

Snow White & the 7 Menopausal Giant Dwarfs

A Short Pantomime by
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Narrator One (M/F)		Narrator 1 & 2 can be same person if required and stand/sit at opposite sides of the stage at all times. Narrator 1 has the prompt cards.
Narrator Two (M/F)		As above, no prompt cards.
Diadora (The Queen) (F)	Is Snow White's stepmother.	Beautiful but vain and evil.
The Mirror (M)	Effectively a computer app!	Very camp when not doing the 'mirror mirror response'. More sonorous and a bit less camp when speaking in rhyme (like he has a more official voice at that time). Holds an ipad which he consults to see who is the fairest of them all!
Boris/Borisski (M)	Boris is an incompetent henchman with a 'common' English accent. He has a Russian cousin – also a henchman, but more competent.	When Borisski he has a Russian accent which is really just adding 'ski' to the end of certain words. As Borisski he just has a Russian fur hat to differentiate
Grumpy the Dwarf(F)	A stage hypnotherapist	Always looks cross
Leaky the Dwarf (F)	MI5 officer with the Special Operations Executive	Has a very weak bladder
Forgetful the Dwarf (F)	Army bomb disposal officer	As the name implies, very forgetful
Phobic the Dwarf (F)	Zoo keeper in the invertebrate house	Scared of most things, ironic given her job
Stroppy the Dwarf (F)	Martial arts instructor	Snaps at people all the time
Itchy the Dwarf (F)	Paramedic with the East of England Ambulance Service	Scratches a lot, has lots of allergies
Sweaty the Dwarf (F)	Electrician and PAT Testing Expert	Overheats all the time, needs to fan herself a lot
Snow White (F)	Sweet, beautiful and dim	Cheerful, hums to herself a lot
The King (M)	Pompous but kind.	Wears a crown, naive regarding his wife.
Prince Farming/Alarming/Charming (M – could be F in panto tradition)	Various: <i>Farming</i> – strong country accent <i>Alarming</i> – makes himself and others jump when speaking <i>Charming</i> – smooth and charming	Can be different people or the same person with different hats/props. Farming could have a farmers hat and chew on straw; Alarming (nothing specific); Charming has a princely hat or a sword, etc.

This play was written for our own U3A. To help minimise line-learning, some of the action takes place without words i.e. when the narrators are speaking. Not all of our cast wanted to learn their lines, so held their scripts. This may mean a compromise on some of the props. For example, our mirror wore a silver mask to denote he was the mirror, leaving his hand free to use his ipad. Also Snow White may need to collapse into a chair rather than fall on floor at appropriate times!

NARRATOR 1: Good day, Ladies and Gentlemen. I bring to you today a tale of evil, vanity, attempted murder and dwarves. Our story begins with a King and Queen. One winter's day, the Queen pricks her finger on her sewing needle, and her blood drips onto the snow. "Oh," she said to herself, "if only I could have a child whose skin is as white as the snow; whose lips are as red as my blood, and whose hair is as black as coal."

NARRATOR 2: Some months later, her wish is granted, and she gives birth to Snow White. Sadly, shortly thereafter, the Queen dies from sepsis as a result of being pricked by a dirty needle. The King mourns the loss of his lovely wife for a year, and then remarries. His new wife, Diadora, is beautiful, but wicked and vain. She has a magic talking mirror, which she asks every day:

DIADORA: "Mirror, mirror, on the Wall, who is the Fairest of them All?"

MIRROR: [*Very camp*] Well, now she asks. [*Sonorous but still camp voice*] Well my Queen, so chic and grand, You are the fairest in the land. [*mirror bows head as if asleep*]

NARRATOR 1: All was well, until the infant Snow White grew up into a lovely young woman.

DIADORA: "Mirror, mirror, on the Wall, who is the Fairest of them All?"

MIRROR: [*Startled awake. Really camp*] Oh my Queen, it's really true; you are fair but number two. I don't want to give you a nasty fright, but the number one is now Snow White!

DIADORA: [*Screams and stamps her foot*] I will NOT let this happen!

[*Mirror leaves stage*]

NARRATOR 2: [*Whilst the Narrator is speaking, Boris the Henchman comes in and the Queen mimes the taking of Snow White and the dragging of her and points towards the forest. Then they leave the stage*].

The Queen flew into a rage! She shouted for Boris, her henchman, and demanded he take Snow White into the forest and kill her. The henchman does as he is ordered, but he could not bring himself to do away with someone as lovely and sweet as Snow White. He lets her go, making her promise never to return to the Palace ever again.

NARRATOR 1: [*Whilst Narrator is speaking, Snow White enters the stage, looks around, finds and eats something, yawns, stretches and goes off the other side of the stage*]. Lost and upset, the young maiden stumbles through the trees, until she comes across a quaint, rustic cottage Exhausted and hungry, she climbs in through the window. She helps herself to a Cornish pasty that's on the table and lies down on one of the beds.

The dwarves arrive home together.

[Off stage they sing together: Hi Ho, Hi Ho etc....before all dwarves coming on stage, chatting together. They talk as they set a table for dinner for 7]

GRUMPY: Why do we have to live so far away from the station? My knees aren't getting any younger.

FORGETFUL: I can't remember whose idea it was, Grumpy.

LEAKY: You can never remember anything, Forgetful. I'm just grateful that we live in a forest, lots of trees when I need an emergency wee.

PHOBIC: Did you have to go so many times, Leaky? I'm more worried that you've managed to get a wasp trapped in your knickers again.

[Itchy starts to scratch herself]

STROPPY: Oh, Phobic, is there anything you're not frightened of? It's about time you had some therapy and get yourself sorted out. Especially with your job. And you can stop that damn scratching, Itchy. You'll have us all at it.

ITCHY: I can't help it, it's all that talk of creepy crawlies that sets me off.

SWEATY: Can't we get some windows open? I'm sweating like a pig and there's a funny smell in here.

GRUMPY: Yeah, I noticed that, Sweaty. Smells like a tart's boudoir in here, has someone been spraying perfume?

LEAKY: How do you know what a tart's boudoir smells like?

SWEATY: Previous job, dear!

[Grumpy makes a rude gesture at Sweaty]

FORGETFUL: *[Looking on the table]* Hey, ladies, has someone had my pasty?

STROPPIY: No doubt you've eaten it and forgotten that you had.

FORGETFUL: No I haven't!

ITCHY: Well, I haven't had it, you know it gives me hives.

PHOBIC: We haven't got rats again have we? I really can't abide rats.

GRUMPY: You shouldn't have insisted we got rid of the cat.

SWEATY: It had fleas, we had to make Itchy wear scratch mittens and it set off her allergies.

LEAKY: Never mind all that, you lot aren't thinking this through. The house has a perfume smell and there's food missing. I think we've had a burglar.

[Gasps of concern from the dwarves]

FORGETFUL: Why would they steal my dinner?

STROPPIY: More to the point, what else have they taken? We all need to go and look to see if anything's missing.

[All dwarves start wandering around, lifting up plates, peering into corners]

[Itchy goes off-stage and comes back in, dragging Snow White with her]

GRUMPY: Who the hell are you? And what are you doing here?

SNOW WHITE: [*Tearful*] I'm so sorry, my name is Snow White and I was lost and had nowhere to go.

STROPPY: Do we look like a ruddy homeless shelter, then?

SNOW WHITE: Well, actually, yes, you do a bit.

PHOBIC: Don't listen to old Stroppey over there, come and tell us your story.

[Snow White and the Dwarves go slowly off stage, with Snow White talking (silently) and the dwarves nodding - Itchy can be scratching, Leaky walking with legs held together as if she needs a wee, and Sweaty fanning herself. Forgetful initially wanders the wrong way. Grumpy can roll her eyes and Stroppey looks cross with arms folded, all the while the Narrator is talking].

NARRATOR 2: Snow White told the dwarves about how her wicked and vain stepmother had arranged for her henchman to murder her. The dwarves took pity on Snow White, and invited her to stay and housekeep for them.

But things are far from good at the Palace, for the Queen consults her magic mirror again.

[Queen and mirror return to the stage. The mirror is carrying an ipad/tablet, the Queen holds the mirror frame]

DIADORA: [*Preening herself*] Mirror, mirror, on the wall, now I'm the fairest one of all!

MIRROR: [*Pulling a face to break the bad news, and flicking through the ipad 'tinder style' - swiping left for all but one*] Well . . . you'd like to think so . . . but

"Queenie, Queenie, you'll be peeved, the Henchman failed to do the deed. In the forest Snow White dwells, she is living with seven elves."

[Aside very campily] Well, actually, it's seven dwarves, but that didn't rhyme.

DIADORA: [*Fuming, bellows*] WHAT? BORIS, GET IN HERE NOW!

[Goes off stage with the mirror]

NARRATOR 1: The Queen then spends a happy half-hour pulling out Boris' toenails, until he confesses that he, indeed, failed to murder Snow White. So, the Queen then hatches a plan to do away with Snow White herself, as Boris clearly can't be trusted with the task on his own.

[Snow White comes onto stage with feather duster and is humming sweetly as she dusts. The Queen enters, disguised with a headscarf and carrying a small basket containing a couple of apples. She knocks].

SNOW WHITE: Oh, I wasn't expecting anyone. *[Turns and asks audience, hands to ears in expectation of a reply]* Do you think I should answer that?

[Audience responds]

SNOW WHITE: Oh, I think I better answer that, it might be Leaky's bulk order of Tena ladies from Amazon.

[Goes to "door", opens it, smiling]

Hello, can I help you?

DIADORA: *[Old witch-type voice]* Hello my pretty, will you buy my lovely apples?

SNOW WHITE: Oh, they look delicious, but I don't have any money. I work very hard but I don't earn anything, and *[Pensively]* When you think about it, the dwarves have even taken away my passport. So I'm probably a modern-day slave! *[smiles sweetly]*

DIADORA: Well, my sweet one, you can have one of my apples as my gift to you.

SNOW WHITE: Thank you, that's so kind. I'd like that one, there *[pointing]*.

DIADORA: No you can't. You can have this one *[hands over an apple]*.

SNOW WHITE: Thank you, bye bye *[closes door]*.

[Diadora goes offstage, cackling evilly]

SNOW WHITE: *[To audience]* This does look lovely, shall I eat it now?

[Audience respond]

SNOW WHITE: Yes, I think I will

[takes bite, chokes a bit, then collapses into a sitting position on the floor, head slumped forward].

[Itchy comes on stage, calling out]

ITCHY: Cooeee, Snow White, I'm back, my shift finished early *[spots Snow White on floor]* . . . oh my goodness, what's happened! *[Goes over to SW, feels her pulse, then checks her airway]*

There's something lodged in there!

[Heaves SW to her feet and performs a mock Heimlich manoeuvre]

[Snow White spits out a piece of apple]

[Itchy puts SW back onto the floor and moves her into the recovery position].

SNOW WHITE: Oh, Itchy, thank you, you've saved my life. Thank goodness you were back early from the mine!

ITCHY: Mine? Good Lord, I'm not a miner, I'm a Paramedic with the East of England Ambulance service.

[As Narrator speaks, Itchy and SW leave the stage].

NARRATOR 2: So Itchy the Paramedic Giant Dwarf saves fair Snow White's life. That evening, when all the dwarves are home, they hold a house meeting to discuss the days events. They advise SW never to open the door to anyone, unless someone else is with her.

NARRATOR 1: Meanwhile, back at the Palace, the Queen consults the mirror. To her horror, she discovers that Snow White is STILL the fairest in the Land. So a more subtle plan is hatched. This time, she finds a new use for Snow White's old Teddy Bear. . .

[Snow White comes onto stage with feather duster and is humming sweetly as she dusts. The Queen

sneaks on, carrying a teddy bear. She puts the teddy down by the door, knocks and scuttles off, cackling].

SNOW WHITE: Oh, I wasn't expecting anyone. [*Turns and asks audience, hands to ears in expectation of a reply*] Do you think I should answer that?

[Audience responds]

SNOW WHITE: Oh, I better hadn't open the door, but I will look out of the window to see who it is!

[Peers out of the window, and delighted, she sees her old teddy bear].

Oh, it's my old teddy, Fred. I know it's him, because he's got no fur. I'd know my Fred Bear anywhere.

[Opens door, picks up Fred and cuddles him]

My my, Fred, you never used to be this heavy. And I don't ever remember you ticking before. How odd. [*Inspects him*] Oh, my poor Bear, have you had a little operation?

FORGETFUL: [*Comes onstage, glasses on head*] Cooeee, Snow White! It's me, Forgetful. I forgot my glasses and had to come home for them.

SNOW WHITE: But you are wearing them!

FORGETFUL: Oh, so I am. Perhaps I have come home for something else. What have you got there?

SNOW WHITE: [*Holds out bear*] Look, it's my old Fred Bear, I found him by the front door! I know it's my old bear but it's very strange, his squeak has gone but instead he's making a ticking noise.

FORGETFUL: Give him here [*snatches bear and hurls it to one side - off stage or into audience. Party poppers are popped together to make a bang offstage, and handfuls of kapok are thrown onto stage*].

SNOW WHITE: Oh my goodness, poor Fred has exploded. He's never done that before! Oh, Forgetful, thank you, you've

saved my life. Thank goodness you were back early from the mine!

FORGETFUL: Mine? Good Lord, I'm not a miner, I'm a Bomb Disposal Officer with the Royal Engineers.

[As Narrator speaks, Forgetful and SW leave the stage].

NARRATOR 2: So Forgetful the Bomb Disposal Officer Giant Dwarf saves innocent Snow White's life.

Meanwhile, back at the Palace, the Queen consults the mirror again. This time she was certain her evil plot had worked but the mirror tells her otherwise. So, this time, a new approach and new skill was needed. A quick Google search followed by a few on-line lessons from Paul McKenna, and the Queen was ready . . .

[Snow white comes on stage with a large bucket containing confetti and wet sponge. She pretends the bucket is very heavy as if filled with water (or can have bucket of water and do a hidden bucket of confetti swap if possible). She scrunches up the wet foamy sponge to make the audience think there is water in the bucket, and starts to clean the imaginary windows inside the house. She hums to herself whilst she does this]

[Diadora comes on stage wearing a different headscarf and clutching a pocket watch. She knocks on the door].

SNOW WHITE: Oh, I wasn't expecting anyone. *[Turns and asks audience, hands to ears in expectation of a reply]*
Do you think I should answer that?

[Audience responds]

Oh, I know I shouldn't answer the door, but it might be something important.

[Opens door, Diadora steps in and starts swinging the pocket watch in front of Snow White's face].

DIADORA: Look at the watch, look at the pretty watch, don't look at me, look at the watch, look closely, look how shiny it is, listen to my voice, you are

feeling sleepy, your eyes are getting heavy, listen to my voice, you are so tired, you are going to sleep, you are asleep.

[Snow White slumps her head]

DIADORA: Snow White, you are in my power. You will do what I say.

SNOW WHITE: *[Monotone voice]* I will do what you say.

DIADORA: Go to the oven, turn the gas on and put your head inside.

SNOW WHITE: *[Monotone]* We're not on mains gas here it would be too expensive to pipe gas out here in the forest.

DIADORA: *[Mutters to herself]* Damn! What am I going to do now? *[To Audience]* A change of plan is needed, methinks. *[Looks around, sees bucket]* Ah, Snow White, when I leave the house, you are going to put your head in that bucket of water, and leave it there. What are you going to do?

SNOW WHITE: *[Monotone]* When you leave the house I will put my head in the bucket of water and leave it there.

DIADORA: Very good, Snow White. I am going now, goodbye . . . for ever! *[Leaves the stage, cackling]*

[Snow White walks slowly to the bucket, kneels down]

SNOW WHITE: *[Monotone]* I must put my head in the bucket of water and keep it there.

GRUMPY: *[Dashes in]* Snow White! Who was that old woman I just passed?

SNOW WHITE: *[Monotone]* I must put my head in the bucket of water and keep it there.

GRUMPY: I know what's happened, Snow White, look at me, look at me now *[waves fingers around in front of SW's eyes]* look into my eyes, not around the eyes, but into my eyes, look into my eyes, one, two three you are back in the room.

[Snow White jerks and comes to]

SNOW WHITE: Oh, hello Grumpy, what's happening?

GRUMPY: You were hypnotised and were going to drown yourself in that bucket of water. But I brought you out of your trance just in time.

SNOW WHITE: Oh Grumpy, thank you, you've saved my life. Thank goodness you were back early from the mine!

GRUMPY: [*Grumpily*] How many times do I have to tell you? I'm not a miner, I'm a hypnotist and I have just finished my matinee performance at the Majestic, not that it was worth it, just a party from a U3A group in. Miserable old buggers they were, too.

SNOW WHITE: I'd better get rid of this bucket of dirty water then.

GRUMPY: Give it here, I'll do it. [*Makes a play about where she will throw it, eventually lobbing it over some audience members, showering them in confetti*].

[*Grumpy and SW leave the stage*].

NARRATOR 1: So Grumpy the Hypnotist Giant Dwarf saves silly Snow White's life. Meanwhile, back at the Palace . . .

[*Diadora enters with the mirror. The mirror has his ipad/tablet and is swiping left. Diadora stands tapping her foot impatiently with her arms folded.*]

MIRROR: No, no, yuk, minger, minger, oh! [*Turns ipad to 90 deg angle*] They're not real! [*Swipes left*] no, minger, no [*sees Queen*] Oh, hello, hmmm, I think "lose the headscarf" dear, it's terribly ageing.

DIADORA: Oh never mind that - just get on with it [*takes off headscarf, fluffs up hair*]

MIRROR: Well . . . who's an impatient pants then?

DIADORA: Shall I get the hammer?

MIRROR: OK, OK, keep your hair on. You're not going to like it!

Oh Queen, your beauty is there to see
But another fairer still there be
She lives in the forest o'er the vale

And did not put her head in the pail

DIADORA: [*Livid, screams*] Nooooooooo!

MIRROR: Oh dear, keep your toys in the pram, love. Look, I'm not one to take sides, but maybe it's time to bring in the professionals.

DIADORA: What do you mean?

MIRROR: Look, you have a trained henchman. Why're you doing your own dirty work? Perhaps you should give him another chance.

NARRATOR 2: So, Boris the Henchman is summoned once again. A short time later, Boris arrives at the dwarves' cottage . . .

[Snow white off-stage, loudly humming. Boris sneaks onto the stage, looking around. He is carrying a club/bat. He hears SW coming and hides behind a curtain. SW comes on stage with an empty washing basket and stands with her back to the curtain. Boris drops the bat with a loud bang.]

SNOW WHITE: [*Goes to the front, says to audience*] Oh, what was that noise?

[Boris comes out from behind the curtain and picks up the bat]

SNOW WHITE: There's nobody here, is there?

[Narrator 1 holds up sign saying "oh yes, there is"]

[Audience shouts prompt]

SNOW WHITE: Oh, no there isn't!

[Boris creeps up behind her. Narrator 1 holds up sign - oh yes, there is. Audience responds]

SNOW WHITE: Really? Where?

[Narrator 1 holds up sign saying "behind you" for Audience. Audience responds]

[SW turns in an exaggerated circle with Boris behind her - tracking her movements]

SNOW WHITE: I can't see anyone, are you sure? Where?

[Holds up hands in questioning pose]

[Narrator 1 holds up sign saying "behind you" for Audience. Audience responds.]

[SW turns in circle the other way, Boris tracking again]

SNOW WHITE: There's nobody here!

[Boris raises bat and takes aim]

[Stroppy enters stage and spots Boris]

STROPPY: Oi, you! What do you think you're doing? *[Stands in a martial arts/karate pose]*

[Boris jumps, startled, then starts to run slowly off (exaggerated run) with Stroppy following in the same exaggerated way). They run slowly around the stage and run off. SW stands watching, looking shocked. They run off stage and thumps and bangs are heard. Stroppy returns to the stage, dusting his hands].

STROPPY: Well, he won't be coming back in a hurry.

SNOW WHITE: Oh Stroppy, thank you, you've saved my life. Thank goodness you were back early from the mine!

STROPPY: *[Stroppily]* How many times do I have to tell you? I'm not a miner, I'm a martial arts instructor.

[SW and Stroppy leave the stage as the narrator is talking]

NARRATOR 2: So Stroppy the Martial Arts Instructor Giant Dwarf saves foolish Snow White's life.

NARRATOR 1: Meanwhile, back at the Palace, the King is worried about his daughter, who disappeared mysteriously some weeks back. He decides to announce a Quest - he will choose a Prince to find and rescue his beloved daughter. In return, the Prince will get her hand in marriage and inherit the Kingdom. Interviews are taking place.

KING: *[Whilst Narrator 1 is talking, the King enters the stage and sits on a chair].*

[Bellows] Next!

[Prince Farming enters, wearing wellies and straw under his hat. He is chewing some straw]

KING: Name!

FARMING: *[In country accent]* I be Prince Farr-ming.

KING: Delighted to meet you. Now, you know the brief. When can you start the search for my daughter?

FARMING: Well, Sire, it be a busy time of year for me, I can't go this side of Christmas cos I got all them there turkeys to slaughter. Then after that the mangle wurzels need harvesting and then after that, the taters aren't gonna plant themselves! Arr.
[Laughs at own joke].

KING: Ah, well, thank you for your interest, don't call us, we'll call you. Goodbye. *[Shouts]* NEXT!

[Prince Farming leaves as Prince Alarming comes on stage. As they pass, Alarming jumps out of his skin, making Farming do the same].

KING: Delighted to meet you.

[Alarming jumps out of his skin]

ALARMING: God, you scared me.

KING: Oh, sorry, who are you again?

ALARMING: *[Shouts quickly]* ALARMING!

KING: *[Jumps]* You're Prince Alarming?

ALARMING: *[Looks round in a panic]* Who told you?

KING: Well, you just did.

ALARMING: Oh, did I?

KING: When can you set off on this Quest to find my daughter?

ALARMING: Quest? *[Looks round in a panic]* That sounds scary. I don't think I want to do that.

KING: Look, I just need you to head out towards the forest and see if you can pick up the trail.

ALARMING: [*Jumps*] Forest? Oh, no, that sounds dark. And the squirrels - they pop up out of nowhere. [*Loudly and suddenly*] "POP"!

KING: [*Jumps*] Arrgh! Right, ok, we'll let you know. Thank you for your interest. Goodbye. [*Shouts*] NEXT!

[*Alarming leaves*]

NARRATOR 2: And thus the interviews continued. After the King had seen and dismissed Prince Harming, Smarming and Disarming, eventually a likely candidate approached.

[*As Narrator speaks, Prince Charming goes on stage*]

KING: [*Wearily*] Please tell me you're not Prince Embalming.

CHARMING: [*Charmingly*] Of course not, your Royal Highness. I am Prince Charming [*preens himself*].

KING: Oh, that sounds a bit more like it. Well, young man, are you ready to go out and seek my beautiful daughter?

CHARMING: My Lord, even if she resembled the back of a bus I would seek her out in service to you.

KING: Hm, you're a fine young man, you'll do nicely. When can you start?

CHARMING: Right away, Sire.

[*King and Charming leave the stage, the King with a paternal arm around the young Prince's shoulder*]

NARRATOR 1: And so, the Prince's Quest began. Unfortunately, he galloped off on his trusty white steed in completely the wrong direction. We will return to his progress in due course.

NARRATOR 2: Whilst the interviews were taking place, Boris returns, with his tail between his legs, and confesses his failure. The Queen is unsympathetic to his injuries, and sends him out once again,

armed with only a vacuum cleaner and a box of accessories.

[Snow White enters with a broom and rather half-heartedly, sweeps around.]

SNOW WHITE: *[Sighs]* All this housework is getting me down, it's all so labour intensive. If only I had some nice household gadgets to use.

[Boris comes on stage with a clipboard and knocks at the door]

SNOW WHITE: Oh, I wasn't expecting anyone. *[Turns and asks audience, hands to ears in expectation of a reply]* Do you think I should answer that?

[Audience responds]

Oh, I know I shouldn't answer the door, but it might be something important.

[Opens door] Hello, can I help you?

BORIS: *[East London accent]* Allo, luv. Just doing some market research in the area. You've been selected to try out a state-of-the-art vacuum cleaner. No charge, no charge. Free for a month! Just need to get your opinion and after a month, if you like it, you can keep it. What'd you say?

SNOW WHITE: Oh, how delightful, that would be lovely. Where is it?

BORIS: I'll just get it from the van. Blooming hard, getting the van up here through all them bleeding trees, I tell you. Hang on, back in a jiffy!

[Goes off stage]

SNOW WHITE: *[To Audience]* That sound's like a good deal, doesn't it!

[Narrator 1 holds up board "oh no it isn't". Audience responds.]

SNOW WHITE: Oh, yes it is!

[Narrator 1 holds up board "oh no it isn't". Audience responds.]

SNOW WHITE: You are just a load of fusspots, what could possibly go wrong!

[Boris returns with vacuum cleaner and gives it to SW].

BORIS: There you go, love. Enjoy!

[Boris leaves, SW inspects the cleaner with delight]!

SNOW WHITE: Where can I plug this in?

[SW looks around, plug in hand]

[Sweaty enters]

SWEATY: Hiya, I'm just home to change into fresh overalls, this one's soaked. I can't cope with working in those temperatures.

SNOW WHITE: I've put them on your bed. *[Excitedly]* Look at my new vacuum cleaner.

SWEATY: Where did you get that from?

SNOW WHITE: A nice man knocked on the door and gave it to me for a free trial. Isn't that a good deal? This will really help me with my housework!

SWEATY: Hang on, we've told you not to answer the door! Don't you EVER learn? I've told you too that you can't just go around plugging in devices, willy nilly. Let me look at that now!

SWEATY: *[Looks at back of vacuum cleaner]*

Look! There! The wiring has been tampered with. If you'd have switched that on, you would have been electrocuted!

SNOW WHITE: *[Shocked]* Oh my goodness, you have saved my life! Thank Heaven you are back early from the mine!

SWEATY: *[Resignedly]* I've told you, I'm not a miner, I'm an electrician. Good job I have a PAT test rule in this house. Let's get rid of this now, before someone dies.

[SW and Sweaty leave the stage, taking the vacuum cleaner with them.]

NARRATOR 2: So Sweaty the Pat Testing Electrician Giant Dwarf saves stupid Snow White's life. Meanwhile, back at the Palace . . .

[Queen enters stage]

DIADORA: MIRROR! Get your butt in here!

MIRROR: *[Enters stage, clutching ipad]* Coming, sweet cheeks!

DIADORA: Now you can tell me who's the fairest of them all!

MIRROR: Well . . . are you sure? You might not like the answer!

DIADORA: *[Angrily]* Just tell me!

MIRROR: *[Consults ipad]* Alright, alright! According to my database, Snow White is STILL the fairest of them all.

DIADORA: *[Screams]* Arrghhh! *[Shouts]* BORIS! Get here NOW!

[Boris enters]

[Whilst the Narrator speaks, the Queen is silently berating Boris and beating him about the body. The Mirror reacts with shocked campness to everything happening. She then sends Boris away by pointing off-stage. Boris goes off, tail between his legs].

NARRATOR 1: Clearly, the Queen was not pleased with this news. She berates her useless lump of a henchman. She points out that he is of dubious parentage and that he appears to have inherited his brains from an intellectually-challenged baboon.

NARRATOR 2: So, Diadora has to find a new approach, and dreams up a cunning plan to make use of her favourite pet.

[The Queen adopts a thinking pose, then leaves the stage with the Mirror].

SNOW WHITE: *[Enters stage, with duster and furniture polish, hums to herself as she polishes].*

All this work is making me peckish!

[The Queen enters the stage, disguised in yet another different headscarf. She is carrying a

small wooden crate marked Fyffes. Poking out the top is a bunch of bananas, a card and a couple of googly eyes attached to something round and black. The Queen knocks on the door, puts the crate down and goes off stage].

SNOW WHITE: Oh, I wasn't expecting anyone. [*Turns and asks audience, hands to ears in expectation of a reply*] Do you think I should answer that?

[Audience responds]

Oh, I know I shouldn't answer the door, but it might be something important.

[Opens door, looks around]

Oh, there's nobody here. [*Sees crate*] Oh, look at that! Someone knew I was hungry. And there's a message! [*Picks up card, reads out loud*] "To the beautiful Snow White, a present from a Well Wisher." Oh, how lovely. [*Brings crate into house, takes out a bunch of bananas and puts them on the table.*]

[Whilst Snow White is doing that, a large black spider comes out of the crate, pulled by a piece of string off-stage].

[Snow White takes a banana and walks to the front of the stage. During the audience interaction, the spider is slowly pulled towards Snow White]

Now, nothing could be wrong with me eating a banana, surely!

AUDIENCE: [*Narrator 1 holds up card to audience saying "it's behind you."*]

SNOW WHITE: [*To Audience*] What are you saying?

AUDIENCE: [*Narrator 1 holds up card to audience saying "it's behind you."*]

SNOW WHITE: What's behind me?

[Audience responds - a spider]

SNOW WHITE: What did you say? A bottle of cider

[Audience responds - a spider]

SNOW WHITE: A horseback rider?

[Audience responds - a spider]

SNOW WHITE: Oh a spider! Don't worry, I'm not frightened of a little spider!

[Turns round, sees spider, screams, faints in shock].

PHOBIC: *[Enters stage, reading a magazine called Insects Weekly". Sees the spider.]*

[Horrorified & jumps back]. Eurgh no! *[To Snow White]* Keep back! I'll get it *[rolls up the magazine and beats the spider to death at arm's length].*

Disgusting things, can't abide them, too many legs.

[Holds up magazine to inspect it and so the audience can all see what it's called].

Damn, got spider juice all over my favourite magazine as well.

[Goes over to the prone form of Snow White]

Snow White, are you OK?

SNOW WHITE: *[Comes to]* Oh, Phobic, it's you. Watch out, there's a giant spider here.

PHOBIC: Don't worry, I've dealt with it. How on earth did it get in here?

SNOW WHITE: I think it must have been in that crate of bananas which a well-wisher sent me.

PHOBIC: Have you been opening that door again?

SNOW WHITE: Yes, I'm sorry. Silly me. Just thank goodness you were back from the mine early.

PHOBIC: I wish you'd get it into your head that none of us are miners. I am the invertebrate keeper at the local zoo.

[Snow White and Phobic leave the stage]

NARRATOR 2: So Phobic the Invertebrate Zoo Keeper Giant Dwarf saves idiotic Snow White's life. Meanwhile, back at the Palace, the Mirror has shown the Queen a picture of her squished pet.

DIADORA: *[Off stage, screams]* Arrrrghhhhh!

[Comes on stage, dabbing eyes with handkerchief].

My darling Cedric! Taken from me too soon! You will be avenged! I will make her suffer for this - something long, lingering and painful. *[Calls out]* BORR-RISS!

[Boris enters]

What's the name of your cousin in the KGB? You know, the intelligent one?

BORIS: You mean, Borisski?

QUEEN: Fetch him for me.

BORIS: That'll take ages, all the way from Vladisvostok!

QUEEN: As quick as you can!

[Boris goes off, comes straight back on wearing Russian hat]

QUEEN: *[Startled]* Oh, hello Borisski, that was quicker than I thought! I have a job for you.

NARRATOR 1: And so, the Queen outlines her dastardly plan to Borisski, the henchman's intelligent Russian cousin.

[Whilst Narrator is speaking, the Queen and Borisski are miming discussing her plan then leaving the stage together].

[Snow White enters with mop and bucket and starts mopping down stage, humming to herself].

[Borisski enters, knocks on door.]

BORISSKI: *[Calls out in Russian accent]* Good afternoonski! Avonski calling!

SNOW WHITE: I'm sorry, I can't open the door to anyone.

BORISSKI: Oh, vot a shame. I haf here our shiny new catalogueski. Vee haf some luffly zings to go with your luffly black hair, vite skeen and I haf a luffly lipstick for those rosy red lipskis of yours.

SNOW WHITE: [*To Audience*] Oh! A little peek wouldn't hurt. Shall I open the door?

[*Audience responds*]

SNOW WHITE: Well, just this once [*opens door*].

BORISSKI: Here is our catalogueski and our free gift for you. [*Hands over catalogue and a lipstick*]. I will be back on Tuesday, please leave your order outside ze door.

SNOW WHITE: Ok, thank you very much. Bye! [*Shuts door*]

BORISSKI: Byeski! [*leaves stage, laughing in evil fashion*] mwahahahaha, mwahahahaha.

NARRATOR 2: And so, the imbecillic Snow White tries out her new lipstick.

[*In the background, Snow White puts on the lipstick and falls to the ground, senseless*].

But this time, no menopausal giant dwarf arrives home in a timely fashion, and Snow White lies comatose and on the brink of death. But is there hope? I hope you haven't forgotten about Prince Charming!

[*Prince Charming enters stage and knocks on the door, waits a little while, whistling to himself*].

PRINCE C: Oh dear, I'll come back tomorrow. There's nobody in is there? [*Turns to walk off stage*].

[*Narrator 1 holds up board audience saying "Oh yes there is"*] Audience responds

Oh no there isn't

[*Narrator 1 holds up board audience saying "Oh yes there is"*] Audience responds.

PRINCE C: Oh, ok then. I had better break the door down!
Perhaps there is a damsel who needs rescuing.
[kicks door, goes in, sees Snow White]

Golly gosh, there is a damsel in distress, and a rather fine filly at that! Phwoah! I think I had better revive her with a kiss! She'll be ever so grateful *[salacious wink at audience]*.

NARRATOR 2: *[Whilst Narrator is talking, Prince Charming goes over to Snow White, kisses her and falls down next to her]*.

And with that, Prince Charming gives Snow White a tender kiss, and he too falls down as if he were dead. Now, there's two of the dimwits lying on the floor. So now what are we going to do?

[Leaky enters, carrying a briefcase, sees the couple lying down as if dead, goes over cautiously]

LEAKY: Uh-oh, this doesn't look good. *[Looks over the bodies without touching them]*. This has all the hallmarks of poisoning by a deadly nerve agent. *[Sniffs bodies]* Hmm, Russian in origin, I suspect. *[Opens briefcase, gets out magnifying glass and looks at Snow White's and Prince Charming's lips through it]* Yes, just as I thought, it's Novichok poisoning! Lucky I happen to have the antidote here in my briefcase. *[Gets out a small spray and sprays water into their faces]*. That should do it. *[Stands back]*.

[Snow White & Prince Charming wake up slowly].

Hurry up and come to. I'm desperate for a wee.

SNOW WHITE: Oh, Leaky, you've saved my life! Thank goodness you came home early from the . . . er . . . what exactly is your line of work?

LEAKY: I'm a miner.

SNOW WHITE: Why the briefcase, then? Shouldn't you have a pickaxe and a lamp?

LEAKY: Ok, you've rumbled me. The mining job is just a cover, really I happen to be a Special Operations Executive with MI5!

[Leaky goes off stage with legs crossed]

NARRATOR 1: *[Whilst Narrator is talking, Snow White & Prince Charming gaze at each other, holding hands].*

So Leaky the undercover miner who is really a Special Operations Executive with MI5 Giant Dwarf saves Snow White's & Prince Charming's lives.
[conspiratorially to Audience] God, who writes this drivel?

NARRATOR 2: The happy couple return to the Palace and before long, they were married, with their seven giant dwarf bridesmaids in attendance.

[The entire cast come on stage as the Narrator talks]

NARRATOR 1: The veil was finally lifted from the King's eyes, and he saw how wicked his Queen had been, especially after she ran off with the Crown Jewels, sold them to pay for extensive cosmetic surgery and became the darling of reality TV shows.

NARRATOR 2: And as for Snow White and Prince Charming, well, they lived happily ever after.

The End.

[Narrator 1 Holds up card saying "oh no it isn't"]

ALL CAST: "Oh, yes it is" *[All cast bow].*

The End