

THE ALTERNATIVE

SNOW WHITE

A PLAY IN TWO ACTS WITH SONGS

**SCRIPT BY
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Dramatis Personae

Snow White

The Wicked Queen

The Huntsman

The Lord Chancellor

Sir Edward Scrubbs

Rodney, Earl of Essex

Trixie the Dog no lines, sings

A Cat

Horace, a footman

Doris, another footman

Inspector from the Ministry of Political Correctness

Chief Inspector from the Ministry (The Director in Disguise)

Sergeant few lines

Guard few lines

Page few lines

Mouse 1

Mouse 2

Mouse 3

Mouse 4

Happy

Dopey

Bashful

Sleepy

Sneezy

Grumpy

Bjorn

Chorus of Servants and Courtiers

Chorus of Forest Animals

Synopsis of Scenes

Act I

- Scene 1 In the Palace
- Scene 2 Later, in the Palace
- Scene 3 Snow White's Bed-chamber
- Scene 4 On the Edge of the Forest

Act II

- Scene 1 The Dwarves' Cottage
- Scene 2 The Dwarves' Cottage
- Scene 3 The Dwarves' Cottage
- Scene 4 The Palace

- Song 1 Servants Just Love to Wear Tights (Tune: My Bonny
Lies Over the Ocean)
- Song 2 Wives (Tune: The Skye Boat Song)
- Song 3 Trixie, Trixie! (Tune: Daisy Bell)
- Song 4 If You Go Down to the Woods Today
- Song 5 We are the Little Men (Tune: Scotland the Brave)
- Song 6 Oh Poor Snow White (Tune: Oh, Danny Boy)
- Song 7 We've Reached the End (Tune: You Are My Sunshine)

Scene 1, In the Palace

The great hall of the palace is furnished and decorated in formal medieval style. Candelabra are hanging from ceilings and walls and the tables are draped with purple cloths and decorated with more candles. The walls are hung with tapestries and decorated with shields and weapons, such as crossed pikes and maces. Paintings of the royal ancestors brighten the walls. The atmosphere is merry and jovial.

SONG 1 Servants Just Love to Wear Tights
(Tune: My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean)

Verse 1:

In Rome we wore chic, stylish togas,
Gold bracelets and laurels of green.
But making our way to the senate,
We looked like a bunch of old queens.

Chorus:

Roll up, roll up, vote for the great British pantie hose,
Fish nets, lycra; servants just love to wear tights.

Verse 2:

As Britons we dressed rather cheaply,
We painted our bodies with wode.
The minimal look raised some eyebrows;
Our enemies legged-it back home!

Verse 3:

As Saxons we wore polished leather,
Our tunics came down to the calf.
They tended to shrink in bad weather
And strangle our Old English parts.

Verse 4:

In Scotland we loved kilts and sporrans,
And garters on knee-length red socks.
They made us look cheekily tartan,
And let the wind blow up the jocks.

Verse 5:

Today, when you see us in public
We're sure to be wearing our tights.
But not the blond wigs or suspenders
Until we get home every night.

(Enter the queen. All suddenly goes still and quiet.)

QUEEN And what is the cause of this hilarity? It is against my orders. The only day for celebration is **my** birthday – and it is **not** my birthday today.

SIR EDWARD We're sorry, my lady. We just felt that the audience needed cheering up a little.

QUEEN Cheering up? Cheering up? Since when did people need to be cheerful? I'm miserable – so everyone must be miserable! That's life!
(To the crowd) If there is any further outbreak of good cheer, I will personally cut off the heads of those responsible. Do you understand?

ALL Yes, queen.

QUEEN Good! Now, go about your business, all of you.
(They do not move.) At once, I say, at once!
(There is a bustle as the crowd begins to disperse.)
Not you, Edward. I want a word with you.

SIR ED My lady?

QUEEN There has been too much hilarity in the palace lately – and I hold you responsible.

SIR ED I, my lady?

QUEEN You are my chief minister, not my chief minstrel.

SIR ED But, my lady, what do you expect me to do?

QUEEN I expect you to pass some new laws; that's what I pay you for. I do pay you, do I?

SIR ED Yes, my lady, but...

QUEEN A law against dancing for a start, and playing music.
(Nervous, muted reaction of horror from those of the crowd who are left.)
And ban those jokes; they are quite unnecessary.

SIR ED *(Aghast)* Ban the jokes?

QUEEN Good! You're getting the idea. Now, about the ladies. I have seen ladies at the court wearing make-up and outrageous modern dresses. This must stop! They must not show their arms, ankles or, I can hardly bring myself to say it, *(spoken with distaste)* their cleavage! *(Gasps from the crowd.)*

SIR ED But my lady, **I** like to see.....

(He notices the queen has a face like thunder.)

Yes, my lady!

QUEEN That will be all, Edward. Now, leave me in peace; I wish to consult my mirror.

SIR ED As you wish, my lady. *(He exits.)*

QUEEN *(Noticing some of the courtiers still present.)*

Get out! All of you. Is there no privacy for a queen.

GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!

(The rest of the crowd exit rapidly, leaving the queen alone.)

Why, oh why must I be surrounded by fools and idiots?

I shall consult my mirror. At least that will talk sense.

(She crosses to the mirror and pauses to adjust her hair and admire herself before speaking.)

QUEEN Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?

MIRROR Thou, o queen, art blessed with the most pulchritudinous physiognomy in the land.
And thou dost possess the most ambrosial charisma of all.

QUEEN Yes, but mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?

MIRROR Thou, o queen, art blessed with the most alluring visage in the land.
And thou dost possess the most captivating disposition of all.

QUEEN Yes, but mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of us all?

MIRROR Thou, o queen, art blessed with the most sexy curves in the land.
And thou dost possess the biggest pair of.....

QUEEN Yes, yes, yes, that's better.
Now, tell me, mirror, is this the truth?

MIRROR No, not at all. I'm just saying what you would like to hear. Last time I told the truth you broke my glass.

QUEEN I'll do more than break your glass, I'll fracture your frame, I'll bruise your burnishing and I'll dislocate your tenons and mortices. But first, tell me who **is** the fairest of us all?

MIRROR Snow White is more delectable than thee; more angelic, bewitching and elegant; her radiant beauty throws light into the corners of every room; her wit and charm beguile the hardest of hearts; her...her...

QUEEN Silence, you foolish mirror. Have you no pity?

MIRROR No less than you when you beat me up.

QUEEN I'll deal with you later.

(Aside) There is only one way to deal with this crisis; Snow White must die. But, how to accomplish this? I could poison her! No that may fail. I shall have a servant take her to the forest and come back with her heart. And who better to do this deed than the huntsman? He is familiar with the techniques of butchery.

(Calls into wings) Huntsman, come here at once! At once I say!

(Enter the huntsman, breathless and flustered.)

HUNTSMAN My lady, you called me?

QUEEN You know very well I called you.

HUNTSMAN Yes, my queen.

QUEEN Thoughts of a foul deed have crossed my mind.

HUNTSMAN *(Aside)* That wouldn't have taken very long.

QUEEN Look, Horace, you must go to the forest. I would like you to take my daughter where you didn't oughter.

HUNTSMAN What would I wish with that little dish?

QUEEN Less of that cheek, close your beak. You must take Snow White and it must be tonight.

HUNTSMAN But, she'll be afraid, the poor little maid.

QUEEN That's the idea - to instil some fear.

HUNTSMAN I don't think I should, it's dangerous in the wood.

QUEEN If you want to keep your head, keep her there till she's dead.

HUNTSMAN Dead, my lady? You must be crazy!

QUEEN Don't delay, just do as I say, I want her out of the way, today! O.K.?

HUNTSMAN But what if she will not agree to go with me in the dark to the royal park. After all, it's not the ball and I'm of a lower social order than your daughter.

QUEEN She'll be more keen if you tell her the queen would otherwise lock her in the cellar; you tell 'er.

HUNTSMAN I've a good mind forthrightly to go forth forthwith and sever the security of my situation.

QUEEN Don't be ridiculous, I like to retain my retainers. All you need is to saddle your steed, drag her off with the utmost speed and do the deed.

HUNTSMAN But, I can't keep calm - I'm in alarm at the thought of causing Snow White harm.

QUEEN You kill with skill and are not sorry for the quarry when it's furry. Just, pretend she's a deer, dear.

HUNTSMAN It's not the same as shooting game, the girl's quite tame.

QUEEN It's your duty through good and ill to obey my will, Will.

HUNTSMAN Quick, I feel sick, my guts feel nuts, I need to chuck it in the bucket.

QUEEN Ill or nil, I **will** have my will, Will!

HUNTSMAN My face is white and throat is tight; my knees are all a'quiver, there's a pain in my liver.

QUEEN Pull yourself together, you're not under the weather, you're just afraid 'cos your nerves are frayed and your knees knock, Jock.
(His knees knock. Sound effect of wood block.)

HUNTSMAN But, but, but....

QUEEN Stop butting, you're not a goat.

HUNTSMAN *(Aside)* I wish I were.

QUEEN If you are successful in ridding the world of Snow White, you will be handsomely rewarded.

HUNTSMAN What might be the nature of the reward, my lady?

QUEEN You'll find out, **if** you are successful.

HUNTSMAN As my queen, perhaps you might be disposed to give me a knight-hood or something like that.

QUEEN Do not try my patience! Now go, go, GO! And return with the girl's heart.

HUNTSMAN *(In a small squeaky voice.)* Her heart! *(He clears his throat, nervously.)*
Very good, my lady. *(He backs off-stage rather hurriedly.)*

QUEEN *(Cynically)* Perhaps I might be disposed to give him a knighthood!
Perhaps I might be disposed to dispose of him in the same way as he
will dispose of Snow White. For, when she is dead **I** will once more be
the most beautiful woman in the land.
(Evil cackles of laughter.)

End of Scene

Scene 2, Later, in the Palace

The Chancellor and Sir Edward are alone in the hall, except for a few servants, who are clearing the remains of the meal.

CHANCELLOR What on earth is that intolerable noise, Sir Edward?

SIR ED That, my dear Chancellor, is that mad Scotsman, Mackenzie, doing his bagpipe practice.

CHANCEL My goodness, men have been executed for lesser crimes.

SIR ED Did you know that bagpipes were really invented by the Irish?

CHANCEL No, I didn't know that.

SIR ED They gave them to the Scots for a joke and the Scots have not seen the joke yet.

CHANCEL That racket is intolerable.

(Calls into wings) Guard, bring the piper to me at once.

(Enter guard with a large newspaper.)

Not the paper, you fool, the PIPER.

GUARD Where I comes from, your lordship, this is called a piper.

CHANCEL Listen, can you hear that noise?

GUARD Bootiful ain't it, sir. I just love the sound of them pipes.

CHANCEL No it is not beautiful. I want you to go out there and shoot the piper. I want that music to be scotched.

GUARD But it is Scotch, sir.

CHANCEL Just do it!

GUARD Very well, sir. *(Stamps to attention and marches off.)*

(There is a gunshot, a scream and the bagpipe sound effect winds down and goes off-pitch before stopping.)

CHANCEL That's better. That row was setting my teeth on edge. I've already had to go to the dentist once this week.

(Sound effect of hooter. Enter the inspector from the ministry of political correctness.)

INSPECTOR Stop the show! Stop the show!

CHANCEL What on earth are you doing, man? We're in the middle of a performance here.

INSPECTOR I'm an inspector from the Ministry of Political Correctness and I'm stopping this performance.

SIR ED Why on earth would you want to do that?

INSPECTOR You're breaking the law.

SIR ED Good Lord, in what way?

INSPECTOR Under the new legislation, racist humour is not allowed.

SIR ED Racist humour?

INSPECTOR The joke about the Scots piper and the murder of the same.

SIR ED That's not racist. He's Scottish – that doesn't count.

INSPECTOR I'm afraid it does. And if there is any more racist humour in this show it must be cut – NOW!

CHANCEL Oh very well, we'll do as you say.

INSPECTOR I do hope so or I will return and close you down. You are only allowed three warnings. Now, good day to you.

CHANCEL Good day!

SIR ED What a silly little man. I don't see why we should listen to a jobsworth like that.

CHANCEL Quite! Now where did we get to in the scene? Oh, yes!
I went to the dentist yesterday. He said, 'say ah!'

SIR ED Why did he say that?

CHANCEL Because his dog had died.

SIR ED How did it die?

CHANCEL He accidentally spilled spot remover on it and it disappeared.

SIR ED Speaking of dying, I fear I must leave soon to return home, my Lord.
My wife is not well – I really did not like the look of her when I left this morning.

CHANCEL I know how you feel – I never like the look of my wife.

SIR ED I consider myself lucky – I have the best wife in this country.

CHANCEL You really think so?

SIR ED Yes, the other one's in Australia.

CHANCEL They say love makes the world go round, you know.

SIR ED Yes, so does a punch on the nose.

CHANCEL Do you know I first fell for my wife when she was a fair youth?

SIR ED That sounds romantic.

CHANCEL Not really, some-one pulled my ladder away from under her window and I fell off.

SIR ED Well, my wife started to follow me everywhere after our first date.

CHANCEL You lucky man.

SIR ED I thought so too, until I realised she just wanted back the twenty pounds I borrowed for the meal.

CHANCEL Well she still married you didn't she?

SIR ED Is that a good thing? They say marriage is not just a word – it's a sentence. Anyway, dwelling on the past is not good for you. Nostalgia is not what it used to be, you know.

CHANCEL I agree, but I never knew what happiness was until I married – and then it was too late. You don't just gain a wife – you get a nagging mother-in-law into the bargain.

SIR ED I haven't spoken to my mother-in-law for three years – I don't want to interrupt her. They say love is blind but marriage is certainly an eye-opener.

CHANCEL My marriage did not get off to a good start. You see, I invited the vicar to my stag night. He got a little drunk and did not quite sober up in time for the wedding service. The service was a disaster: he baptised the bridesmaids with altar wine, gave the last rites to the best man, exorcised my mother-in-law and married my brother to my wife's great aunt.

SIR ED Was your wife very upset?

CHANCEL Upset? She was beside herself – she didn't stop laughing for a week. You should see the wedding photos.

SIR ED Wives, eh! Where would we be without them?

Song 2 **Wives** (Tune: The Skye Boat Song)

Verse 1, Sir Edward:

Sometimes they're slender and sometimes they're tall, often they're broad and wide;
Whether they're blond or whether brunette, these rules must be applied:
One day a year, chocolates and flowers, make sure you don't forget;
Even if now your wedding day, causes you great regret.
Trailing round town, just grit your teeth, never complain - it's hard
Watching the wife running up bills on your own credit card.
Try not to snore and don't slurp your tea, never tell porky-pies,
Don't ever stare at the bombshell next door, or you'll get two black eyes.

Verse 2, Chancellor:

Mother-in-law is always correct, even when clearly wrong,
Try to switch off but keep saying, 'yes', it might not last for long..
If in the car with her at the wheel, try not to scream and weep;
Just close your eyes, say a few prayers, with luck you'll fall asleep.
Saturday night, mates at the pub, you're at the village hall;
Just thank your stars, you can't be seen, tangoing at the ball.
Just bite your tongue when the washing machine shrinks your best shorts again,
People will talk of your cowboy-style walk and your falsetto range.

(Exit Chancellor and Sir Edward. Enter Horace and Doris each holding one end of the new intercom system.)

- HORACE Hurry up, Doris, we are supposed to be preparing the silver-ware for luncheon.
- DORIS Alright, Horace, keep your hair on. This is never going to work, you know. What is it supposed to be anyway?
- HORACE Do I have to explain this to you again, Doris?
- DORIS Go on, just once more.
- HORACE Alright! Watch my lips. I'm tired of running up and down stairs carrying messages from the kitchens to the great hall. This is my new invention – the Horace Caller. It works like this: you take this end down to the kitchen and I stay up here with this end; you speak into the end, here, and I can hear what you need; a bottle of wine, another roast chicken, and so on.
- DORIS And you think this will work? I don't.
- HORACE Well, let's test it and see. You take your end down to the kitchen and we can talk through it.
- DORIS Oh alright, but if we get into trouble it was **your** idea.

HORACE Off you go!
(Exit Doris with one end of the tube. Horace blows down the tube and arranges it conveniently for talking. He puts his ear to the tube.)
 Poor Doris! Sometimes it seems as though the lights are on but there's certainly nobody at home.

DORIS Hello!

HORACE Hello, Doris.

DORIS Who's that?

HORACE *(Looking at the audience in despair.)* You know who it is, you idiot.
 It's me, Horace.

DORIS Oh, you sound a long way away.

HORACE Yes, I'm in Australia!

DORIS Can you hear me?

HORACE Of course I can, I've been talking to you, haven't I?

DORIS Horace, I think it works.
(Horace shakes his head in disbelief.)
 Horace, are you still there?

HORACE Of course I am, you fool.

DORIS Thank goodness, I thought you were dead.

HORACE *(Aside)* Sometimes I think that would be the better option.
 Doris, why are you so dim?

DORIS I may be dim but at least I'm not big-headed.

HORACE You don't need a big head. Your brain is so small.

DORIS Bossy boots!

HORACE Half-wit!

DORIS Show-off!

HORACE Imbecile!
(Enter Sir Edward. Horace tries to conceal the pipe.)

SIR ED Ah, there you are, Horace. You are needed at the portcullis. Do hurry along.

HORACE But, Sir Edward....

SIR ED Right away, if you please.

HORACE Yes, sir. *(He looks in dismay at the pipe as he exits with Sir Edward.)*

DORIS Oi! Fat face, are you there?
(Enter the queen from the opposite side.)
 Unblock your ears, fatty, I'm calling you.
(The queen looks around in surprise for the source of the voice.)
 Oi you, ugly, are you not talking to me then?

QUEEN *(Picking up the end of the pipe)* Hello!

DORIS Ah, at last, there is life upstairs.

QUEEN Who is this?

DORIS Ha, ha, very funny. That's quite good actually. You sound exactly like her.

QUEEN Like whom, may I ask?

DORIS Yes, that's just the sort of snooty thing the old bag would say:
(Imitating the queen) Like whom, may I ask?
 She's such a pompous old prig! One day some-one will tell her so.

QUEEN You just did.

DORIS I'm going to try now: *I've had enough of your idiosyncrasies. If you do not conform you will lose your head.*

QUEEN Very good. That sounds just like me.
(Enter Horace with a look of horror on his face. He conceals himself from the queen but is in view of the audience.)

DORIS Oh you're such a scream, Horace. This is fun. Do some more impressions of the old witch. You know, that one everyone does in the kitchen: *I cannot afford to spend my time in idle tittle-tattle with the servants. I must go and consult my mirror.* I nearly wet myself last time cook did it.

QUEEN I think you had better come up, young man. You have wasted enough of my time.

DORIS Very good! You should do this for a living.

QUEEN I already do – now come upstairs at once.

DORIS Alright Horace, keep your crown on. I'm coming.

QUEEN Executioner! Come here at once.
(Horace is beside himself.)

This is intolerable! I'm the butt of my own servants' jokes. Well, I shall get some new servants – and the old ones shall be executed.

DORIS *(Entering)* Horace, that was really fun. You sounded just like the silly ... old ... *(He notices the queen with the pipe still in her hand.)* My Lady, we were just testing our Horace Caller. W...w...where is Horace.

QUEEN Horace is doing a job for me. So I had to do his job *(aggressively)* of helping you with the testing. *(She repeats)* I cannot spend my time making idle tittle-tattle with the servants. I must go and consult my mirror.

DORIS *(Head in hands)* Oh my word, I do believe I've goofed!

QUEEN And as you are such a comedian, you can entertain the rats - *(aggressively)* in the dungeon. And you, Horace. You can come out now.

(He slinks out, shame-faced.) Guards!
 (Enter two guards.) Take them away!
 (The guards drag them off.)

HORACE Thank you very much, Doris. This is another fine mess you've got me into.

QUEEN *(To audience)* And now, to a more important matter: my vanity! I must see that the feeble huntsman obeys my orders. I **will** see Snow White dead – TONIGHT! *(She laughs an evil cackle.)*

End of Scene

Scene 3, Snow White's Chamber

Snow White's chamber is sparsely furnished with a table and two chairs, a bed, and a room-divider screen with a tin bath behind. Snow White is sitting on her bed and Trixie, her pet dog, is beside her. She is brushing Trixie as she sings. Trixie is most obviously a bitch as she has the fur on her head tied into bunches with pink ribbons and she is sitting on a pink cushion.

Song 3 **Trixie, Trixie! Snow White and Trixie** (Tune: Daisy Bell)

Verse 1, Snow White:

Trixie, Trixie, give me an answer now,
Why must mother be such a silly cow?
Her muscles are very scary,
Her legs are thick and hairy.
She looks in the glass and sees her fat bum.
But she still thinks she's number one.

Verse 2, Trixie:

Snow White, Snow White, listen to Trixie dog,
She's a nutter, she's really lost the plot.
She puts on her airs and graces and laughs in peoples' faces.
When she's in the mire, her language is dire,
And her tantrums are works of art.

Verse 3, Snow White:

Trixie, Trixie, why should we be so nice?
Let's use torture, tighten her head in a vice?
We'll tie up her hands and stroke her with a lovely red-hot poker.
We'll pierce her ear-lobe with a thousand volt probe,
And she'll certainly get the point.

Verse 4, Trixie:

Snow White, Snow White, the answer is plain to me,
Here's my plan to re-educate the queen:
We must use a hangman's skill to help us with the kill.
Then chop off her head to make sure she's dead
And with luck she may then see sense.

S WHITE Oh, Trixie, how I wish I had been a boy. It's so awful being a girl. You wouldn't know – you're a dog. *(Trixie howls)* Oh, of course, you are a girl dog. If I were a man I would stand up to my wicked step-mother and tell her what I think of her! *(Trixie snarls menacingly)* Yes, Trixie, I would like to do that to her as well. One day that horrid queen will die and I will be able to enjoy my life again.

(She sniffs back the tears and Trixie does the same.)

In the meantime, I will just have to endure the beatings, *(Trixie sniffs)* the humiliation, *(she sniffs again)* the bullying.....

(A cat runs across the stage and is chased off by Trixie. Barking fades into the distance.)

Trixie, Trixie, bad girl, come back! Trixie! Trixie!

Now even my dog has deserted me. Can things get any worse?

Oh, woe is me. Woe, woe, woe!

(Enter 4 mice)

MOUSE 1 *(Sings)* Woe, woe, woe your boat, gently down the stream.

S WHITE My, who are you?

MOUSE 1 I am a mouse who lives in your house.

And these three are all with me.

S WHITE Do you always speak in rhyme.

MOUSE 1 Not all the time.

S WHITE You just did it again.

MOUSE 2 Says who?

S WHITE I do.

MOUSE 3 Now **you're** speaking in verse.

S WHITE This is getting worse.

MOUSE 4 Oh let's stop this, right away.

S WHITE Perhaps we could continue another day.

MOUSE 2 But we heard you crying – and saying woe, woe, woe.

MOUSE 1 Woe, woe, woe your boat.

MOUSE 4 Stop that, at once!

MOUSE 3 Why are you so upset?

S WHITE It's just that I feel so low.

MOUSE 1 Don't worry dear you'll grow a bit when you get older.

S WHITE No, I mean I'm just so low.

MOUSE 2 Well we can be your backing group if you don't want to sing solo.

MOUSE 4 *(Sings) I - can - sing - so - low (each word gets lower down the scale and he bends his knees more on each note)*

MOUSE 1 We can sing in harmony...

MOUSE 2 Harmony... *(going up an arpeggio)*

MOUSE 3 Harmony
(Mouse 4 does not sing and mouse1 kicks mouse 4 in the knee.)

MOUSE 4 Ah my knee!
(Snow White laughs.)

MOUSE 1 There you are – you're feeling better already.

MOUSE 2 I know what will cheer you up even more.

MOUSE 3 No, not more of your pathetic jokes, please!

MOUSE 2 What do you call a mouse that can pick up an elephant.

S WHITE I don't know.

MOUSE 2 Sir!

MOUSE 1 What do you get if cross a mouse with a packet of washing up powder?

MOUSE 3 Don't you start!

MOUSE 1 Bubble and squeak!

MOUSE 4 How do you save a drowning mouse?

MOUSE 3 *(Crossly) Let's make this the last one, shall we!*

MOUSE 4 Use mouse to mouse resuscitation!
(Snow White chuckles heartily.)

MOUSE 3 I think that's done the trick.

S WHITE But tell me, if you live here, why have I not seen you before? You're not exactly inconspicuous.

MOUSE 2 Who says we're not incompiculous. We're quite intelligent, actually – apart from Morris, he failed his IQ test.
(Mouse 4 pouts and hangs his head.)

MOUSE 1 It's been nice meeting you, Snow White. I'm afraid we have to go and beat up a cat now.

S WHITE Look, before you go, can I ask you a favour?

MOUSE 1 Your wish is our command, my lady.

S WHITE I need to get a message to the laundry. My best dress has been cleaned and I need to put it on after my bath.

MOUSE 2 Say no more. We shall request that it be delivered by a page.

MOUSE 3 A page from the queen's chapter.

MOUSE 4 Pages from the queen's chapter always do things by the book.

MOUSE 1 We'll book a good page, don't worry.

MOUSE 2 If the page looks blank he'll be torn off a strip and turned over.

MOUSE 3 And read the riot act.

MOUSE 4 We know his type.

MOUSE 1 He'll wish he'd never received the queen's letter.

S WHITE Alright, alright, off you go. Perhaps we'll meet again some time.

MOUSE 3 Oh I do hope so.
(Exit mice.)

S WHITE Bye! What sweet little mice!
Now, time for my bath. Now let's see – towel, soap.
(Enter The Earl of Essex. Snow White drops the soap and towel.)

EARL My dear Snowey. I have returned from Sir Wodger's Castle at Wrexham.

S WHITE Oh, Rodney, I thought I would never see you again when you were banished. *(They embrace.)*

EARL I have brought you a suprise, my darling.

S WHITE Oh, how thoughtful of you. Put it on the table. I will open it later. Tell me, did the queen change her mind and allow you back to court?

EARL Alas, no! She does not know I have returned.

S WHITE But she will have you locked in the keep.

EARL Better to be locked in the keep than kept in the lock.

S WHITE You might be thrown in the well.

EARL Or welded to the thwown.

S WHITE Ducked by the water.

EARL Watered by the ducks.

S WHITE She might use the ducking stool.

EARL There's no need to swear.

S WHITE You may be suspended above burning sticks.
EARL Or stuck above burning suspenders.
S WHITE She'll shut you away and watch your cell.
EARL Or sell my watch.
S WHITE If she sees you you will be made humble by her guards
EARL Or guarded by her humble maid.
S WHITE She will try you for abuse.
EARL That's better than being abused for twying.
S WHITE You'll be man-handled by the court.
EARL I'd rather be caught by the man-handle.
S WHITE But she might even put her manacles on your hands.
EARL For you, Snowey, I would let her put her hands on my manacles.
S WHITE What if they resort to instruments of torture?
EARL Ooh, they might resort to torture of my instwument!
S WHITE Oh Rodney.
EARL Oh Snowey.
(They embrace and go to kiss. Snow White breaks off.)
S WHITE No, Rodney, I cannot kiss you!
EARL Why not?
S WHITE I haven't cleaned my teeth yet today.
EARL Then go ahead and clean them. I can wait.
S WHITE But I must have a bath first.
EARL Then have your bath. I have waited three years, what's another ten minutes?
S WHITE Ten minutes? Who ever heard of a lady having a bath in ten minutes?
EARL Whatever!
S WHITE I shall bathe behind this screen so that you may wait here.
EARL As you wish, my lady.
(We hear he humming as she retreats behind the screen and hangs her dress over it.)
(Sound of hooter and enter Inspector.)
INSPECTOR Stop! Stop the play!
EARL Who the devil are you?

INSPECTOR I'm the Inspector from the Ministry of Political Correctness.

EARL Well, what do you want?

INSPECTOR I want to stop this show. I have warned you before.

EARL You have not.

INSPECTOR Well, it wasn't you – it was in another scene.

EARL What seems to be the problem.

INSPECTOR We cannot allow you to make fun of people with a peech inspediment -
spooch impodiment – speech impediment.

EARL Why not? You just did.

INSPECTOR That was not on purpose. Now look, it is illegal to poke fun at people
who are unable to get their tongue around their R's.

EARL I shouldn't think many people can do that!

INSPECTOR You know what I mean. This is a warning. I'll give you one more
chance, then I'll have to close this play down. Am I making myself
clear?

EARL Crystal clear.

INSPECTOR Good! Then I bid you good day!
(Exit inspector.)

EARL Well, what a rude man!
(Sound effect of water splashing.)

S WHITE Who was that, Rodney.

EARL Some stupid government inspector – says I've got to roll my Rs.

S WHITE Oh, can you wait till I've finished? I want to see it.

EARL I'm talking about my lines. I'm not allowed to fake a peech
imspediment – or whatever you call it.

S WHITE Oh dear! That's spoiled those lines later in the play. Shall we do them
now.

EARL Do you think we can get away with it?

S WHITE We'll say them quietly and he won't hear.

EARL O.K.

S WHITE *(In a stage whisper.)* Rodney

EARL Yes, dear.

S WHITE How do you like your steak?

EARL *(All the earl's initial Rs in this dialogue are pronounced W.)*
Rare, dear.

S WHITE Here, of course.

EARL No, I mean Rare.

S WHITE Oh, you mean rare.

EARL That's what I said, isn't it? I'm not ready to eat yet. I'd like to have a
read first.

S WHITE The garderober is out the back.

EARL I don't mean that, I mean a small amount of reading.

S WHITE But we're not allowed in the garden.

EARL That's alright, I'll read my book here.

S WHITE Oh, you mean read.

EARL Are you trying to tease me? If you are I'll get a real rage.

S WHITE Good idea, we're short of money.

EARL You're taking a big risk.

S WHITE No, not today, I've already beaten the eggs.

EARL I'm going to roar.

S WHITE Now, do you mean you're going to war or you're going to roar?

EARL I'm warning you. I'm beginning to see red.

S WHITE Oh, goody, I want to get married.

EARL Right that's it.

S WHITE I thought you said red.

EARL I'm really going to wail in a minute.

S WHITE Would that be the wail station. *(The earl starts to laugh.)*

EARL That's enough! I can't do the west without laughing.

S WHITE Do you mean rest or west?
(The earl falls about laughing.)

EARL Do you think the inspector heard that?

S WHITE I guess not or he would have wheelie bin crosso.
Look, I'll try to be quick in the bath, Rodney. Please stay here so I can
talk to you while I'm bathing.

EARL Do you really think I should?

S WHITE Of course, don't be so old-fashioned.

(Enter some rough-looking guards with the sergeant. One of them clasps his hand over the Earl's mouth and others drag him off. We hear sounds of splashing and singing from Snow White.)

Darling? Rodney darling, are you asleep? I just remembered about that present you brought me.

Darling?

(Enter the page with the clean dress. He puts it on the table and is about to leave.)

Are you there, darling?

(The page looks around, bemused.)

I know you're there. Are you playing a game with me?

Helloooo?

PAGE Hello!

S WHITE I knew you were there, my little cootchy-wootchy. You do play silly tricks on me. Can I have my surprise now?

PAGE What surprise?

S WHITE You know what I mean. You might have to help me, though. I'm a bit helpless when I'm in the bath.

(The page looks shocked and backs towards the door.)

PAGE The b..b..bath, my lady.

S WHITE You don't have to call me that. We know one-another very well now – and we'll soon have no secrets between us.

PAGE N...n...no secrets?

S WHITE Will you take it out for me and describe what it looks like? I'm dying to know.

(Page is aghast.)

PAGE Whatever do you mean, my lady?

S WHITE Go on – take it out and just poke it behind the screen so that I can see it.

PAGE My...my...my lady! *(He stands frozen to the spot.)*

S WHITE If you won't show me I'll just have to come out and look for myself.

Have you unwrapped it yet?

(The page is dumbstruck with fear.)

S WHITE Ready or not – here I come.
(She bursts out from behind the screen, wrapped in a towel. She sees the page and screams. The page is alarmed and screams also. Some guards burst in.)
What is he doing in my room. Seize him, seize him!

PAGE But, my lady.... I was just....

SERGEANT Silence, you dog. We can all see what you were doing. You're coming with us.

PAGE But...but... I'm innocent!

SERGEANT Silence! *(The guards drag him off-stage, leaving the sergeant behind.)*
He won't be troubling you any more my lady.

S WHITE Thank you, soldier. Goodness knows what he might have done had you not arrived.

SERGEANT *(Loitering.)* Will there be anything else, me lady?

S WHITE No! No, thank you – nothing else.

SERGEANT Good day to you, me lady. *(He salutes and exits.)*

S WHITE What is this world coming to. A lady cannot take a bath without
(She sees the dress and picks it up in disbelief.)
Oh my goodness! What have I done?
(She looks from the dress to the door and crosses to look outside.)
(Running outside in her towel)
Sergeant! Sergeant! There's been a terrible mistake.

End of Scene

Scene 4, On the Edge of the Forest

They are on the edge of the forest at night and the scene is lit by pale moonlight. An owl can be heard in the distance.

S WHITE Where are we going.

HUNTSMAN It's a surprise

S WHITE Oh goody, I like surprises.

HUNTSMAN Not this one, you won't!

S WHITE Surely this is the forest.

HUNTSMAN Yes. Are you afraid?

S WHITE Not with you here to protect me.

HUNTSMAN Tell me, how old are you, my dear?

S WHITE I'm seventeen.

HUNTSMAN I was seventeen when I was your age.

S WHITE How old are you, then?

HUNTSMAN I'm thirty-three.

S WHITE Will I be as old as you when I'm thirty-three?

HUNTSMAN I expect so. Here we are, it looks dark enough here.

S WHITE Why do you need it to be dark?

HUNTSMAN So I can't see what I'm doing.

S WHITE What **are** you doing?

HUNTSMAN I don't know, I can't see. Come over here into the moonlight.

S WHITE How romantic.

HUNTSMAN How I wish I had come here for romantic reasons. But it is not to be.

S WHITE What is 'not to be'?

HUNTSMAN What it would have been had it not been 'not to be'.

S WHITE What would it have been then?

HUNTSMAN It is not for me to say?

S WHITE Well if you won't say it, who will?

HUNTSMAN I won't say. Now, please be still, this won't hurt – very much.

(He starts to write in the dust with his finger)

S WHITE What are you drawing?

HUNTSMAN I'm drawing my knife.

S WHITE Why are you drawing your knife?
HUNTSMAN I'm trying to put off drawing my knife. It's no good! (*He draws his knife.*)
S WHITE Why are you drawing your knife?
HUNTSMAN (*Crossly*) Look! Please stop asking questions. You are making this even more difficult for me.
S WHITE Making what difficult?
HUNTSMAN Silence, you silly little girl!
S WHITE I'm not little, I'm seventeen, remember? The same age as you were when you were my age.
HUNTSMAN Stop it! Stop it! (*aside*) If this is what marriage is like please remind me never to go there.
S WHITE Never go where? Can't I come?
HUNTSMAN No you can not! Look, none of this is my fault. It's my duty through good and ill to obey her will.
S WHITE Whose will, Will?
HUNTSMAN The silly monarch's.
S WHITE There's no need to swear.
HUNTSMAN I mean the stupid, ugly old queen of course.
S WHITE Oh, you noticed as well.
HUNTSMAN She called me into her private chamber when she was sitting on the throne.
S WHITE There's no privacy these days.
HUNTSMAN I offered to break off my indentures but she refused.
S WHITE I wouldn't do anything that painful.
HUNTSMAN She wants to see you dead.
S WHITE Well she might have to wait a long time for that.
HUNTSMAN No! No, she won't. Don't you see? She wants me to help things along a bit.
S WHITE You...you mean. (*mimes throat-cutting*)
HUNTSMAN Yes, I mean...(*mimes throat-cutting*)
S WHITE You wouldn't? You couldn't!
HUNTSMAN (*Wailing*) I can't. But she asked me to bring her back proof.

S WHITE Then take a lock of my hair.
HUNTSMAN How will she know it's dead?
S WHITE Oh, I see what you mean. Why don't you just cut off my little finger?
Here!
HUNTSMAN No! I can't. She wants your heart.
S WHITE Yuk! What does she want that for?
HUNTSMAN To prove you're dead.
S WHITE Oh dear, then we have a problem.
HUNTSMAN (*Pondering*) That's it!
S WHITE What?
HUNTSMAN The answer! A deer! I'll hunt down a deer, dear, and cut out the hart's
heart to take back to the queen.
S WHITE But harts are such dear creatures.
HUNTSMAN Deers' hearts are not at all dear, dear. They go cheap.
S WHITE Have a heart. Could you not find one that's already dead? What about
reindeer?
HUNTSMAN Not on a clear night like this.
S WHITE You might find a bison.
HUNTSMAN I'll wash my hands in the stream.
S WHITE Or a hare?
HUNTSMAN I washed it yesterday.
S WHITE Bear?
HUNTSMAN Too rude.
S WHITE Gorilla?
HUNTSMAN I prefer to roast her.
S WHITE Quail?
HUNTSMAN I'm not frightened.
S WHITE Jaguar?
HUNTSMAN Can't afford it.
S WHITE Lion?
HUNTSMAN I'm telling the truth.
S WHITE Cheetah?
HUNTSMAN No, I'm honest.

S WHITE Rabbit

HUNTSMAN Don't you just.

S WHITE A wild boar?

HUNTSMAN You're beginning to be. Look, you'll have to take your chances alone
in the forest and I'll go back to the palace and try to convince the
queen you're dead.

S WHITE How can I ever thank you?

HUNTSMAN One day you'll be queen. Perhaps you might be disposed to give me a
knight-hood or something like that.

S WHITE It is the least I can do.

HUNTSMAN Until then, my lady, I bid you farewell. *(Exits)*

S WHITE Now what? I suppose I shall just have to wander through the forest
until I find some shelter. Oh well, at least it's not raining.
(SFX thunder, wind and rain-storm, lightning flashes.)
Why don't I just keep my big mouth shut? Oh, well, here I go. See you
later – if I haven't been eaten by a wolf!
(Exit Snow White. Enter chorus of forest animals.)

Song 4 If You Go Down to the Woods Today, Animals

If you go down to the woods today you're sure of a big surprise,
If you go down to the woods today you'd better go in disguise.
For every ghost that ever there was will gather there for certain, because
Today's the day the spirits do their haunting.

For ev'ry spirit and every ghoul is sure of a treat today,
There's lots of adults to frighten off and children to scare away.
Beneath the trees where nobody sees they'll moan and shriek so
long as they please,
Cause that's the way the spirits do their haunting.

If you're alone in the woods at night, you'd better be well prepared.
If you're alone in the woods at night you'd better be feeling scared.
For every villain there ever was will gather there for certain, because
The wood's the place the hitmen do their killing.

Zombies, spooks and skeletons, the little poltergeists are having a lovely time today.
They will catch you unawares, your teeth will chatter and your hair go grey.
Hear them wail and clank their chains,
They love to catch you out and creep up from behind.
So poor little Princess Snow White had better close her eyes,
Because she's in for a big surprise.

End of Scene

Act II

Act II, Scene 1, The Dwarves Cottage

(The dwarves cottage is cosy and inviting. It consists of one large room with an eating area one side and a sleeping area the other. There is a door one side and a window in the back wall. This is important in the next scene. The table is set for seven.)

S WHITE *(Knocking at the door.)* Hello, is anyone at home? Please help me. I'm lost, wet, hungry, tired and I don't know what to do. Hello? Is there anybody there?

(Snow White enters warily.)

Oh dear, it seems as if there's nobody home. It really is not my lucky day, *(she sits at the table)* and I'm so hungry. *(She counts the places set.)* 1,2,3,4,5,6,7 – my, this cottage must belong to a big family, and yet it seems so small. Everything seems smaller than it should be – even the furniture. *(She spots some bread on the nearest plate.)* That bread looks so delicious. I wonder if I could just try a little. *(She sniffs it and eats a tiny crumb.)* Mmm, that is so delicious. Perhaps just a little more. *(She ravenously consumes the whole piece.)* Goodness, I'm really thirsty. I wonder what this is? *(She takes the nearest cup and sniffs it.)* Mmm, that smells like a good wine. Perhaps I could try just a little? *(She takes a sip then drinks the whole cup down in one go.)*

Gracious me, that is strong stuff. *(She yawns.)* I feel so sleepy. *(She crosses to the beds.)* I wonder if the owners would mind if I had a little nap in one of these beds? But they are so small. What sort of people live in this cottage, I wonder? *(She sits on the bed.)* I'd better take my wet dress off. *(Looking at audience.)* On second thoughts, with you lot watching, I don't think I will. *(She lies on a bed.)* Just a....short nap....
(She yawns and falls asleep. After a short pause we hear voices off.)

Song 5 We Are the Little Men (Tune: Scotland the Brave)
(After first verse, enter dwarves. Echoes are in brackets.)

(Off-stage)

Oh, we are the little men who live in the tiny cottage
Don't be a fool and walk right by, (Right by)
If you should chance to meet us, don't miss the chance to greet us,
Kneel down and look us in the eye. (In the eye)

(Each pair of lines are taken by the appropriate dwarf.)

My name is Mister Grumpy, I've always got the humpy,
I glare and scowl and swear all day. (All day)
I'm known as Mister Happy, my style is slick and snappy,
I laugh and dance because I'm gay. (He's gay)

Sneezy is what they call me, they eat their meals before me,
Hayfever makes me spray the plate. (That's gross)
Dopey's my name and though my brain function's quite retarded,
I know that 5 and 5 makes 8. (No it doesn't)

I just prefer to snore and stretch out across the floor,
I'll even kip out on the lawn. (On the lawn)
My mother tongue is Swedish, that's why I speak such gibberish,
That's just the way that I was Bjorn. (His name's Bjorn)

Yes, we're the little men who live in the tiny cottage
And if you know your dwarf folk-lore. (Dwarf folk-lore)
You'll know that even though we're each only half a person,
Seven times a half is nearly four. (Nearly four)

HAPPY Hey! Why didn't you sing a solo?

BASHFUL *(Coyly)* Because I'm Bashful!

GRUMPY Did anyone else notice that the door was open – or am I the only one
who notices things around here?

BJORN But that's impassable – I licked it my shelf.

DOPEY No you didn't, I did!

BJORN No, I'm shower I looked up.

GRUMPY You fools – it's clear what happened; Bjorn locked the door and Dopey
unlocked it again. Dopey, you really are a few clowns short of a circus.

HAPPY You fell out of the stupid tree and hit every branch on the way down.
*(He guffaws with laughter and snorts like a horse. He always laughs
this way.)*

BASHFUL *(Shyly)* Never mind, Dopey, they say you learn from your mistakes.

GRUMPY Well, Dopey must have learned an awful lot today.
(Happy laughs again.)

SNEEZY Ah, ah, atchoo.... *(They all duck but are too late and have to wipe Sneezy's sneeze off themselves. This happens every time he sneezes.)*
They say that half the people you know are below average intelligence.

GRUMPY In our case it's **most** of the people we know. Some people are only alive because it's illegal to shoot them.

HAPPY You couldn't shoot Dopey.

DOPEY Thank you, Happy.

HAPPY You'd be depriving some village of its idiot. *(He does the laugh again.)*

GRUMPY You can talk. You failed your I.Q. test.

BASHFUL Well he's not a complete idiot - some parts are missing.

HAPPY *(To audience.)* Come on, think about it! An old Chinese proverb says, 'he who laughs last thinks slowest.'

DOPEY They say one in seven people in the world is Chinese. *(He ponders.)*
That means one of us must be Chinese.

SNEEZY I ... I.... I.... *(everyone ducks)* I think it's Bjorn, he has a funny accent.

SLEEPY I'm tired!

BJORN If you weren't we couldn't kill you sloppy.

DOPEY He's only tired because he snores so loudly he wakes himself up.

BASHFUL *(Crossing to table and sitting. Speaking tentatively.)* Do you think we could eat our supper now – I'm really hungry.
(Others join him and start eating.)

SNEEZY A... a... atchoo! *(Everyone wipes themselves down again.)*
Hey, Dopey, you didn't put out enough bread this morning.

DOPEY I'm sure I did.

SNEEZY Can you count up to seven?

HAPPY You know there are three sorts of people: those who can count and those who can't. *(He does the laugh.)*

BASHFUL You should use your fingers.

DOPEY I can't, I've only got five.

HAPPY On the other hand – you have five fingers.

BJORN Yes, use the arthur hound as wall. It's god to be ombidixtrous.

BASHFUL I'd give my right arm to be ambidextrous.

GRUMPY Just a minute! There are crumbs on my plate – someone's eaten my bread. Bjorn, it was you wasn't it?

BJORN I'm net goalty.

GRUMPY I didn't say you were guilty – I was just blaming you.

SLEEPY I'm I'm I'm (*yawns*)

ALL Sleepy!

SLEEPY Yes, how did you know?

SNEEZY It's written all over your face.
(Dopey goes to look and shrugs when there is nothing there.)

GRUMPY Let's get to sleep. We need to be up with the sun in the morning.

SLEEPY Perhaps the sun will sleep in!

HAPPY An old Chinese proverb says that day without sunshine is like night!

SLEEPY *(Crossing to the beds he sits on his. Dopey joins him and takes his shoes off.)*
Hey, Dopey, you've had your shoes on the wrong feet all day.

DOPEY That's not possible, these are the only feet I've got.

GRUMPY My goodness, will you look at that.

ALL What?

GRUMPY There's a beautiful young girl asleep in my bed.

HAPPY No, that's my bed.

BJORN No, it's moon.
(Snow White snorts and turns over in her sleep.)

GRUMPY *(Whispering)* Be quiet, you might wake her!

DOPEY But what's she doing here?

HAPPY Not waiting for Grumpy, that's for sure.

BJORN She must have got coat out in the rune – her dross is all wit.

HAPPY Perhaps we should take her dress off to dry it.

GRUMPY Not so fast, Happy!

BASHFUL We could carry the bed over to the fire to keep her warm.

DOPEY Couldn't we carry the fire to her?

GRUMPY Let's just cover her with a blanket.
(He picks up a blanket from another bed but as he covers her she wakes up.)

S WHITE Aaargh!

DWARVES Aaargh!

SNEEZY A...a...a.... *(they duck but the sneeze does not come.)*

S WHITE Oh my, I'm so sorry. It's just that you scared me half to death.

HAPPY *(Aside)* What happens if you get scared half to death twice?

GRUMPY But, who **are** you and what are you doing here?

S WHITE I am Snow White.

DOPEY Ah, lovely name!

S WHITE I was lost in the forest and I knocked on your door to find shelter from the storm.

BJORN You must net wirey, you're sofa here with is.

S WHITE I beg your pardon!

GRUMPY He means you must not worry, you're safe here with us. It's Swedish.

BASHFUL You can have my bed.

HAPPY Or mine...

BJORN Or moan...

S WHITE But where will **you** sleep?

BASHFUL *(Grinning at the audience)* I'll think of something.

S WHITE I can never return home.

BJORN Way on earth note?

S WHITE My stepmother is the wicked queen. She is jealous of my beauty and will have me killed.

SLEEPY They say that death is a once in a lifetime experience....

DOPEY And it's hereditary!

GRUMPY But Snow White is too young to die. She must stay here for ever with us.

S WHITE Oh, you are so kind.

GRUMPY We must sleep now – we must rise very early in the morning for work.

S WHITE What sort of work do you do?

GRUMPY We are miners.

S WHITE Yes, I can see that you are very small but what work do you do?

GRUMPY We work underground.

S WHITE Oh, MI5 or something like that?

GRUMPY No, we work in mines.

S WHITE Bomb disposal?

GRUMPY We dig.

S WHITE You're hippies as well?

GRUMPY We burrow.

S WHITE Building society?

GRUMPY We seek rich deposits.

S WHITE Bank?

GRUMPY We look for large veins.

S WHITE Doctors?

GRUMPY And carry out the extraction.

S WHITE Dentists?

GRUMPY We're colliers.

S WHITE Vets?

GRUMPY Pitmen.

S WHITE Shorthand typists?

GRUMPY We take picks.

S WHITE Photographers?

GRUMPY And hoes.

S WHITE Firemen?

GRUMPY Our work is the pits.

S WHITE I'd complain if I were you.

BJORN Lock, you're getting no wire, let me explode. We dog in the moon, where there's lots of geld. It's quiet phone apart from the rocket from the dogging.

S WHITE You're astronauts!

DOPEY *(Shouts)* We work in a gold mine!

S WHITE Oh, why didn't you say so before?
(Dwarves look at Dopey in awe and groan.)

SLEEPY Let's go to bed now.

BJORN I aggro - it's very light.
DOPEY No, it's dark!
HAPPY Whose turn is it to put out the light.
ALL Bashful's.
BASHFUL Of course, it's always my turn!
 *(They all climb into their beds. Snow White climbs into Bashful's. He
 puts out the light.)*
S WHITE Good night, everyone, and thank you for letting me stay.
ALL Good night, Snow White.
 (Bashful tries to climb in with Snow White.)
ALL BASHFUL!
BASHFUL I suppose I had better sleep on the floor then!
 (He gets a blanket and settles on the floor.)
 Good night!

End of Scene

Act II, scene 2, The Dwarves Cottage

Sunrise. Snow White is still asleep and the dwarves are busy getting their sandwiches ready for work. Each has a little bag, a pick or shovel and a miner's hat.

- GRUMPY *(In a whisper)* Hurry up you lot, you'd be late for your own funerals.
- DOPEY Do keep your voices down – we'll wake Snow White.
- HAPPY Do you think it's safe to leave her? I mean, the queen may come looking for her.
- BJORN Even if shoe dad shoe'd never fund her here dope in the weeds.
- SLEEPY I think I should stay behind and look after her.
- BJORN That weed be hapless. You'd jest feel a slap.
- SNEEZY A... a...a....
(They all rush towards sneezy to stifle his sneeze. Dopey puts Sneezy's bag over his face. They wait a few seconds.)
It's alright – it's gone.
(They turn away.)
Atchoo!!!
- BASHFUL Sneezy, you fool!
(Snow White stretches, yawns and sits up.)
Now look what you've done.
- S WHITE Good morning everybody.
- ALL Good morning, Snow White.
- BJORN God moaning.
- S WHITE I'm so sorry, I should have been up to make your sandwiches. Please forgive me.
- BASHFUL You should rest.
- S WHITE I cannot rest until I have done the chores. I don't expect to live here without working for my keep.
- GRUMPY We shall be gone all day. Now you must not answer the door to anyone.
- S WHITE Alright Grumpy, if you insist.

(Snow White picks up the sandwiches from the table and opens the door as the dwarves collect their bags, tools and hats. She stands at the door and gives each one a kiss and hands them their sandwiches as they leave. They each put their sandwiches in their bag.)

S WHITE Goodbye, Sleepy.

SLEEPY Goodbye, Snow White.

(And so on. Grumpy is last to leave.)

GRUMPY Goodbye, Snow White. Now, lock the door and do not open it until we return.

(She closes and locks the door.)

S WHITE What sweet little men. I should have guessed that such a tiny cottage would belong to dwarves.

(Sound of hooter off. Enter the Inspector. Snow White jumps in fright.)

INSPECTOR Right, that's it! You've been warned. This show is now closed!

S WHITE Who on earth are you, and what have I been warned about?

INSPECTOR I am from the Ministry of Political Correctness.

S WHITE But I've never seen you before.

INSPECTOR You have contravened rule 14, section 11, paragraph 2, line 1.

S WHITE And what might that be?

INSPECTOR You used a demeaning and derogatory term for homunculi.

S WHITE What on earth are homunculi?

INSPECTOR Dwarves, my dear, dwarves.

S WHITE You mean we are not even allowed to say dwarves any more.

INSPECTOR That is correct.

S WHITE So this play is to be called, 'Snow White and the Seven Homunculi.

INSPECTOR No! You are not allowed to refer to your skin colour as white. You must say pallid or pale.

S WHITE Well, I'm not changing my name to Snow Pallid, and that's final!

INSPECTOR Then you are a typical obstinate woman and you deserve to be taught a lesson.

(Sound of a hooter off. Enter the Chief Inspector.)

CHIEF Right, stop the show!

S WHITE It's already stopped.

INSPECTOR Who the devil are you?

CHIEF I'm a **chief** inspector from the Ministry of Political Correctness.

S WHITE Have we met before? You seem familiar.

CHIEF I'm always familiar with the ladies, if I get the chance. Now, my good man, I'm afraid I must ask you for your licence.

INSPECTOR M...m...my licence?

CHIEF Yes, your licence to practise as an inspector.

S WHITE *(Aside)* No wonder he's not much good, He's still practising.
(He takes out his licence and hands it over. The chief inspector ceremoniously rips it up.)

CHIEF You are no longer an inspector.

INSPECTOR But why?

CHIEF *(Taking out a note-book.)* Did you or did you not say, and I quote: 'Then you are a typical obstinate woman and you deserve to be taught a lesson'?

INSPECTOR Why, yes, I suppose I did say that – but only once.

CHIEF You are struck off, for making sexist remarks to a defenceless woman.

INSPECTOR Yes, chief inspector.

CHIEF Good day to you.

INSPECTOR *(Dolefully)* Good day. *(Exits with his head down.)*

CHIEF *(Shedding his disguise and revealing himself as the director.)* Well that's dealt with that idiot. Now let's get on with the show.

S WHITE It's you *(director's name)*. I thought you were familiar. So there never was a chief inspector.

CHIEF In theatre, anything can happen, luvvie. Now as you keep calling me familiar, I'd better live up to my name.
(He enfolds her in a passionate embrace and kisses her. She struggles.)
See you after the show, princess. *(He exits.)*

S WHITE Well, what a cheek! I suppose that was my audition for the next show.
(There is a very gentle knock and some scratching at the door.)
Go away, whoever you are. I'm not allowed to open the door to anyone
(Trixie whines and howls.)
Trixie, is it really you? I thought I'd never see you again.

(She goes to the window and looks out. Trixie's face appears.)

Trixie, it is you. But I can't let you in. I'm not allowed to unlock the door.

(Trixie howls and paws at the glass.)

Of course, you clever dog, you can climb in through the window.

(She opens the window and Trixie leaps in, jumping up at her and licking her face. This causes her to forget to shut the window again.)

Oh, Trixie, I'm so glad you came. I'm all on my own until the d... homunculi return this evening.

(Voice off)

QUEEN Dearie! Apples for sale. Lovely red, juicy apples. Fresh off the tree.

S WHITE Keep quiet, Trixie, there's no-one at home.

QUEEN *(Her face appears at the window, disguised as an old lady and wearing a headscarf. Snow White does not see her looking in.)*

Apples for sale, my dear – sweet and ripe. *(Snow White is silent.)*

I know you're in there.

S WHITE *(Disguising her voice and trying to make it lower.)* Go away, woman, or I'll set the rotweiler on you.

(Trixie cowers and covers her eyes with her paws when she hears this.)

It's alright, Trixie, I'm just pretending. Do a fierce bark.

(Trixie woofs unconvincingly.)

QUEEN If that fluffy, prissy pooch is a rotweiler, then I'm Cleopatra!

(Snow White and Trixie turn round and see the woman. Snow White starts in alarm and Trixie runs to hide under the table, snarling.)

S WHITE Go away! I'm not allowed to answer the door.

QUEEN But I'm not at the door, dearie, I'm at the window, and you don't have to let me in. Would you like to try one of my apples – no charge?

S WHITE Well I suppose it will do no harm.

(She crosses to the window and Trixie snarles a warning.)

QUEEN Now, let me see! This one is very ripe and juicy. *(She takes the apple out of her basket and Snow White takes it, nervously. Trixie snarls again. Snow White is about to take a bite...)*

S WHITE How do I know the apple will do me no harm? After all, I don't know you.

QUEEN I will take a bite myself from one half and you can try the other half.
(She reaches in and takes the apple. She takes a bite and passes the rest back.)
Delicious! Almost too good to give away to an ungrateful child.

S WHITE I'm sorry! I did not mean to appear ungrateful. I suppose it can't do any harm. *(Trixie growls again.)* Trixie, remember your manners.
(She takes a large bite.)
Oh dear! Oh my goodness, I feel strange.
(She reels around the stage and sinks to her knees.)
What have I done, Trixie?
(Trixie whimpers and snuggles up to her. There is a cackle of laughter and Snow White turns round to see the Queen taking off her headscarf and revealing herself.)
It's her! Trixie, I've been tricked. Trixie, I...I...I...
(She falls down, apparently dead. The Queen's evil laughter can be heard fading into the distance. Trixie whimpers and cuddles up to Snow White's body.)

End of Scene

Act II, Scene 3, The Dwarves' Cottage

The dwarves are sitting around mourning the death of Snow White. She is lying on one of the beds. Trixie is lying on another, whimpering.

Song 6 **O, Poor Snow White** (Tune: O Danny Boy)

(The song starts with all seven dwarves. Gradually they drop out, overcome and weeping, to leave one alone, who breaks down at the end.)

Oh poor Snow White, you lie so still and peaceful,
Our heavy hearts are full of grief and woe.
If only you had listened to our sound advice,
Our pretty friend, you didn't have to go.

Our dear Snow White, your time on earth is over now.
Oh, cruel fate that ends our new-found bliss.
The wheel of fortune never fails to spin around,
Helped on its way by a poisoned Granny Smith.

Oh what a waste of beauty and intelligence,
We would have wed you, seven husbands for one wife,
We could have bred you scores of cloned homunculi,
You stupid girl, why did you go and die?

Chorus:

O cruel world you take from us a rising star,
The only jewel in this wretched play.
She's popped off thirty times in only seven weeks,
She'll die again tomorrow in the matinee.

- BJORN I rode a buck once.
DOPEY Goodness, that was brave. Didn't you fall off?
GRUMPY He means he read a book, you silly homuncula.
BJORN It was about a ghoul called slapping botty.
SLEEPY Ah, Sleeping Beauty. I started that story once, but I fell asleep before
I'd finished. Do tell us happens at the end.
BJORN Well, a ponce rides by and sues slapping botty.
DOPEY Go on.
BJORN He sues her a slap and curses her on the choke. She is brought bike to
loaf by the curse.

SNEEZY A...a....a..... *(they all duck)* a kiss brought her back to life?

HAPPY I wonder if that would work with Snow White.
(They all leap up and jostle for a place in the queue.)

BASHFUL Me first!

BJORN Moo fast!

HAPPY No me!

GRUMPY It's no good trying that. *(They all freeze.)*

HAPPY How do you know?

GRUMPY I was trying it all last night. *(They return to their places.)*

BJORN But you're not a ponce.

SNEEZY O...o....o..... *(all duck)* of course! The kiss must be administered by a real ponce...I mean a real prince.

GRUMPY Oh great! Where are we going to find a real prince in the middle of the forest?

PRINCE *(Off)* Yoo-hoo! Anyone at hoome!

DOPEY Who on earth could that be?

GRUMPY I don't care. Tell them to go away. We are in mourning.

DOPEY Doesn't make much difference to your mood!

BJORN I think we should sue wit he whence.

SLEEPY *(Yawning)* I'll see who it is.
(Opens the door and in steps Prince Kevin.)

GRUMPY Who the devil are you and what do you want?

PRINCE Ooh, be welcoming why don't you? I'm Prince Kevin.

BJORN You sad ponce!

PRINCE I say, that's damn rude of you!

BASHFUL No, he means, 'you said prince'. He can't help it – he's Swedish!

PRINCE Oh, I see. Well, don't worry, they'll find a cure for it one of these days.
But who are you?

HAPPY We are the famous seven homunculi.

PRINCE Well, I'm pleased to meet you.

HAPPY You must forgive the lack of a welcome. We did not expect a visitor today of all days.

PRINCE You must always expect the unexpected.

HAPPY But doesn't expecting the unexpected make the unexpected become the expected?

PRINCE It might but then you wouldn't be expecting the expected. That would be unexpected.

SNEEZY Have you ever suffered from insanity by any chance?

PRINCE No, I've never suffered from it – I've always enjoyed it.

PRINCE Now, I'd better be going before your jolly friend welcomes me some more. *(Gestures to Grumpy. He turns to go but walks into the wall.)*

DOPEY Careful, Prince, you missed the door.

PRINCE *(Rubbing his nose.)* Dash it all, I came out without my spectacles. You see I'm so shite-sorted without them.

SNEEZY Do you mean short-sighted?

PRINCE Yes I do. Sometimes I wix up my mords when I'm nervous. It must have been the shock of wumping into the ball.

GRUMPY As it happens, we need a prince to help us with a small problem we have.

PRINCE I'm not much good at solving problems. I normally don't try in case I fail. You see, if you try to fail, and succeed have you succeeded in failing or failed to succeed?

HAPPY An old Chinese proverb says, 'the secret to success is knowing who else to blame for your failures'.

SLEEPY Well, are you prepared to help us or not?

PRINCE Yes, but being prepared to fail is surely better than failing to be prepared.

GRUMPY Over there is a beautiful girl, called Snow White, who is....well, rather dead and we hoped you could revive her.

PRINCE G...g....gosh, a real live dead girl.
Where is the sore pole?

HAPPY Over here on the bed. See for yourself.
(The prince goes to the wrong bed and looks curiously at Trixie.)

PRINCE My goodness, she's tiny and her hair is so long. How long has she been like this?

BJORN That's nut hair, you sally ponce. This is hair *(gestures)*.

PRINCE There's no need for nudeness, you nude little rorseman.
(He goes to Snow White's bed but trips on a rug and falls right on top of her. She gives a choking sound and a whole apple flies out of her mouth and into the air. This is caught by Dopey, who takes a bite.)

DOPEY Hmm, delicious.
(Snow White gives a moan and starts to sit up.)

ALL Snow White, you're alive!

S WHITE Goodness, I must have overslept.

DOPEY We thought you were dead. The prince saved your life.

S WHITE Prince? Who are you?

PRINCE I'm K....K....K....

HAPPY He's getting nervous again.

PRINCE I'm Kince Previn.

S WHITE Pleased to meet you, Mr Previn.

PRINCE Oh, hot the well, I'll be Mr Previn, if that's what you want.

GRUMPY Well that seems to have sorted that lot out. There's just the matter of the evil queen to deal with.
(Sounds of a town crier's bell ringing)

T CRIER *(Offstage)* The queen is dead, long live the queen.

DOPEY Did you hear that?

T CRIER The queen is dead, long live the queen.

DOPEY It doesn't make sense! If the queen is dead, how can she live long?

HAPPY It doesn't mean that. It means long live the new queen.

SLEEPY Who is the new queen?
(There is a pause for thought then everyone except Dopey goes down on one knee and bows to Snow White. Dopey is pulled down by Grumpy.)

SNEEZY Long live the queen! Long live Snow White!

ALL Long live Snow White!

S WHITE Oh my, I suppose I **am** the queen now! How jolly!

BJORN *(Sings)* Freeze a jolly good cello....

GRUMPY Come on, everyone. We must go.

DOPEY Where?

GRUMPY We have a coronation to attend – and perhaps even a wedding too!
(They prepare to leave.)

BJORN She's nit going to merry the ponce, is she?

HAPPY Just you wheat and sow, Bjorn. Just you wheat and sow!

SNEEZY A...a....atchoo! *(All duck.)*

End of Scene

Act II, Scene 4, The Palace

The wedding guests are assembled in the great hall of the palace and there is an air of expectation as they stand in groups talking quietly and looking towards the door.

- SIR ED My Lord Chancellor, do you think the priest will arrive in time? It's already past midday and the wedding ceremony should have started by now.
- CHANC I suspected the old fool has got his dates muddled again. He's very absent-minded, you know. He was late the day he married me.
- SIR ED Good Lord, I didn't think that was legal then.
- CHANC I mean he married me to my wife, Edward.
- SIR ED We could always ask old Higgins. *(Gestures to where Lord Higgins is knocking back the wine. Higgins gives a ridiculous little wave and the Chancellor returns it.)*
As the Lord Chief Justice he has the legal power to marry the queen.
- CHANC Only one problem with that, old boy. He's already had a few too many. You know how slurs his words when he's tipsy.
(The dwarves' song is heard off-stage.)
- SIR ED My goodness, talk about tipsy! Are *(name of local team)* playing at home today.
- CHANC That would be the page boys - and not before time.
(Enter Grumpy.)
- GRUMPY Good day to you, noble lords and ladies. *(He bows.)*
- CHANC Never, mind all that! Let's get ready; the queen will be arriving any minute.
- SIR ED *(Looking around.)* Where are the others? I thought there were to be seven page boys.
- GRUMPY They're just coming, my lord.
(Enter Bjorn.)
- BJORN God doe to you every baddy!
- CHANC Good Lord, you're twins! *(Enter Sleepy.)*
- SIR ED Triplets! *(Enter Bashful.)*

CHANC Quads! *(Enter the other three.)*

SIR ED You know, Chancellor, I think I've had too much wine myself.
(Trumpets sound off.)
It's the bridal party and the priest is not here yet. What shall we do?

CHANC Leave this to me. I'll speak to Higgins. *(He crosses to Higgins and has an earnest conversation.)*

GRUMPY Do you know whom Snow White has decided to marry, my Lord?
When I last saw her she could not decide between the prince, the huntsman and Rodney, Earl of Essex. They've all been down on one knee, you know.

SIR ED Good Lord, and I just assumed she would marry the prince. That's what usually happens in this play, isn't it.
(Trumpets sound again and the bridal party enter. Snow White is supported either side by Rodney and the Prince with the huntsman close beside. Courtiers and guests bow as the party passes by them.)

GRUMPY *(As they enter.)* Looks like she's decided to marry all three.

SIR ED Quick, you must take the train.

GRUMPY But we've only just arrived.

SIR ED You must lift her dress up, you fool.

GRUMPY That would be very rude.

CHANC Don't worry, Edward, I've fixed the judge. I had to slip him a tenner though.
(The Lord Chief Justice steps forward just as the bridal party arrive downstage and form up with Snow White in front and the three men slightly behind. He is clearly a little tipsy and off-balance.)

SNOW W *(Whispered to the Chancellor.)* Where is the priest?

CHANC He has not arrived, my lady. The Lord Chief Justice will be performing the ceremony.

SNOW W Well, let's hope he doesn't overdo the performance.

HIGGINS My Lords, Ladies and gentlemen, on behalf of the royal household I should like to welcome you to the marriage of Queen Snow White and ... *(looking from one to the other of the three men)* and ... and her bridegroom.

Now put your hand on the bible and repeat after me....
I swear that I will give the truth, the whole truth...

CHANC My Lord, this is a wedding, not a trial!

HIGGINS Quite! Now does anyone have any just predicament, implement, im..
im..

SIR ED Impediment, my Lord!

HIGGINS Quite! Does anyone have one of those which would prevent Snow
White marrying Any of these three.

SNEEZY A...a...a... (*everyone looks at him*) atchoo! (*All breathe a sigh of
relief.*)

HIGGINS Now repeat after me.

SNOW W Repeat after me.

HIGGINS I haven't started yet.

SNOW W I haven't started yet.

HIGGINS I Snow White....

SNOW W You're not Snow White, I am! Oh, I see. I Snow White...

HIGGINS take you as my wedded husband.....

SNOW W take you as my wedded husband.....

HIGGINS Um! I can't remember the rest. That'll do. Now, would the accused
step forward.

SIR E The groom, my lord.

HIGGINS Yes, quite.
(*Rodney steps forward and there is a gasp and a great cheer from the
crowd.*)
Repeat after me. I Rodney....

EARL I, Wodney....

HIGGINS take you, Snow White, as my wedded wife, you lucky devil...

EARL take you, Snow White, as my wedded wife, you lucky devil...

HIGGINS That'll do. Now, are you going to give her a ring.

EARL Why what I want to do that. I can talk to her – she's right there.

HIGGINS In that case I sentence you to thirty years hard labour...

CHANC My Lord, it's a wedding!

HIGGINS Quite! Then I pronounce you man and wife.

(A big cheer goes up.)

You may kiss the breed.

BJORN He means curse the broad!

PRINCE You, you mean biss the cride!

CHANC Just kiss her, man.

(Another cheer.)

HIGGINS *(Swaying)* That concludes the ceremony. Now let's get... get.... Get....

(Everyone waits for him to finish the sentence but he passes out with a thud.)

SIR ED I think perhaps it is time for our legal chief to be shown the door.

HAPPY He already knows what it looks like. He came through it.

EARL My Lords, ladies and gentlemen, the day is yet young. As the new prince consort, I invite you to feast, drink and be merry.

HUNTSMAN Like the Lord Chief Justice.

(Everyone sniggers.)

EARL But first, I believe there is to be a toast! My Lord Chancellor?

CHANC I believe the toast is to be given by the prince and one of the page boys.

(The prince and Bjorn step forward, glasses in hand.)

BJORN My loaves, loonies and generous moons, on such a suspicious and loony Dane, we would lick you to be outstanding and raid your glances for the toad.

PRINCE To the Ponce Convict, Wodney and our lovely nude queen, Woe Snide.

ALL The Ponce Convict, Wodney and our lovely nude queen, Woe Snide.

(Cheers go up.)

Song 7 We've Reached the End

We've reached the end of tonight's performance,
We'll let you go now, the door's ajar.
And if you dozed off, well we don't blame you,
But now it's time to prop up the bar.

You may be tired now but we're all knackered,
Our costumes kill us, the lights are hot.
The lines are tedious, the jokes quite corny
We're glad we've made it without being shot.

We heard some snoring at the beginning,
It came from that side, about row four.
If you're awake now, just make an effort,
For now it's time to give some applause.

(Cast exit as they sing this verse, leaving an empty stage.)

It's time to go now, been nice to know you,
And share an evening of joy and bliss.
But can you hear it? The bar is calling
It's saying, 'come to me, get yourself sloshed'!

The End