |
|-----------------------|
| NUMBER Cora and Sammy |
|-----------------------|

THEY EXIT AS FAIRY ENTERS. SHE CARRIES TWO SUITCASES.

FAIRY: I wonder if this is it? TO AUDIENCE: Ah, hello ó do you happen to know whether this is Upper Ramsbottom? REACTION It is? Ah, brilliant ó my sat nav packed up at (local town)! I am in the right place then ó and the right story. It's not easy being a Fairy these days you know ó oh no, you see, once upon a time all we had to deal with were children's wishes and pantomimes but now, with Harry Potter and all those digital TV channels we can't keep up with demand ó we're all over the place. So, let's see ó SHE PRODUCES A CLIP BOARD ó Ah yes, here we go ó Snow White. So what did she do? The cave and lamp? No ó The pumpkin and coach? I don't think so. The ship and a cat called Tom? No ó ah, I have it: A wicked queen and a rather lovely girl who goes on an adventure. That's it! Oh, do forgive me ó I haven't introduced myself have I? I am Fairy Nuff. CURTSEYS Please to meet you I am sure. Perhaps you can help me with where we're up to in our tale ó has the Queen had her new mirror installed yet? REACTION I see ó has she forced Snow White to work in the kitchens then? REACTION Thank you. And have you met the cook and the stable boy? REACTION Charming aren't they? I think now I am up to speed. Well, if you'd like we can go to the palace together. Would you like that? REACTION Good ó then come along with me!

AS SHE EXITS INTO:

Scene 5: The Queen's Bedchamber

IT IS TIDIER THAN BEFORE. BOB AND BITZ ARE PUTTING A LARGE MIRROR IN PLACE. IGOR LOOKS ON.

IGOR: This had better work.

BOB: Oh, it will, it will.

IGOR: If it doesn't - SLICES HAND ACROSS HIS THROAT 'o got it?

BOB AND BITZ BOTH GULP.

BOTH: Got it!

IGOR: I shall tell her majesty that the mirror is ready. Stay here.

IGOR EXITS.

BOB: Bitz, I'm worried 'o this is just an ordinary mirror!

BITZ: I know 'o he thinks it's going to do magical things.

BOB: SCRATCHES HEAD I might have a cunning plan.

BITZ: Any plan will do. TO AUDIENCE: Can Bob do it? Yes he can.

BOB: Stay here 'o and keep them talking.

BOB EXITS.

BITZ: Keep them talking? Is he mad?

IGOR AND THE QUEEN ENTER FOLLOWED BY CORA, SAMMY & SOME SERVANTS.

QUEEN: This had better be good.

IGOR: Oh, it is your royal majesticals, it is.

CORA: And why have you dragged us up here to the top of the tower?

IGOR: You're not going to believe your eyes.

BITZ: That's definitely true.

IGOR: This is a magic mirror Cora 'o

BITZ: Yes, it will make her majesty look twenty years younger.

CORA: Hey, can I have a go?

QUEEN: It does magic not miracles. Now, everybody get back - let the dog see the rabbit.

CORA: ASIDE: Dog! She said it.

QUEEN: Silence!! If brains were lard you'd be hard pressed to grease a small pan.

IGOR: Enough! Mr Bitz ó show her imperial highness the mirror of magic.

QUEEN: Exactly! Get on with it, I've got a beheading at 4.

BITZ: Yes, well, í ..

BITZ FLOUNDERS BUT BEHIND HIM. THE MIRROR STARTS TO LIGHT UP.

QUEEN: Ah ha! It's coming to life.

BITZ: Is it?

HE STEPS BACK. THE QUEEN STEPS FROM THE SIDE OF THE MIRROR TO FACE IT. AS SHE DOES SO BOB APPEARS DRESSED AS HER AND -BEING HER REFLECTION.

QUEEN: The reflection is very clear. Why, I do look younger don't I?
SHE/BOB TOUCHES HER FACE.

BITZ: Yes, it's very flattering.

IGOR: But it's the true you ó it really is as others see you. Isn't it?

GROUP MURMUR.

THE QUEEN MOVES HER ARMS, LEG ETC. BOB COPIES.

QUEEN: Well, well Igor ó this is a triumph.

SHE TURNS HER BACK TO THE MIRROR AND STEPS SLIGHTLY ASIDE SO THAT THE AUDIENCE SEE BOB GIVE BITZ THE THUMBS UP AND THEY SHAKE HANDS.

QUEEN: I am very impressed, very impressed. We'll keep it. And I shall gaze into it morning, noon and night.

BITZ/BOB: Morning, noon and night?

QUEEN: I can think of nothing better.

CORA: ASIDE: Well, there isn't a lot on the telly.

BITZ IS TRYING TO THINK OF SOMETHING TO SAY.

BITZ: There's something we haven't told you your majesty.

QUEEN: What? It had better not be bad news.

BITZ: The mirror's magic powers are destroyed by light. HE GLANCES BACK AT BOB WHO EGGS HIM ON. So the mirror should be covered PRODUCES CLOTH by this magic cloth whenever it's not in use.

QUEEN: Conserve its powers you mean?

BITZ: Yes. Yes.

BOB: Yes. Yes.

QUEEN QUICKLY TURNS. BOB CONTINUES TO COPY HER.

QUEEN: Just a minute, the mirror spoke of my reflection spoke.

IGOR: Magic indeed your majesty.

QUEEN: It is, it is. Magic Mirror from now on you will guide me.

BOB: GULPS Certainly your majesty, certainly.

QUEEN TURNS HER BACK ON MIRROR.

QUEEN: A proclamation of

CORA: Here we go.

QUEEN: From now on your Queen will spend all her time here in her bedchamber with the magic mirror - and whatever the mirror says goes. Got it? THEY ALL MURMUR Good of then go.

EVERYONE EXITS EXCEPT IGOR, BOB, BITZ AND THE QUEEN.

You have done very well gentlemen. By the way, where is your half-wit brother?

BITZ: He's reflecting on a few things at present.

BITZ AND IGOR COVER THE MIRROR.

QUEEN: Yes, cover it and conserve the powers. For this good work I shall make you knights of Sir Bitz, Sir Igor and Sir Bob of wherever he is.

IGOR AND BITZ EXIT BACKWARDS, BOWING.

QUEEN: What wonders, what delights ó and I didn't look half bad in that mirror either. Before I retire, just one last look ó

SHE RIPS THE COVER OFF. THERE IS NO BOB. SHE TURNS TOWARDS THE MIRROR AS HE JUMPS INTO VIEW. SHE PATS HER HAIR, HE FOLLOWS.

Oh mirror mirror on the wall ó who is the fairest of them all?

BOB: Well you are of course your majesty.

QUEEN: GIGGLES Do you really think so mirror?

BOB: Don't push it love.

SHE HURLS THE CLOTH OVER IT.

QUEEN: If I am to look even fairer I shall have to go to bed and get some beauty sleep.

QUEEN EXITS.

FAIRY ENTERS.

FAIRY: TO AUDIENCE: Ah, you're still with me. So this is the evil Queen's bedchamber.

SHE IS STOOD SLIGHTLY TO ONE SIDE OF THE CENTRE FACING THE WINGS. BOB CREEPS OUT OF THE MIRROR AND BUMPS INTO HER BACK TO BACK. THEY BOTH SCREAM.

BOB: Who the devil are you?

FAIRY: Your majesty ó SHE CURTSEYS.

BOB: I'm not the Queen ó I'm her reflection. Oh, it's a long story. Who are you when you're at home?

FAIRY: Fairy Nuff ó pleased to meet you. Sir.

BOB: You're a real-life fairy?

FAIRY: At your service. Now, if you're not the real evil Queen í .

BOB: She's gone to bed. I'm the voice of the magic mirror. Pleased to meet you.

THEY SHAKE HANDS.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made. www.noda.org.uk E-mail: info@noda.org.uk

FAIRY: Well tell me this then magic mirror, is it true that the Queen is evil and bad? Does she treat her daughter Snow White as if she were a slave?

BOB: All true ó and worse.

FAIRY: No wonder I was sent here. There's work to do ó at once. Yes, a spell I think.

SHE WAVES HER WAND.

Oh strange and curious magic mirror man,
You must tell the truth - whence you can,

SHE LOOKS AT HIM.

Has it worked I wonder? Did the spell cast,
A magic reaction ó one that will last?

BOB IS GLAZED IN EXPRESSION.

BOB: Oh, I think you're right lovely.

FAIRY: I'm taking that as a yes then. Now ó

TOILET FLUSHING OFF.

What's that?

BOB: The Queen I'd think. She's having a royal flush.

FAIRY: The Queen? She mustn't find me here.

FAIRY SWIFTLY EXITS.

QUEEN: (OFF) Before I retire I can't resist one last go with the magic mirror ó

BOB RUSHES BEHIND THE MIRROR AS THE QUEEN ENTERS.

What a delight this mirror is. And only twenty quid at Argos. But you know what I always say ó

| |
|--------------|
| NUMBER Queen |
|--------------|

Yes, mirror mirror ready yourself.

SHE PULLS THE CLOTH OFF. THERE'S BOB.

Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the fairest of them all?

BOB: TRANCE LIKE: Well, it's not you you old crone.

QUEEN: What? What?

BOB: Are you deaf as well as stupid? Look at you!

QUEEN: What is the meaning of this?

SHE TURNS AWAY AND BOB STEPS OUT OF THE MIRROR AND STANDS NEXT TO HER.

Mirror mirror, you cannot be serious!

BOB: I certainly am. The fairest of them all? Why, that's Princess Snow White!

QUEEN SCREAMS. TURNS TO FACE BOB WHO ALSO SCREAMS. THEY BOTH SCREAM.

IGOR RUNS IN.

IGOR: What is it your majesty? What's wrong?

QUEEN: This mirror says that Snow White is the fairest in the Queendom.

IGOR: No ó that simply isn't true!

QUEEN: Well ó that's ó what- it ó says!

IGOR: Mirror! Really!

QUEEN: So I need to get rid of Snow White once and for all. Igor, take her into the woods and cut out her heart. Do you hear me?

IGOR: Whatever you say your royal loathsomeness.

QUEEN: And when you've cut it out ó bring it back here for my tea!

IGOR: GULPS Yes ó immediately.

QUEEN CACKLES. BLACK OUT.

Scene 6: The Woods

NUMBER Chorus
CHILDREN APPEAR AS WOODLAND ANIMALS

THERE IS SOME SCREAMING OFF AND THE ANIMALS VANISH.

ENTER IGOR PULLING SNOW WHITE WHO IS TIED UP. BOB AND BITZ FOLLOW.

IGOR: This looks like the perfect spot. Lonely and cold and so far away from the village that no one will hear you scream.

SNOW W: Igor, remember who I am ó Princess Snow White. I've known you since I was a child.

HE LETS GO OF HER AND TURNS AWAY.

IGOR: I know you have ó but it's your mother's ..

SNOW W: Then Igor ó let me live. Please.

BOB: Oh go on Igor ó you can't kill such a lovely girl.

BITZ: Have a heart old chap!

IGOR: Very well ó I shall go into the woods and find the heart of a dead animal ó and that's what I shall present to her majesty. But ó Snow White, you will never again be able to return to the village or the castle. You will have to live here OUTSTRETCHES ARMS in Tiger Woods.

IGOR EXITS.

SNOW W: He's right ó I will never see any of you again.

BOB: Don't worry Snow White ó something will turn up.

BITZ: Yes, it always does.

NUMBER Snow White, Bob and Bitz.

BOB: Think positive! Goodbye Snow White ó

BITZ: - and good luck!

SNOW W: Thank you, thank you.

BOB AND BITZ EXIT.

SNOW WHITE LOOKS AROUND. IT STARTS TO TURN TO SUNSET. SHE SETTLES DOWN ON SOME FOLIAGE AND FALLS ASLEEP. THE ANIMALS RE-ENTER.

| |
|-----------------------|
| NUMBER REPRISE Chorus |
|-----------------------|

THE SUN IS SETTING, IT IS GETTING DARKER. THE ANIMALS SETTLE DOWN.

BUMPY (OFF): Come on boys. This way.

JINGLE (OFF): Slow down! Slow down!

THE DWARFS ENTER IN SINGLE FILE. THEY CARRY LANTERNS AND TOOLS.

LUMPY: Are you sure this is the correct way home?

JOLLY: LAUGHING: I think we might have gone awry.

BUMPY: This is definitely the way.

TICKLE: Why did we have to take a different way home anyway?

RAKER: It makes a nice change ó and a change is as good as a rest.

SNORER: Talking of rest í . YAWNS

HE GOES TO LIE DOWN.

JOLLY: LAUGHING: Oh Snorer, you canø go to sleep here.

SNORER: Why not? She has ó

HE POINTS TO SNOW WHITE.

ALL: A girl?

THEY ALL RUSH TO LOOK AT HER. THEY HOLD THEIR LANTERNS UP.

BUMPY: It is ó a girl.

SNORER: Whatø a girl doing sleeping in the woods?

TICKLE: Iøll tickle her and wake her up then weøll see ó

HE TICKLES HER. SHE STIRS AND SITS UP.

SNOW W: Oh my!

RAKER: What are you doing here?

SNOW WHITE STANDS.

SNOW W: Hiding from my mother ó but, who are you?

BUMPY: Why, we live here ó

RAKER: - Yes, here in the woods.

JOLLY: LAUGHING: She can't stay here all night.

JINGLE: She'll have to come and spend a night at our house.

BUMPY: Are we all agreed?

THEY ALL CHEER.

BUMPY: Well, young lady, would you like to spend the night in the dry and warm?

SNOW W: That's very kind of you ó but how will I repay your kindness?

JINGLE: Can you cook?

LUMPY: Can you clean?

SNOW W: Well, yes.

BUMPY: Then you will be sure to repay us. It's a deal.

HE SHAKES HER HAND.

| |
|-----------------------------------|
| NUMBER Snow White and the Dwarfs. |
|-----------------------------------|

BUMPY: Now, we just have to find the house.

THEY HEAD OFF IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

CURTAIN

Act Two:**Scene 1: The Dwarf's House.**

THE DOOR OPENS AND IN COME THE DWARFS AND SNOW WHITE.

SHE LOOKS AROUND.

BUMPY: Well, this is it ó our home.

JOLLY: LAUGHING: Please ó make yourself comfortable.

RAKER: Yes indeed, after all you're our guest now.

SNOW W: Oh no ó I will repay your hospitality by cooking and cleaning ó and looking after you.

LUMPY: Wow! We've never had our very own *mother* before.

SNOW W: Well, you have now.

BUMPY: But Snow White, tonight is your first night under our roof so please, let us look after you tonight.

| |
|---------------|
| NUMBER Dwarfs |
|---------------|

DURING THE NUMBER THEY PRODUCE DINNER AND SO CONCLUDE BY FINISHING THEIR MEAL.

SNOW W: Now, you must go through your names one more time so that I can learn them all.

RAKER: Yes, there are a lot to remember.

THEY LINE UP AND AS THEY SAY THEIR NAME THEY BOB FORWARD AND BOW.

BUMPY: My name is Bumpy and I'm the oldest of our group.

LUMPY: I'm his brother ó Lumpy. Well ó HE PATS HIS ROUND TUMMY ó you can see why.

SNORER: And I ó HE YAWNS - am called Snorer. HE STARTS TO FALL ASLEEP. I'm not sure why.

TICKLE: HE STARTS BY TICKLING SNORER WAKING HIM UP WITH A START. THEY ALL LAUGH. My name is Tickle.

SNOW W: I think I guessed that one.

JOLLY: LAUGHING Jolly at your service. BIG BOW AND INTO GIGGLES
I'm always happy ó even when there's nothing to be happy about.

JINGLE: Jingle your royal highness ó

THEY ALL GASP.

JINGLE: - well, you are a princess, aren't you?

RAKER: And Raker m'am ó because I'm always gardening.

BUMPY: Yes, a real green fingers he is.

SNOW W: And as you know ó and yes, Jingle, I am a princess ó I am Snow White.

JINGLE: But what I don't understand is why you're here in the woods?

BUMPY: Yes ó not sleeping in luxury at the castle.

SNOW W: That's down to one person, one very horrible person I'm, afraid.

JOLLY: We must see the good in everyone.

SNOW W: Yes that's true Jolly, though it's hard sometimes.

JOLLY: Yes.

SNOW W: Since my father died my mother has become so lonely and soí . SHE BEGINS TO SOB.

BUMPY AND LUMPY GO TO COMFORT HER.

JINGLE: Don't cry Snow White ó have a good night's sleep here and I'm sure everything will be alright in the morning.

JOLLY: Yes, a sleep ó and a cup of tea. Puts the world to rights you know.

| |
|-----------------------|
| NUMBER REPRISE Dwarfs |
|-----------------------|

DURING THE NUMBER THE PLATES ARE CLEARED AWAY. JINGLE BRINGS ON SEVEN DRESSING GOWNS. THESE ARE PASSED OUT SO THAT AT THE END THE DWARFS, EACH HOLDING A DRESSING GOWN, STANDS AROUND SNOW WHITE.

SNOW W: You're right ó everything will look better tomorrow.

BUMPY: That's the spirit.

CLOCK STRIKES NINE.

SNORER: Nine o'clock already ó with all the excitement of our guest I forgot to go to bed. YAWNS

BUMPY: It is YAWNS past our bedtime.

TICKLE: Yes ó TO SNOW WHITE ó we have to be at work for seven.

SNOW W: Seven? Where do you go? What do you do?

BUMPY: Oh, didn't we say? We work in the Fruit Pastille mines.

SNOW W: Fruit pastilles?

JOLLY: LAUGHING Why yes ó you don't think sweets grow on trees do you?

SNOW W: I didn't know they came from mines.

RAKER: Oh yes! Look ó some we mined only today.

HE PRODUCES A BASKET FULL OF GLITTERING JEWEL-LIKE SHAPES.

BUMPY: Now come on, there'll be plenty of time to chat with Snow White in the morning. Dressing gowns on!

THEY PUT THEIR GOWNS ON.

Now Snow White, would you like to read us our bedtime tale?

SNOW W: It would be an honour.

LUMPY: Good ó I was hoping you might.

LUMPY PASSES SNOW WHITE A BOOK AND THEY ALL GATHER ROUND. SNORER SEEMS TO TURN THE LIGHTS DOWN. HE BRINGS A LIT LANTERN TO THE GROUP.

SNOW W: What's it called? READING THE COVER: The Princess and the Pea. OPENS THE BOOK AND BEGINS TO READ: There was once a prince who wanted to meet a princess, but then she had to be a real Princess.

THE LIGHTING DIMS APART FROM A POOL OF LIGHT ON SNOW WHITE AND AS THE PRINCE APPEARS AT THE BACK HE IS SILHOUETTED.

He travelled right around the world to find one, but there was always something wrong.

THE PRINCE, HAND TO HIS FOREHEAD, LOOKS AROUND.

There were plenty of princesses, but whether they were real princesses he had great difficulty in discovering; there was always something which was not quite right about them. So at last he had come home again, and he was very sad because he wanted a real princess so badly.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING. THE PRINCE VANISHES.

One evening there was a terrible storm; it thundered and the rain poured down in torrents; indeed it was a fearful night. In the middle of the storm somebody knocked at the town gate, and the old King himself sent to open it.

SNOW WHITE STANDS, SHE MOVES TOWARDS THE BACK. THE PRINCE APPEARS OPPOSITE HER. THEY ARE LIT IN PINKS. EITHER SNOW WHITE CONTINUES TO SPEAK THE STORY OR YOU COULD PRE-RECORD IT.

It was a princess who stood outside, but she was in a terrible state from the rain and the storm. She said that she was a real princess. 'Well we shall soon see if that is true,' thought the old Queen, but she said nothing. She went into the bedroom, took all the bed clothes off and laid a pea on the bedstead: then she took twenty mattresses and piled them on top of the pea, and then twenty feather beds on top of the mattresses. This was where the princess was to sleep that night. In the morning they asked her how she slept.

EITHER YOU CHOREOGRAPH A ROUTINE TO THIS OR SNOW WHITE AND THE PRINCE ACT OUT THE TALE.

'Oh terribly bad!' said the princess. 'I have hardly closed my eyes the whole night! Heaven knows what was in the bed ó I am black and blue this morning. It is terrible!' They saw at once that she must be a real princess when she had felt the pea through all those mattresses for nobody but a real princess could have such a delicate skin.

THE PRINCE TAKES HER IN HIS ARMS AND RETURNS HER TO HER STORYTELLING SPOT WITH THE DWARFS.

So the prince took her to be his wife, for now he was sure that he had found a real princess -

THE PRINCE IS AWAY, THE LIGHTING BRIGHTENS A LITTLE

- and the pea was put into the Museum, where it may still be seen if no one has stolen it.

THE DWARFS CLAP.

BUMPY: That was beautiful Snow White.

JOLLY: LAUGHS Yes, and you know, you might end up marrying a prince one day too.

SNOW W: Oh, it's just a story.

SNORER: Mark you, it's a true story. YAWNS

JINGLE: And anything is possible. If you hope and dream badly enough.

SNOW W: LAUGHS Goodnight boys!

THEY LINE UP AND KISS HER ONE BY ONE AND EXIT.

SNOW W: What lovely people.

SNOW WHITE GOES TO THE LAMP AND BLOWS IT OUT. THE STAGE PLUNGES INTO DARKNESS.

SNOW WHITE EXITS. A POOL OF LIGHT ON THE APRON OR IN ONE CORNER. THE QUEEN APPEARS. SHE HOLDS A BOX.

QUEEN: So, so, so ó Snow White is dead and buried. LAUGHS And in this box is her dead and shrivelled heart. Well good riddance to bad rubbish I say. So ó here I am, widow of the parish, inconsolable mother, a castle, money up to me eyeballs ó it's time to start living for me!

| |
|--------------|
| NUMBER Queen |
|--------------|

THE QUEEN EXITS AS DAWN BREAKS. THE LIGHTING STATE CHANGES AND WE HEAR A COCK CROW.

ONE BY ONE THE DWARFS APPEAR READY FOR WORK.

BUMPY: Has anyone seen Snow White?

JINGLE: No ó you don't think she's gone?

JOLLY: I hope not ó

RAKER: - I rather like her.

LUMPY: So do I!

SNORER: Me too.

TICKLE: That goes for me as well.

SNOW WHITE ENTERS WITH A BASKET FULL OF FLOWERS.

DWARFS: We thought you'd gone.

SNOW W: Gone? Why would I do that?

BUMPY: Well ó

SNORER: Did you sleep? Did you get time to think?

SNOW W: I did ó and if you don't mind, I don't want to return home. Mother thinks I'm dead anyway.

THEY GASP

So ó

BUMPY: I think I can speak for us all when I say you can stay here as long as you like.

THEY CHEER

| |
|---------------------------------------|
| Number Snow White, Dwarfs and Animals |
|---------------------------------------|

DURING THIS THE ANIMALS COME ON AND SNOW WHITE PUTS A FLOWER INTO EACH OF THE DWARF'S BUTTONHOLES.

Scene 2: The Castle Schoolroom

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made. www.noda.org.uk E-mail: info@noda.org.uk

THERE ARE TWO BENCHES AND A BLACKBOARD ON AN EASEL.

CORA ENTERS IN GOWN AND MORTARBOARD.

CORA: Morning Snow Whí .. LOOKS AROUND Oh hey, you know what Iøve gone and done, Iøve forgotten Snow Whiteøø gone. DABS HER EYE WITH A HANDKERCHIEF My poor little Snow White. You see, Iøm not just the cook Iøm also the private governess. Like the Sound of Music but I donø have to run up any hills. I still get to keep the goats of course. But thatøø another story. LOST IN THOUGHT Anyway, where was I? Oh yes, poor Snow White was my only pupil. I taught her everything she knows. Ahí .

| |
|-------------|
| NUMBER Cora |
|-------------|

IGOR ENTERS AS CORA DABS HER EYES AGAIN.

IGOR: Whatøø the matter Cora? Something in your eye?

CORA: COMPOSING HERSELF No, no, itøø draughty in here thatøø all. Made me eye water.

IGOR: Not got anyone to teach?

CORA: No, no, not anymore, not since ó

IGOR: Yes.

WE SEE A SLIGHTLY SOFTER SIDE TO IGOR.

I have an idea.

CORA: You do?

IGOR: Yes ó I know three likely lads who could do with some education. That Sammy the stable boy and my two new henchmen.

CORA: Oh! Three strapping fellas.

IGOR EXITS AND SHOUTS.

IGOR: You three ó come here now.

IGOR RETURNS FOLLOWED BY SAMMY, BOB AND BITZ IN SCHOOLBOY GARB.

There you go Cora. Let battle commence.

IGOR EXITS.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made. www.noda.org.uk E-mail: info@noda.org.uk

CORA: Right sit down ó sit down!

THEY SIT. SAMMY TAKES HIS CAP OFF AND LOOKS AROUND FOR SOMEWHERE TO PUT IT. CORA SEES.

Give it to me, give it to me.

HE THROWS THE CAP TO HER. SHE CATCHES IT AND DRAWS A HOOK IN CHALK ON THE BOARD AND HANGS IT ON THAT.

We'll start with some arithmetic. That's adding up and taking away. Bob, does that take your fancy?

BOB: I can take it or leave it.

CORA: Stand up.

HE STANDS.

CORA: I have here three bars of chocolate. SHE TAKES THEM FROM HER POCKET Now if I give you two bars of chocolate SHE DOES How many bars do you have?

BOB: Three.

CORA: No, no, no, no, no ó SHE TAKES THEM BACK If I give you two bars of chocolate SHE DOES how many do you have SHE TRIES TO HELP HIM One, two ó

BOB: Three!

SHE CUFFS HIM.

Eh miss ó that's not fair. I've got one of me own in me pocket. HE PRODUCES THAT. Three!

CORA: Ooh really, you're one step away from an idiot.

BOB: Pleased to meet you.

HE SHAKES HER HAND THEN SITS.

CORA: Right, geography. Does anyone know where the Scottish border is?

BITZ: In bed with me mum.

CORA: Now, religion, what can you tell me about Damascus?

BOB: It kills all known germs.

- CORA: Really, it's like teaching Councillors. Right, we'll try the alphabet ó when I call out a letter you tell me a word which begins with that letter. Right?
- BITZ: R.
- CORA: No, no, no-
- BOB: N.
- CORA: I haven't started.
- BOB: India.
- CORA: A.
- SAMMY: Hay.
- CORA: No, this won't do ó try these. Put the words I give you into a sentence. Centimetre.
- SAMMY: My aunt Daisy came to visit us and I was centimetre at the station.
- CORA: Judicious.
- BOB: On the telly they always say that if you use Fairy hands who judicious are as soft as your face.
- CORA: They do. Propagate.
- BITZ: Our fence fell down so now we've got a propagate.
- CORA: Maths ó come on up to the board Sammy.

SAMMY COMES TO THE BOARD.

- Right ó I want you to tell me what is 13 x 7.
- SAMMY: A lot.
- CORA: Yes, yes ó but try and work it out properly.
- SAMMY: 13 x 7 ó that's 28.
- CORA: 28? No, no! .
- SAMMY: It is!!
- CORA: Well, if you think so ó why don't you show us on the board.

SAMMY WRITES 13x7

SAMMY: 7×3 is 21 and 7×1 is 7 and $21 + 7$ is 28.

CORA: That's not how you do it!

SAMMY: Oh, yes it is.

CORA: Oh no it's not!

SAMMY: Oh yes it is.

CORA: Oh no it's not.

SAMMY: I'll show you teacher.

HE WRITES 13 SEVEN TIMES IN A COLUMN. HE CHANTS THE FOLLOWING GETTING THE AUDIENCE TO JOIN IN.

3 and 3 is 6, plus 3 is 9, plus 3 is 12, plus 3 is 15, plus 3 is 18 plus 3 is 21.

HE POINTS TO EACH 1 IN TURN.

22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28. There you are 6 7 times 13 is 28.

HE BOWS AND RETURNS TO HIS SEAT.

CORA: Really, you're all too much. If only you could be as lovely as Snow White was. SHE DABS HER EYES.

IGOR HAS APPEARED AT THE BACK. HE WATCHES.

BOB: Oh come on Cora, we were only messing about.

THE THREE GO TO COMFORT HER.

CORA: I know you were trying your best to cheer me up but I .

BITZ: We know.

SAMMY: Yes, we miss her too.

CORA: To think that dreadful Igor cut her heart out and left her there in the woods.

IGOR COMES TO JOIN THEM.

IGOR: Oh I can't bear to see you like this. I didn't cut Snow White's heart out. I loved that girl just as much as you.

CORA: Well, whose heart is that in the box in the Queen's bedchamber?

IGOR: It's the heart of a wild boar.

SAMMY: Takes one to know one.

IGOR: Snow White is alive and well although I don't know quite where.

BOB: He had to leave her in the woods.

BITZ: He had no option.

CORA: You all knew? Well, at least you've told me now.

IGOR: Just don't tell her majesty.

QUEEN ENTERS.

QUEEN: Too late. Walls have ears you know.

IGOR: Your majesty .

QUEEN: Silence. You betrayed me Igor. If you want a job doing properly do it yourself, hey? LAUGHS

CORA: I don't know why you're so happy ó that old heart belongs to an old pig.

QUEEN: Takes one to know one. I'll think of something, just you watch.

SHE EXITS.

SAMMY: She's off her trolley.

| |
|---|
| NUMBER Sammy, Cora, Igor, Bob and Bitz. |
|---|

Scene 3: The Dwarf's House

SNOW WHITE IS ARRANGING SOME FLOWERS IN A VASE. SHE PLACES IT ON THE TABLE.

THE DWARFS ENTER READY FOR WORK.

SNOW W: Another exciting day at the mine.

RAKER: It is an exciting day ó Bumpy here has gone and found a new seam of raspberry flavoured fruit pastilles.

SNOW W: Raspberry? How lovely.

BUMPY: Well, it's a team effort.

JINGLE: Makes a nice change from Lemon.

JOLLY: LAUGHING Yes, we've had lemon for weeks.

LUMPY: Well come on or we'll be late.

THEY EXIT ONE BY ONE, KISSING SNOW WHITE ON THE CHEEK. SHE CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND THEM.

SNOW W: How the time has flown since I came to live here. And how kind everyone's been ó it's home now! PAUSE Well, almost.

| |
|-------------------|
| NUMBER Snow White |
|-------------------|

KNOCK AT DOOR. SNOW WHITE GOES TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT TO AN OLD WOMAN (THE QUEEN IN DISGUISE).

QUEEN: Sorry to intrude. I'm a bit lost.

SNOW W: It is confusing ó all the trees look the same.

QUEEN: Yes, and then I saw this delightful little house and ó

SNOW W: Why don't you come in and I'll make some tea.

THEY ENTER. SNOW WHITE CLOSES THE DOOR.

QUEEN: How utterly charming.

SNOW W: Please ó take a seat and I'll warm the tea pot.

SNOW WHITE EXITS. THE QUEEN THROWS HER HOOD BACK.

QUEEN: That stupid girl doesn't even know her own mother! LAUGHS Well, I couldn't trust Igor to finish her off but I surely will. With a poison apple. PRODUCES APPLE. One bite and she's dead meat.

SNOW W: (OFF) There was already ó

QUEEN PUTS HER HOOD BACK AND SITS. SNOW WHITE ENTERS WITH A MUG.

SNOW W: - some in the pot from breakfast. It's still hot.

HANDS THE QUEEN THE MUG.

QUEEN: How very kind.

SNOW W: So you are lost you say. You're not from these parts?

QUEEN: No, no, I'm just a poor peddler woman on my way to the village. There's a market there I believe and a beautiful castle.

SNOW W: Yes, that's true.

QUEEN: They say a lovely Queen lives in the castle.

SNOW W: Do they?

QUEEN: They do. Is she not as lovely as they paint her?

SNOW W: I wouldn't know.

THE QUEEN SLURPS ON THE TEA.

QUEEN: What a remarkable little home this is ó everything seems so small.

SNOW W: Yes, I live here with seven dwarfs.

QUEEN: Dwarfs you say? Little itty bitty dwarfs?

SNOW W: Yes.

QUEEN: HARD: Give me their names!

SNOW W: Well, Bumpy and Lumpy, Jolly and Jingle, Raker and Snorer ó and finally, Tickle.

QUEEN: Oh, how simply delicious. ASIDE Well, I bet they are ó roasted. I must away.

SNOW W: HELPING HER UP For the village you need to turn left out of the house, over the hill, right by the knarled yew tree and youøll see the castle ahead of you across the valley.

QUEEN: How kind, how very kind.

THEY GET TO THE DOOR.

Like fruit do you?

SNOW W: Well, yes.

QUEEN: Then take this as a thank you. GIVES HER THE APPLE A lovely red apple. Just for you. Eat it as soon as Iøve gone ó itøll put colour in your cheeks. Farewell.

THE QUEEN IS GONE. SNOW WHITE CLOSSES THE DOOR.

SNOW W: How very strange. SHE POLISHES THE APPLE ON HER SKIRT. Iøve got too much baking to do ó Iøll leave the apple øtil later.

SNOW WHITE GOES TO EXIT BUT THERE IS ANOTHER KNOCK AT THE DOOR. SHE PUTS THE APPLE DOWN AND ANSWERS THE DOOR. CORA, SAMMY, BOB AND BITZ PILE IN.

How did you find me?

THE DWARFS ENTER.

BUMPY: They found us ó and they told us your tale.

TICKLE: Snow White, they say your mother knows you are alive.

CORA: Itøø true darling, quite true.

JINGLE: Well, itøll only be a matter of time before she tracks you down here.

SNOW W: Oh no, she wonøt find this little house.

SAMMY: Well we did ó

BOB: - very easily.

CORA: We need a miracle darling ó yes we do.

FLASH. FAIRY APPEARS.

FAIRY: Did someone say miracles?

CORA: Blimey, itøø Angelina Ballerina.

FAIRY: Oh no, I'm Fairy Nuff. Pleased to meet you ó

CORA: Who's she when she's at home?

BOB: Yes, we met her at the castle.

SAMMY: And you kept it quiet? Here, you lot have been keeping a lot of secrets.

FAIRY: Well, I'm here now and I think you need a hand.

SNOW W: We do Fairy, it's my mother ó

FAIRY: Yes, you've been trying to outfox her on your own and I apologise for taking my time to get here but I had to help a woman who'd sold her goose. Marvellous tale you know ó she had this goose who started to lay golden eggs and ó

CORA: We haven't got time to waste here love.

FAIRY: Ah yes, excuse me. I just get so carried away.

JOLLY: Her mother knows she's alive.

RAKER: But wants her dead.

SNORER: If you could hurry YAWNS I'd like to get to bed.

FAIRY: Some magic then is what's required. We need to make the Queen good but I'll have to go to the castle and do it. I tell you what, Dame Cora, Sammy, Bitz and Bob ó come with me and we'll get the job done quicker.

THEY ALL CHEER.

| |
|---|
| NUMBER Dwarfs, Snow White, Sammy, Cora, Bob, Bitz, Fairy. |
|---|

THE FAIRY ROUNDS UP HER HELPERS.

FAIRY: Don't fret Snow White ó we're on the case.

SNOW W: Thank you, thank you.

FAIRY, CORA, SAMMY, BOB and BITZ EXIT.

TICKLE: I think we'd better have an early night ó

SNORER: Yes, rather too much excitement for one day.

BUMPY: No bedtime story tonight Snow White.

RAKER: Good night my dear.

SNOW W: Goodnight.

THE DWARFS EXIT.

SNOW W: Well, if they don't want a story I do.

SHE SETTLES DOWN WITH A BOOK. THE LIGHTS FADE LEAVING HER IN A SOLITARY POOL OF LIGHT.

READING: In the Kingdom of Moravia lived an old King and his young, handsome son the Prince. Prince Philip was both good looking and loving but all the girls in the Kingdom were interested in just one thing I how rich he was. So the Prince set out on horseback to ride as far as he could in search of a girl who didn't know who he was and in the hope of finding someone who loved him for who he was, not what he was.

LIGHTING EFFECT. THE PRINCE APPEARS. SNOW WHITE CONTINUES TO READ.

Prince Philip tired of travelling and having found no such girl arrived in a clearing in some green woods where he tied up his horse and he went in search of food and water. He stumbled across a small cottage where he could see by a light at the window and smoke at the chimney that someone was at home.

SHE SLAMS THE BOOK SHUT. THE PRINCE IS GONE.

I should be careful reading so many tales and fantasies I SHE STANDS I dream of one day meeting a handsome prince who can take me away from my mother but it will never happen. Good things don't happen to me I

THE DWARFS APPEAR IN THEIR DRESSING GOWNS.

LUMPY: Why, that's just not true I you came here I

RAKER: - and met us didn't you?

SNOW W: Well, yes I did.

| |
|---------------------------|
| NUMBER Snow White Reprise |
|---------------------------|

THE DWARFS BEGIN TO LEAVE. SNOW WHITE PICKS UP THE APPLE AND BITES. THUNDER AND LIGHTNING. WE HEAR THE QUEEN LAUGHING. SNOW WHITE FEELS WOOZY, THE DWARFS CROWD ROUND HERE AND

SHE FALLS INTO THEIR ARMS.

JINGLE: What did she do?

SNORER: Nothing ó just took a bite from this apple.

HE HOLDS THE APPLE ALOFT.

BUMPY: But - HE TAKES HER PULSE ó Snow White is dead!

THEY ALL START TO CRY.

Scene 4: The Queen's BedchamberTHE QUEEN LIES ON HER BED LAUGHING.

QUEEN: Well, by now that wretched girl will have been put of her misery ó and out of my life ó once and for all. I am a clever little Queen.

THERE IS A KNOCK.

Enter!

IGOR ENTERS

IGOR: Your majesty ó you have visitors.

QUEEN: Visitors?

SHE SITS UP.ENTER CORA, SAMMY, BOB AND BITZ.

QUEEN: Ah, the circus is in town.

CORA: Don't you start on us you old hag!

THE QUEEN STANDS.

QUEEN: You have the impudence to talk like that to my face?

SAMMY: She does ó and so did I fish face!

BOB: Yeah, trout pout!

QUEEN: Igor ó stop them!

IGOR: Your majesticals, I rather feel time is against you.

QUEEN: Enough! What is going on here. You must have respect ó I am the Queen after all.

CORA: Yes, only because you did in your husband.

BITZ: Exactly. And you have to earn respect.

QUEEN: So now I know what you think of me ó well, you're all sacked. So there!

| |
|---|
| NUMBER Cora, Igor, Bob, Bitz, Sammy, Queen. |
|---|

IF PRACTICAL YOU CHANGE SET DURING THE NUMBER SO THAT

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made. www.noda.org.uk E-mail: info@noda.org.uk

THE CHARACTERS END UP IN THE MARKETPLACE.

Scene 5: The Marketplace

QUEEN: I've heard enough ó I'm not staying here to listen to more insults.

SAMMY: Why, where are you going?

CORA: Yes, you stay there ó meet our secret weapon.

FLASH. FAIRY APPEARS.

QUEEN: Another one! What are you? A roundabout?

FAIRY: Fairy Nuff ó at your service.

QUEEN: It's like a freak's convention. A fairy you say?

CORA: Yes ó you want to watch it.

QUEEN: Why? Does it do tricks?

FAIRY: I *can* do a little magic ó yes.

FAIRY BRANDISHES HER WAND READY TO CAST A SPELL.

QUEEN: Oh blimey, it's Paul Daniels *(or other magician)* granny.

ENTER CHORUS LOOKING MOURNFUL.

CHORUS 1: We bring bad news.

CORA: What is it? What's wrong?

CHORUS 2: It's Snow White ó she's dead.

QUEEN LAUGHS.

QUEEN: So the apple did the trick huh! Check mate Fairy.

THE DWARFS BRING SNOW WHITE ON. SHE IS LAID OUT ON A CART.

Oh dear, how sad, never mind.

BUMPY: The princess has been taken from us.

QUEEN: Get over it Gollum.

TICKLE: Your majesty ó I have one thing to say to you.

QUEEN: What is it Gandalf?

HE GOES UP TO HER AND BLOWS A RASPBERRY.

QUEEN: Well, I never have.

BOB: Well, you looked like you did.

FAIRY: Quiet everyone please. How long is it since Snow White was found like this?

RAKER: About an hour.

FAIRY: There may still be time. Queen Devila, I'm assuming you were responsible for this. How did you kill her?

QUEEN: Not telling.

SAMMY: You said something about an apple.

QUEEN: MIMES ZIPPING HER LIPS I'm saying nothing.

SAMMY: We've no one to help us.

BITZ: But I know a gang who can.

BOB: Yes!

BOB AND BITZ DOWNSTAGE.

BOB: Boys and girls, can you tell us what the wicked Queen did to Snow White? REACTION. THEY LISTEN ASKING A FEW PROMPTING QUESTIONS She did, did she?

BITZ: There you have it ó a poisoned apple.

FAIRY: Well, let me look in my spell book.

ONE OF THE CHORUS HANDS HER A BOOK.

FAIRY: FLICKING THROUGH IT Let me see ó apples, here we are. Cox's Pippins ó

CORA: They can be painful. Rub yogurt on it, that's my tip.

FAIRY: - Braeburns, Golden Delicious ó and oh, here ó poisoned apples. Yes, yes, yes SLAMS BOOK SHUT. Oh dear, I'm sorry ó there's nothing I can do.

ALL: Nothing???

FAIRY: Nothing. I'm sorry. There's only one thing that can help her and I don't have it to hand.

QUEEN: LAUGHING Oh dear, oh dear, the secret weapon misfired. Never mind, never mind. SHE GRABS BOB'S FACE. Now then, mirror mirror on the wall ó who is the fairest of them all?

BOB: You are your majesty.

QUEEN: LETTING HIM GO I am indeed.

FANFARE.

IGOR: A fanfare at the castle gates!!

SAMMY: Must be an important visitor.

IGOR: Or someone they don't recognise.

ENTER PRINCE WITH SOME GUARDS.

QUEEN: And you are?

PRINCE BOWS.

PRINCE: Prince Philip your majesty. My father, King of Prussia, sends his regal greetings.

QUEEN: Oh, does he! Tell me SHE DRAWS HIM CLOSE are you married, engaged, betrothed, intended or committed?

CORA: ASIDE He would be if he took up with her.

PRINCE: No your majesty, that is why I'm here, in search of a bride.

QUEEN: Oh really ó ASIDE: He's a bit of a corker. Well, perhaps you'd like to come back to the castle for a cocktail.

PRINCE: Thank you ó I will.

THE QUEEN SNAPS HER FINGERS AND IGOR JUMPS TO HER SIDE.

QUEEN: Igor, open that bottle of Baileys we got at Christmas.

IGOR: Your majesty.

THEY EXIT.

QUEEN: Come on Princey!

THE PRINCE IS SHAKING A FEW OF THE CHORUS'S HANDS WHEN HE SEES SNOW WHITE.

PRINCE: Who is this? Is she asleep?

JINGLE: She's our beloved Princess Snow White ó the Queen's daughter.

BUMPY: She died this morning.

PRINCE: Died? The Queen didn't look too upset.

CORA: No, well, it was her who did her in.

PRINCE SMOOTHES SNOW WHITE'S HAIR. HE KNEELS AND KISSES HER.

PRINCE: She is the girl I saw in my dreams.

HE RISES AND TURNS AWAY.

FAIRY: That is it ó the only thing that could bring Snow White back ó a Prince's kiss.

SAMMY: You mean ó

FAIRY: Yes.

MAGIC MUSIC AS SNOW WHITE RISES FROM THE CART. THE PRINCE TURNS. THEY KISS AS EVERYONE CHEERS.

| |
|----------------|
| NUMBER Company |
|----------------|

Scene 6: The Castle Ballroom**THE QUEEN ENTERS FOLLOWED BY IGOR.**

QUEEN: Show that young Prince up to my bedchamber. I'll go find the handcuffs.

IGOR: Majesty, majesty stop all this now.

QUEEN: Stop what?

IGOR: Can't you see? You're making a fool of yourself ó again.

QUEEN: Igor, what is the meaning of this? You turning against me now?

IGOR: No Majesty ó

HE GRABS HER AND KISSES HER.

QUEEN: You've had garlic for lunch! Ugh!

FLASH. ENTER FAIRY.

FAIRY: Queen Devila, I bring good news ó Snow White is awake.

QUEEN SCREAMS.

IGOR: Thank God.

FAIRY: The only thing which could undo your evil deed was for a Prince to kiss her and wake her from her slumbers.

QUEEN: But she was dead you meddling meringue.

FAIRY: No, she was in that place between life and death and we had but to show her how loved she was.

QUEEN: Curse you all! And that air-headed prince fancied her over me?

FAIRY: Your bad temper is no match for my magic your majesty.

IGOR: Can't you do something? Transform her majesty's woes.

FAIRY: The Queen would be so much better if she could love someone and be loved.

IGOR: But she only truly loves herself.

QUEEN: Enough! I am here you know.

IGOR: But I love her, I really do.

FAIRY: Now, there is something I can do to help you Igor.

IGOR: You can?

FAIRY: Yes ó a spell.

LIGHTING STATE CHANGES TO PINKS.

It's a classic tale - as old as time,
When love triumphs in song and rhyme,
So, melt the wicked Queen's heart,
And make them a couple ne'er to part ó

FLASH. THE QUEEN LOOKS AT IGOR. THEY RUN TO EACH OTHER. THE FAIRY EXITS.

| |
|---------------------------|
| NUMBER Igor and the Queen |
|---------------------------|

ENTER PRINCE AND SNOW WHITE FOLLOWED BY THE DWARFS.

SNOW W: Mother ó

QUEEN: Forgive me Snow White, since your father died I ó

SNOW W: I'm alive and well and Prince Philip has asked me to become his bride.

IGOR: That's wonderful news. Queen Devila would you consent to be my bride also?

PRINCE: A double wedding.

QUEEN: Well, why not! Sounds enchanting.

THE COUPLES EMBRACE.

There's so much to do.

SNOW W: Come on then, we have two weddings to organise.

THEY ALL EXIT.

ENTER SAMMY AND CORA WITH A CART ON WHICH ARE ALL KINDS OF GOODS.

CORA: Royal wedding! Get your royal wedding souvenirs here.

- SAMMY: Lucky horseshoes. HE THROWS ONE INTO THE WINGS.
THERE'S A SMASH. Commemorative plates. HE TAKES SOME & THEY ARE PAPER & HE HURLS THEM INTO THE AUDIENCE.
- CORA: Yes, we've got the ceremonial contract, the nuptial necessities, the double deal. This time next week we'll be filthy rich.
- SAMMY: Or just filthy.
- CORA: I know that old Queen's turned a bit nicer but I've still had these printed. HOLDS UP A POSTER OF THE QUEEN'S FACE.
- SAMMY: Who'll want one of those?
- CORA: Put it over the fireplace & keeps the kids from the fire.
- SAMMY: Does all this talk of wedding bells make you feel romantic?
- CORA: I'm too old for wedding bells.
- SAMMY: Have you lost your clanger?
- CORA: Excuse me! No, four times is good enough for any girl.
- SAMMY: Four times?
- CORA: I told you about Mr Trump, the wind farm millionaire. He was the first then I wed old Mr Hitchmuff & he was so bow legged we used to hang him over the kitchen door for luck. Third was the love of my life, Dirk Dibbler he was called & ooh, he was a reckless young blood.
- SAMMY: What happened?
- CORA: He very quickly turned into a bloodless old wreck. Then, last but not least, Mr Bridlington. He reminded me of the sea.
- SAMMY: Rough on top but calm and cold underneath?
- CORA: No, he made me sick. His downfall was that he had a fast car, a beautiful house, a pert young bride and a tropical holiday home. That's why I left him.
- SAMMY: That's why you finished?
- CORA: Yes, I found out. We lived in a run-down cottage. He had wives everywhere, the cad. Now, I think we need to rehearse everyone for the wedding, don't you? I tell you what, let's try something that's never been tried in pantomime before & let's split the audience in two and you take one side and I'll take the other. How's that?

- SAMMY: Sounds a great idea.
- CORA: TO LADY IN CENTRE You'dl have to either close your legs or decide what side you're on love.
- SAMMY: You've got (Name) on your side I notice.
- CORA: PATTING HAIR He popped round at the interval. We're going to keep in touch. But don't tell his wife.
- SAMMY: So what are we going to sing?
- CORA: How about something weddingy? Now let me think, what wedding songs do I know? How about (*Name of chosen number*)?
- SAMMY: Brilliant. I know that one too. Turn to page (*Number*) in your programmes and you'dl find the words.
- CORA: Look at them ó one programme between ten, you tight lot.

BRING IN WORDS IF YOU HAVE THEM.

NUMBER Cora and Sammy

CORA: My side first.

THEY SING IT.

SAMMY: We can beat that, can't we? Sing up loud!

THEY SING IT.

CORA: I thought they were all very good ó but I thought the best singer of all was (Name) so I've got a special prize for him.

SAMMY: Shall we get him up here or are you going down there?

CORA EITHER INVITES THE MAN UP OR GOES INTO THE AUDITORIUM AND GIVES HIM A PRIZE.

SAMMY: He was a very good sport.

CORA: Were you hiding in my wardrobe in the interval? Now, I'dl have to go and set up the stall by the church. I tell you what ó why don't you let them all sing together one last time!

SAMMY: I will indeed.

CORA: See you later!

CORA OFF WITH CART.

SAMMY: Are you ready then? One last time - altogether!

| |
|----------------------|
| NUMBER Reprise Sammy |
|----------------------|

SAMMY: You really are fabulous ó give yourselves a round of applause.

THEY DO. HE LOOKS OFF INTO THE WINGS.

Hey! The crowds are gathering outside ó are you ready for a double royal wedding? REACTION Well, here we go then!

SAMMY OFF.

CHORUS ON FOR:

| |
|---------------|
| NUMBER Chorus |
|---------------|

THE CHORUS FINISH DOWNSTAGE, THEY BOW AND MOVE TO THE BACK LEAVING A CENTRE GAP.

THE CHARACTERS COME ON, DOWNSTAGE, BOW AND MOVE TO THE SIDES IN THE FOLLOWING ORDER: FAIRY, BOB AND BITZ, SAMMY, CORA, BUMPY & LUMPY, SNORER, TICKLE AND RAKER, JOLLY AND JINGLE, IGOR AND QUEEN.

QUEEN: I have a proclamation to announce.

CORA: Oh, here we go.

QUEEN: I think you're going to like this one. I have learnt my lesson and now with Igor by my side, I am ready to abdicate from the throne. So today we celebrate not only the wedding of my daughter Snow White to Prince Philip but also their coronation as King and Queen.

IGOR: Three cheers for the new royal couple. Hip hip! CHEERS Hip hip! CHEERS Hip hip! CHEERS

WEDDING BELLS.

ENTER SNOW WHITE AND PRINCE PHILIP. DOWNSTAGE. THEY BOW. THE OTHERS GATHER AROUND THEM.

BOB: Our story has now come to its end.

IGOR: Let happiness and joy transcend.

QUEEN: I've learnt my lesson, love finds a way.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made. www.noda.org.uk E-mail: info@noda.org.uk

CORA: She's even given us a rise in pay.

SAMMY: We hope you've enjoyed the pantomime.

BITZ: ASIDE: And if you haven't, keep it to yourself!

ALL: Goodnight and safe journey home!

| |
|-------------------------|
| NUMBER REPRISE Company. |
|-------------------------|

CURTAIN

INTRODUCTION

Snow White has its origins in the tales by the Brothers Grimm but the show's popularity is down to Disney. Some people dispute that it's a genuine panto subject but I think it works. In this version I've gone back to the Grimm's idea that the Queen is jealous of her daughter having been dumped by her husband. I've also taken liberties with the magic mirror to give it some (sort of) logic. There's less for the chorus to do than in most panto subjects but of course, one does have those dwarfs. They are so integral to the plot, and have so much to do, that you must cast wisely.

TECHNICAL:

Act One:

Scene 1:

Bed (or if impossible, large chair) for the Queen to sit on.

Hand Mirror: An ornate one for the Queen.

Scene 2:

Stalls with basket of wares on top: To dress the set.

Blow of whistle: This can be a real one made from the wings.

Baby in blanket: A doll wrapped up for the chorus who are the Sham family.

Bundle of cash: Nice large wad of paper wrapped with a band.

Scene 3:

Pasting table, 2 buckets (1 containing slop), 2 brushes, a roll of wallpaper, a stepladder, 2 aprons and 2 hats (one a bowler type with a hole in the top): All for Bob and Bitz's routine.

Scene 4:

Trolley (on wheels) on which is an Oxo cube, bowl, jug of water, plastic flower, bag of flour, ball of dough, tennis racket and large balls of cotton wool: All for Sammy and Cora's routine.

2x Suitcases: For Fairy Nuff.

Clipboard: For Fairy Nuff.

Scene 5:

Toilet flush sound effect: You could record your own.

Cloth: To cover the mirror with.

Mirror: I would suggest this is in effect a large box on casters. One side should be open for Bob to step in and out of. The inside back could be covered in shiny silver paper. You may need a light in it. At its simplest, have an opening in the set with an outline frame, a gap and then a silver curtain.

Scene 6:

Rope: To bind Snow White's hands with.

7x Lanterns: For the dwarfs to carry on. If some could be practical that would be nice.

Act Two:

Scene 1:

7x Dressing Gowns: For the Dwarfs.

Dinner plates (with food on them): For use during the number. Plates with plastic food glued to them is ideal.

Clock chiming 9: Sound effect.

Basket of sweets: For the dwarfs to show ó over-sized glittering jewels in a basket.

Storybook: For Snow White to read from.

Thunder and Lightning: Sound effect with flashing of lights.

This script is licensed for amateur theatre by NODA Ltd to whom all enquiries should be made. www.noda.org.uk E-mail: info@noda.org.uk

Box: For the Queen to hold (it is supposed to contain the heart).

Cock Crow: Sound effect.

Basket of Flowers: For Snow White. Some of the flowers need to be short stemmed so she can put them in the dwarf's button holes.

Scene 2:

Blackboard (with hook): Practical blackboard on easel. It has a black hook in it.

2x Benches (or 3x chairs): For the actors to use.

Handkerchief: Nice bright, large one for Cora.

3x bars of chocolate: For Cora.

1x bar of chocolate: For Bob.

Scene 3:

Vase of Flowers: For Snow White.

Apple: Use a real one. For the Queen to bring on.

Mug: For Snow White to give the Queen.

Flash: Pyrotechnic or lighting effect.

Storybook: Use the one from previously.

Thunder and Lightning: As before.

Scene 4:

Bed: As before.

Scene 5:

Flash: As before.

Cart: A practical cart or trolley on wheels for Snow White to lie on.

Spell book: For the chorus to hand the Fairy.

Fanfare: Short recorded version.

Scene 6:

Flash: As before.

Cart or trolley covered in souvenirs: A mass of boxes, tea towels etc all with pictures of the Queen and Igor and Snow White and the Prince on them.

Lucky Horseshoe: Just a cardboard one will do ó however, when it's thrown into the wings we need a sound effect (recorded or live) of something heavy landing.

Paper plates: To throw into the audience.

Poster of the Queen: A photo blown up to at least A3 size.

Prize for man in the audience: Whatever you can get hold of.

Wedding bells: Sound recording.

SONGS:

Here are some suggestions of numbers you may like to use:

Act One:

Scene 1:

Igor and the Queen: *Chu-Chi Face* (from *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*) or *You're The One That I Want*.

Scene 2:

Chorus and Sammy: *Good Morning, Good Morning* or *The Sun Has Got His Hat On*.

Bitz, Bob and Chorus: *We're In The Money* or *Money, Money, Money*.

Scene 4:

Cora and Sammy: *Always Look On The Bright Side Of Life* or *Tomorrow* (from *Annie*)

Scene 5:

Queen: *Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend* (change lyric to *Argos Isí*)

Scene 6:

Children: (instrumental or as a song) *Watership Down* or *Yesterday*.
 Snow White, Bob and Bitz: *Get Happy* or *Button Up Your Overcoat*.
 Snow White and the Dwarfs: *Can't Smile Without You* or *In This World*.

Act Two:

Scene 1:

Dwarfs: *Come Inside Love*.

Queen: *A New Life* (from *Jekyll and Hyde*) or *Lady Is A Tramp*.

Snow White, Dwarfs and Children: *Consider Yourself At Home* (from *Oliver*)

Scene 2:

Cora: *Once You Lose Your Heart* (from *Me and My Girl*) or *Close To You*.

Cora, Sammy, Igor, Bob, Bitz: *Thriller* or *Stayin' Alive*.

Scene 3:

Snow White: *Dream a Little Dream of Me* or *Think Of Me (Wherever You Are)*

Dwarfs, Snow White, Sammy, Cora, Bob, Bitz and Fairy: *Something's Coming* (from *West Side Story*) or *You're Never Fully Dressed* (from *Annie*).

Scene 4:

Cora, Igor, Bob, Bitz, Sammy and Queen: *Hit The Road Jack* or *When You're Good To Mama* (from *Chicago*).

Scene 5:

Company: *It Might As Well Be Spring* (from *State Fair*) or *Stepping Out With My Baby*.

Scene 6:

Igor and Queen: *I Don't Need Anything But You* (from *Annie*) or *I Got Lost In His Arms*

Songsheet: *Love and Marriage* or *Get Me To the Church*.

Company: *Cheek To Cheek* or *S'Wonderful!*

THE CHARACTERS:

Some ideas on how to play them.

Snow White: I've tried to make her less simpering than usual. She grits her teeth and puts up with her dreadful mother and when she finds the dwarfs she devotes herself to looking after them ó but always dreams of her dashing prince. She's practical, loving and a little bit of a dreamer.

Queen Devila: The Grimm Brothers explain her woes in the original version of the tale ó her husband has left her and she is jealous of her daughter. There is a little comedy in there as well making her more rounded than most panto villains.

Cora the Cook: Lovely dame role ó she gets on with life, has nursed Snow White since a baby and loves her deeply.

Sammy the Stableboy: The foil for Cora's comedy routines so very much the cheeky chappy without being too daft.

Igor: He's the Queen's henchman but he is both in love with her and very fond of Snow White. He doesn't actually do anything evil so can be played with a light touch.

Bob and Bitz: Brothers who get into scrapes. They are as daft as each other although they aren't as silly as some panto double-acts. They end up in awkward situations rather than create their own problems.

Fairy Nuff: Not a huge part but a vital one. A jolly Fairy who gets on things.

The 7 Dwarfs: Bumpy, Lumpy, Snorer, Tickle, Jolly, Jingle and Raker: They have quite a bit of dialogue and careful casting is required to ensure they can convey their mutual devotion to Snow White otherwise the 'death' scene won't work.

Prince Philip: Only one speaking scene but he must be the dashing storybook prince of Snow White's beloved stories.

THE COSTUMES:

Some ideas for those with small budgets.

Snow White: Most children think of her as she appears in the Disney cartoon so black bobbed hair with a red bow, a yellow skirt, red or blue top, white tights and black shoes.

Queen Devila: A crown, black or purple long dress and robe. She needs a hooded cape as the old lady.

Cora the Cook: A mop cap, bright full dress and an apron.

Sammy the Stableboy: A cap, jerkin or top with waistcoat, britches, stockings and buckled shoes. Quite rustic in fabric and colour. He needs a school uniform too.

Igor: Dark britches, stockings and shoes. A top with a tabard.

Bob and Bitz: Bright coloured trousers and tops maybe in contrasting colours. They need school uniforms too.

Fairy Nuff: Typical Fairy costume ó full sparkly dress, bun wig, wand and ballet shoes.

The 7 Dwarfs: Bumpy, Lumpy, Snorer, Tickle, Jolly, Jingle and Raker: How you costume them will depend on whether they are children or adults. They need trousers, shoes and tops in colours commensurate to their characters (Jolly would be in yellow maybe whereas Raker is in greens). Traditionally they have elf-type hats and of course, you may need false moustaches, glasses or even full masks.

Prince Philip: Frock coat, crown, waistcoat, shirt with lacy collar, white tights, black shoes and britches.

Chorus: As townspeople they wear trousers and tops or full skirts and blouses with individual touches in hats, pinnies etc. The children play the animals ó you need masks, leotards with tails, tights and shoes. Guards and servants ó tops, trousers and tabards for the guards whereas servants can wear full skirts and blouses for the ladies and frock coats, ruffs and trousers for the men. There is also a ghost which can be a basic sheet costume.

TOPICALITY:

Throughout the script you'll find chances to add in local references ó audiences always enjoy a mention of the local pub, football team and so on and it's usually a guaranteed laugh. You'll also find the occasional topical reference to TV personalities and so on ó obviously, as time passes since this script was written the topicality of these references will wane. However, the same jokes have been used for decades with the current Prime Minister's name or the current famous TV chef's name added in ó jokes about Fanny Craddock gave way to Delia Smith then to Jamie Oliver ó but the gag stayed the same so please, simply update the reference.

