

SNOW...SORT OF...WHITE

A One-Act Comedy Play

by
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NOTE: This short play is written as a reader's theatre piece. Blocking directions are left up to the director, but normally, all cast members should be on stage, and when cast members are taking a more active role, they should move prominently downstage, then fade again into the background when they don't have parts. This is a very funny, zany play, and the tempo should be quick.

ALL: **(sitting)** Ta-Dah!

NARRATOR: Once upon a time...

STEPMOTHER: I mean, is this just too precious, or what?

NARRATOR: There lived a beautiful girl named Snow White.

SNOW WHITE: Hi.

NARRATOR: And her evil Stepmother...

STEPMOTHER: **(singing)** I am Woman! W.O.M.A.N.

NARRATOR: Snow White lived with her evil Stepmother and three ugly sisters.

SISTERS: Whoa!

UGLIANA: Who wrote that?

NARRATOR: It's in the story...

UGLIANA: Well, so far, your story stinks!

NARRATOR: There was Ugliona...

UGLIANA: I'm really not that bad...I'm just under stress.

NARRATOR: There was Ugliona...

UGLIANA: You want stress? Try going through life with a name like Ugliona.

NARRATOR: And the ugliest of all...

UGLIANA: Who wrote this piece of junk?

NARRATOR: ...Ugliena.

UGLIANA: It's a good thing I need the part. **(to audience member)** It's make-up, honey...all make-up.

NARRATOR: They lived all alone with...

UGLIANA: Alone? So far you've got five women in one house. That ain't alone, honey. That's war.

NARRATOR: They lived...

UGLIANA: If you call that livin'...

NARRATOR: They LIVED on the edge of a dark, dark forest.

UGLIANA: Aren't they all...

NARRATOR: On the edge of a forest inhabited by little men.

UGLIANA: Dark forest, little men... **(a squeal of excitement)**

NARRATOR: Please! Of little men...

DWARVES: **(singing)** Hi Ho, Hi Ho, it's off to work we go!

NARRATOR: Not yet!

DWARVES: **(singing as they sheepishly turn away)** Bad boys, Bad boys, what you gonna do? What you gonna do when they come for you?

NARRATOR: Geesh.

SNOW WHITE: When do I come in?

NARRATOR: Not until...

SNOW WHITE: The audience will please note that this story is not entitled "Narrator!" It's Snow White. Are there any questions?

NARRATOR: All right! One day the beautiful...

SNOW WHITE: ...and talented...

NARRATOR: ...and talented...

SNOW WHITE: Have we forgotten "charming?"

PRINCE CHARMING: Yes! I am here! I am here!

NARRATOR: Not "Prince" Charming.

PRINCE CHARMING: Oh.

NARRATOR: Anyway, the...

PRINCE CHARMING: You mean I come in later?

NARRATOR: Duh. Yeh. Anyway, this mouthy little broad...

SNOW WHITE: **(directs insult to the NARRATOR)** You witch!

STEPMOTHER: Yes?

NARRATOR: **(to STEPMOTHER)** Not yet! ... Anyway, one day Snow White was traveling through the woods to...

STEPMOTHER: Hey! What about the bit with the mirror!

NARRATOR: Oh, I'm lost...

PARTLESS: Do I have a part yet?

NARRATOR: Who are you?

PARTLESS: I don't know... You just had an extra stool, so I...

NARRATOR: You're not even in this! (**tries to start again**) Once upon a...

PARTLESS: Well, I just want you to know I'm here if you need me.

NARRATOR: I am totally lost now. You people are...

SNOW WHITE: Relax, honey. I mean, we're only *depending* on you to get this straight.

NARRATOR: (**completely losing it**) Listen! I don't need this! You people are driving me nuts! I am now totally confused!

UGLIANA: It's stress, honey. Don't let it get to you.

NARRATOR: I am telling you this is a stupid, sexist, insensitive fairy tale and...

PRINCE BOB: Let it all out, honey. I can relate to that.

NARRATOR: Who are you?

PRINCE BOB: I'm Prince Bob...your psychotherapist.

NARRATOR: Pr... There is no Prince Bob in this story.

PRINCE BOB: Sure, honey. Whatever you say. Now tell me, did your mother abuse you?

NARRATOR: No! my mother was a beautiful, charming...

PRINCE CHARMING: I'm here! I'm here! I'm...

NARRATOR: Oh, shut up!

PRINCE BOB: Have you always had trouble relating to men?

NARRATOR: What?

PRINCE BOB: Even just a little?

DWARVES: (**start singing as if "little" is a cue**) Hi Ho! Hi Ho! It's...

NARRATOR: (**screaming**) Stop it! Stop it! (**calming but desperate**) I said I wanted a *part*. They looked at me. No talent. No looks. Can't sing. "Perfect!" they said! You're the narrator.

PRINCE BOB: I can relate to that. Come on now, honey...I think we're starting to bond.

NARRATOR: Bond with yourself, Prince Bob. I'm trying to tell this story. One day...

PRINCE BOB: But I just want you to know...

NARRATOR: What!?!?

PRINCE BOB: I'll be here if you need me.

NARRATOR: Get lost!

PRINCE BOB: That's good. That's very good. Hostility is natural.

NARRATOR: (**crying**) Once upon a time... (**gathering herself a bit but still sobbing**) Once upon a time, Snow White's evil Stepmother looked into her mirror and said... (**but no one speaks...the NARRATOR looks to the STEPMOTHER**) ...I said she looked into her mirror and said... Well, what are you waiting for?

PARTLESS: I could do the part.

STEPMOTHER: Shut up! (**to BOB**) Is she gonna be all right?

PRINCE BOB: Let her work through this. She's come a long way.

NARRATOR: (**completely breaking down**) I can't do this. I can't do this anymore.

DWARVES: (**as the NARRATOR sits crying**) Hi Ho! Hi Ho! It's off to work we go...

DOPEY: (**stopping them**) Hey guys, look! It's a beautiful young Narrator! And she's found her way to our doorstep here in the dark, dark woods while we were out doing whatever Dwarves do!

DUMBIE: Let's take her in!

DOPEY: Yeh, Dumbie!

DRIPPY: Let's care for her like she was our own!

DOPEY: Yeh, Drippy!

WEIRDY: Let's get her outa' those wet clothes!

DOPEY: Easy, Weirdy.

SNOW WHITE: So the little men took the narrator into their humble little home.

NARRATOR: Hey! What're you doing?

DUMBIE: Hi! My name's Dumbie!

DOPEY: I'm Dopey!

DRIPPY: I'm Drippy!

WEIRDY: And I'm just plain Weirdy.

NARRATOR: Get me out of here!

PRINCE BOB: Go ahead, hon. Tell 'em how you really feel.

PRINCE CHARMING: Is it my turn yet?

WEIRDY: Wait 'til I'm done.

NARRATOR: This is not in the story!

PARTLESS: Could I help?

NARRATOR: Shut up! Snow White's wicked Stepmother stepped up to her mirror!

STEPMOTHER: You sure you're gonna be all right?

NARRATOR: She stepped up to her mirror! Me: Narrator! You: Actor!

SNOW WHITE: Better do it, Mom.

STEPMOTHER: Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who's the Fairest of them all?

(group makes weird mirror noises as MIRROR turns)

MIRROR: Whoa! I thought she'd neva ask!

STEPMOTHER: Well?

MIRROR: Oh, Queenie dear, with mug so mean

Dere's still one broad dat you ain't seen...

She's got a face dat's like an idol...

Compared to her, you look like Fido.

STEPMOTHER: **(wails in torment and anger)** What?

MIRROR: You oughta' know which chick she is...

'Cause she's your second husband's kid!

STEPMOTHER: Snow White?

MIRROR: Brilliant!

NARRATOR: So the Wicked Stepmother took off through the dark forest. 'Til she came to the cabin of the Dwarves.

SNOW WHITE: I'm not there yet!

NARRATOR: Well, hurry up. I am totally confused.

WEIRDY: Oh boy!

STEPMOTHER: **(ala witch)** My dear! You're all alone in this dark, mysterious forest!

SNOW WHITE: Yes, and I am so cold and all alone.

STEPMOTHER: I'll bet you are. Well, my pretty, look what I have here...a bit of golden lace to warm your dainty throat.

SNOW WHITE: Oh, thank you, dear, sweet, gracious, charming...

PRINCE CHARMING: I'm here! I'm here!

NARRATOR: No you're not.

PRINCE CHARMING: I'm not! I'm not!

NARRATOR: So, sweet Snow White put the lace around her neck.

DWARVES: **(ala Homer Simpson)** Doe!

THREE SISTERS: **(singing)** You'll be sorry.

SNOW WHITE: Oh, it's so warm, so lovely...so... **(begins choking)**

THREE SISTERS: **(singing)** I'm sorry... So sorry.

SNOW WHITE: Help! Oh! It's you! My wicked, wicked stepmother!

STEPMOTHER: And I didn't think you cared.

SNOW WHITE: **(still choking)** Hello! Anybody out there! I'm choking! This is not fun! We're talking Death City, here!

(gags some more) Prince! Prince! **(whistles)** Here, Prince! **(but no one responds)** This thing is getting tighter and tighter...and I can't...I can't breathe...and... **(and SHE passes out)**

PRINCE CHARMING: Somebody call me?

NARRATOR: Too late.

PRINCE CHARMING: Oh.

NARRATOR: And the poor, beautiful Snow White died.

SNOW WHITE: What?

NARRATOR: Be quiet. You're dead.

SNOW WHITE: I am not!

PARTLESS: I could take her place!

NARRATOR: You stay out of this.

SNOW WHITE: We should never have added that extra stool.

NARRATOR: Dead as a mackerel. You choked to death.

SNOW WHITE: I merely SEEMED to choke to death. Things are never quite as they seem, my dear. You see, I have a starring role. I've got to come back in the sequel.

NARRATOR: All right...Snow White SEEMED to be dead.

STEPMOTHER: Whadaya' mean, "Seemed?" I killed the little wench!

NARRATOR: I...I don't know...I mean, does it really matter?

SNOW WHITE: Dumb. Really dumb. Of course it matters!

NARRATOR: **(breaking down)** I...I really can't deal with this...

PRINCE BOB: Come on, honey. You can do it.

NARRATOR: No, Prince Bob. This is just too much. Really.

PRINCE CHARMING: Could I help?

ALL: No!

PRINCE CHARMING: Okee-Dokey.
PRINCE BOB: Come on, honey... Your inner child is hurting.
NARRATOR: So the Dwarves returned home!
ALL: Yes!
DWARVES: **(singing)** Hi Ho! Hi Ho! It's off to work we...
DRIPPY: Whoa!
DOPEY: It's a beautiful girl on our doorstep!
DUMBIE: This is getting old!
WEIRDY: Let's get those wet clothes off her!
DRIPPY: Easy, Weirdy.
SNOW WHITE: Oh! Oh! Oh!
DOPEY: She's waking up!
SNOW WHITE: Where am I?
WEIRDY: A nude beach.
DRIPPY: Weirdy!
WEIRDY: A Turkish Bath.
SNOW WHITE: Where is she?
DOPEY: Who?
SNOW WHITE: That awful woman who tried to kill me!
PRINCE BOB: Yes! Let the anger flow!
WEIRDY: Wanna come inside and lie down?
DRIPPY: Weirdy!
WEIRDY: Geesh.
NARRATOR: So Snow White was taken in by the little men.
PRINCE CHARMING: I coulda' saved her.

END OF FREE PREVIEW