

SNOW WHITE IN THE '70S

By Wade Bradford

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SYNOPSIS: Travel back in time with Snow White in this classic fable now set in the strange and magical land of the disco-crazed 1970s.

Snow White hasn't had it easy. She was orphaned at an early age, adopted by a group of Tibetan monks, and started college when she was only twelve years old. Now, at seventeen, she has her Ph.D. and has recently discovered a wealthy great-great-great-uncle, the railroad tycoon Douglas Digger. Unfortunately, soon after she meets her only living relative, he dies in a freak disco-dancing accident, leaving her his many assets – including the disco he died in. This doesn't make Douglas' trophy wife very happy – and Lola Golda-Digger doesn't just get angry, she gets even.

When Lola's murder attempt on Snow White goes awry, Snow White ends up in the basement of her disco with the seven Disco Dwarfs – Funky, Loopy, Libby, Gimmee, Grubby, Jimmy, and Nixon. Bound to the disco by a curse, the Disco Dwarfs spend their lives providing the disco's music. They hail Snow White as the chosen one, come to deliver them from their labors, and swear to help her in any way they can. Will Snow White fulfill her promise as the chosen one, or will Lola manage to murder her step-great-great-great-niece and take the disco as her own?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(8 females, 9 males, 4-8 either, 0-10+ extras)

- MR. DAZZLE (m)..... The owner of an exclusive nightclub, the Dazzle Disco, Mr. Dazzle is decadent and outrageous. He speaks in a British accent. *(51 lines)*
- BOUNCER (m)..... A large, strong-looking individual, the Bouncer is responsible for guarding the doors to the Dazzle Disco. He is also known as Jeeves. *(5 lines)*
- LOLA GOLDA (f)..... A gorgeous and glamorous, if a bit hard-hearted, woman. She's been married several times. *(103 lines)*

- DOUGLAS DIGGER (m).....Lola's current husband, Douglas is extremely old and feeble. He is also filthy rich. *(21 lines)*
- SNOW WHITE (f).....Douglas' great-great-grand-niece, Snow White has been brought up in an orphanage. She is a child genius, and already has her Ph.D. at seventeen. *(118 lines)*
- PATHOS (m).....A "wannabe" who spends his time at the Dazzle Disco. *(46 lines)*
- BILLY (m).....A suave John Travolta look-alike, Billy is Mr. Dazzle's nephew. He works at the Dazzle Disco, but wants to be an accountant. *(57 lines)*
- DR. SOUL-A-DAZZLE (m).....The Funkmeister of the Mirror World. He lives inside the magic mirror that is the Dazzle Disco's key to success. *(11 lines)*
- JANITOR (m/f).....The elderly-looking janitor of the Dazzle Disco. *(5 lines)*
- OLD WOMAN (f).....The Disco Dwarves mistake this kindly old woman selling apples to be Lola in disguise. *(8 lines)*

FANS: These people wait in line at the Dazzle Disco, hoping to be let inside. They can double as the crowd inside the Disco.

- FAN 1 (m/f).....*(3 lines)*
- FAN 2 (m/f).....*(2 lines)*
- FAN 3 (m/f).....*(1 line)*
- FAN 4 (m/f).....*(1 line)*

GIRLS: Patrons of the Dazzle Disco. Later in the play, they make up a bachelorette party at the Disco.

- GIRL 1 (f).....*(1 line)*
- GIRL 2 (f).....*(2 lines)*
- GIRL 3 (f).....*(2 lines)*
- GIRL 4 (f).....*(1 line)*

DISCO DWARVES:

- FUNKY (m)The leader of the Disco Dwarves.
Funky plays bass. *(50 lines)*
- LOOPY (m/f)The spacey Disco Dwarf. Loopy plays
acoustic guitar. *(13 lines)*
- LIBBY (f).....The feminist of the Disco Dwarves.
Libby sings in their band. *(22 lines)*
- GIMMEE (m/f).....The selfish Disco Dwarf. Gimmee is the
money-grubbing manager of the band.
(14 lines)
- GRUBBY (m/f).....The less-than-clean Disco Dwarf.
Grubby plays percussion. *(21 lines)*
- JIMMY (m)The silent Disco Dwarf. Jimmy is the
horn section of the band.
(Non-Speaking)
- NIXON (m)The grumpy Disco Dwarf. Nixon plays
clarinet. *(37 lines)*

EXTRAS: Fans and Girls.

DO NOT COPY

ACT ONE, SCENE 1

AT RISE: *Downstage (perhaps in front of a backdrop or just in front of the curtain) people line up, waiting behind red velvet ropes. Each person is dressed in a wild, vibrant disco outfit. Each person is waiting, hoping to get into the world-famous, ever-exclusive Dazzle Disco. At the front of the line (stage right) a big, tough BOUNCER stands with his arms folded across his chest. He wears sun glasses and has a very stern look on his face. Disco music should be heard during the first part of this scene, but not loud enough to drown out the dialogue.*

MR. DAZZLE, the decadent, outrageous owner of the nightclub enters from stage right. He is adorned in outrageous scarves, boots, sunglasses, etc, as he peruses the line. Everyone is ecstatic to see him. If possible, the person playing DAZZLE should sound rather British, perhaps like Mick Jagger or Elton John. (Note: If your young actors have no idea who these people are, you could have them do some historical research.)

DAZZLE: *(Calling back into the night club.)* Don't stop the music, loves. Daddy Dazzle will return presently! *(To BOUNCER.)* We've got room for three more sardines...provided they've got the money. And the look.

The FANS waiting in line go nuts.

FAN 1: Mr. Dazzle! Mr. Dazzle! Over here!

FAN 2: Pick me! Pick me! Pick meee!

FAN 3: Over here, Mr. Dazzle! Let me go into the disco with you. I'm ever so funky!

DAZZLE: People who shout do not get into the club. *(Everyone instantly shuts-up.)* Now, the only fair way for me to decide who gets in is to judge you based solely on your physical appearance.

He paces in front of the line.

DAZZLE: (*Pointing out various people in line.*) You're too short. You're too tall. And you're too medium. Hmm... (*Inspects the girl at the front of the line.*) You're not so ugly; you can go in.

She gives a squeal of delight and the BOUNCER lets her inside. She exits. DAZZLE looks at a young man with a bushy, Tom Selleck styled mustache (FAN 4).

DAZZLE: This guy looks cool...you can let him in.

The FAN with the mustache is about to move past the BOUNCER.

DAZZLE: Wait a second. I nearly forgot. I can't stand facial hair. Take care of it, Jeeves.

JEEVES, the BOUNCER, steps forward. He abruptly turns FAN 4 forward (toward the audience), then he peels off the mustache. It's obviously incredibly painful, but the man does his best to endure.

FAN 4: (*Holding back the agony.*) Thank you, Mr. Dazzle.

The BOUNCER lets the man enter the disco.

DAZZLE: That leaves room for just one more fabulous person. Hmm...

A glamorous woman, LOLA GOLDA enters.

LOLA: Looking for someone fabulous?

DAZZLE: (*Surprised and delighted.*) Bless my stars, is it really you? Lola Golda? Be still, my foppish heart.

LOLA: Billy Dazzle, it has been too long...

They air-kiss each others' cheeks.

DAZZLE: (*To the others in line.*) The rest of you can return to your shallow, miserable lives of mediocrity.

The people in line groan and wander away.

DAZZLE: Go on, return to your studio apartments, your bean bag furniture, utilize your Ronco record cleaner, feed your neglected pet rock, put patches on your bell-bottom pants, do whatever losers do in the comfort of their own homes...

FAN 1: I didn't want to go in anyway.

FAN 2: See you back here tomorrow night?

FAN 1: Sure, why not?

The FANS have exited by now, leaving LOLA and DAZZLE alone on stage.

DAZZLE: It's been almost a year! Where have you been lurking?

LOLA: Below poverty level.

DAZZLE: We all gasped when we heard about your bankruptcy. But by your attire, it looks as though you're on top of the world looking down on creation.

LOLA: I remarried. The life of a lonely old widow simply wasn't for me.

DAZZLE: You remarried? But what would your former husbands say?

LOLA: I think my first husband would approve, but the other six are probably spinning in their graves! *(She cackles.)*

DAZZLE: Well, no matter how many grooms you outlive, no one can match your beauty. Of all the glorious, glamorous women to have entered my discotheque, you truly are the fairest one of all. Shall we go in?

They are about to enter when they hear the raspy voice of an old man, DOUGLAS, LOLA's husband.

DOUGLAS: *(Off stage.)* Lola...

DOUGLAS staggers on stage, limping with a cane and comically shaking a bit. He's dressed in a tux, obviously filthy rich.

DOUGLAS: Where are you, my beautiful bride?

DAZZLE: Lola, you've been followed by a remarkably dapper old zombie.

LOLA: You silly man, this is my husband. Hello, Douglas! Here I am.

DOUGLAS: (*Squinting to see.*) Where?

LOLA: (*Screeching.*) Over here!

DOUGLAS: I can hear your voice like a melodious seagull, but I can't see you, my darling.

LOLA: Douglas, dear, put on your glasses. (*She helps him put on his glasses.*) Dazzle, this groovy young man is my new husband.

DAZZLE: (*Taking her aside.*) Miss Lola Golda, are you mad? He's so old, he probably fought in the Civil War.

DOUGLAS: (*Overhearing.*) Don't be silly, young man, I wasn't old enough to enlist!

LOLA: Dazzle, this is Douglas Digger.

DAZZLE: The railroad tycoon. Why, he owns the B & O, Pennsylvanian, and Reading Railroad. A pleasure to meet you, Mr. Digger! (*Suddenly amused, to LOLA.*) Wait, that would make you Mrs. Golda-Digger.

LOLA: (*Dryly.*) Yes, the justice of the peace had a good laugh, too. It might be a May/December romance, but my love for this man has nothing to do with his vast fortunes... Or the fact that he has no living relatives to clutter up his will.

DOUGLAS: Actually, sweetness, I have wonderful news...a surprise I've been saving, so to speak. It turns out I do have family.

LOLA: What are you talking about? All of your relatives are dead.

DOUGLAS: That's what I thought, but as it turns out, I've got a great-great-grand-niece that was raised in an orphanage somewhere in the sticks, the poor thing.

LOLA: Don't tell me you sent her money.

DOUGLAS: Oh, certainly not.

LOLA: Thank goodness...

DOUGLAS: I sent her here.

LOLA: You what?!

DOUGLAS: I think I hear her now.

Music, something akin to Abba's "Dancing Queen" begins to play.

LOLA: (*Offended by the news.*) She has her own theme music?

SNOW WHITE enters, gracefully in sync with the music. DAZZLE and DOUGLAS are clearly captivated by the girl's good-natured, wholesome, yet attractive presence. Her dress is a striking contrast in comparison to the others. She seems to belong more at a church picnic than in the big noisy city.

DOUGLAS: Isn't she darling?

DAZZLE: She's adorable.

DOUGLAS: (*Introducing SNOW WHITE to LOLA.*) Wifey-poo, this is my long lost relative, Snow White.

LOLA: Hmm, a distant family member of the world's wealthiest ninety-eight year old man showing up out of the blue... How pleasantly convenient. And where have you been hiding all these years? Certainly not in a fashion boutique.

SNOW WHITE: Well, sadly, I was orphaned at an early age, when my parents were in the Peace Corps. I was adopted by a kind-hearted group of Tibetan monks who taught me reading, math, and various pathways to enlightenment. Together we traveled through Europe, Africa, and South America, and by the age of twelve, I won a scholarship to Iowa State University which led me back here to the United States.

LOLA: You went to college at the age of twelve?

DOUGLAS: Snow Whitey is what you'd call a child genius. She earned her Ph.D. last year, and she's only seventeen years old.

LOLA: (*Doubtfully.*) You're a genius?

SNOW WHITE: (*Seemingly ditzzy.*) That's what they tell me. Hee, hee! (*Her laugh is distinctively bubbly.*)

DAZZLE: Miss White, you may be well-versed in textbooks and Iowa farms, but have you ever been to a disco?

SNOW WHITE: Why, no... I'm not even sure what that word means. Unless, of course, it comes from the Greek word "discus," meaning the circular missile used in Olympic games, which is similar in shape to record discs, which play a variety of music. Is there music in your disco, Mr. Dazzle?

DAZZLE: Why, of course there is, my child.

SNOW WHITE: What kind?

DAZZLE: The best kind of music in the entire world.

ACT ONE, SCENE 2

The curtains (or the backdrop) pull back to reveal the Dazzle Disco. It's a vibrant, fun-filled disco. Lots of people are clad in '70s style attire, dancing the night away.

NOTE: The director can choose his/her own favorite disco music to play during this sequence. Something distinctively 1970s (and preferably cheesy) would work best. Think "Disco Inferno," "YMCA," or "Do the Hustle."

The cast members can dance as little or as much as the director desires. This is a perfect spot to let some of the non-speaking cast members shine, as well as one of many chances to show off outrageous costume design.

SNOW WHITE: Mr. Dazzle, I think I like this place of yours. I feel like I could dance all night long!

DAZZLE: And you shall, my dear, you shall!

They begin dancing off stage. LOLA trails behind DAZZLE, annoyed.

LOLA: Dazzle, darling, don't encourage her.

DAZZLE, SNOW WHITE, DOUGLAS, and LOLA mingle into the background. A pathetic looking "wanna-be" named PATHOS struts his stuff across the stage. He looks like an idiotic gigolo. He approaches an attractive young woman.

PATHOS: Hey, baby, can I buy you a drink?

GIRL 1: Sure.

PATHOS: Great. Can I borrow some money?

She quickly storms off, annoyed. He boogies over to two unsuspecting female dancers.

PATHOS: Hey, pretty ladies, what's your sign?

GIRL 2: Stop.

GIRL 3: Yield.

GIRL 2: U-Turn.

GIRL 3: As in, you turn around and walk the other direction.

PATHOS: Ouch. (*Moves away from them.*)

A suave, sophisticated young man, dressed much like John Travolta from Saturday Night Fever, enters the stage. All the LADIES of the disco immediately take notice of him. His name is BILLY.

BILLY: Pathos, are you embarrassing yourself again?

GIRL 4 dances up to BILLY. He naturally twirls her around as she flirts with him.

GIRL 4: Hello, Billy! Save a dance for me?

BILLY: You'll have to take a number.

He spins her off and away. Meanwhile, PATHOS is talking to another girl. The girl's face suddenly looks repulsed. She gives him a smack across the face and storms away.

BILLY: Pathos, are you embarrassing yourself again?

PATHOS: It hasn't been my week.

BILLY: It's never been your week.

PATHOS: How do you do it, Billy?

BILLY: What? You mean the ladies?

PATHOS: They flock to you at the snap of a finger.

BILLY: Dude, there's no need to exaggerate.

PATHOS: No, I'm serious. Snap your fingers.

BILLY snaps his fingers. Suddenly, a flock of GIRLS rushes to him, surrounding him in a semi-circle, each one of their faces hopeful and adoring.

GIRLS: Hello, Billy!

BILLY: Whoa, whoa. Sorry, ladies. False alarm. (*The GIRLS reluctantly begin to disperse.*) Consider it a warning from the Funky Broadcast Association. I will get back to each and every one of you at a later date.

PATHOS: See what I mean? Now watch what happens when I do it... (*He tries to snap his fingers and fails.*) Okay, I don't know how to snap my fingers, but even if I did, who would come running to me? Nobody, that's who.

BILLY: Pathos, my main man, don't sweat it. It's only because I'm Mr. Dazzle's nephew. I'm related to somebody famous, so of course I'm gonna get some of the so-called perks.

PATHOS: Man, I wish I was living your life. You got a great job here at the club, good pay, and all the women swoon when they see you.

BILLY: One would think I'd be happy, but I can't help but be dissatisfied. I mean, look at the clothes we're wearing! It's ridiculous, really. And this music. And the craziness. Pathos, buddy, I'm not sure I'm cut out for this lifestyle...

PATHOS: What else would you do?

BILLY: Check this out. (*He hands PATHOS a large, heavy calculator.*)

PATHOS: Hey, it's one of those new electronic calculators!

BILLY: Look how small they're making them.

PATHOS: (*Struggling.*) I can almost hold it in one hand!

BILLY: And it only cost me five hundred bucks!

PATHOS: But what do you need this for?

BILLY: I want to do something with numbers, with electronics, maybe even computers.

PATHOS: Really?

BILLY: Uncle Dazzle wants me to become a night club owner, just like him. But I'd rather be an accountant...or maybe even a tax attorney. I'm sick of this slick clothing and all the meaningless flirting. I wanna be in a place where folks talk about math equations and pocket protectors.

PATHOS: You mean... You wanna be a nerd?

BILLY: You won't tell anyone, will you?

PATHOS: Your secret is safe with me.

LOLA and DAZZLE enter. SNOW WHITE and DOUGLAS enter behind them.

LOLA: My word, Dazzle, who is this dreamy young Adonis?

PATHOS leaves, perhaps following after another pair of uninterested LADIES.

DAZZLE: Aha, this is my young nephew, the funkiest man I know. Spends his entire life on the dance floor. What are you up to, my lad? Something disco-delic, no doubt.

BILLY: I was just going over the record books. I think I can get you an additional tax deduction from the disco-ball repairs you made last year.

DAZZLE: *(In a hushed voice.)* Billy, put that math stuff away, you're embarrassing me.

LOLA: Certainly a strong, handsome young man like you can think of something better to do with his hands than pushing a pencil. *(She takes the record book and hands it to SNOW WHITE.)* Here's a book, kid, stick your nose in it.

SNOW WHITE: Gee, thanks! *(She excitedly starts to read.)*

LOLA: Come on, big boy, you can buy me a drink.

She pulls BILLY along by the collar of his sports jacket.

BILLY: Uh, yes, ma'am...

LOLA: *(Turning back to her husband.)* You don't mind, do you, darling?

DOUGLAS: Have fun with your new friend!

DAZZLE follows along, leaving SNOW WHITE and DOUGLAS alone.

SNOW WHITE: So, have you known her a long time?

DOUGLAS: You might say we had one of those whirlwind romances.

SNOW WHITE: When did you two meet?

DOUGLAS: Last week.

SNOW WHITE: And you already married her?

DOUGLAS: She was quite insistent about it.

SNOW WHITE: But... Uncle, perhaps I shouldn't even suggest this...but are you sure she's not just after your money?

DOUGLAS: No, no, I'm quite sure she's trustworthy.

LOLA reenters with BILLY in tow.

LOLA: And that silly hot tub in our penthouse is broken again. Perhaps a big strong man like you can come by and take a look at it.

BILLY: Well, I'm not sure—

LOLA: (*Draping her arm around DOUGLAS.*) Darling, I never want to leave this disco. We must buy this wonderful place.

DAZZLE: Ho, ho, Lola! My dear friend, the Dazzle Disco is my life's blood. It's my heart, my soul, my child. It's not for sale.

DOUGLAS: Here's a check for ten million.

DAZZLE: Here are the keys.

BILLY: Uncle, are you sure—

DAZZLE: For ten million dollars, I'm more than sure. Take Mr. Digger and draw up the papers.

SNOW WHITE: Perhaps I better go along and make certain the contract is legitimate.

BILLY: I'm surprised a girl as pretty as you is interested in those things.

SNOW WHITE: Oh, one of my hobbies is the evaluation of property acquisition laws.

BILLY: (*Suddenly very interested in her.*) Really?

DOUGLAS, BILLY and SNOW WHITE exit.

DAZZLE: So. You've lured me into early retirement.

LOLA: No hard feelings, I hope.

DAZZLE: Not at all, though you may find running a successful disco exceedingly difficult.

LOLA: Oh, how hard could it be? Surely your handsome nephew will stay on as manager.

DAZZLE: My dear, the best manager in the world will only get you so far. To stay in business, it's vital to know you have the grooviest, most splendiferous disco in the land.

LOLA: And how can one possibly know that? Isn't it just a matter of opinion?

DAZZLE: I'll let you in on a trade secret.

He snaps his fingers and summons the BOUNCER, who walks onto the stage pushing a tall mirror frame on wheels, covered in a deep red cloth.

LOLA: Secret?

DAZZLE: A magic secret, in fact. One that has made me rich beyond imagination. *(Slowly begins to pull off the cloth.)* Let me introduce you to...

DAZZLE pulls off the cloth to reveal the mirror frame, about seven or eight feet in height. A man dressed in a sparkling sequin jacket stands "within" the mirror. His back faces the audience.

DAZZLE: Dr. Soul-A-Boogie, the Funkmeister of the Mirror World.

DR SOUL-A-BOOGIE's theme music begins to play and the funky doctor turns and performs some energetic, James Brown style dancing.

DR. SOUL: *(With rhythm.)* Well, hello there, once again. Dazzle, who's your lady friend? Ha!

DAZZLE: She's your new owner.

LOLA: You mean this man is somehow trapped inside the mirror?

DAZZLE: It's a long story... Apparently some inter-dimensional experiment gone awry, but the point is that he knows what's funky. Dr. Soul-A-Boogie, who owns the funkier discotheque in all the land?

DR. SOUL: From sandy desert—
To ocean blue—
No other disco—
Is as funky as you!
Hey!

DAZZLE: You see? And whatever the mirror says is the absolute truth.

LOLA: How deliciously fascinating. Oh, Mister Mirror Person.

DR. SOUL: Yes, my lady?

LOLA: Who is the prettiest, no, the most beautiful woman you've ever laid eyes on?

DR. SOUL: Let me see—Huh!

That would be—

The lady standin'

In front of me!

I'm talking about you, you foxy little thing, you.

Hey!

DR. SOUL strikes a pose, and then returns to standing within the mirror, turning his back on them.

LOLA: Aha, he does speak the absolute truth. Put him somewhere safe, Jeeves.

The BOUNCER moves the mirror (along with DR. SOUL) off stage.

LOLA: (To DAZZLE.) Well, now that you mention it... Rumor has it that there's something very strange and mysterious down in the basement. You see—

BILLY, SNOW WHITE and DOUGLAS walk back onto the stage.

BILLY: Well, Uncle, I suppose some sort of congratulations are in order. You are a very rich man, and Mr. Digger here is now the proud owner of this disco. Here is your deed, sir.

DOUGLAS: Thank you, my lad! Why, how exciting this is, Lola. I own a Disco! All this youth and vitality. I've never felt so alive! Everyone, everyone! (Many of the dancers gather around.) Gather 'round! Today is cause for celebration! Let's have a dance, shall we?

Center stage, DOUGLAS starts to boogie; at least, as much as a ninety-eight year old man can muster a boogie. The others form a semi-circle, clapping, dancing, and encouraging him. Suddenly, DOUGLAS clutches his heart. The music screeches to a halt. DOUGLAS falls to the floor.

SNOW WHITE: (*Very upset.*) Great-great-great-uncle! What's wrong?

BILLY: (*Checking the old man's pulse.*) Miss, I'm afraid he's dead.

Everyone gasps.

LOLA: Why, that's sooner than I expected. How lovely—I mean, tragic. Now, where's the deed to the disco?

DOUGLAS suddenly comes back to life. His hand juts straight up, delivering the deed.

LOLA: Oh, thank you.

DOUGLAS: (*Gasping, at life's end.*) Goodbye, my love...

LOLA: Yeah, yeah, get it over with.

DOUGLAS dies again.

LOLA: There. It's official; the disco is now mine.

BILLY: Is that what the will says?

LOLA: There was no will.

DOUGLAS gasps to life again and hands BILLY a will. He dies once again.

SNOW WHITE: Shouldn't we get an ambulance or something?

DAZZLE: No, no, I think he's finished.

BILLY: This will declares Snow White the sole owner of his estate. That would include the deed to the Dazzle Disco.

LOLA: (*Grabs the will.*) Her?!

SNOW WHITE: Me?!

BILLY diplomatically takes the deed from LOLA and hands it to SNOW WHITE.

LOLA: But she can't—I mean, how did she— When did she—

BILLY: Poor gal... Can't even complete her own sentences. Come with me, Miss, there's nothing more we can do here.

SNOW WHITE, BILLY, and the others disperse, exiting the stage. LOLA moves stage left, into the darkness, still grumbling.

LOLA: My fortune— How could that little—ooh!

DAZZLE is alone with the body.

DAZZLE: Well, I'll contact the proper authorities. *(Checks his breath by breathing into his hand.)* Ugh. What horrid breath.

DOUGLAS, once more gasping a final breath, juts his arm straight up, offering a stick of gum.

DAZZLE: A stick of gum. Thanks, old chap!

DAZZLE accepts the gum and exits as DOUGLAS dies again, perhaps for good this time. Lights down.

Lights up on LOLA, stage left.

LOLA: *(Looking out toward the audience.)* That little tramp... If it weren't for her, that fortune would be mine. What's more, I would be the owner of this discotheque. Instead, I have nothing. I'm back to zero! *(She tries to calm down, takes out a little paperback.)* Then again, according to my latest self-help book, "I'm Okay, You're Okay," I should be more... *(Struggles with the words.)* For-giv-ing and car-ing... Well, the important thing is, I'm still the fairest one of all. Right, Magic Mirror?

Lights up on DR. SOUL-A-BOOGIE standing within his mirror frame.

DR. SOUL: Excuse me! Did you just check out that sweet-lookin' Snow White white girl? That young lady was FIIIIINE! Mmm! Mm, Mm, Mmm! Whooo!

LOLA: *(Bitter, deadpan.)* That's it; she's toast.

Lights down.

ACT ONE, SCENE 3

In the darkness, strange noises are heard, sounding like percussion instruments.

Lights up on DAZZLE's office. This set can be created by simply placing a desk far stage right. SNOW WHITE sits in a chair, blowing her nose. DAZZLE sits on his desk, near her. BILLY stands behind SNOW WHITE, his hand on her shoulder for comfort.

SNOW WHITE: What was that?

DAZZLE: What, child?

SNOW WHITE: Those strange noises coming from what I presume to be the basement.

DAZZLE: Ah, well, there are things about this disco that are best to ignore.

BILLY: Uncle, you mean, you haven't told her about the D.D.s?

SNOW WHITE: The D.D.s?

DAZZLE: Afraid it slipped my mind, and now it's too late. Madame, I'm quite sorry for the loss of your distant and rather ancient relative, but congratulations on your new business.

SNOW WHITE: But are you certain you want to part with it? I'll give it back if you like.

DAZZLE: No, I've been cooped up here in this shallow, glitzy realm for far too long. I'm going to going to see the real world, where the people are real! It sounds so pathetically delightful, doesn't it? Come, Billy, take me to the airport. Then it's back to work for you, poor sot. Ta, ta, darling.

DAZZLE exits. BILLY lingers.

BILLY: I guess this means you're my new boss.

SNOW WHITE: And what job is it that I employ you to perform?

BILLY: Well, Uncle Dazzle just paid me to strut around looking pretty. You know, dance with lonely women, be the life of the party.

SNOW WHITE: That's too bad.

BILLY: Why?

SNOW WHITE: According to these books, this disco needs less eye-candy and more master accountants. Know anyone?

BILLY: Ooh, ooh! Me! I'm a genius with numbers!

SNOW WHITE: Forgive me for saying this, but you don't look like a mathematician. Just a moment ago, you seemed like an egocentric gigolo.

BILLY: That's just because that's what everyone expects me to be. Look! *(He puts on a pair of traditionally nerdy glasses.)*

SNOW WHITE: Hey! Those are the same style as my reading glasses. *(She puts on her own pair.)*

They try each other's glasses and gasp, pleasantly surprised.

BOTH: We have the same prescription!

Romantic music, something like "Love is a Many-Splendored Thing," begins to play. BILLY and SNOW WHITE face each other, smiling and holding hands. DAZZLE pops back in, interrupting the music and their moment.

DAZZLE: Billy! Stop falling in love and help me with my bags. I'm going to miss my flight.

DAZZLE leaves again.

BILLY: I'm coming. *(To SNOW WHITE.)* Hey, maybe when I get back we can get better acquainted and talk about some idea I have. I've been thinking we could incorporate computer technology to update the client filing system.

SNOW WHITE: Now that sounds lovely.

BILLY: Until tomorrow, uh, boss...

SNOW WHITE: Until tomorrow... And please, call me Snow Whitey.

They exit. LOLA sneaks onto the stage (or better yet, simply pops out from behind the desk). Mischief and mayhem are written on her face. She takes a deep breath and then pushes on the desk, trudging across the stage. (Hopefully the desk can be on coasters to ease this transition.) She places the desk stage left.

ACT ONE, SCENE 4

Inside a JANITOR's closet. This set, placed on the far left side of the stage, can be represented by a single, free-standing wall complete with shelves and some cleaning product props, not to mention the quintessential mop and bucket.

A JANITOR (an elderly looking male or female), the BOUNCER, and PATHOS all sit waiting for LOLA as she places the desk directly in front of them. She gives as satisfied huff and then suddenly looks glamorous and dignified again.

LOLA: I suppose you're all wondering why I've called you here to my office.

JANITOR: Actually, this is my janitor's closet.

LOLA: And a lovely closet it is, ma'am. Or sir, or whatever you are... Suffice it to say that I, Lola Golda-Digger, am humiliated to be in this dismal abode of dust mops and cleaning supplies when I should be in the executive office that now belongs to that diabolically adorable little tramp, Snow White.

BOUNCER: Duh...So why are we here?

LOLA: I want what's rightfully mine. This disco...not to mention my late husband's vast fortune.

PATHOS: All those things belong to that groovy young chick. It says so in the will.

LOLA: But the will also says that if anything happens to Snow White, the fortune becomes mine. And that's where you creeps come in. I want you to get rid of her.

BOUNCER: Duh...You want me to hurt that pretty girl?

LOLA: You don't have to hurt her. There are many painless ways to kill a person.

They gasp.

BOUNCER: Duh...I don't want any part of this.

LOLA: That's fine, Jeeves. I understand. Allow me to show you the way out.

She presses a button on the desk. BOUNCER falls behind the desk, as if he has plummeted through a trap door.

BOUNCER: Aaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh!

PATHOS: You've got a trap door in your broom closet?

JANITOR: And an alligator pit.

The sounds of alligators munching and the BOUNCER shouting in pain are heard.

LOLA: Any more conscientious objectors?

PATHOS: Don't get me wrong, we don't want to be gator food—but *kill her?* That's just not my scene, baby.

LOLA: Pathos, you do this small favor for me, and I'll ensure that every girl in the disco—all the ones who have been shutting you down and laughing behind your back—all of them will fall madly in love with you.

PATHOS: You can't guarantee that.

LOLA: Well, okay... They'll *pretend* to fall madly in love with you.

PATHOS: Sounds good enough for me.

LOLA: Then see to it, my brave young henchman. The sooner the better.

PATHOS exits, not certain he's made the right choice.

JANITOR: And what is it you need me to do?

LOLA: Ah yes, I have a very important task for you. Clean the toilets.

JANITOR: Ooh, I can do that.

Lights down on the closet set. Lights up on the other side of the stage.

ACT ONE, SCENE 5

Stage right is set as a dark room with a large square garbage chute in the side of the wall. SNOW WHITE enters this dim, creepy area. She looks around, a bit nervous and uncertain.

SNOW WHITE: Hello? Is anyone here?

PATHOS: Hi, Snow Whitey.

SNOW WHITE: Oh, you're Billy's friend. I received a note to meet someone here. I thought from the handwriting that it was Lola.

PATHOS: Lola's not coming. She sent me, instead.

SNOW WHITE: Why?

PATHOS: Before I answer that, could you stand a little to the left? *(SNOW WHITE graciously complies and edges closer to the chute.)* A little more. Right in front of the trash chute, if you please. Thank you. And now, if it wouldn't be too much trouble, could you close your eyes?

SNOW WHITE: Sure.

PATHOS: Thank you.

SNOW WHITE: No problem at all.

PATHOS gets ready to shove her.

SNOW WHITE: *(Eyes still closed.)* Let me guess. This is all an elaborate surprise.

PATHOS: Sort of.

While SNOW WHITE rambles innocently on, PATHOS is getting ready to push her down the chute. Or, if the director prefers, PATHOS could take out a crow bar or another blunt object and prepare to use it on poor SNOW WHITE. There's something holding him back from acting, however - his conscience.

SNOW WHITE: I'm so glad someone finally remembered my birthday. Nobody has ever taken note of it since I was placed in the orphanage. It's such a nice and rare thing to find a kind-hearted person in this otherwise cruel world. Why, most people would just as soon push you down a pit rather than give you the time of day---

PATHOS: I can't do it!

SNOW WHITE: (*Opening her eyes.*) Do what?

PATHOS: That evil Lola Golda-Digger has hired me to kill you!

SNOW WHITE: (*Gasps.*) I thought she liked me.

LOLA: (*Off stage.*) Pathos--- Have you disposed of that little wench, yet?

PATHOS: That's her! You've got to hide!

LOLA: (*Off stage.*) Open this door at once! And she had better be dead when I get in there!

SNOW WHITE: Where should I go?

PATHOS: Anywhere! Quick!

SNOW WHITE: Okay!

She hops into the garbage chute.

PATHOS: Not the garbage chute!

SNOW WHITE: (*Off stage. Almost melodious, despite the danger she's in.*) Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahh.....

LOLA bursts onto the scene.

LOLA: Where is she?

PATHOS: (*Gazing down the chute, devastated.*) She's gone.

Lights down.

ACT ONE, SCENE 6

A pile of junk, center stage. The lights come up on SNOW WHITE, center stage, sitting in the pile. She rubs her head, and looks around, feeling foggy.

SNOW WHITE: Oh...where am I? Oh dear, this must be the basement, but I don't see a doorway or an exit. In fact, I don't see anything at all. How can anyone function down here in a place as dark and dank as this?

As if in response, the beam of a flashlight shines on the face of a DISCO DWARF, FUNKY.

FUNKY: Attention, Disco Dwarves. It's quittin' time. Another working day has ended, and it's time to head for the dismal little dungeon we call home.

Optional: Disco music for the journey home. The DWARVES can march across the stage, performing uniform dance steps and perhaps showing off a bit for the audience. All of this stops, of course, the moment they come face to face with SNOW WHITE.

FUNKY: Whoa, whoa, who's this? An intruder?

SNOW WHITE: No, not at all. In fact, I'm lost here, but who are all of you?

Each of the dwarves strikes a pose as he/she shouts out his/her name.

FUNKY: We are: Funky!

LOOPY: Loopy!

LIBBY: Libby!

GIMMEE: Gimmee!

GRUBBY: Grubby!

FUNKY: *(Pointing to a quiet dwarf.)* Jimmy!

NIXON: And Nixon!

FUNKY: And together we are... *(They perform a few quick dance moves.)* The Disco Dwarves!

SNOW WHITE: Oh my... Dwarves?

FUNKY: We're like Oompa Loompas, but with more style.

NIXON: *(Rather grumpy.)* But never mind us. What are you doing lurking about in our home?

SNOW WHITE: Well, forgive me for saying so, but I'm not the trespasser here, you are. *(Reveals the deed to the disco.)*

NIXON: Me? How dare you! I am not a crook!

LOOPY: Hey man, I don't know if I'm all spaced out or what, but I think this is the deed to the disco.

FUNKY: Check it out! Property of "Snow White."

SNOW WHITE: That's me.

GIMMEE: Gimmee that, I wanna see!

FUNKY: Fellas, we've got a new owner. (*All of them except NIXON bow.*) Hail to Snow White, the ruler of our kingdom.

LIBBY: And I'm happy to see a female CEO. Right on, sister.

FUNKY: It seems that the prophesies of old have at last come true.

JIMMY honks a horn (Harpo Marx style) in agreement.

LOOPY: You're, like, our chosen one.

DWARVES: (*Except NIXON.*) All hail the chosen one! All hail the chosen one! We shall worship you forever!

SNOW WHITE: I have a feeling these guys don't get out much.

Lights down. Curtain closes.

END OF ACT ONE

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