

# THE WORST PRODUCTION OF THE SNOW QUEEN EVER

By Kemuel DeMoville

Copyright © 2014 by Kemuel DeMoville, All Rights Reserved.  
Brooklyn Publishers LLC in association with Heuer Publishing LLC  
ISBN: 978-1-61588-294-6

**CAUTION:** Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

**RIGHTS RESERVED:** All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

**PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS:** All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

*Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.*

**AUTHOR CREDIT:** All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this Work must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this Work. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

**PUBLISHER CREDIT:** Whenever this Work is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: ***Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers LLC.***

**COPYING:** Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers LLC.

**BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS LLC**  
P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406  
TOLL FREE (888) 473-8521 • FAX (319) 368-8011

## THE WORST PRODUCTION OF THE SNOW QUEEN EVER

By **Kemuel DeMoville**

**SYNOPSIS:** In this wonderfully imaginative play-within-a-play, student actors are on set to produce Hans Christian Anderson's classic fairy tale *The Snow Queen*. Like all great fairy tales, this play has everything including a self-absorbed narrator, orphans, talking flowers, robber children, guards that occasionally guard, and ditsy snowflakes who all try to help (and sometimes hinder) Gerda's efforts to save her brother from the evil Snow Queen. We're off to many different lands and meet many different characters to experience what many consider the *worst* production of *The Snow Queen* EVER!

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(6 females, 5 males, 14 either)*

ELOISE PERKINS (f).....	The official spokesperson for the play. <i>(15 lines)</i>
MR. HAGAN DRYERS (m).....	The mean man in charge of the orphans. <i>(18 lines)</i>
HEAD ORPHAN (f/m).....	The leader of the orphans. <i>(34 lines)</i>
GERDA (f).....	A timid orphan. <i>(122 lines)</i>
KAY (m).....	Gerda's brother. <i>(35 lines)</i>
ANY ORPHAN (f/m).....	Miscellaneous orphan(s.)
RAGWEED (f/m).....	A plant with allergies. <i>(17 lines)</i>
ROSE (f).....	A prim and proper British flower. <i>(26 lines)</i>
DAISY (f/m).....	A free-spirited flower. <i>(11 lines)</i>
IVY (f).....	A southern belle. <i>(17 lines)</i>
MUSHROOM (f/m).....	A bad comic. <i>(37 lines)</i>
MAD BASIL (f/m).....	Mushroom's sidekick. <i>(35 lines)</i>
HOLLY (f/m).....	A stupid plant. <i>(1 line)</i>
BUTTERCUP (m).....	A flower tracker. <i>(2 lines)</i>

BLUEBELL (m) .....	Another flower tracker. (2 lines)
ROBBER TOADY (f/m) .....	The Robber Girl's assistant. (8 lines)
ROBBER GIRL (f) .....	The leader of a band of forest children. (40 lines)
ANY ROBBER KID (f/m).....	Miscellaneous robber kid(s).
CHOPPA (m).....	The man who knows the way, and the local hillbilly. (7 lines)
SNOW QUEEN (f) .....	The prima donna leader of the snowflakes. (41 lines)
A SNOWFLAKE (f/m).....	Miscellaneous snowflake(s).
GUARD (f/m).....	A snowflake guard, or guards. (1 line)
A CRONY (f/m) .....	A snowflake crony, or cronies. (6 lines)
VOICE OFFSTAGE (f/m).....	Pretty self-explanatory if you ask me.
SMELLY (f/m) .....	An orphan who smells. (6 lines)

*ALL LINE COUNTS ARE APPROXIMATE*

#### **NOTES ABOUT THE PRODUCTION:**

1. The PROLOGUES and EPILOGUE spoken by Eloise (and others) can be cut, edited, or adapted to suit the specific production.
2. All music mentioned in the play is merely a suggestion. I leave the final decision as to what music, if any, should be played, as well as where it should be played, to the director's discretion.
3. The parts of A SNOWFLAKE, GUARD, A CRONY, ANY ROBBER KID, and ANY ORPHAN, should be played by more than one actor. How these parts are divided is up to the director as they are dependent on the available actors in each specific production.

## SETTING

There are two platforms onstage which serve as a base for everything. Props and other various atmospheric elements are added to denote specific locations in the play. There are three main locations in the play: The Orphanage, The Forest, and The Snow Queen's Palace.

THE ORPHANAGE is in the 18<sup>th</sup> century, very run down, very Dickensian. There are shabby beds along the walls. There is also a large French door at the center of the back wall. There are piles of blankets and cots along the back wall as well. One cot, neatly made up as if it hasn't been slept in for a while, has a sign on it saying: "Eli."

THE FOREST is dark and spooky. There are bushes and large flowers scattered all around. The "flowers" are actually actors in suggestive costumes. Nothing too surreal, this should still seem like a community theatre production. There are some bush cutouts and trees. There is also a large camouflage net draped over the main set piece. It should be a mix between military surplus and elementary school pageant.

THE SNOW QUEEN'S PALACE is a cold place. There is a fancy white chez lounge "throne" on which the Snow Queen reclines. There are a number of "frozen" children scattered in clumps around the stage as well. This can be done with a group of secondhand mannequins spray painted silver and blue, and then wrapped in cellophane. The set itself should be more impressive than in the previous scenes, yet still retain that "low budget" feel.

**SYNOPSIS OF SCENES**

PROLOGUE #1

SCENE 1: THE ORPHANAGE

PROLOGUE #2

SCENE 2: SPOOKY FOREST

PROLOGUE #3

SCENE 3: A DEEPER, SCARIER PART OF THE WOODS

PROLOGUE #4

SCENE 4: SNOW QUEEN'S PALACE

PROLOGUE #5

SCENE 5: THE ORPHANAGE

EPILOGUE

**PROPS**

- NOTECARDS
- WHISTLE
- HANDKERCHIEF
- GROUCHO GLASSES

## DEDICATION

*To Robert & Kathy DeMoville for Loving*

*To Stacey Bailey & Shane Davies for Inspiring*

*To Virginia & Robert DeMoville for Laughing*

*To Karen & Richard Elrod for Believing*

*To Suzi McNett for Typing*

*And to Ashley, Tennyson & Barrett for making it all worthwhile.*

## PROLOGUE #1

*Action takes place in front of main act curtain. There is a small commotion backstage, as someone is trying to find the break in the curtain. ELOISE then appears.*

**ELOISE:** Hello! Hello everyone! Oh I'm so glad you all came. Hello, hello there in the back row. Yes I can see you! Hello, hello, hello. Well you all look really excited to be here, especially you. Look at you, you look like you're about ready to pounce out of your seat. Just like a little leopard, pounce, pounce, pounce! Welcome all of you to the first ever semi-annual bi-yearly twice-daily fundraiser for the Preservation of Obscure Danish Fairy Tales. Actually, here's an added bonus, the Danish government has agreed to offer a tax write-off to any citizen of Denmark who attends this performance. So if any of you are Danish people be sure to save your ticket stubs. The only Danish person I know is my Aunt Bethel...she eats three bearclaws every day! Get it? Danish...bearclaws...yes, yes, I'm sure you get it. My jokes are like the flu, you don't want it, but you get it. Well I guess we should get down to business. My name is Eloise Perkins and I am assistant treasurer for the Social Organization for the Preservation and Furthering of Social Awareness toward Provincial Folk and Fairy Tales. Incidentally, for any of you who wish to make a donation to our organization, you don't have to write out that long name on the check. Just use our clever acronym, SOPFSAPFFT. That's S-O-P-F-S-A-P-Double F-T. Simple! Now I've been asked to come out here and sort of introduce the show, warm the audience up and all that. I guess I am the one person here who has the longest background in theatre, you see I come from a somewhat famous theatrical family, much like the Lunts or Barrymores. I actually have a brother, who's gone quite far in the business. It started with a couple of guest spots on "America's Most Wanted" which led to a segment on "Cops" and right now he's starring in a documentary for HBO entitled, "Behind the Bars: An Inmate's Journey to Self-discovery." So for those of you with cable be sure to set your VCRs. I guess I should say a little about the production that you are here to see. As I have already

mentioned, this is a fundraiser for our organization, so what we have tried to do tonight is make this experience enjoyable for everyone. We put the “fun” in “fund-raise.” Tonight’s performance will be an adaptation of a little known fairy tale entitled, “The Snow Queen.” Some of you may have heard of it, if so um...kudos!

*Salutes.*

Literacy, I salute you! Just don’t spoil the ending for anyone who’s not quite as studious as you are.

*Slowly becoming hysterical.*

Not everyone can live their life with their nose buried in a book, reading about all the backwater folk tales of Eastern Europe, completely disregarding family, and any chance of having friends or a social life. Sitting alone in the library while children tease her and call her names like “teacher’s pet” and “bookworm” and “Eloise-smelloise,” until an organization came along where she was finally able to shine.

*To the sky.*

Who has the last laugh now Stacey Bailey, you bitter old shrew!  
Who has the last laugh now!?! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha...oh...

*Composing herself.*

Well, I feel your pain sir! Anyway, we have a wonderful show for you tonight, we had a brilliant director, really top drawer, it’s too bad I can’t say the same about the writing, the script is just garbage. Whoever we got to write this is just a moron, but luckily the directing more than makes up for any shortcomings in the script. That’s just my opinion though. You’ll be seeing me later in the show as well; since the writing is so obscure I might come out once or twice just to make sure everyone understands what’s going on. I also play a very integral part in the second act, the entire scene hinges on my performance. I don’t want to give too

much away but be sure to watch for me. I wasn't originally cast in the part, it was supposed to be Dana Lambrose but she came down with a case of ptomaine poisoning after she ate some bad peaches, so the director approached me a few minutes ago and asked if I would take over the part. You know I had my doubts about her [or him], but truly s/he is a genius. Well enough about me, we should probably start.

*Pulls out notecards.*

They say ceremony lends dignity so... *(Clears throat.)* Ladies and gentlemen, the Social Organization for the Preservation and Furthering of Social Awareness toward Provincial Folk and Fairy Tales proudly presents as our selection for the first ever semi-annual bi-yearly twice-daily fundraiser for fairy tale preservation... *The Snow Queen*. Starring...

*Flipping through her cards, ignoring the names of the other actors.*

...many people including the assistant treasurer of our society Ms. Eloise Perkins. Thank you and enjoy!

*ELOISE bows elaborately and backs out to exit as the curtain opens.*  
*END PROLOGUE.*

## **SCENE 1**

### **THE ORPHANAGE**

*The stage is empty of people. As the lights come up, the ORPHANS, along with GERDA and KAY, enter. They have just come home after a long day of sweeping chimneys and selling matches. The ORPHANS are dressed in a hodgepodge of used clothing. They are all overworked and run-down. They enter with a chorus of "Oh-E-Oh-E-Oh-Um" like the Wicked Witch's guards. Almost immediately they are in their beds asleep. Suddenly, MR. HAGAN DRYERS enters. He is a greasy man with a very bad comb-over. His outfit isn't much better than the ORPHANS'. He wears a silver whistle around his neck.*

**HAGAN DRYERS:** (*Whistles.*) Wake up you disgusting piles of puke.

It's time for all you little cockroaches to get to work. Up my little roaches. What is this! Why are all of you little insects in bed! There are still chores to do! Floors need to be scrubbed, pots need to be polished, you filthy little vermin still have things to do. If you all want to live in this nice government orphanage you'll have to earn your keep.

**ANY ORPHAN:** But Mr. Hagan Dryers, we've been working all day.

**HAGAN DRYERS:** Then you won't mind working all night as well.

**ANY ORPHAN:** Can we at least have something to eat first?

**HAGAN DRYERS:** No! Food makes you lazy. The more you eat, the less you work.

**HEAD ORPHAN:** But if we don't eat we'll starve!

**HAGAN DRYERS:** I'll give you a nickel and you can tell your mommy about it...oh wait, you don't have one.

**HEAD ORPHAN:** A nickel or a mommy?

**HAGAN DRYERS:** Does it matter?

**HEAD ORPHAN:** Not if you give me a nickel.

**HAGAN DRYERS:** (*Whistles and starts shoving kids back to work.*)

Get to work. Now I have to step out for a while, I have an appointment with the mayor to discuss the possibility of getting myself a raise. Honestly, the emotional turmoil you children put me through. I cry myself to sleep at night thinking about you little maggots. When I come back I want to see this place scrubbed from top to bottom. Look at this floor, it's turned black from all of the filth and grime you little worms bring in with you. How you kids can get so dirty is a mystery to me.

**HEAD ORPHAN:** Yeah, you would think that cleaning out chimneys would be such a neat and pristine job. Who knew?

**HAGAN DRYERS:** I've had just about my fill of you...whatever your name is! When I come back up here I want to be able to see my face in this floor, is that understood?

*ORPHANS mumble "yeah" etc.*

And if it's not done by the time I return...well, we all remember what happened to little Eli don't we...

**ALL ORPHANS:** *(There is a take to the empty bed, they all whimper softly.)* Eli...

**HAGAN DRYERS:** So if this job's not done...you'll be finished

*Cackle laugh. HAGAN DRYERS exits. The ORPHANS stop working and scatter.*

**GERDA:** What do you think he meant Kay?

**KAY:** I don't know.

**HEAD ORPHAN:** Hey everyone, did you hear that? The new kids don't know about Hagan Dryer's partner.

**KAY:** What partner, I've never seen any partner.

**ANY ORPHAN:** That's because she's a secret partner.

**ANY ORPHAN:** A silent partner.

**ANY ORPHAN:** An invisible partner.

**KAY:** An imaginary partner! Come on, don't tell me you guys still believe in those old Boogie Man stories.

**ANY ORPHAN:** This is worse than the Boogie Man, it's...  
*(Whispered.)* ...the Snow Queen.

**KAY:** What?

**ANY ORPHAN:** *(Much too loud.)* The Snow Queen!

**ALL ORPHANS:** *(Frightened.)* Shhhh!

**HEAD ORPHAN:** Don't say that too loudly or she'll come for you.

**GERDA:** Who's the Snow Queen?

**ANY ORPHAN:** You've never heard of the Snow Queen?

**KAY:** What is she, some killer ice monster who's 12 feet tall with horns on her head and oily black hair all over her body? Does she have three potato-shaped noses that help her to smell out all the naughty children as they sleep in their beds? I can't believe this stuff.

**ANY ORPHAN:** You don't understand, she's not ugly.

**ANY ORPHAN:** She's beautiful.

**ANY ORPHAN:** She's the most beautiful woman you'll ever see.

**ANY ORPHAN:** And she's a dancer.

**KAY:** You know, being taken from this orphanage by a beautiful dancer really doesn't sound all that bad. As far as I'm concerned, the Snow Queen can take me any time she wants.

**GERDA:** Be quiet Kay!

**HEAD ORPHAN:** You wouldn't say that if you knew who she really was.

**KAY:** Fine, who is she?

*ORPHANS begin gathering around the HEAD ORPHAN in anticipation of a story. GERDA sits next to KAY.*

**HEAD ORPHAN:** It all started around 200 years ago. She was the best dancer in the world. People would travel for weeks just to be able to catch a glimpse of her and years afterward they would tell their children about the time they saw her dancing. That's how wonderful she was. They say that she could hypnotize you with her dance.

**KAY:** Wait - wait - wait - wait. Who are "they"?

**HEAD ORPHAN:** What do you mean?

**KAY:** The people who said she could hypnotize you with her dance, I want to know who "they" are.

**HEAD ORPHAN:** How should I know! Old people, I guess.

*HEAD ORPHAN clears throat and tries to start again.*

**KAY:** What was the dancer's name?

**HEAD ORPHAN:** I don't know!

**KAY:** (*Incredulously.*) You don't know!

**HEAD ORPHAN:** No. It has been lost in the annals of time.

**KAY:** So what you're telling me is that this woman was the best dancer in the world, she was so good that people would tell stories about her until the day they died, yet no one can remember her name?

**HEAD ORPHAN:** It's a minor detail.

**KAY:** Yeah, I guess if what you mean by "minor detail" is a gigantic hole in the story, then I suppose it is a "minor detail."

**HEAD ORPHAN:** Can I finish?

**KAY:** Be my guest.

**HEAD ORPHAN:** Thank you. Well they... (*Looks at KAY sarcastically.*) Sorry, old people say that her one true pleasure in life was going for sleigh rides out in the country. She would ride for miles out into the wilderness just to admire the snowy countryside. One day she was sliding across the snowdrifts when she saw a large storm approaching on the horizon, so she decided to turn back and head for town so that she wouldn't be caught in a blizzard. As she was driving her horses over the snow she came across a small farm where two children were playing. She asked the children if they knew a short cut into town so she could get back before the storm. What she didn't know was that these children were not nice and they had decided to play a cruel trick on her. They sent her into the forest.

**KAY:** Let me guess, she died and now her ghost comes for all the naughty children of the world.

**HEAD ORPHAN:** No, she was lost in the forest when the blizzard hit, so to stay warm she began to dance. The snowflakes were so impressed with her dancing that they carried her away and made her their queen. She's lived with them for so long now that her heart has hardened into a block of ice and every once in a while she'll kidnap a naughty boy or girl so they can know how it feels to be trapped in a kingdom of ice and snow.

**KAY:** That's the biggest load of garbage I've ever heard. The funny thing is you guys actually believe in this fairy tale.

**HEAD ORPHAN:** If it's not true than what happened to poor Eli?

*Again the ORPHANS do a bed take and a whimpered "Eli."*

**KAY:** Anything! He could have run away in the middle of the night for all you know. That's a lot more believable than him being taken away by a two hundred year old frozen dancer.

**ANY ORPHAN:** You don't understand.

**KAY:** Fine, I'll prove it to you guys.

**GERDA:** (*Meekly.*) Kay, don't.

**KAY:** Snow Queen, or whoever you are...

*The ORPHANS scream and hide, they are visibly upset.*

**GERDA:** Kay, stop please...

**KAY:** I give you permission to come and get me and take me away to your ice palace, I can't be any worse off than I am now.

**GERDA:** Don't Kay, don't!

**KAY:** I dare you! Come and get me! Come on Snow Queen, where are you?

**GERDA:** (*Yells.*) Kay! Stop Kay, you're scaring me.

**KAY:** I'm just trying to prove that none of this is real.

**GERDA:** I know...but don't joke like that. I don't know what I'd do without you...I don't think I could survive.

**HEAD ORPHAN:** (*Mocking.*) Yeah Kay...don't joke like that, I don't think I could survive.

**KAY:** Stop it. My sister can't help it if she's a little shy. Hey, don't you guys have a floor to sweep before the Snow Queen comes for you?

**HEAD ORPHAN:** Come on, let's leave these two alone.

*The ORPHANS mill about, getting ready for bed.*

**GERDA:** Kay, I'm sorry. I just get so scared...and when you started talking about the Snow Queen taking you away...I just got carried away.

**KAY:** Gerda, I'm your brother. I'll always be there for you. No one could ever take me away.

**GERDA:** I just don't want to be left here alone.

**KAY:** I know.

**ANY ORPHAN:** Kay, I sure hope you haven't made any long-term vacation plans!

*Laughter from other ORPHANS.*

**KAY:** Can't you see that you've scared her enough as it is?

**ANY ORPHAN:** (*Chanting.*) Gerda is a scaredy cat! Gerda is a scaredy cat!

*The other ORPHANS join in.*

**KAY:** Stop it!

**ANY ORPHAN:** Yeah, let's let him say goodbye to his sister before the Snow Queen comes to get him.

*Again, laughter.*

**KAY:** Will you guys cut it out!

**HEAD ORPHAN:** Come on; let's get to bed before old Hagan Dryers comes home.

**ANY ORPHAN:** Sweet dreams, Gerda!

**KAY:** *(To GERDA.)* Don't listen to them, I'll be fine. Come on, let's get some sleep.

**GERDA:** Good night. *(The lights fade as KAY and GERDA lay down in bed.)* Kay?

**KAY:** Yeah?

**GERDA:** I love you.

**KAY:** I love you too, now let me sleep.

*As the ORPHANS settle down to sleep, there is the sound of a fierce wind outside. Lighting effects, etc. begin. Suddenly, the French doors at the back are thrown open. SNOWFLAKES, dressed a bit like ballerinas, come into the orphanage. They begin to dance to the "Waltz of the Snowflakes" by Tchaikovsky. After a few moments of dance, they cross to where KAY is sleeping. He wakes up as if in a trance and dances with the SNOWFLAKES until they finally lead him out the door. The room slowly returns to normal, with just the sound of the wind outside to hint that something has happened. Suddenly, GERDA wakes up.*

**GERDA:** Kay? Kay? Kay! Everyone wake up, Kay is missing!

**ANY ORPHAN:** What?

**GERDA:** Kay is missing! Something's happened!

*The ORPHANS all begin to slowly wake up and search the room for KAY.*

**HEAD ORPHAN:** Oh my gosh, it's true! She came and got him!

**GERDA:** Who?

**HEAD ORPHAN:** I tried to warn him, I told him not to say those things or she'd come.

**GERDA:** Who? Who'd come?

**HEAD ORPHAN:** Were you not listening to the last five minutes of exposition? The Snow Queen!

**ANY ORPHAN:** No! You don't think...

**ANY ORPHAN:** I never thought I'd see it happen.

**ANY ORPHAN:** Not twice in the same orphanage!

**ANY ORPHAN:** We should be in some kind of record book!

**GERDA:** We've got to do something! We've got to get him back!

**ANY ORPHAN:** We can't.

**HEAD ORPHAN:** There's nothing we can do, he's gone now. I'm sorry.

**GERDA:** No! No! We can go after him, we can bring him back.

**HEAD ORPHAN:** No we can't.

**GERDA:** (*Picking up scarf and apron.*) Well I can!

**HEAD ORPHAN:** Gerda, how do you expect to rescue Kay when you can't even go outside by yourself? You're too scared to even cross the street much less go in search of the Snow Queen. It's impossible...no one could do it, especially not you...what are you doing?

**GERDA:** Leaving.

**HEAD ORPHAN:** Aren't you listening to me?

**GERDA:** No.

**HEAD ORPHAN:** You can't do it. Stay here with us where it's safe.

**GERDA:** Goodbye.

*GERDA exits, closing the door behind her. The HEAD ORPHAN throws arms up in disgust.*

**ANY ORPHAN:** (*Calling after GERDA.*) Watch out for snakes!

**HEAD ORPHAN:** This is Denmark you idiot, we don't have any snakes.

**ANY ORPHAN:** Oh...watch out for wolves!

**HEAD ORPHAN:** Why do I even bother?

*Blackout. The main act curtain closes. END SCENE 1.*

**PROLOGUE #2**

*The curtain is closed while set changes take place. ELOISE again enters out of the curtain.*

**ELOISE:** Hello, it's me again. I just wanted to make sure everyone understands what's going on. Is anyone out there confused? You seem to have a puzzled look on your face, but it's more like an "I can't believe I paid money to see this show" kind of confusion. Sorry...no refunds! I half expected to hear you all groan when I said that. Don't play dumb with me, I know what you're thinking: "Well, I saw my kid, let's head home. I wonder if I can get my money back?" Trying to be sneaky as you stumble down the aisle, thinking, "They'll never notice me." Ha! Well, I know many of you might be disappointed about our no refund policy, but after all, this is a fundraiser! And the point of a fundraiser is to raise funds, hence the name: fund for fund, raise for raiser...fundraiser. We really do need money...just look at what these set kids have built, pallets and old rotten wood. I think they got most of the materials by rummaging around the dumpster behind Home Depot. Now, there's an after-school activity we can all take pride in! Fighting the indigent for pieces of rotten lumber. Parents, do you know where your children are? Oh, well.

*Curtain opens.*

The next set is actually a little better. It has more of an Army Surplus feel. Here you can start to see it now. The camouflage netting, the splotches of green...very military-esque...with all this camouflage, it sort of looks like a scene from M.A.S.H. I keep waiting to see a chopper coming over the horizon. Incoming wounded! Well I guess they're ready to start, so let's get back to the show...

**END PROLOGUE #2.**

**SCENE 2**  
**SPOOKY FOREST**

*A dark and spooky forest. Enter GERDA. As the scene progresses, more and more HUMAN FLOWERS wake up and interact with GERDA.*

**GERDA:** Look at this place! I don't think I'm in Denmark anymore.

Either that or something's really rotten in this state.

**RAGWEED:** *(Sneeze.)* AHHHCHOOO!

**GERDA:** *(Small yelp.)* Hello...hello...I've been alone too long. I'm starting to hear things.

**RAGWEED:** AHCHOO! AHCHOO!

**ROSE:** Bless you!

**GERDA:** Who's there? I know I just didn't imagine that!

**RAGWEED:** *(With stuffy nose.)* Of course you didn't imagine it!

**GERDA:** Okay, okay, pull yourself together Gerda. The plants are starting to talk to you.

**RAGWEED:** Well, whadda ya want us to do? Recite poetry?

**GERDA:** Oh boy! I knew I shouldn't have eaten those wild turnips back there!

**DAISY:** So, you're the one who committed that vegga-cide

*GERDA screams.*

**RAGWEED:** Look, Daisy now you've frightened the poor girl.

**DAISY:** Those turnips were friends of mine. We went to political rallies together, we marched against government oppression.

**ROSE:** There are already more than enough turnips that attend your political rallies; a few less won't hurt anyone.

**DAISY:** Rose, how can you say that! As fellow vegetation we have a responsibility...

**ROSE:** Now let's stop all this arguing. Can't you see this girl is scared out of her mind!

*Take to GERDA, who is standing petrified.*

**RAGWEED:** Serves her right for barging in on us like that! You know how I get around people, Rose.

**ROSE:** Yes...yes...I know. *(To Gerda.)* You really mustn't mind Ragweed. He's usually quite pleasant, it's just...well...he's allergic to humans and when those allergies start acting up he just gets so cranky!

**RAGWEED:** Whenever I'm around humans my sinuses get constricted and my eyes start watering and they turn all red and puffy! You can imagine what that does to my social life! I look like a piece of spotted cabbage!

**ROSE:** You're a weed, you don't have a social life.

**DAISY:** And you always look like a piece of spotted cabbage.

**RAGWEED:** You people do wonders for my self-esteem.

**GERDA:** *(Screaming, as if to say "I'm still here!")* AHHH!?

**ROSE:** Oh, now, I thought we were through with all that screaming! Ivy, will you come here and help me please?

*Enter IVY, rushing towards GERDA and smothering her with motherly zeal.*

**IVY:** Come here, sugar, you just tell Auntie Ivy what the problem is. Come on, stop all that crying now, there ain't nothing to be scared of! That's better... look at you, aren't you just the sweetest thing? You're so precious I can barely stand it! Just look at those cheeks.

*She pinches GERDA's cheeks.*

**ROSE:** Oh now, that's quite enough... *(Brushing IVY off of GERDA.)*  
... let's give the girl a little room...honestly, Ivy, sometimes you can be so clingy.

**IVY:** I can't help it, Rose! It's my nature! We can't all be as austere as you are!

**ROSE:** Some of us are just more poised and dignified than others!

**IVY:** And some of us are just thorny and pretentious!

*Starts fanning herself angrily.*

**ROSE:** Well! I never!

**DAISY:** Ladies...ladies...please remember we've got an invited guest.

*All the plants do a take to GERDA. They forgot she was there.*

**RAGWEED:** AHHCHOO! I don't suppose you could stand any closer to me? It's not like I'm allergic to you or anything. (*GERDA stares at him.*) You're killing me kid! You're killing me!

**GERDA:** I'm sorry...this is all so...I mean, here you are and...talking...I...

**IVY:** I suppose it might be a tad overwhelming for you.

**GERDA:** I feel like I've fallen down a rabbit hole...like I've stepped into something new and completely different!

*DAISY sits in a yoga pose and starts meditating while MUSHROOM and MAD BASIL enter. They are dancing like Bugs Bunny entering for a vaudeville sketch. MUSHROOM is wearing a dark purple tuxedo, complete with ruffled shirt, and topped with a coolie hat. MAD BASIL is wearing a dark green straight jacket and matching sweats.*

**MUSHROOM:** Well, I don't know about new and completely different...but you certainly stepped into something!

**RAGWEED:** Oh no! You've attracted the fungus!

**MUSHROOM:** Hey, I couldn't help myself! She set me up for it!

**IVY:** You'll have to excuse me...he's our resident parasite.

**MUSHROOM:** I'm Mushroom, and this here's my sidekick, Mad Basil. Nice to meet you!

**GERDA:** What's he mad about?

**ROSE:** It's not that kind of mad, dear...

**MAD BASIL:** Sometimes I pretend I'm a chicken!

**IVY:** He doesn't have any sense.

**MAD BASIL:** But I've got lots of change! (*MAD BASIL runs around the audience, chicken-like.*) Bu-Guuk!

**MUSHROOM:** You're gonna have to bill him for that one! Haw! Thank you...thank you...we'll be here all night!

**RAGWEED:** That's what we're afraid of! AHHHCHOOO!

**MAD BASIL:** I can be a tiger too. Growl.

**MUSHROOM:** That's not a tiger...but it's a dandy lion. Ha! If I get any funnier I'm gonna have an aneurysm.

**RAGWEED:** You should live a long and healthy life then.

**GERDA:** Could someone please tell me where I am?

**MUSHROOM:** About five feet away!

**GERDA:** No, what country is this? When I started out a few days ago I was in Denmark during the coldest part of the winter and now it feels like it's already spring! *(A "Hee-Haw" type door opens out of one of the bush cutouts. There is a spot on HOLLY.)*

**HOLLY:** Ya'll got trees in Denmark?

**ROSE:** Don't be such a bumpkin, Holly. This isn't Hee-Haw. *(HOLLY slams the door closed.)* Sorry.

**DAISY:** *(Still meditating.)* Gerda, it's always spring here. When you fill your heart with love for your fellow flowers you make the world warm and beautiful. It's like one long, groovy bubble of love here!

**MUSHROOM:** Honey, if you were any sweeter, you'd be a fruit!

**MAD BASIL:** I like Asian Pears! Mmmm in my tummy!

**MUSHROOM:** Ha! You gotta love this guy! He's a connoisseur of non sequitur.

**MAD BASIL:** I like flapjacks too. Bu-Guuk!

*MAD BASIL chicken walks around the stage again.*

**ROSE:** Mmmm...yes...well, let me see...if I can answer your question without going off on some hippy tirade. *(Clears throat.)* You are in the middle of a forest, surrounded by trees and assorted talking vegetation. Now, as to why it is always springtime...well, quite simply...it's magic. Some sort of wacky magic that we are not meant to question or understand. There...clear enough?

**GERDA:** Not really...

**ROSE:** *(Offended.)* Oh, I see...

**IVY:** You know we have completely forgotten our manners! Here we are...prattling on about this and that...and we don't even know who our little guest is! *(To GERDA.)* Please forgive our brutish country ways! For goodness sake, we don't even know her name.

**DAISY:** What's in a name? Names are just a label society puts on us to suppress the creative mind.

**IVY:** Aren't you precious.

**ROSE:** What's your name, dear?

**GERDA:** Gerda.

**ROSE:** Oh, isn't that name just...well...isn't it just...so appropriate.

Gerda. It has a certain air of school marmish-ness about it. Very officious.

**RAGWEED:** I think what we really need to know is why are you here?

**DAISY:** Why are any of us here?

**RAGWEED:** Now I remember why I hate daisies! Just ignore her and answer the questions.

**MAD BASIL:** I have green hair.

**GERDA:** Well, it's a long story...

**MUSHROOM:** Those are the best kind.

**GERDA:** It's not that interesting.

**IVY:** Oh, how can a long story not be interesting?

**GERDA:** I really don't want to talk about it. I'm not that good at telling stories.

**ROSE:** Well that never stops anyone else!

**MAD BASIL:** My dad's name is Herb.

**GERDA:** Really there's no story.

**IVY:** All right, if you expect us to believe that a girl your age is wandering around this forest alone and there's no story behind that, then fine. But you can at least tell us something about yourself.

**ROSE:** Yes! What do you like? What are your hobbies? What makes you special?

**GERDA:** I'm not special.

**MAD BASIL:** I'm very special.

**MUSHROOM:** Oh come on! I've had about as much of this as I can take. It's getting a little redundant don't you think? I mean, this isn't modesty it's masochism. Listen kid, you're not on some crazy game show where you have to give the most evasive and depressing answer to be able to win...this is real life! Well, not this, this is a bunch of giant talking flowers but right now it's as close to real life as you're gonna get.

**GERDA:** I just don't like talking to people about my problems.

**IVY:** Honey, we're not people, we're plants! You seem like a nice girl and we want to help you. How can we if you don't tell us what the problem is?

**ROSE:** Oh, it's been ages since we've helped anyone! Not since that Hansel boy and his sister came wandering through here, and we gave them directions to that cute little candy cottage. I wonder how that worked out?

**MAD BASIL:** Uh-oh.

*He raspberries loudly.*

**GERDA:** I don't know...if Kay were here he could... *(She starts crying.)*

**IVY:** Gerda, tell us what's the matter. I don't want to see you cry!

**GERDA:** All right. I've been wandering around this forest for the past few days looking for my brother Kay. He disappeared from the orphanage the other night. I've never been on my own before, I don't know what to do. Kay was always the one who knew everything. Ever since our parents died we've just had each other... now I don't have anyone at all. He's my family, he's the one person I can turn to, and I know if I ever needed help he would be there for me. So now I'm trying to be there for him. I don't know where he is, but I know he needs me. I don't know what I'd do if something happened to him, he's all I've got.

**DAISY:** That's such a sad story!

**MUSHROOM:** *(Big blow in handkerchief.)* I haven't cried that much since I dated an onion.

**MAD BASIL:** When I cry I smell like a pizza!

**GERDA:** I don't even know why I'm still trying! I don't have any food or warm clothes...it's been weeks, and for all I know I'm going in the wrong direction. I'm scared and tired...and even if I find Kay I won't know what to do!

**IVY:** Well, you certainly have a lot of reasons why you shouldn't go on this trip, but sometimes the greatest journeys are ones we should have never taken. You love your brother and you need to help him.

**RAGWEED:** Where'd your brother go anyway?

**GERDA:** I don't know, some kids at the orphanage said that the Snow Queen took him away.

**ROSE:** (*Gasps.*) The Snow Queen!

**IVY:** Well, that changes everything. Gerda, you have to stay here with us where it's safe!

**MUSHROOM:** She'll give you a major case of freezer burn, that's for sure! Stick with us, kid, and you'll never get a cold shoulder.

**MAD BASIL:** My uncle has freezer burn.

**DAISY:** Don't listen to them Gerda! You have to stand up and fight for what you believe in. Look oppression dead in the eye and shake your fist! (*DAISY shakes her fist to the air; GERDA stands next to her awkwardly. DAISY looks at GERDA.*) Come on, shake your fist. (*GERDA shakes her fist to the air tentatively with her.*) Down with social conventions! Exercise your free will!

**RAGWEED:** Will you just give it a rest?

**DAISY:** (*Singing.*) All we are saying, is give peace a chance!

**RAGWEED:** How about peace and quiet...let's give that a chance!

**GERDA:** Daisy's right. I can't give up on Kay like that!

**IVY:** Well, since you're bound and determined to go, at least let us help you somehow.

**ROSE:** Yes! We can give you provisions—food and water...quick! Someone get this girl some soil! She's got a long journey ahead of her!

**GERDA:** Thank you, but I can't eat soil.

**ROSE:** (*Offended.*) Oh...I see...too good for our poor country soil. You need name brands, you need a label! I didn't know we had a Bandini Princess among us!

**GERDA:** No Rose, it's not that! I'm human, remember? We don't eat soil.

**ROSE:** Yes...yes...that's right...I'm sorry about that. You know, Gerda, if you just wore a frillier dress you could pass yourself off as a flower. It really is a remarkable resemblance.

**IVY:** We may not be able to give you any provisions, but we can at least point you in the right direction. Get Bluebell and Buttercup.

**ROSE:** What a wonderful idea! Bluebell and Buttercup know this forest inside and out. They're sort of like our resident trackers. (*Calling.*) Bluebell! Buttercup! Come out here please! We have a job for you. (*To Ivy.*) Oh, this is so exciting!

*Suddenly, a light effect happens as we hear the sound of a RAM'S HORN being blown. The silhouettes of two large and imposing figures can be seen, they strike bodybuilder poses. The lights come up to reveal BLUEBELL and BUTTERCUP. They are men in flower drag. They wear war paint-style makeup. BLUEBELL looks like a character out of "Braveheart," while BUTTERCUP has a complex Pacific Islander-style design.*

**GERDA:** *(Snickering.)* Those are the trackers!

**BUTTERCUP:** What? You've never seen guy flowers before?

**BLUEBELL:** You know, we may be rough and tumble on the inside, but on the outside we just want to feel pretty. We've got feelings too, you know!

**BUTTERCUP:** If you plant us, do we not grow? If you water us, do we not bloom?

**BLUEBELL:** You go girl!

**GERDA:** You're right; I'm sorry. Well, I guess I should get going. I don't know how I could ever repay you for all things you've done for me.

**IVY:** Don't mention it, sugar!

**MUSHROOM:** We would've done more but...we're lazy. Ha! Are you people writin' this stuff down? It's gold!

**ROSE:** I apologize for the fungus. You have a safe trip now!

**GERDA:** Thank you! Goodbye everyone!

*GERDA exits with BLUEBELL and BUTTERCUP.*

**MUSHROOM:** Defrost her once for me, baby!

**MAD BASIL:** I eat yellow snow.

**ROSE:** Oh, that was uncalled for.

*Blackout. The main act curtain closes. END SCENE 2.*

**PROLOGUE #3**

*The main act curtain is closed and the audience is now in The Rotten Log Cocktail Lounge. Some sort of night show entrance music plays. MUSHROOM enters with back to audience—it's still dark and he does voice over for himself.*

**MUSHROOM:** *(In a smarmy announcer's voice.)* And now...the Rotten Log Cocktail Lounge is proud to present as this evening's featured fungus...everyone, please put your stems together for Mushroom and Mad Basil!

*MUSHROOM turns to face audience as the lights come up. MAD BASIL runs out.*

Hello! Hello! How is everybody? Boy, is this joint nice or what? I don't think we've played a house this snazzy in a long time. You know, I've got a cousin who's got a real nice place growing right out of the side of a tree. Yeah, it really impresses the ladies too. But you know what they say, "Chicks dig a 'shroom with a view!" *(MAD BASIL does a rim shot.)* Thank you! Thank you! Let's hear it for the boys in the band. Now, as the announcer said, I'm Mushroom and this here's my sidekick Mad Basil.

**MAD BASIL:** I taste good with pasta!

**MUSHROOM:** Yeah, with you and me on stage all we need is a tomato and we've got ourselves the start of a beautiful marinara! Look out, Julia Child!

**MAD BASIL:** *(Fearfully.)* Where! *(Looking around frantically.)*

**MUSHROOM:** *(Laughing off his crazy friend.)* Well Basil and I cooked up a heck of a show for you. We actually came up with the idea about two weeks ago and we've been rehearsing it ever since.

**MAD BASIL:** We just wrote it a second ago backstage.

**MUSHROOM:** ex-nay on the just wrote backstage-yay. Sorry folks, he's new at this! Anyway, this is a little sketch we've come up with entitled "The Oh So Merry Fungus and His Many, Many Friends." So sit back and enjoy.

*MAD BASIL pulls out notecards with the words facing the audience, he begins to panic.*

**MAD BASIL:** I can't do this!

**MUSHROOM:** What?

**MAD BASIL:** I can't read this!

**MUSHROOM:** Turn them around! (*MAD BASIL spins the cards, but the words are still facing the audience now they're just upside down. He does a scared take to MUSHROOM, who walks over and flips cards to MAD BASIL's relief.*) He's a little nervous! All right, let's get on with it.

**MAD BASIL:** (*In a monotone.*) Mushroom walked into a restaurant one day and said to the waiter.

**MUSHROOM:** Can I have a little inflection please?

**MAD BASIL:** That's not what it says here!

**MUSHROOM:** No, no, can you read with a little inflection please?

**MAD BASIL:** No.

**MUSHROOM:** Why can't you read with any inflection?

**MAD BASIL:** I don't have any.

**MUSHROOM:** Don't be ridiculous! Everyone's got inflection.

**MAD BASIL:** No. When I get an inflection, I take an aspirin and it goes away.

**MUSHROOM:** That's an infection! I'm talking about inflection!

**MAD BASIL:** I don't hear a difference.

**MUSHROOM:** There's an "L" in inflection.

**MAD BASIL:** There's a "P" in thesaurus.

**MUSHROOM:** No there's not!

**MAD BASIL:** Well there might be one day!

**MUSHROOM:** Look, inflection is where you emphasize certain sounds in words. Just make your words sound different.

**MAD BASIL:** Oooohhhh!

**MUSHROOM:** (*To audience.*) I don't like the sound of that "oh."

**MAD BASIL:** (*Deeper.*) Oooohhhh!

**MUSHROOM:** Just read the cards and remember what I said!

**MAD BASIL:** (*Modulating the sounds up and down, somewhat like a pubescent thirteen year-old.*) Mushroom walked into a restaurant one day and said to the waiter...

**MUSHROOM:** Sadly, that's about as good as it's gonna get!

**MAD BASIL:** No, that's not what he says either!

**MUSHROOM:** Sorry, sorry! He said, "Hey, can I get a sandwich over here? I'm starving to death!"

**MAD BASIL:** But the waiter said: "Sorry, even though you look like a fun guy, we don't serve your kind of people here!" (*There is a stunned moment.*)

**MUSHROOM:** You took the punch line! I'm supposed to say: "But why not? I'm a fun guy!"

**MAD BASIL:** I already told them that.

**MUSHROOM:** I know! You stole the punch line! See, if I say I'm a fun guy it's funny because I'm a fungi.

**MAD BASIL:** They already know that!

**MUSHROOM:** Because you said the wrong line! The joke's not funny now!

**MAD BASIL:** It wasn't funny before.

**MUSHROOM:** AAAUUUGGGHHH! This is the last time I let you be part of my act! Get off the stage! Let's go before they start throwing vegetables!

**MAD BASIL:** My friend looks like an eggplant!

END PROLOGUE #3.

DO NOT COPY

***Thank you for reading this free excerpt from THE WORST PRODUCTION OF THE SNOW QUEEN EVER by Kemuel DeMerville. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:***

**Brooklyn Publishers, LLC**

**P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406**

**Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011**

**[www.brookpub.com](http://www.brookpub.com)**

**DO NOT COPY**