

# SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN UGLY SISTERS

A TWO- ACT PANTOMIME

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## SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN UGLY SISTERS

### Cast – in order of importance:

Snow White –	Our heroine
Queen –	The wicked witch
Hideosa –	The Dame and ugly sister no 1
Mirror –	The queen's evil sidekick
Valiant –	The Prince who thinks he's just fantastic
Revolta –	Ugly sister no 2
Ugh –	Ugly sister no 3
Ethel –	Servant in the Castle
Grossa –	Ugly sister no 4
Horridosa –	Ugly sister no 5
Repulsiva –	Ugly sister no 6
Grotesqua –	Ugly sister no 7
Huntsman -	The huntsman

### Synopsis:

#### Act 1:

*The villainous Queen takes over the Kingdom with the help of her evil sidekick, the magic mirror, after knocking off the old king, and makes his daughter, Snow White a servant in her own home. When the queen finds out Snow White is soon to become the most beautiful girl in the world (next Tuesday, in fact) she sends a huntsman to kill her and bring back her spleen. Together they fool the queen and Snow White runs away into the woods where she meets the seven ugly sisters who take her under their wing when they hear the queen's evil plan. The fact that she's willing to clean their cottage is just an added bonus. They agree to hide her so the queen never finds her. Unfortunately the magic mirror informs the queen that her plan to kill Snow White has been botched by the huntsman. The mirror also knows where Snow White is, so together they hatch an elaborate plan to get rid of Snow White once and for all. The queen decides to do her in once and for all herself with aid of a magical nuclear cigar.*

#### Act 2:

*The seven ugly sisters leave for work as air hostesses on Goldonian airways, leaving Snow White alone in the cottage with strict instructions not to accept any apples from strange old women. Snow white is interrupted by the arrival of the ever so sexy (but boy does he know it) Prince Valiant, who is Revolta's brother. He brings an invitation to his engagement party for his sister, Revolta. Snow White is surprised to find that he not only has no idea who his bride to be actually is, but that she should count herself lucky to have him as a husband! He tries to flirt with her but fails horribly and leaves, but not before accepting a package from Royal Mail for her (The postman is the queen in disguise) containing two nuclear cigars. When the seven sisters arrive back from work, they're all excited by the package, but when Snow White lights the cigar for Hideosa, it backfires, sending her into a magical sleep. The girls summon Valiant who happily kisses Snow White and wakes her up. He in turn is surprised to find that she actually doesn't want to marry him on the spot. They are interrupted by the arrival of the queen who has decided to kill Snow (properly this time) The sisters save the day by lighting the other cigar and aiming it at the queen, sending her into a magical sleep. Snow White becomes the new queen of the magical kingdom and they all live happily ever after.*

## **PRODUCTION NOTES**

### **SCENES:**

There are three scenes in act one – the castle, the mirror room and the woods with the outside of the cottage visible with a door that opens. Act two all takes place inside the sister's cottage. There is a front door SL and people knocking at the door from the outside should be visible.

### **PROPS:**

Dusting cloths and brooms for opening number at director's discretion  
Piles of clothes and rubbish stitched together  
Tray with Martini glasses and cherries  
Handkerchief  
Brown paper package containing two large nuclear cigars  
Tablecloth  
Stabbing dagger, preferably curled  
Extremely large sword

### **COSTUMES:**

Snow White's dress  
Servant's outfit  
Queen's dress  
Mirror costume – actor inside picture frame with silver make up  
Normal dresses for the sisters and dame for act one  
Prince outfit – should have a belt with a scabbard.  
White air hostess uniforms and white hats for the sisters and dame for act two  
Huntsman's outfit

### **NOTES:**

The cigars may be substituted for any other "dangerous" objects at the director's discretion for a more PC audience.

All songs may be substituted at the director's discretion

The author will allow workshopping of the script.

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## Act 1: Scene 1: Introduction

*Music: Cue dramatic fairytale music.*

*Lights up on Dame stage left in front of the curtains.*

Dame:

A long, long time ago, there lived a Queen, who was so gorgeous that people from miles around would talk about her, saying to each other that she was the most beautiful person in the entire world. A few begged to differ, but we didn't hear from them again. Ever. Not that this was anything to do with the witch, sorry, my mistake - queen! Please don't tell her I even brought that up! Or it'll be my head! (*Dramatic cut throat gesture*) Just saying. Some would say that beauty is in the eye of the beholder and behold, she did! Over and over again. For this queen was obsessed with her looks, and spent hours gazing into her magic mirror asking the same question:

*Lights up on centre stage in front of the curtains. Dame exits. The queen and the magic mirror are having a conversation.*

Queen:

Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest one of all?

Mirror:

*(In a very proper voice)* Oh, it's you, my lady. You're the fairest one of all.

Queen:

There is no doubt?

Mirror:

None, whatsoever, my lady. Absolutely no contest. Nope. You win.

Queen:

Why am I not surprised? (*Preening*) Of course I'm the fairest. After all, who else is there left in the world to compare to me? There's only the peasants, and they wouldn't recognize a bathtub if they tripped over and drowned in one. Hahaha!! (*Mirror joins in*) Of course, one should feel sorry for the poor things things. Hahaha! (*Mirror joins in*)

Mirror:

One should. After all, it was you who made them poor in the first place.

Queen:

True. But I needed to raise taxes in order to pay for my new Jumbo Jet. Or should I say, airline? One should feel sorry for them...but... ha! Who actually cares? They're just peasants! (*Laughs again*) Oh, it's just spiffing. My day has started out so well. Of course,

there's the wedding today to secure my place as Queen of this wretched little kingdom. Naturally I don't anticipate any hitches happening there. Ha ha. I'm so funny, hitches, get it?

Mirror:

Yes, I get it. The first time. Explain to me again why you are marrying into this dreadful little kingdom in the first place?

Queen:

It does seem rather illogical doesn't it, until you see that once I am queen of this godforsaken swamp, I will be in a position to attack our rather peaceful, but very rich neighbours, the Goldonians.

Mirror:

And take their gold for yourself. Not to mention their award winning airline.

Queen:

Exactly. Soon I will be the most beautiful and the richest girl in all the world. All that gold. It'll be mine. All mine! *(Sits down in happiness. Sighs)* What more could a girl want?

Mirror:

True love?

Queen:

True love? Please. Don't make me vomit.

Mirror:

You don't love the king? *(Sarcastic)*

Queen:

Love that old fool? The sooner he pops off, the better. And if he needs a little help....

Mirror:

You'll point him in the right direction? Help him along?

Queen:

Exactly.

Mirror:

Oh, no you won't *(Incredulously sarcastic)*

Queen:

Oh, yes I will!

Mirror:

Oh, yes, you probably will. But what about the girl?

Queen:

Oh, I wouldn't worry about her. I'm sure she'll be very useful in the kitchens, once daddy's gone. Poor daddy.....

*Mirror and Queen both laugh dramatically until blackout, curtains open during blackout.  
Mirror and Queen exit.*

### **Act 1: Scene 2: Castle gardens**

*Lights up whole stage, curtains have opened.*

*Song no 1 – Snow White and servants.*

**Opening number – Good morning from: 'Good morning' - 'Singing in the Rain. '**

Snow White:

Good Morning

Servants:

Good Morning

All:

We've worked the whole night through but -

Snow:

Good Morning

Servants:

Good Morning to you

All:

Good Morning

Good Morning

It's hard to stay up late but -

Good Morning

Good Morning to you

Snow White:

When I started on my work the stars were shining bright  
Now the milkman's on his way  
and it's too late to say good night

All:

So, Good Morning  
Good Morning  
Sun beams will soon smile through  
Good Morning  
Good Morning to you and you and you and you

Snow White:

Good Morning  
Good Morning  
I've slogged the whole night through  
Good Morning  
Good Morning to you

Servants:

Nothing could be grander than to be in our pyjamas (*American accent*)

Snow white:  
In the morning  
In the morning  
We all stayed up so late  
Good morning  
Good morning to you

Servants:

Might feel just as bright if we didn't work hard last night

Snow White:

We know while we work here  
Our future isn't bright  
But come the dawn, our work goes on  
And it's too late to say good night

Servants:

So say Good morning!

Snow white:

Good morning!

All:

The sun is coming up

Snow white:

So say good morning!

Servants:

Good morning

Snow white:

Bonjour!

Servants:

Monsieur

Snow White:

Buenos Dias!

Servants:

Muchas Frias

Snow White:

Bonjuorno

Servants:

Artichono

Snow White:

Guten Morgan

Servants:

Yes, it's morning

Snow White:

Good morning to you!

*(The stage clears of all servants and Snow White and Ethel remain on stage. They can continue cleaning, with brooms and dusting cloths)*

Ethel:

Good morning, Princess

Snow White:

Oh, please don't call me that. Just call me Snow.

Ethel:

But you are the Princess.

Snow White:

In name, I suppose, but in reality we're pretty much the same as each other.

Ethel:

Oh, we could never be the same, Princess.

Snow White:

A title doesn't mean, anything, Ethel, not really. It's just a piece of paper in the end.

Ethel:

I suppose. Although I do think that the queen, may the roof not fall on my head for saying this, treats you rather worse than the rest of us.

Snow White:

Do you really think so? I thought it was only me -

Ethel:

No, Princess. She treats you badly. And that's the truth.

Snow White:

*(Laughs)* Well, do you think that makes me more or less special?

Ethel:

I think that she thinks it makes you less special, but she wouldn't treat you like that if you weren't more special, now would she?

Snow White:

Ethel, you should be a philosopher. In your spare time of course.

Ethel:

Which doesn't exist!

Snow White:

Exactly!

Ethel:

Princess, can I ask you something?

Snow White:

Of course.

Ethel:

Why do you stay here? When your stepmother treats you like this?

Snow White:

It's my home. This castle holds so many happy memories for me, of my father and the castle when I was growing up. I can only hope that....

Ethel:

What – her majesty will recognize you and let you follow in her footsteps one glorious day?

Snow White:

Hmmm....

Ethel:

Just joking. But she's got to get old sometime.

Snow White:

I don't know, she's looked exactly the same every since I first met her, and that was over fifteen years ago. I don't think she's aged a day.

Ethel:

Spooky. Do you think she's, like a witch or something?

Snow White:

Hmm. She just doesn't strike me as the old hag in the cottage type. No, if anything, it's something to do with that mirror she keeps hidden from everyone. She won't even allow anyone to even dust the room where it's kept. And sometimes ...

Ethel:

Yes? (*Leaning closer*)

Snow White:

Sometimes I hear voices, or rather a voice, a man's voice, that I don't recognize coming from that room. But no one ever leaves.

Ethel:

Do you think the queen has a prisoner in there?

Snow White:

I don't think so, I've never seen her take food up at all, and no one else has either.

Ethel:

Maybe it's a ghost?

Snow White:

No – it's something to do with that mirror, I know it.

Ethel:

Well, it's creepy up there if you ask me. If you ask me, this whole castle is pretty creepy.

Snow White:

No, it's not the castle that's creepy, it's her. And you know what. Ethel, I know that we're afraid of her now, but someday, I'm sure it'll be different. Someday...

Ethel:

Until then – good morning!

Snow White: (*Very melancholy but the same tune as earlier*) Good morning to you....

(*Lights down*)

### **Act 1: Scene 3: Queen's Boudoir**

*Lights up on Queen and Magic mirror*

Queen: (*Preening*) Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of us all?

Mirror: You're the fairest! Do I need to tell you again?

Queen: Oh, yes. Tell me again. Tell me over and over again, you shiny piece of glass

### **Song - You're the top from: "You're the top" by Cole Porter**

Mirror:

At words poetic, I'm so pathetic  
That I always have found it best,  
Instead of getting 'em off my chest,  
To let 'em rest unexpressed,

Queen:

I love parading and serenading  
And I'll never miss a bar,

Mirror:

And so this ditty is oh so pretty  
And yes, it'll tell you  
How great you are.

You're the top!  
You're the Coliseum.  
You're the top!  
You're the Louvre Museum.  
You're a melody from a symphony by Strauss  
You're a Bendel bonnet,  
A Shakespeare's sonnet,  
You're Mickey Mouse.  
You're the Nile,  
You're the Tower of Pisa,  
You're the smile on the Mona Lisa  
I'm a worthless check, a total wreck, a flop,  
But if, baby, I'm the bottom you're the top!

You're the top! (Queen – spoken: I'm the top)  
You're Mahatma Gandhi.  
You're the top! (I'm the top)  
You're Napoleon Brandy. (Quite smooth)  
You're the purple light  
Of a summer night in Spain, (oh, stop!)  
You're the National Gallery  
You're Garbo's salary,  
You're cellophane. (It's clear)  
You're sublime, (Naturally)  
You're turkey dinner,  
You're the time, of a Derby winner (First place)  
I'm a toy balloon that's fated soon to pop  
But if, baby, I'm the bottom,  
You're the top! (I'm the top)

Mirror:

As always, your majesty, you look splendid.

Queen:

As always.

Mirror:

There is no one who is AS beeeootiful as you.

Queen:

No one who is as beautiful as me. No one who even comes close.

Mirror:

*(Silent)*

No one who even comes close? Queen:

Well - Mirror:

No one who even comes close!!!!!!? Queen:

Mirror:  
Er, May I intrude on this moment to bring to your attention, a very small, tiny, possibly minuscule problem that you may encounter in the very very far distant future?

When? Queen:

Next Tuesday. Mirror:

I see....And this itsy bitsy problem is -? Queen:

Oh. it's nothing. Mirror:

If it was nothing, you wouldn't have mentioned it! Queen:

Oh, fine, it's not nothing. Mirror:

Tell me! Queen:

Mirror:  
Um, there's one who comes close to you in beauty.

Queen:  
What! How close? (*Face close up to mirror*)

Well.. Mirror:

Queen:  
Spit it out. (*Closer to the mirror.*)

Mirror:  
Point 002%

Queen:

How close is that? (*Nose to nose with the mirror*)

Mirror:

Don't worry, it's huge. (*Squashed sounding voice*)

Queen:

Like the grand canyon?

Mirror:

Teensy bit smaller

Queen:

Okay. Like a crater?

Mirror:

Smaller.

Queen:

Just tell me.

Mirror:

It's a wrinkle.

Queen:

A what?

Mirror:

A wrinkle. You are getting on a bit, after all.

Queen:

Getting on a bit? Do you want me to smash you now, you insignificant piece of liquefied sand?

Mirror:

You could. But then who would flatter you every day and tell you how superb you look?

Queen:

Anyone. It's obvious.

Mirror:

Ah. True. But then who would tell you her name?

Queen:

Ah. True. They wouldn't know that now would they?

Mirror:

Nope.

Queen:

It appears that you are more valuable than I previously thought. So, tell me, who is she?

Mirror:

*(In fairytale voice)* Her hair is as black as ebony, skin as white as snow, lips as red as -

Oh, no. Queen:

Oh, yes. Mirror:

She's a Goth? Queen:

Er, no. Snow White is - Mirror:

Snow White is a Goth? I thought she preferred show tunes. Queen:

No, no, no! Not the music. It's Snow White. She's your rival. Mirror:

What? Her? Hmm - I should have seen it coming. Her mother was fabled for her beauty, well at least she was before I came along anyway. What to do, what to do? *(Pause)* I suppose she'll have to die. Pity. And she watered my plants so well... no matter. *(Rings a bell. Servant enters)* Send for the huntsman!

Yes, your majesty. *(Curtseys and exits)* Servant:

How will you do it? Mirror:

I won't – the huntsman will. He'll take her to forest and kill her there. As proof, he'll bring me back her spleen. Queen:

Her spleen? That's an unusual choice of organ. Do you even know what a spleen is? Mirror:

No. But he will. Queen:

*(Scary music and lights out. Curtains close. Snow White and the huntsman are in front of the curtain. They are walking. The scene change from the castle to the forest with the cottage takes place during this time. )*

Huntsman, where are we going? Snow White

Huntsman:

Never you mind, Princess.

Princess:

But surely I should know. These woods go on for miles and miles. What if something were to happen to you? How would I get home?

Huntsman:

At this point, Princess, it's safer not to.

Snow White:

What on earth do you mean? *(Slight worry in voice)*

Huntsman:

Look, Princess, it's better this way, okay. Just follow me.

Snow White:

Huntsman – something is happening. Something's wrong, isn't it?

Huntsman:

Best not to say. *(Stops walking and turns)* We should get this over with.

Snow White:

Look, please just tell me. You're behaving as if something terrible is about to happen. I deserve to know what it is!

Huntsman:

She wants you dead, Princess.

Snow White:

You mean – the Queen? Why?

Huntsman:

I don't know, Princess. All I know is what I was told. To take you to the forest and bring back your spleen.

Snow White:

My spleen? But don't I need it?

Huntsman

Actually, it's the one organ you can do without. But that's not important right now.

Snow white:

It isn't? Why? What is a spleen anyway?

Huntsman:

It's a complex organ involved in both blood breakdown as well as general immunity, located below the pylorus of the stomach and sharing a common blood supply with it.

Snow White:

What does "that" mean?

Huntsman:

That means that I know what it is. And now so do you. *(Snow White mouths the word "okay" doubtfully)* But she won't.

Snow White:

You mean -?

Huntsman:

Yes. We'll trick her into believing you're dead, when you're not actually, by giving her a fake spleen.

Snow White:

That's a much better idea than giving her mine! Even if I don't need it, I'd still like it in me. But what will happen to me all alone in this big scary forest?

Huntsman:

Less than what will happen to you in that castle, I promise you that. Now, goodbye and good luck. *(Salutes and exits)*

Snow White:

Good Bye.....

*(Curtains open on the forest scene. The cottage is not illuminated yet as it is in the corner of the set. Music intro for the song can start while the curtains are opening)*

#### **Scene 4: The Forest**

*Lights up with Snow White walking all alone across the stage as if very nervous/lost.*

**Song: Who will help me? From: You must love me from "Evita"**

Where do I go from here?  
This isn't where I intended to be  
You have it all, believe you me  
You wanted me too!

Certainties disappear  
What do I do for my life? To survive?  
How do I keep myself safe and alive?  
As I'd like to do?

Deep in this wood that's concealing  
The path that could show me the way  
Scared to confess but I'm feeling  
Frightened and lost today

Who will help me  
Who will help me

Who will be at my side?  
Who will be there to help me see how  
Give me a chance and I'll let you see how  
I will be saved

Deep in this wood that's concealing  
The path that could show me the way  
Scared to confess but I'm feeling  
Frightened and lost today

Who will help me?  
Who will help me?  
Who will help me?

*The seven ugly sisters make their appearance during the song. They are walking in a line on their way back from work. They can mimic the seven dwarves in the Disney film. For comic effect some should be men, and there can be one very pretty girl among them, but it is at the director's discretion. Hideosa is the dame we met at the beginning so she should be played by a male. Snow white is SL and the dwarves enter SR and they meet in the middle of the stage and stop.*

Hideosa:

Why, er, hello, dalhing

Snow White

Er, hello.

Hideosa:

It's rare to see a stranger like you round our neck of the woods.

Snow White:

I suppose so.

Hideosa:

I don't suppose you'd mind introducing yourself?

Snow White:

Um, introducing myself?

Hideosa:

Yes, it's a common practice, nowadays. It goes something like: 'Hello, I'm Hideosa, nice to meet you.' Like that.

Snow White:

But my name's not -

Hideosa:

But mine is.

Snow White:

Hideosa? Really?

Hideosa:

Yes. Hideosa. Of the ugly sisters.

Snow White:

Ugly sisters?

Hideosa:

You keep repeating what I'm saying. A tree didn't fall on your head on your way through the forest, now did it?

Snow White:

No (*Laughs*) You were saying?

Hideosa:

I'm Hideosa of the seven ugly sisters.

Snow White:

There are seven of you?

Grossa:

Of course! Seven's the magic number! I'm Grossa!

Ugh:

And I'm ugh. (*Name turns into a half cough*)

Snow White:

Are you all right?

Revolta:

She's perfectly fine. I'm Revolta. Splendid to meet you.

Repulsiva:

Repulsiva – Likewise!

Horridosa:

Horridosa!

Grotesqua:

Grotesqua! It's like Francesca, minus the glamorous part.

Snow White:

Oh, it's lovely to meet you all. I'm just so glad I'm not alone in this horrible forest. You see, I was terribly lost.

Hideosa:

Oh, that's such a shame. I do so hate being lost. (*Murmurs of assent*) But I think we're all forgetting one thing. Who you are. And what you're doing here.

Snow White:

Look, if you don't mind, I'd rather not say. I've been in enough trouble for one day.

Hideosa:

Trouble? A little thing like you? Nonsense!

Grossa:

Ridiculous

Ugh:

I'd never believe it!

Revolta:

Well, she is out in the woods all on her own, after dark.

Repulsiva:

Good girls don't normally do that.

Horridosa:

That's true, they don't. Tut tut.

Grossa:

So tell us.

Snow White:

But -

Ugh:

Your name, sweetie, your name!

Grossa:

What do you have to lose?

Snow White:

Until today, I would have said, 'Nothing at all.' Now it feels a lot more like 'My head.'

Grossa:

Boy troubles? (*Big smile*)

Snow White:

Not exactly. Not remotely. I was talking literally.

Ugh:

You mean -

Grotesqua:

Someone actually wants to -

Repulsiva:

Surely not!

Snow white:

It's true. And the horrible thing is, I don't think that you'd believe me even if I told you.

Revolta:

Look, dear we're seven hags living by ourselves in a remote corner of a dark, dank forest in a magical kingdom, ruled by an evil queen whom everyone suspects is actually a wicked witch. We'd believe pretty much anything.

All:

Oh, yes!

Snow White:

You live here?

Revolta:

Yes – see there's our cottage over there. (*Points to front door of a lovely flower covered cottage*)

Snow White:

But it's so beautiful!

Ugh:

You're surprised, right? Is it because we look so not beautiful?

Snow White:

Well, um, it's just so unexpected, you see.

Hideosa:

Typical. Typecast again. Just because I'm not Vogue cover girl material... I think I'm going to cry. *(Starts to sniff and pulls out a very lacy, large handkerchief to dab her eyes with)*

Snow White:

Oh, no, I'm really sorry, I didn't mean to offend you, it's just that -... I'm really sorry.

Ugh:

She takes things very personally, sometimes.

Repulsiva:

Actually, most of the time. She's the heart of the whole group, bless her.

Hideosa:

I try, you know. Takes me about an hour to put my face on every day. And for what!  
*(Blowing her nose loudly on the handkerchief, she hands it to Revolta who takes a step back as it gets handed to her and it falls on the ground)*

Revolta:

*(Shivers)* Gross!

Grossa:

Yes?

Revolta:

No. Not you. *(Sighs dramatically)* I did not say your name.

Grossa:

Yes, you did.

Revolta:

Didn't

Grossa:

Did

Revolta:

Didn't

Grossa:

Did!

Revolta:

No, you DIDN'T!

*(They square up to each other and stare each other in the eyes. Snow White decided to diffuse the tension)*

Snow White:

Okay, fine, I'll tell you who I am! My name's Snow White! Nice to meet you.

*(She holds out her hand and no one shakes it as they're all busy either crying, fighting or refereeing. No one hears her)*

Hideosa:

*Sobs loudly*

Horridosa:

*Sobs even louder*

Grossa:

Did

Revolta:

Didn't

Grossa:

Did

Revolta:

Didn't

Ugh:

Welcome to tonight's fight ladies and gentlemen. *(Sound cue: Boxing Bell)* On the left of the ring we have, Grossa *(The remaining sisters and the audience cheer.)* On the right of the ring we have Revolta! *(Sound cue: Boxing bell)* There'll be blood, there'll be gore, it'll get messy! The last time these two saw each other, one of them left in a body bag!

Snow White:

Look, please stop! *(Spoken)*

Grotesqua:

My money's on the ugly one! *(Notes exchange hands)*

Repulsiva:

Don't be ridiculous. My money's on the short one! *(More notes exchange hands. Both fighters stop fighting and slowly turn to Repulsiva)*

Grossa:

Hey! Who are you calling short?

Revolta:

Yes, who? *(They both turn on Repulsiva)*

Snow White:

Please stop! *(Shouting, but they still don't hear her)*

Horridosa:

Ugly. And short! Boo hoo! *(Weeps prodigiously)*

Hideosa:

My day couldn't get any worse!

Repulsiva:

It wasn't me.

Grossa:

Then who was it?

Revolta:

Yes, who?

Ugh:

The tables have turned, ladies and gentlemen. The fight to the knock-out has a new contender. And it is Repulsiva!! *(Sound of boxing bell and audience cheering. All three plough into each other)*

Snow White:

I said stop! *(Shouting louder)*

Hideosa:

Weeps

Horridosa:

Weeps

*(Three fighters all pile into each other. Other sisters cheer them on.)*

Snow white:

STOP!!!

*(They stop. They regard her with surprise)*

Snow White:

I'm Snow White.

Hideosa:

The Princess?

Snow White:

Well, yes, but no one's called me that for years.

Horridosa:

Your majesty! *(She starts to curtsy)*

Snow white:

No, please don't! Just Snow White will be fine. Or Snow. Or even White.

Ugh:

Now really. What are you doing in this wood?

Snow White:

Well, my story goes something like this: *(The queen and the huntsman appear as Snow white talks about them)*

**Song: Little plot of horrors – from “Little Shop of Horror”**

Snow white:

On the twenty first day of the month of September  
In an early year of a decade not too long before our own  
I suddenly encountered a deadly threat to my very existence  
And this terrifying enemy surfaced as such enemies often do  
In the seemingly most innocent and unlikely of castles

Snow white and Ugly Sisters:

Little plot, little plot of horror.  
Little plot, little plot of terror.  
Call a cop. Little plot of horror.  
No, oh, oh, no-oh!

Sisters:

Little plot,  
Little plot of horror.  
Bop sh'bop,  
Little plot of terror.  
Watch her drop!  
Little plot of horror.  
No, oh, oh, no-oh!

Snow white:

Shing-a-ling,  
What a creepy thing  
To be happening!

Sisters:

Look out, look out, look out, look out

Snow white:

Shang-a-lang,  
Feel the strum  
And threat in the air.

Sisters:

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Snow White:

Huntsman said, "run far far away.  
Don't you dare look back."

Sisters:

You Better

Sisters and Queen (*Who enters from the wings*)

You better  
Tellin' you, you better  
Tell Snow White  
Somethin's gonna get 'er  
She better  
Everybody better  
Beware!

Sisters:

Oo, here she runs, baby.  
Tell the world, baby.  
Oh, oh, no!  
Oo, hit the dirt, baby.  
Hit the dirt, baby.  
Oh, oh, no!  
Oh, oh, no!

Huntsman and Sisters:

Alleyoop. Run off to the woods, child, I'm warnin' you.  
(Look out, look out, look out, look out!)  
Run away!  
Child you gonna pay if you stay, yeah!  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah.)  
Look around,  
Somethin's comin' down, in the woods for you!

Queen and sisters

You better

You better,

You betcha butt, you betcha.  
Best believe it,  
I'm gonna come and get ya.  
You betcha,  
You better watch your back in this wood...  
Woo!

Queen:

Come here, come here, come here!

Snow white and the sisters:

Little plot  
Little plot of horror.  
Bop-sh'bop,  
You'll never stop the terror.  
Little plot,  
Little plot of horror.  
No, oh, oh, no, oh, oh, no, oh, oh, no!

Ugh:

Girl, you're coming home with us!

Snow white:

Oh, thank you! Let's go inside, shall we? I'm sure it'll be as pretty on the inside. *(She opens the door and rubbish literally falls out, like out of an opened cupboard that someone has shoved things into quickly)* Wow, what a tip -

Hideosa:

Pardon?

Snow White:

Typically lovely cottage on the inside as well as the outside? Um -

Hideosa:

Oh, that's better, because I thought you were going to say -

Ugh:

She was going to say tip. And she'd be right.

Grossa:

I suppose the place could do with a bit of clean...

Revolta:

That's an understatement.

Grotesqua:

It's not our fault that we spend so much time on the road, well, in the air -

Horridosa:

And so little time, er, cleaning.

Hideosa:

Frankly, I'm embarrassed. Look, I'm blushing, see? *(They all peer at her face)*

Snow White:

I don't mind cleaning up a bit, if you don't mind me doing it. As thanks for letting me stay.

Ugh:

You'd actually clean this?

Grotesqua:

But where would you start? *(They all look at the pile)*

All:

We'd love it!

Snow White:

Let's make one thing clear. I'm not talking about indentured servitude here but a bit of a clean, with you all helping of course...

All:

What!

Repulsiva:

But we don't know how to clean!

All:

No. We don't know how to clean.

Snow White:

It's easy. With a little help from *(Shows latest cleaning product from television ad)* Vanish, it all *(Use slogan here)* just disappears.

*(Lights down on untidy cottage. Thunderclap. Clean noise, the ting usually heard when one sees a pic of clean shiny teeth. Lights up and the rubbish has gone, showing an open doorway of a spotless cottage, and the sisters and snow white drinking cocktails. The rubbish can be stitched together so it can simply be pulled off-stage during the blackout. The tray with glasses could be hidden under the rubbish/inside the door and simply picked up during the blackout.)*

Hideosa:

*(Sipping cocktail)* Wow, I simply adore cleaning.

Horridosa:

Me too!

Ugh:

*(Wearing sunglasses)* Me three!

Snow White:

Does anyone have another cherry?

*(Lights down)*

**Scene 5: The castle, the mirror room.**

*(Lights up on the queen preening herself at her mirror)*

Queen:

Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of us all?

Mirror:

La, la, la *(singing to himself nonchalantly to avoid the queen)*

Queen:

I said, who's the fairest of us all?

Mirror:

*(Turns to the queen sighing)* Do you want the good news or the bad news?

Queen:

What do you mean good news or bad news? *(Acid)* This conversation has taken a horribly familiar turn, and be assured, I do not like it.

Mirror:

Well, ma'am, you can be as melodramatic as you want to, but it doesn't change the facts.

Queen:

Okay, fine. Give me the good news first.

Mirror:

Tomorrow it's not going to be as rainy as yesterday.

Queen:

Really. But it's still going to rain?

Mirror:

This is medieval Europe in the middle of the woods. Of course it's going to rain.

Queen:

Fine, give me the bad news.

Mirror:

You're still disappointingly not the fairest one of all. But a close second.

Queen:

Oh, good heavens. Who else do I have to wipe out to retain my rightful place, honestly, it's becoming tedious.

Mirror:

No one else. You still have to get it right.

Queen:

Get what right?

Mirror:

Snow White. She lives.

Queen:

What!

Mirror:

She lives. On the upside, she looks fantastic. Toned and tanned, supple, yet strong. Oh, yes. Life in the woods must suit her.

Queen:

The woods you say? Show me! (*Stares deeply into mirror. For comic relief, the mirror can react to her stares*) The huntsman failed me. Never again. Honestly, if you want something done right, do it yourself.

Mirror:

Yourself? But what will you do?

Queen:

Well, we've got to deal with that huntsman, for a start. Does he take me for a fool? Well, he'll learn very quickly that he's the fool. (*Rings a bell. A servant enters*) Bring me the huntsman. Or his head. (*Snorts*) On a platter!

Servant:

Beg pardon, m 'queen, but the huntsman has fled. No one has seen him for days.

Queen:

Dash it, I'll have to deal with him later. Dismissed.

Servant:

M'queen! (*Exits*)

Queen:

Now back to little miss Snow White. Ugh, even her name makes me want to vomit. Never mind. This time, I'll make sure it's done right. The first time. But how? Hmmm, let's see, so many choices, so many choices, so little time, tut tut. Obviously a violent death is out.

Mirror:

But your majesty is such a fan!

Queen:

It's true, I know, one does love watching a gory death, but me doing it? The blood would positively ruin whatever I was wearing. Absolutely not.

Mirror:

True, you do have your fashion sense to think of...

Queen:

I'm so glad you understand me, mirror. (*Sighs dramatically*) It's such a comfort in these trying times.

Mirror:

Whatever you need, your evil majesty. What about something "accidental?"

Queen:

Accidental?

Mirror:

For example – what if poor Snow White, the Princess, "accidentally" fell down a deadly ravine. What a shame.

Queen:

It does have an alluring ring to it, but -

Mirror:

But what?

Queen:

I'm not convinced....

Mirror:

Well, there's just so many accidental ways she could die.

Queen:

For example?

Mirror:

Well, there's the classic ravine accident, then the much more domestic, slip and fall and hit her head accident, there's also the choking accident, the accidental stumble into an angry beehive, etcetera etcetera.

Queen:

The beehive has possibilities. How far away is the closest beehive?

Mirror:

165 miles.

Queen:

Well, that won't do. She'd hardly accidentally stumble 165 miles into a beehive, now would she?

Mirror:

I suppose not. What about the classic 'Oh, no - she slipped and fell' accident. She could do that at home? And she wouldn't even have to travel far at all. Yes. It's brilliant, if I do say so myself.

Queen:

Maybe for you. But....I have a flare for the dramatic. Something that speaks volumes.

Mirror:

A bookcase falling on her?

Queen:

No, you idiot. Something that could only be seen as deliberate, something with a message. *(Pause)* I've got it! A poisoned apple!

Mirror:

No.

Queen:

Why not?

Mirror:

Too predictable.

Queen:

But it's the stuff of fairy tales.

Mirror:

Exactly. No self respecting maiden hiding out in a forest would possibly take a multicoloured poisoned apple from a convenient stranger who approaches her asking for a drink of water.

Queen:

So, you don't think...?

Mirror:

No.

Queen:

I shouldn't give it a try?

Mirror:

No

Queen:

Perhaps I could -?

Mirror:

No.

Queen:

No?

Mirror:

She'll know what you are up to.

Queen:

So that's a no?

Mirror:

Yes. And that means No. Because she'll know.

Queen:

Oh, no she won't!

Mirror:

Oh, yes she will!

Queen:

Oh, no she won't!

Mirror:

Oh yes SHE WILL.

Queen:

Oh. That's so disappointing. I must confess that now I am stumped. And I don't know what to do. Oh, my day is ruined. How am I supposed to play the villain now? And I do love it so. Bah!

**Song: When the Villain's not engaged in her employment. From: When a felon's not engaged in his employment – The pirates of Penzance - Gilbert and Sullivan**

Queen:

When a villain's not engaged in her employment,  
Or maturing her villainous little plans,  
Her capacity for innocent enjoyment  
Is just as great as any sane woman's.  
Her excitement she with difficulty smothers  
When a murder is the duty to be done:  
Ah, take one consideration with another,  
A villain's lot is just a happy one!

Mirror and Queen:

Oh. When a murder is the duty to be done, to be done  
A villain's lot is just a happy one.

When the enterprising murderer is a planning,  
She's a cut-throat that's just occupied in crime,  
She loves to hear her little victims gurgling,  
And listen to their merry dying cries.  
And when I am finished with that old king's daughter.  
I'll sit and gaze a dreamily at me.  
Ah, take one consideration with another,  
This villain's lot is smashing, don't you see?

Queen:

I've got it! I'll kill her with a nuclear cigar!  
(*Scary music*)

Mirror:

Pardon?

Queen:

A nuclear cigar.  
(*Cue scary music*)

Mirror:

Please explain.

Queen:

When the cigar is lit, it produces a miniature nuclear explosion, obliterating everything in its path.

Mirror:

Yes – I understand that part. The part I don't get is where you envision Snow White lighting up a Cuban.

Queen:

No, you nincompoop. It's not for her. It's going to be for one of those crazy sisters she's currently residing with.

Mirror:

Ah, I see. I can definitely see at least one of them smoking cigars. But how will that kill Snow White?

Queen:

She'll light it for her. Her beloved papa smoked cigars, and she always lit them for him. She's so polite. Makes me sick! But it does mean she won't be able to help herself.

Mirror:

Ooh, that's brilliant.

Queen:

Ooh, yes, it is. And she'll never see it coming, hahaha!

*(Evil laugh till lights fade)*

## **Scene 6: A word from the dame and finale Act 1**

*(Lights up on dame, who can easily be one of the ugly sisters, most likely Hideosa, but at director's discretion)*

Hideosa:

Now, children, we see the plot as it unfurls and thickens, like pea soup, with just a little too much potato. So what do we know so far? Well - The evil queen marries the King, and then he dies under "mysterious circumstances", but we all know what really happened, don't we? *(Pause.)* So Snow White gets made into a servant and then as she grows older and more lovely every day, she grows into the most beautiful girl in the world. And that's no mean feat.

Now the queen simply can't have that. So she sends Snow White into the woods, with a Huntsman, who is supposed to kill her, but he is actually a nice guy and he lets her go and flees the country. She then meets up with me and my six other ugly sisters, and we take her in, like the nice girls we are. Once the evil queen finds out, though, she makes a cunning plan to get rid of her once and for all.

## **Finale Act 1: No one'll mourn poor Snow White - Wicked: Finale**

All cast:

No one'll mourn poor Snow White  
Soon she will be dead and gone.  
Then there will be sorrow in the land.

Queen and mirror (and possibly chorus/castle staff):

Good news!

Ugly sisters:

Bad news...

Snow white:

I can say that my life's changed for the better – it's..

Snow white and sisters:

Because I met you...

Chorus:

You can't stop the wicked...

Snow white and ugly sisters:

Because I met you...

My life's been changed...

Chorus:

You can't stop the wicked

Wicked...

Wicked

Queen:

*(Shouted)* WITCH!

*Sound and lighting effect: Thunderclap, puff of smoke and lights down*

**End of Act One**

