

# SNOW GOOD!

A pantomime of sorts

by

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# SNOW GOOD!

## Characters

Narrator  
Fairy Good  
Jolly Good  
Will  
The Savoury Meat Pies (2)  
Dancing Chefs (6)  
The Sausage Dancers (6)  
Blood  
Doctor  
Queenie  
Fairy Godmother  
Snow Good  
Spanner  
Lofty  
Titch  
Candy  
Floss  
Herr Piece  
The Prince  
Vicar

# Snow Good!

*On stage are three large flats, one running L to R Upstage and the others running from slightly down both edges of this flat to DL and DR in order to create entrances and exits from UL and UR. There are three other exits namely, DL and DR.*

*The flats are either decorated with hooks or dressed in strips of Velcro to enable images to be affixed for certain scenes. The images to be affixed are mentioned at the beginning of each scene.*

## The Prologue

*The stage is bare of furniture*

*A recorded musical overture (your choice) introduces the Prologue and it suddenly stops. There is a pause and the overture is played for a second time and as it ends, the action begins.*

*The Narrator crosses DC and peers out into the audience, clears his throat and steps back onto an imaginary spot on the floor.*

*The Narrator smiles broadly.*

Narrator: It's mid - winter in the village of Enthralling  
And would you believe snowflakes are falling

*A flurry of white paper is blown onto the stage horizontally from DR and The Narrator coughs and wheezes as he is covered in paper pieces, which makes him cough and splutter, but he manages to face the audience and smiles broadly.*

Narrator: But it wasn't long before the snow suddenly stops

*It doesn't as more pieces of paper fly onto the stage*

*(He calls off DR)*

I said it suddenly stops!

*The snowflakes cease*

Narrator: But life goes on as normal in this busy location

Especially at the butcher's shop of meaty delectation

*He turns R, expecting something to happen, but nothing does. He turns back to face the audience. He is about to speak when the lights go down briefly.*

Narrator: Oh!

*He exits DR*

## Scene 1: The Goods' Butchers Shop

*When the lights come up there is a large sign on the upstage wall –  
J. GOOD THE BUTCHER.*

*A large table on casters is wheeled on C. The legs and casters cannot be seen since the table is wrapped in blue and white striped cloth, thus hiding the two SAVOURY MEAT PIES underneath the table who kneel/sit on a low shelf. The table top has two large holes for the SAVOURY MEAT PIES heads to appear eventually (as crusty savoury meat pies, of course)*

*RC is a butcher's bench, smaller than the table.*

*Jolly Good enters UR pulling a string of sausages which drag behind him from off stage. He pulls at the string of sausages which appear to be stuck. He crosses and exits UR.*

Jolly Good: (Off UR) Oy, you're standing on my sausages! Thank you.

*He re-enters and pulls on the sausages which change to a long line of bunting.*

*Fairy Good enters UR with a large cleaver and a pair of scissors. She bends and cuts the line of bunting, part of which is pulled from UR and disappears off stage. Jolly Good pulls off the original line of bunting from the string of sausages and throws the stringed bundle of bunting off stage UL. He returns and places sausages on the bench. Fairy Good also places cleaver and scissors on the bench.*

Fairy Good: What a performance!

Jolly Good: You can say that again.

Fairy Good: What a performance!

Jolly Good: No, I didn't mean...oh never mind dear. Just help me prepare the meat.

Fairy Good: What's the point Jolly, we don't seem to have any customers.

*Jolly Good pulls a small piece of paper from his apron pocket, which he has difficulty deciphering.*

Jolly Good: I dunno, I've received an order from a family of dwarves wanting twelve steaks, a joint of lamb, twelve sausages, two kilograms of mince, three chickens.

*He continues reading from the piece of paper*

Fairy Good: That's a tall order.

Jolly Good: Oh yes, and a fox.

Fairy Good: (*amazed*) A fox?

*Jolly Good considers the piece of paper again*

Jolly Good: Sorry, a box!

Fairy Good: A box of what?

Jolly Good: Er, offal

Fairy Good: Yuk, how awful!

Jolly Good: I s'pose they want to make an offaly nice offal pie.

*Fairy Good sighs loudly and shakes her head in mild disbelief.*

Fairy Good: That was not even remotely funny!

Jolly Good: I didn't write the script, did I? Right first, you get the meat and cut up the steaks and I'll get the lamb and chickens. Then we'll have a go at the rest.

Fairy Good: Okey dokey!

*She exits UR*

*Will enters L.*

Will: Hi, Jolly! Have you got a sheep's head?

Jolly Good: No, it's the way I comb my hair. What you want a sheep's head for?

Will: I applied for a job shearing sheep. My Dad was pleased; he said I needed to get ahead in life.

Jolly Good: No sheep heads I'm afraid but I've got some delicious savoury meat pies, if you're interested.

Will: Ooh, I just love savoury meat pies!

Jolly Good: These are special meat pies Will.

Will: In what way?

*Jolly Good points to the table*

Jolly Good: Just have butchers at these.

*Will scratches his head*

Will: Butchers?

Jolly Good: It's rhyming slang for look; Butcher's Hook-Look!

*He claps his hands*

*The Two Savoury Meat Pies heads appear through the holes in the table but suitably dressed as pies. The lids of the pies move like mouths and the pies start Singing: 'I Only have Pies for you' (based on the song, 'I only have Eyes for You' composed by Harry Warren, lyrics by Al Dubin - 1934) as Six Dancing Chefs dressed in blue tights, chefs' white jackets, blue and white striped T shirts and flat chefs' hats enter L and R and dance in time to the slow ballad. Two of the dancers dance with Jolly Good and Will.*

*Just for our dinner tonight  
They're so crusty and wonderfully light  
I'm baking savoury pies  
For you dear.*

*The pastry rises high  
Biting into them will be a surprise  
I only have pies for you*

*I hope you like them in gravy  
Or with ketchup or brown sauce*

*You'll be here so will I  
Sitting under a moonlit sky  
Knowing they're all disappear from view  
Cos I only have pies for you  
Yes, I only have pies for you.*

*At the end of the song the mood changes and dancing onto the stage from L and R dancers dressed as sausages (Six Sausage Dancers) join the Dancing Chefs' on stage and they all dance, to the song 'Sausages and Pies!' and sing along with Will and Jolly Good, who also dance. The song is based on the Traditional song 'Knees up Mother Brown'.*

*Sausages and Pies!  
Sausages and Pies!  
Into the oven they must go  
Ee-aye Ee-aye Ee -aye O!  
When they're brown and crispy  
Serve with mash or fries  
Eat up! Eat up!  
Don't forget to eat up  
Sausages and Pies!*

*Oh my, bangers and pies  
Bangers and pies  
Bangers and pies  
Oh my Sausages and Pies  
Have another plate or two-oo!*

*\*Repeat song and dancing*

*At the end of the song Jolly Good addresses the audience*



Jolly Good: Ladies and gentlemen, your appreciation for all our dancers.

*He applauds them and encourages the audience. The dancers bow and curtsey to the audience and exit R and L*

Jolly Good: And not forgetting, ladies and gentlemen, The Savoury Meat Pies!

*He applauds them and encourages the audience*

*As much as they can The Savoury Meat Pies nod and shake their 'heads' and disappear from view, through the holes in the table.*

*Fairy Good enters UR with a small carcass of meat which she places on the bench.*

Fairy Good: Steaks coming up dear!

*She slams the meat cleaver into the meat and lets out a prolonged scream, making Jolly Good and Will jump back and fall over and the Savoury Meat Pies to shoot up through the holes and yell. They then disappear into their holes. Jolly Good and Will scramble to their feet. Fairy Good mimes the prolonged scream recorded off stage. She freezes until the recording stops and then wraps her hand with her apron.*

*Will crosses to her and opens the apron to have a look at her injury and a dummy hand falls from Fairy Good's arm onto the floor. Fairy Good looks at where her hand used to be and Jolly Good faints.*

Will: I think I'd better get a plaster.

*Fairy Good carefully picks up the hand and groans.*

*Will exits DR*

Fairy Good: *(calling off)* What use will a plaster be, you fool! Ooh, it hurts so!

*Jolly Good recovers and slowly climbs to his feet. He approaches Fairy Good and comforts her.*

Jolly Good: I've got to hand it to you, you're very brave my dear.

Fairy Good: Which is more than I can say for you, darling.

Jolly Good: I haven't the faintest idea what you mean!

Fairy Good: *(aside to the audience)* It gets worse you know.

*Narrator enters DL*

Narrator: And Blood ran from Fairy's arm.

*Blood enters DR at speed and runs around the stage and exits DL.*

*Jolly Good faints*

*Blood enters DL completely out of breath*

Fairy Good: Look Blood, I'm the one who's supposed to run out into the snow.

Blood: I think I'd better have my pressure checked. I'm sorry, I got carried away *(miserably)* I don't do much in this panto you know.

Fairy Good: Yes, we've noticed.

*Jolly Good recovers and joins them. He looks across at Blood*

Jolly Good: I can't stand the sight of Blood

Blood: Hey, I'm not that bad.

Fairy Good: Quite right, she's harmless.

Jolly Good: No, you are, or nearly.

Fairy Good: *(aside to audience)* I did warn you.

Fairy Good: Come on Blood, you'd better stick with me.

*Fairy Good exits with Blood DR*

Narrator: Where was I?

Jolly Good: What about the snow?

Narrator: Oh, yes. Three drops of blood fell from Fairy Good's arm into the snow.

*Three loud thuds are heard off stage.*

*Fairy Good enters DR, her arm very heavily bandaged.*

*Will enters DR carrying a large box of plasters. He stops and looks at Fairy Good's bandaged arm.*

Will: That's a bit over the top isn't it?

Fairy Good: Well those plasters you've got won't be any good, will they?

Will: I s'pose not. Looks as though I'm stuck with 'em now.

*He exits DR*

*Fairy Good breaks off and looks out into the audience, demurely.*

Fairy Good: The red blood looks so lovely on the white pristine snow. If I had a child, I think I'd call her Snow Bloody Good.

*She gives the audience a wide smile and exits gracefully DL.*

*The Narrator and Jolly Good look at each other, give exaggerated shrugs, and shake their heads*

*Lights down.*

## Scene 2: Fairy and Jolly Good's House.

*The scene is similar to the previous one, except that the banner and table have been struck and there are portraits and pictures of flowers on the flats.*

*There is also a crude image of a fireplace in the middle of the L flat.*

*The Doctor is standing by the fire warming his hands.*

*Jolly Good enters UR rubbing his hands*

Jolly: Brr! It is cold isn't it Doctor?

*The Doctor sings the following one line based on the old song 'Baby it's cold Outside'*

Doctor: 'Jolly, it's cold outside!'

Jolly: It's jolly cold outside.

Doctor: No, the line is *(he sings)* 'Jolly, it's cold outside!'

*Jolly Good shakes his head in mild disbelief*

Jolly Good: Well Doctor?

*The Doctor turns to him and they cross to C as they speak*

Doctor: Yes, very well thank you.

Jolly Good: No, I mean my wife.

Doctor: Do you mean she's not your wife?

Jolly Good: No! No!

Doctor: You have two wives who are not really your wives? That's bigamy!

Jolly Good: No, if it were true it would be really big of me!

*Jolly Good laughs*

*The Doctor looks at him strangely and scratches his head.*

Jolly Good: Oh never mind. No, I have a wife, but only one.

Doctor: Who's not well?

Jolly Good: She's very well!

Doctor: Then why did you call me?

Jolly Good: She's had a baby!

Doctor: Then why didn't you call me earlier?

Jolly Good: You delivered the baby!

Doctor: Oh, did I? Was it a boy or a girl?

Jolly Good: A girl, Snow Good.

Doctor: She's no good? Well never mind, perhaps you'll have a boy next time. *(He consults fob watch)* Is that the time? I must be on my way. I've more patients to see. I'll pop in tomorrow to see how your two wives and babies are.

Jolly Good: What! Oh dear, oh dear. I'll see you to the door doctor.

Doctor: I think I know what a door looks like.

*Jolly Good exits UR laughing incredulously followed by The Doctor*

*The lights go down and come up quickly on the same scene*

*Narrator enters DR*

Narrator: At the age of seven Fairy Good was killed in a... *(To audience carefully)* Silly me. Fairy Good was killed in a tragic accident when Snow Good was seven years old.

*Jolly Good enters UL slowly, his head in his hands.*

*The Narrator exits DR*

*Jolly Good crosses DC*

Jolly Good: What am I to do?

*Will enters UR and crosses to Jolly Good.*

Will: I'm so sorry to hear about poor Fairy. How did it happen?

Jolly Good: She fell into the meat mincer.

Will: Oh, what a great minced steak.

Jolly Good: Minced steak? Don't you mean it was a great mistake?

Will: That's what I said or if I didn't it was what I meant.

*Jolly Good sobs loudly and dramatically goes overboard in his grief*

Jolly Good: Oh dear, oh dear, all I have in the world now is Snow Good! Dear sweet Snow Good; my darling little Snowdrop.

Will: *(rubbing his chin and slowly shaking his head)* That's a bit grim.

Jolly Good: *(absolutely over the top)* Oh dear, oh dear what am I to do? I'm alone without any one to care for and no one to care for me. *(He cuts off)* I really enjoyed that. It's not often I get the opportunity to act dramatically.

Will: It's not often you can act.

*Will crosses UR. Jolly Good follows him.*

Jolly Good: What d'you mean by that?

Will: What I said.

Jolly Good: There's nothing wrong with my acting!

Will: If you say so.

*They exit UR.*

*Narrator enters DR*

Narrator: Snow Good soon became the most beautiful girl in the land, but one person became her enemy.

Queenie: *(Off)* Her enemy, idiot!

*The Narrator clears his throat and smiles nervously at the audience.*

Narrator: Her enemy, idiot! *(He thinks)* No, that can't be right.

*He exits DR shaking his head.*

*Lights down*

### Scene 3: A Room in Queenie's Palace

*The images on the flats have been changed to decorous windows and paintings depicting the richness of the room. The stage is bare*

*Sinister music (your choice) introduces the scene, which stops and replays for a short time until it stops abruptly.*

*Queenie enters from UL*

*The music starts up again but louder.*

*Queenie crosses to C. The music continues.*

Queenie: Mirror *(she breaks off and calls off R)* Oy! Cut the music!

*It stops immediately. She continues.*

Mirror, Mirror!

*There is no response.*

Oy, Mirror!

*Mirror enters DR. Refer to the Production notes which follow this script for details of Mirror's special costume.*

*He stands before Queenie, who sighs heavily, shakes her head and glares at him*

Queenie: At last. Mirror, Mirror off the wall, who is the fairest of them all?

*Enter Fairy Godmother DL carrying a bent wand which has been wrapped in tape. She's dressed in a tutu and thick white stockings. Her costume is covered in glitter and her face is thick with make up.*

Fairy Godmother: Have no fear Queenie you shall go to the ball.

Queenie: What are you doing?

Fairy Godmother: What d'you mean?

Queenie: You're not needed until later, much later!

Fairy Godmother: According to my script I should be on by now.

Queenie: According to my calendar you should be on next Christmas when we perform Cinderella!

Fairy Godmother: The Director wants me to make an entrance in this panto.

Mirror: Well, there's some wood and nails in my dressing room. Make a door, that'll make a good entrance.

Fairy Godmother: You're so rude!

Queenie: Knowing you, you're probably reading the script from the end to the beginning. Now please go and find out when and whether you're needed.

Fairy Godmother: Charming I must say!

*She exits DL*

Queenie: *(to Mirror)* Well who is it?

Mirror: Who's what?

Queenie: I am waiting for your reply! Who is the fairest?

Mirror: *(sharply)* I know! I know! Queenie is the fairest of them all!



*Mirror turns and crosses to exit DR*

Queenie: Where are you going?

Mirror: I need time to reflect.

*Mirror exits DR*

Queenie: I'm still and I shall always be the fairest in the land!

*Queenie laughs and launches into her song, moving about the stage using her body language to emphasize the lyrics:*

*Queenie's Song ('I am the Fairest!') -Music by Jack Zissell and Lyrics by the Author.*

*I am the fairest  
The fairest in the land  
My face and hands have never worn  
I've maintained my perfect form  
I'm sheer perfection  
That's without question*

*I am the fairest  
The fairest in the land  
My Raven featured hair  
Makes everybody stare  
I have such style  
And so much flair*

*I am the fairest, simply the fairest  
The fairest in the land  
I am the fairest, simply the fairest  
The fairest in the land  
(She crosses grandly L singing the following lines)  
Queenie!  
The fairest in the land!  
She exits L*

*Narrator enters DL*

Narrator: A year later Snow Good became even more beautiful.

*Lights down and slowly up to a rosy glow on Snow Good at DC.*

*She is a very pretty girl, slim with raven hair.*

*Jolly Good enters R and meets Snow Good at DC*

Jolly Good: I am so proud of you my darling daughter, my little princess. You are simply beautiful.

Snow: Thank you father.

Jolly Good: If only your mother could see you now.

Snow: I think she can, don't you?

Jolly Good: I do believe you're right.

*Jolly Good hugs and kisses her gently*

*Lights down and up on an empty stage with the same images etc. as at the beginning of the scene.*

*Queenie enters UL and crosses to DC*

Queenie: (*calling R*) Oy Mirror!

*Mirror enters DR*

Mirror: Alright, keep your wig on! I was delayed. Somebody breathed on my glass. I couldn't see a thing!

Queenie: Mirror, Mirror who is the fairest of them all?

Mirror: (*clearing his throat*) you are most fair Queenie, that is true, but the girl Snow Good is fairer than you.

Queenie: Who did you say? Snow Good? Not the squirt of a girl who lives in Enthralling, the village girl?

Mirror: That's the girl, she's simply the fairest, Queenie.

Queenie: She can't be!

Mirror: I'm afraid she is. Well, no, I'm not really afraid.

Queenie: Absolute rubbish.

Mirror: Well, let's ask the audience. Well, who is the fairest? Is it Queenie or Snow Good? Come on now!

*Mirror encourages audience to shout back 'Snow Good!'*

Mirror and Audience: Snow Good!

Queenie: Oh no she's not! It's me, Queenie!

*Mirror encourages the audience*

Mirror and Audience: No! It's Snow Good!

Queenie: No, it's me, Queenie!

*Queenie is astounded by the audience's reaction*

Queenie: Oh no she isn't!

*Mirror stirs up the audience*

Mirror: *(to audience)* Well, what do we say?

Mirror and Audience: Oh yes she is!

Queenie: Oh no she's not!

*Mirror continues to stir audience*

Mirror and Audience: Oh yes she is!

Queenie: *(completely beside herself)* You horrible, disgusting people!

*Queenie staggers across stage to DL over dramatically, holding one hand to her heart.*

Queenie: *(looking out front, her bottom lip quivering)* How can it be so?

Mirror: Er.....Er...well....

Queenie: (*hissing*) I said how can it be so?

Mirror: Oh yes, 'cos she's about twenty-five years or so younger than you and I would say generally more attractive.

Queenie: Twenty-five years younger! A quarter of a century? More attractive? That's not possible!

Mirror: OK, more beautiful then, less wrinkles.

Queenie: Wrinkles? I've no wrinkles! How can you say that?

Mirror: 'Cos I had to say something, I couldn't remember the line! In any case mirrors don't lie.

*Queenie crosses to DC*

Queenie: (*over dramatically and glaring at the audience*) Oh, you are so unkind to me.

*She turns her back on Mirror*

Queenie: Mirror! Leave! Leave me now!

Mirror: (*flippantly*) As you wish. (*Aside to audience*) Would you believe, the director says to me, I've got a good part for you he says; in fact, a smashing part. I dunno!

*He exits DR*

*Will enters DL.*

Queenie: Oh Will, will you help me?

Will: If I can Queenie, yes, I will. I'm paid to.

Queenie: Yes, I know you will and don't forget I pay you well.

Will: That's a matter of opinion; I've known you for years and I've asked for a pay rise a number of times.

Queenie: And you've always received one, haven't you?

Will: Yes, one small sovereign.

Queenie: I can't help the size of them. Nevertheless, you'll do anything for me won't you Will?

Will: For another sovereign I will.

Queenie: (*impatiently*) Alright, alright, I'll look into it. (*Sinisterly*) I want you to get rid of (*pauses for effect*) Snow Good!

Will: Who do you want to get rid of then?

Queenie: I just gave you her name!

Will: Who?

Queenie: Snow Good! Snow Good!

Will: Why do you keep saying it's no good? Just tell me who it is woman!

Queenie: Oh for heaven's sake!

*She approaches him*

(*She speaks slowly and precisely*) The girl called Snow Good. I want you to get rid of her!

Will: Oh her! When? Where? (*Queenie gives him a kick*) Ow!

*He hops on one leg and limps away from her L*

Queenie: Lose her in the forest.

Will: In the forest?

Queenie: And then get rid of her.

Will: She's very pretty!

Queenie: That's a matter of opinion. Will you or won't you?

Will: Yes. (*Proudly*) Where there's a will there's a way, I suppose.

*He crosses DR to exit*

Queenie: Where are you going?

Will: For a rest.

Queenie: No, no, you're supposed to go into the forest, not for a rest!

Will: I wondered why I needed one. I've slept well lately and I haven't been that busy.

*Will exits DR*

Queenie: Why am I surrounded by idiots?

*She exits UR in a huff*

*Narrator enters DL*

Narrator: Will went in search of Snow Good. Will he find her? In what state will she be? How long will it take?

Queenie: *(Off UR)* Forever, if you keep ranting on!

Narrator: *(calling)* I do not rant!

*Narrator exits DL muttering in annoyance*

*Lights Down*

## Scene 4: In the Forest

*The images on the flats have been changed to a number of scrawny trees and some stand up cardboard trees about the stage.*

*Lights up on Snow Good at C. She wears a cloak and fitted hood over her dress.*

Snow: It's so lovely here - The fresh green grass, the trees rustling in the breeze, the birds singing.

*The sound of a high wind followed by a jet aeroplane which stops suddenly*

*Will enters DR*

Snow: Who're you?

Will: I'm Will. You must be Snow Good. *(Snow Good smiles and nods her head)* I knew your father, Jolly Good. I haven't seen him for ages, I am semi employed by the queen as a woodcutter. Sometimes I can't see the wood for the trees; sometimes the trees for the wood.

Snow: I'm very pleased to meet you.

Will: So am I; pleased to meet you I mean. You're so beautiful.

Snow: Thank you.

Will: I mean what I say. I haven't met such a pretty young lady before.

Snow: Lady? Well that's most complimentary, thank you.

Will: How's your father?

Snow: He hasn't been the same since my Mother died.

Will: Oh, how sad. I must call upon him one day. What happens now, 'cos I've lost the plot? I can't remember who says what.

*She sighs and crosses to him*

Snow: *(Prompting him)* I've come to take you deep into the forest.

Will: Have you, why?

Snow: No, you say that, to me.

Will: What for?

Snow: *(gently)* Because you want to lose me.

Will: Do I? Oh yes! What a pity. *(Breaking off)* I have to leave you now.

Snow: You don't say that until later!

Will: I know Snow, but it's no good, I shall completely stuff up my lines if I stay.

Snow: Oh dear.

*Will searches for a line by walking R and L and R again and then suddenly realises.*

Will: What do I do? I'm completely lost!

Snow: For words you are, that's for sure!

*He quickly exits DR*

*Snow Good looks about her and out at audience and throws a smile in embarrassment.*

Snow: *(sudden realisation)* I must be lost too. I've no idea how to get out of this forest. What is to become of me?

*She turns and crosses to DC. She smiles sweetly at the audience.*

*She begins to sing:*

*Snow Good's Song ('It's All a Fantasy!')*

*I dream one day a prince will come for me  
He'll be so handsome, fit and strong  
Yet gentle as he can be*



*His smile shall fully enrapture me  
He'll ask me to be his bride, and I'll agree  
And I'll remain forever at his side, just me.  
But, of course, it's all just a fantasy.*

*Why would a prince want a simple girl like me?  
How could this dream become a reality?*

*It's all a fantasy!*

*She repeats the song*

*She drops her head and crosses slowly DR*

Snow: Well at least my father calls me princess.

*The Prince enters DL half dressed. He struggles to put on his leggings.*

*Snow Good turns to him in alarm*

Prince: I heard you singing about me.

Snow: *(astounded)* What're you doing?

Prince: I'm the Prince.

Snow: I know, but you're not on yet.

Prince: Oh really? Oh no!

*He immediately tries to run DL but his leggings fall around his ankles.  
He quickly pulls them up and stumbles off DL and yells in pain.*

*Snow Good collects her thoughts.*

*Snow Good sings the final line of the song:*

*(Softly) Because it's all a fantasy.*

*Lights down and a wide spot on Queenie and Will at DC. The rest of  
the stage is in darkness.*

Queenie: What have you to report?

Will: I did it.

Queenie: Did you get rid of her as I requested?

Will: I left her in the forest.

Queenie: Yes, but is she gone, forever?

Will: I think so.

Queenie: What do you mean you think so? You must know so.

Will: I did as you asked.

Queenie: Well, we'll soon find out. (*Calls Off R*) Mirror!

Will: (*aside to audience*) Oh cripes, I forgot about the Mirror.

*Mirror enters DL, meeting them in the Spot and eating a thick sandwich.*

Mirror: Yes?

*Queenie jumps, expecting Mirror to enter DR. She turns to him.*

Queenie: What're you doing?

Mirror: It's my break! I'm not supposed to be on yet. (*To Will*) You've missed out half a page of the script.

Will: It's probably just as well.

Queenie: Mirror, mirror off the wall.....

Mirror: (*interrupting*) You don't need to go through that again. She's still the fairest of them all.

Queenie: I thought so (*to Will*) I told you to get rid of her!

Will: I left her in the forest. I found a track, followed it and came to a shop at the edge of the forest. I'd completely lost my way and so I bought a map and when I got back to where I left her, she was gone!

*Queenie is transfixed by his explanation. She looks at him open mouthed and shakes her head.*

Will: *(sudden realisation)* You mean, you really wanted me to get rid of her. Look, I'm no killer! I couldn't kill a fly!

Mirror: I dunno, your acting's killing me.

Will: Huh! Yours is not what it's cracked up to be either. I just couldn't harm the girl, she's so beautiful. I was quite taken by her.

Queenie: *(dramatically and loudly)* Enough! I shall have to employ a professional, not a dreamy eyed fool! I intend to be the fairest in the land, without exception! The girl shall be annihilated!

*She sings the last lines of her song.*  
I'm Queenie!  
I'm the fairest in the land!

*Spot off, lights down*

## Scene 5: The Dwarves House in the Forest

*Images of a rustic home are affixed to the flats such as mullioned windows and an open fire place.*

*There is also a hat rack UR displaying three woollen hats and a rustic hall table next to it. There is also a large white card on the table.*

*There is a wooden chair R*

*L is a small bed with a small table next to it, bearing a candle holder.*

*There is also a kitchen table C with places set for three people, including plastic dinner plates.*

*The stage is dimly lit.*

*Lights up on Snow Good's entrance from UR.*

*She looks about the place.*

Snow: (*calling*) Hallo, is anyone at home?

*She notices the card on the table*

Ah, what's this? (*Reading aloud*) Back soon. Please don't tell anyone in case he or she or they are burglars (*breaking off*) How strange. (*She replaces card*) I'm so tired and hungry. I must get off my feet (*to audience*) I shall take my shoes off of course, because I can't really get off my feet can I? (*She removes her shoes*) My feet are freezing, and there's no food anywhere, but there is a bed. I think I'll take a nap.

*She crosses to the bed and lies on it.*

*Narrator enters DR*

Narrator: And so Snow Good soon fell fast asleep. That's all I have to say. Not worth coming on was it.

*Snow Good immediately falls asleep.*

*Narrator exits D*

*The lights slowly dim and rise as the Three Dwarves can be heard whistling 'Colonel Bogie's March', which is aided by a recording off stage. They enter UR, carrying picks and shovels slung on their shoulders to emulate marching soldiers. They march around the stage marching between the furniture and deposit their tools underneath the hat rack and continue to march around the stage and hang their hats on the hat rack. They march DC and into a line D, facing the audience.*

*Lights full*

*They stop whistling, smile broadly and enter into a Variety act with high kicking movements and holding each other across the shoulders. They turn sideways to audience and emulate train wheels turning, still smiling broadly. They stop, and then resume marching around stage - the music fades as they return DC.*

*Spanner wears a beard which has been affixed incorrectly. It runs down his back. Spanner is of average height.*

*The other dwarves are clean shaven. However, Lofty and Titch as their names imply are tall and short.*

Spanner: I'm sure that music has nothing to do with this pantomime.

Lofty: It was fun though, stirring stuff.

Titch: Yes, a bit like your gravy last night.

Lofty: What d'yer mean? There was nothing wrong with my gravy!

Spanner: OK, stop arguing. Work's over for now, thank goodness.

Lofty: Yes, Spanner, but If there were seven of us we wouldn't have to work so hard.

Spanner: Well, at least it's not crowded in here; it would be if there were seven of us.

Titch: Yes, but all the jobs would be cut in half.

Lofty: Mind you, as the cook I only have to cook for three, which makes life easier.

Spanner: And you're a wonderful cook!

Titch: Yes, Rick Stein of the forest!

Lofty: That's a compliment coming from you Titch, but I hoped you'd say I was like a Michelin Chef.

Titch: Well you do get so tired.

Lofty: What's that got to do with it?

Titch: Michelin – tired. Why do I always have to explain my jokes?

*Lofty scratches his head.*

Lofty: Sorry, I'm confused.

Titch: See what I mean.

*Spanner crosses to chair R*

Spanner: `Ere, who's been sitting on my chair?

*Snow Good sits up in bed.*

Snow: Psst! I haven't sat on it yet. You've come in too early.

Spanner: No we haven't!

Snow: Well why would you say that if I've not yet sat on it?

*She remains sitting up in bed*

Titch: Perhaps you went to bed too early.

*Narrator enters R*

Narrator: I'm sorry; I should've come in later with my line about Snow Good falling asleep.

Titch: Another stuff up.

Spanner: Can't we correct it?

Lofty: We?

Narrator: It was my fault.

Spanner: Well we can't go back three pages – just get on with it!

Narrator: What would you like me to do?

Titch: I believe you've done enough thanks.

Narrator: I wish I hadn't said yes to this job. I wanted to be the Prince.

*The Narrator Exits R.*

*Snow Good smiles and shakes her head.*

Snow: Oh the poor man.

Spanner: Get back to sleep Snow Good.

Snow: As you wish.

*She complies dramatically*

*The Dwarves continue to inspect the room*

Spanner: Who's been sitting on my chair (*he pulls hard at the arm and the chair falls into pieces.*)

Lofty: Here watch what you're doing with that chair, I borrowed it from my aunt especially for this production.

Titch: It seems a bit pointless; Snow Good's not touched anything, yet.

Spanner: Well, she won't now will she, and you've destroyed the illusion by mentioning her name.

*Lofty scratches his head.*

Lofty: I'm confused.

*He rubs his chin and crosses L deep in thought*

Titch: Well I'm not going to explain.

Spanner: Just ignore him Titch. Look, we have to do something, there's nothing else we can really do or say.

*Spanner carefully places the pieces of the chair in a pile*

*Lofty crosses to them*

Lofty: I have an idea. Why don't we go off and come back on again and perhaps the Narrator will correct his error?

*Titch looks at Lofty, shrugs and shakes his head*

Titch: It wouldn't work Lofty; the audience wouldn't accept it.

Spanner: No, we have to carry on.

Lofty: Well, it was just a thought.

*Titch crosses to the kitchen table*

Titch: Here, who's been eating my plate?

Spanner: What? No, no Titch, who's been eating off my plate!

Titch: Oh – who's been eating off my plate then?

*He picks up the plate which reveals a large piece missing.*

Titch: I was right the first time, there's a large chunk out of it!

*Spanner and Lofty cross to the kitchen table.*

Spanner: Who's been eating my bread and strawberry jam?

Lofty: Who's been eating my lamb stew; I put a lot of hard work into that?

Titch: *(picking up a silver plated knife)* Who's been using my 18<sup>th</sup> Century silver cutlery set and messed up the forks?

*He holds up a bent silver fork.*

Titch: This set belonged to my Mum.

Lofty: You shouldn't have offered it as a prop, should you?

Spanner: Lofty's right.

Titch: Alright, keep your beard on.

Spanner: What?

*He looks down and realises the beard is missing.*

Lofty: It's behind you, on your back!

*Spanner quickly re-positions his beard.*

Spanner: I must've looked a fool. Why didn't you tell me earlier?



Lofty: We didn't get a chance. You were late leaving the dressing room.

*Titch crosses to the bed.*

Spanner: I feel such a fool.

Titch: There's someone in my, I mean our bed!

Lofty: We already know that.

Titch: We have to follow the script don't we, otherwise we'll be completely lost.

Lofty: Yes, more's the pity.

Spanner: Like it or not we have to (*He clears his throat and becomes over dramatic*) Can you not see, there's someone in our bed!

Lofty: Not bugs again?

Spanner: No, a girl!

*Lofty and Spanner cross to the bed*

Spanner: She's very pretty.

Lofty: She's a bit of alright if you ask me!

Titch: Nobody asked you.

Lofty: Sorry, I got carried away.

Spanner: If only.

*Snow Good awakes with a fright*

Snow: Oh you little, well fairly little fellows, you scared the life out of me! Who are you?

Spanner: More to the point, who're you?

Titch: Yes, who are you?

Snow: I'm Snow Good.

Lofty: I wouldn't say that darlin'.

Titch: Well, I'm Titch.

Lofty: I'm Lofty.

Spanner: And I'm Spanner. How did you find our house?

*Snow Good gets out of the bed*

Snow: I was lost. I followed a track, there was no going back and I found this shack!

Lofty: (*aghast*) Shack?

Titch: (*Hurt*) We paid good money for this place.

Snow: Forgive me; I didn't mean to be rude. It's a very nice little house.

Spanner: (*impressed*) D'you really think so?

Snow: I do.

Lofty: Some people simply don't appreciate shabby chic.

Titch: Shabby chic? Sounds like an old dog.

Snow: Your home is nice and cosy. What do you do for a living?

Titch: (*to the others*) Shall we tell her, cos it's none of her business?

Snow: I'm sorry; I didn't mean to be rude. I was just interested that's all.

Lofty: Why not? (*To Snow Good*) We're miners.

Snow: You look old enough to me.

*The Dwarves look at each other scratch their heads and shrug*

May I stay here for a while? I'm willing to help in any way I can.

Dwarves together: Really?

Spanner: Can you cook?

Lofty: Hey, wait a minute that's my job. I just couldn't share the cooking, but you could wash the dishes.

Snow: (*unimpressed*) Yes, I suppose I could do that.

Titch: Can you knit and sew?

Spanner: Can you wash the floors?

Lofty: Can you mow the lawns?

Titch: Can you do any of those tasks?

Snow: I've never tried, but I can make porridge and boil an egg.

Titch: Is that all?

*Snow Good nods her head*

Lofty: It doesn't matter really, does it?

Titch: Why doesn't it?

Lofty: Because she's so lovely, she'll brighten up the place.

*Snow Good smiles shyly*

Titch: So will a lick of paint.

Spanner: We don't mind you staying here for a while.

Titch: Just a short while mind.

Lofty: Oh, don't be such a misery Titch. It'll be great having a guest here.

Snow: Oh thank you. I feel so tired; may I go back to sleep?

Spanner: Of course, and now we must go back to work; *(sighing)*  
night work.

Snow: And I shall tidy the room before you return.

Lofty: Excellent! Come on it's off to work we go!

Titch: Don't open the door to anyone. There's some strange people  
who live in these parts.

Lofty: And some that don't.

Snow: Don't worry; I shan't be opening any doors.

Spanner: Good girl.

*Snow Good watches as The Dwarves line up and march around the  
room to 'Colonel Bogie's March'*

*As they perform they pick up their tools don their hats and exit UR*

*Spot on Narrator DR*

Narrator: And so Snow Good lived with the three Dwarves and did  
absolutely nothing, although her beauty clearly decorated the house.  
And so did Titch. He made a lovely job of the scullery and the outside  
loo, the colour scheme was fantastic!

*Lights Down*

## Scene 6: A Room in Queenie's Palace

*Same setting and images as in 3, except that in order to create ease of scene change the bed is covered with a red coverlet and is placed against the L flat. The table has also been covered with a red cloth and is against the R flat.*

*Lights up on Queenie and Mirror at C*

Queenie: Well, any change?

Mirror: None whatsoever. The village girl is still the fairest.

Queenie: *(yells)* I've had enough! I am shattered by the news!

Mirror: Shout like that again and I'll be the one who'll be shattered.

Queenie: I want to know where the girl is.

Mirror: She's in the forest.

Queenie: I know, but where. Can you not use your powers to find her?

Mirror: Let me think.

*A few bars of mystic sounding music can be heard.*

Queenie: Hurry up about it.

Mirror: I can see her clearly. She's living with three dwarves and they all look very happy and they certainly look up to her.

Queenie; Do you know where the house is?

Mirror: I've no idea.

Queenie: What's wrong with you?

Mirror: I'm not a G.P.S. I don't have the power to establish their whereabouts.

Queenie: Wait a minute; Will has a map. Go and get it off him. I don't trust him; he too will be exterminated. And also bring me Candy and Floss. Go on, I know you don't mind, Candy has taken quite a shine to you.

*Mirror sighs deeply*

Mirror: *(aside to audience)* How sweet of her.

*He exits DR*

Queenie: A threatening situation has suddenly become quite exciting. At first it was the threat of Snow Good, who claims to be the fairest in the land. Now we must get rid of Will and the annoying little dwarves who are obviously supporting her, but we shall see! *(She laughs wickedly)*. I refuse to accept them in my land.

*Mirror, Candy and Floss enter DR*

Queenie: Ah, Mirror have you got the map?

Mirror: Will refused to hand it over. Get your own map, he said.

Queenie: How dare he!

Candy: I know the forest well. You don't need a map.

*She turns to Mirror and gives him an exaggerated wink.*

*Mirror shakes his head and exits DR*

Queenie: That's why I've called you here. To find Snow Good.

Floss: What can we do?

Queenie: Not only is Snow Good a threat to me, but also the three no hopers she lives with.

Candy: No hopers?

Queenie: The dwarves.

Floss: Why would they be a threat?

Queenie: Simply that with them in the way I'd never be able to get rid of the girl.

Floss: Why is she a threat?

Candy: Oh really, Floss!

Floss: Yes, really.

Candy: If she is more beautiful than our Queenie she is more than capable of finding a rich prince and any marriage between them would be a threat to Queenie and her domain.

Floss: Yes, of course.

Queenie: Alright, alright, enough talk! I want you to come up with a plan.

*While Queenie and Floss are talking, Candy moves away from them, deep in thought.*

Floss: What sort of plan?

Queenie: Any plan, so long as it entails eradicating the girl!

Floss: Eradicating? What does that mean?

Queenie: Goodness, you're so thick!

Floss: *(she rambles on, making Queenie impatient and annoyed)* Thick? I used to have thick ankles, but I went on a diet and lost the thickness *(she shows Queenie, her ankles)* and my arms were the same, but now.....

Queenie: *(interrupting in her frustration and annoyance)* Will you please be quiet?

*Floss ignores her and continues.....*

Floss: I've simply looked after myself and what you see.....

Queenie: *(In a rage)* Shut up, will you!

Floss: *(unnerved)* If you insist.

Queenie: Oh, I do!

*Candy quickly interjects*

Candy: Listen, I've an idea. A friend of mine might be able to help us. He's a hairdresser. He should make her parting permanent.

Queenie: That's a good start.

Floss: I know the man. He owns a shop in the village. It has a short backyard and sides.

Queenie: Girls, if you succeed I'll reward you well!

Candy and Floss together: *(unconvinced)* Oh, thank you Queenie.

Candy: Alright then, we'll visit the hairdresser today.

Queenie: *(sinisterly)* I shall be very interested to know the outcome.

*Lights down.*

## Scene 7: The Dwarves' House in the Forest

*The same setting and images as in Scene 5 except that the wooden chair is now C.*

*Herr Piece, who is carrying a large comb, Candy and Floss enter UR cautiously.*

Herr Piece: There's no one at home. Do you want us to wait, hide perhaps?

Candy: No, if we hide and then surprise her she will smell a rat.

Herr Piece: What a strange expression.

Floss: We shall wait for her.

Herr Piece: Why are you speaking with an accent similar to mine?

Floss: I tend to do that when I speak to foreigners.

Candy: Yes. So do I.



Herr Piece: Don't do it, it unsettles me.

*Herr Piece sits on the chair C. Candy and Floss sit on the bed.*

*Snow Good enters UR. The others stand.*

*Snow Good is surprised to see them.*

Herr Piece: Are you Snow Good?

Snow: Yes, what do you want?

Herr Piece: Guten morgen, my name is Herr Piece. These are my sweet assistants.

Candy: My word you are, beautiful.

Snow: *(modestly)* You flatter me.

Herr Piece: You have such beautiful hair. We are doing a demonstration, in the hope you might buy some products.

Snow: How nice, but I've no money.

Herr Piece: Vell, one day you might be lucky.

Candy: The demonstration is free.

Floss: Yes, part of a promotion.

Snow: Oh in that case....

Herr Piece: *(interrupting)* Wunderbar! *(gesturing to chair at C)* Please sit down here my dear.

Snow: Thank you. You won't cut my hair will you?

Herr Piece: No, not at all. Please relax and enjoy the comb passing through your beautiful locks.

Snow Good: I enjoy having my hair combed, especially after it's been washed. I normally use a special shampoo and the aroma is so sensual.

Herr Piece: *(aside)* My, she talks too much. *(to Snow Good)* Your hair will soon look its best.

*He smiles wickedly and combs her hair with the large comb.*

Snow: Ooh, please be careful, you are pressing too hard!

Herr Piece: *(aside and smiling wickedly)* That's my intention. *(to Snow Good)* You have such a soft scalp my dear.

*He laughs wickedly and Candy and Floss are disturbed by his reaction. Floss grabs Candy's arm in alarm*

*Snow Good faints into a deep sleep.*

Herr Piece: Ha! Ha! Ha! Parting is such sweet sorrow!

Floss: *(uncertain)* Er.... Queenie will be pleased!

Candy: Hair today, gone tomorrow don't you think?

Herr Piece: I make the hair jokes, OK?

Candy: I apologise.

*Floss approaches Snow Good and strokes her face*

Floss: Will she ever awake?

Herr Piece: Of course not; she sleeps her last sleep.

Floss: It's such a pity.

Candy: Don't get soft Floss.

Floss: I'm beginning to feel that this situation has become quite hairy.

Herr Piece: *(beside himself)* I said I make the hair jokes!

*The Actors freeze*

