

# SNOW WHITE

BY

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# **SNOW WHITE**

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## **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.

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## 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.
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**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
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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.
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**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: Well 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 weve only got one ladder.

BITZ: Well be here for ever.

BOB: Shall we just clear up and scarper?

BITZ: Yes ó lets do a bunk. Weve been paid anyway.

IGOR AND THE QUEEN ENTER.

BOB: No one will know, will they?

IGOR: No one will know what?

BITZ: That were going to run off without finishing the job.

QUEEN: Ill get Watchdog onto you pair of nincompoops.

BOTH: Uh ho!

QUEEN: Look at my lovely room ó wheres 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 17<sup>th</sup> 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
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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.