

SNOW...SORT OF...WHITE

By Ken Bradbury

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CHARACTERS

NARRATOR (female)

STEPMOTHER (female)

SNOW WHITE (female)

UGLIONA (female)

UGLIANA (female)

UGLIENA (female)

PRINCE CHARMING (male)

PRINCE BOB (male)

WOODSMAN (male)

THE FOUR DWARVES

DOPEY (male or female)

DUMBIE (male)

DRIPPY (male)

WEIRDY (male)

PARTLESS (male or female)

MIRROR (female)

Do Not Copy

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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 Uglia...

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

NARRATOR: There was Ugliona...

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

NARRATOR: And the ugliest of all...

UGLIENA: Who wrote this piece of junk?

NARRATOR: ...Ugliena.

UGLIENA: 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...

UGLIENA: If you call that livin'...

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

UGLIONA: Aren't they all...

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

UGLIENA: 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.

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