

# **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**

**by Nigel Holmes**

A pantomime, freely adapted from the original 'Snow White'  
published in 1812 by the Brothers Grimm in "Grimm's Fairy Tales."

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## SNOW WHITE - CAST LIST

**SNOW WHITE:** A Princess. Stepdaughter of Queen Devellinka. Her 18th birthday is during the pantomime. An honest and likeable girl.

**QUEEN DEVELLINKA:** The evil Queen. Nasty to everyone.

**MAGIC MIRRORINA VON TRAPPED:** A soul trapped inside the magic mirror. Could be male or female.

**MUDDLES:** The Jester. A comedian and someone who can reel in the audience.

**PRINCE ESMOND:** Could be played by a girl in tights, or a lad in his 20's.

**WHOOPI DA COOKIE:** Dame. The cook for the castle. Tries to pretend she is French but obviously isn't. Normally played by a mature man.

**PROFESSOR HEINZ VIFTYSEBSON:** The cranky professor. Speaks in broken English with a mid-European accent.

**LATE LAURA:** Happy and bouncy. She doesn't have a roll to start with but makes a place for herself as the panto goes along.

**HARRY THE HUNTSMAN:** A gruff and 'solid' person. Just doing a job.

**DWARF WILLY:** A dwarf. In charge of the dwarfs. The voice for them.

**DWARF SILLY:** A dwarf.

**DWARF LILLY:** A dwarf.

**DWARF BILLY:** A dwarf.

**DWARF DILLY:** A dwarf.

**DWARF FILLY:** A dwarf.

**DWARF NUTCASE:** A dwarf.

**ACT I SCENE 1: THE QUEEN'S CASTLE.**

THE SCENE OPENS WITH DANCING AND SINGING. THE WHOLE STAGE IS FULL OF MOVEMENT AND COLOUR.

THE SCENERY SHOWS A CASTLE INTERIOR. TO ONE SIDE IS A CURTAIN (ON A POLE) WHICH IS CONCEALING THE MAGIC MIRROR.

*MUSICAL NUMBER: Dancers and Ensemble.*

*SUGGESTION: Dancing on the Ceiling - Lionel Richie.*

IMMEDIATELY AT THE END OF THE DANCING THERE IS A HUGE PYROTECHNIC EXPLOSION AND AN INSTANT BLACKOUT.

DURING THE BLACKOUT SOME OF THE CAST SCREAM AND START TO RUN OFF.

THE BLACKOUT LAST FOR ONLY A FEW SECONDS AND THE LIGHTS RETURN TO THE STAGE WITH A COLD BLUE COLOURING. (DANCERS AND ENSEMBLE ARE STILL RUNNING OFF.)

STANDING IN THE CENTRE OF THE STAGE IS PROFESSOR HEINZ VIFTYSEBSON LOOKING DAZED, SHOCKED AND DISHEVELLED, WITH HAIR STANDING ON END (POSSIBLY A BLACKENED FACE), HOLDING A LARGE TEST TUBE.

*Note: The Professor has entered hidden behind the ensemble and dancers until the blackout and then revealed.*

PROF HEINZ:           Zat should no happening. (LOOKING AT TEST TUBE.)  
Too much newt powder I fink. I will try zee  
pickled bluebottle next time.

(TO AUDIENCE.) Did zat scare you? Zorry about it.  
At least we havz ze safety lightink. Last time the  
whole of (LOCAL TOWN NAME) went up in my bang and  
blackness. (TO LADY IN AUDIENCE.) Madam, were you  
in (LOCAL TOWN NAME) last nightie? While I did der  
huge banging, did youz feel Earth moving?

THE LIGHTING RETURNS TO NORMAL.

PROF HEINZ:           Ah! Zer you goes. We back at normals. Some-once  
fixed it.

MUDDLES ENTERS RUNNING.

MUDDLES:             Professor. What've you been doing?

PROF HEINZ:           (POINTING TO AUDIENCE.) It was zem.

MUDDLES:             No?

PROF HEINZ:           Yez.

MUDDLES:             No?

PROF HEINZ:           Yez.

MUDDLES:             (TO AUDIENCE.) Was it you? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

PROF HEINZ:           Oh yez it was.

MUDDLES: (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.) Oh no it wasn't.  
PROF HEINZ: Oh yez it was.  
MUDDLES: Oh no it wasn't.  
PROF HEINZ: Shut zee cakeie holes.  
MUDDLES: What were you doing?  
PROF HEINZ: Queen Devellinka vonted me to make a potion for cureing zee stinky. (PINCHES NOSE.)  
MUDDLES: What stinky?  
PROF HEINZ: U bend.  
MUDDLES: Like... (BENDS AND TOUCHES TOES.)  
PROF HEINZ: No. U bend. (MAKES TOILET CHAIN FLUSH ACTION.)  
Down poopie plopp stinky hole.  
MUDDLES: You mean... (HOLDS NOSE AND MAKES CHAIN FLUSH ACTION.) So what's with the explosion?  
PROF HEINZ: Too much newt and not 'nough bluebottle.  
MUDDLES: Why can't you be like the rest of us and clean the loo with a toilet duck?  
PROF HEINZ: A duck for zee toilet? You fink a duck vill vork? I go find a quacker and flush him.

PROFESSOR HEINZ EXITS.

MUDDLES: Ladies and gentlemen, that was Professor Heinz Viftysebson. Give him a round of applause as he leaves to blow up, who knows what?

The Professor is the Queen's inventor. Queen Devellinka owns this castle and all the lands about here. I work for her.

Sorry we haven't been formally introduced. I'm Muddles.

It's nice to meet you all. Actually I'd like to come down and shake you all by the hand but there's too many of you. Perhaps what I can do is delegate my handshaking.

Would you be kind enough to turn to the people on either side of you and shake their hand while saying "Muddles says, pleased to meet you"? You have to do both sides equally please. We don't want to leave anyone out. Come on. "Muddles says, pleased to meet you."

Thank you everybody. Now I feel that I know you all.

By the way, I'm employed by Queen Devellinka as a jester. She doesn't pay much. In fact sometimes she pays me Monopoly money. That would be okay, but last week I found out that even that was counterfeit.

Being a jester is a really difficult job. The Queen never laughs at anything. She walks around with a face like this all the time.

MUDDLES WALKS AROUND PULLING A  
RIDICULOUS SILLY SAD FACE.

WHILE THIS IS HAPPENING, QUEEN  
DEVELLINKA ENTERS AND STANDS IN MUDDLES  
PATH. HE BUMPS INTO HER. THEY BOTH  
LOOK AT EACH OTHER FOR A SECOND.  
MUDDLES FREEZES WITH THE SILLY FACE.

MUDDLES: (ASIDE TO AUDIENCE.) Whoops!

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Who were you talking to? I don't pay you to talk to everyone.

MUDDLES: Actually Queen Devellinka, you *don't* pay me at all.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: I pay you what you're worth.

MUDDLES: (ASIDE TO AUDIENCE.) She pays me fifty pence and a gob stopper.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: You ungrateful little peasant. Fifty pence pocket money is a huge amount.

MUDDLES: I have to say, the gob stopper is a good one. It's always a fantasmagorical colour changing super sized suckathon extreme. They turn your tongue the colour of rainbows. Look! (STICKS OUT TONGUE TO QUEEN.)

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: I hope you're not going to put that back in your mouth. That's revolting.

MUDDLES: Well yes, I *am* revolting.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Exactly.

MUDDLES: I'm revolting over my wages.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: I paid you the full fifty pence with a coin.

MUDDLES: Yes but again, it was a forgery.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: How do you know?

MUDDLES: Around the edges it said "Toy Town Bank" and the head on it was a picture of Noddy.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: What more do you expect? You're not even a good jester.

MUDDLES: Okay, I'll make you laugh. Why can't you let Elsa have a balloon?

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: I don't know. Why can't you let Elsa have a balloon.

MUDDLES: Because she'll (SINGING) Let it go, let it go!

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: I don't get it.

MUDDLES: Try this. Why is this castle so wet?

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: I don't know. Why is this castle so wet?

MUDDLES: Because you're the Queen and you've reigned here for years.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Why is that funny?

MUDDLES: Can I have a better paying job?

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Now that is a good joke.

MUDDLES: Awh go on.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: No!

MUDDLES: Awh go on.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: No!

MUDDLES: I could be a pumpernickel picker, or a cucumber cutter-upper. I could be a damson distributor, or a carrot cracker-opener. What about a apple pie pip picker-out'erer?

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Never mind all that. Where is my mirror?

MUDDLES: One moment your Mage.

MUDDLES GOES TO THE WINGS AND RETURNS  
WITH A COPY OF A LOCAL NEWSPAPER.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: What's that?

MUDDLES: You wanted your Mirror. The Daily Mirror. But (LOCAL PAPER SHOP) only delivered the (NAME OF LOCAL NEWSPAPER.)

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Fool! Not the Daily Mirror. My *magic* mirror. The one that always tells the truth.

MUDDLES: Not at all like the Daily Mirror then.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: (ANGRY AND INSISTING.) Where - is - my - magic - mirror?

MUDDLES: Oh *that* mirror! You should have said *that* mirror. It's behind *that* curtain.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Why did you cover it up?

MUDDLES: It wasn't working. Every time I looked in it, it showed the reflection of an idiot.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: (COMMANDING.) Leave me.

MUDDLES: Please!

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: What?

MUDDLES: Please. Leave me *please*.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Clear off!

MUDDLES: Okay, I'm going. But it doesn't take much to be polite. Ask these children. *Please* is always the magic word that gets things done.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Don't forget I can do much stronger magic than that. Get out of here now, before I have your head removed.

MUDDLES: Not the head of Noddy?

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: (POINTING HER FINGERS AT MUDDLES AND RECITING A SPELL.)  
Send eye of bat and slime of lard.  
Bring me right now, a vibe so hard.  
Give me huge power in this spell.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA:

Slice Muddles head and neck as well.  
This is no joke, it's not a farce.  
Chop off and send it up...

MUDDLES: (INTERRUPTING.) I'll be going now then.

MUDDLES EXITS AT SPEED.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA PULLS THE CURTAIN TO  
REVEAL THE MIRROR. THE FACE OF THE  
MIRROR APPEARS. SHE SPEAKS DIRECTLY  
INTO THE MIRROR OVER THE TOP  
DRAMATICALLY.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Mirror, mirror do your duty. Am I still the  
fairest beauty?

MAGIC MIRRORINA: (ANNOYED.) Are you stupid or what?

How many more times do I have to say it. It's you.  
It's always you. Stop asking morning, noon and  
night. Mirror mirror... Am I still the fairest?  
Oh come on. Give it a rest. It's you. You are  
the fairest in the land. Now ask me something  
else. Something intellectual and mind expanding.  
I have the whole of Google at my fingertips, but do  
you ask the longest river, or the highest mountain?  
NO! Do you ask me who won the F.A. cup in 1978.  
NO! It's me, me, me all the time. YOU are the  
fairest in the land. Now if you've quite finished,  
you can shut the curtain. That Richard Osman is on  
in a minute and I really don't have time for all  
this.

THE QUEEN CLOSSES THE CURTAIN WITH AN  
ANNOYED SWISH AND TURNS TO SPEAK TO THE  
AUDIENCE.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: You are looking at the fairest in the land. I have  
pity on the rest of you. You came to the (NAME OF  
THEATRE.) dressed up in your best clothes - well  
some of you - thinking that you were looking  
special, and suddenly you see me. The fairest in  
the land. Fairest even as far as (NAME OF NEXT  
TOWN.)

Look. There's a man there (POINTING.) who's been  
telling his wife for years that she's beautiful.  
Then he sees me. Well I'm sorry madam. Ask  
everyone. You don't even register on the beauty  
scale alongside someone like myself.

Come on then. I know you want to boo me. Yes, go  
on boo me, but it won't do you any good. Nothing  
is going to change the fact that you're all ugly.

Ahh haa ha ha!

QUEEN DEVELLINKA SWEEPS OFF (EXITS)  
WHILE AT THE SAME TIME WHOOPI DA COOKIE  
ENTERS FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE.

WHOOPI DA COOKIE: (TO AUDIENCE, IN EXAGGERATED FRENCH ACCENT.) Allo  
my little sugar coated peeps. 'Ow are voos? You  
look so love-ely sitting there like little crinkled  
Ferrero Rocher's.

I am Whoopi da Cookie. Oui je suis I am. The  
French cook, all the way from French France in  
French land. Ooo la la bon bon.



WHOOPI DA COOKIE:

(NORMAL VOICE.) Ha! Did I fool you? Okay, so I'll come clean. But for a moment there you thought I was French didn't you? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Actually I'm not even the least bit French. I'm from just round the corner in (NAME OF CLOSE TOWN.) But I could have been a famous French cook. If only I had been born in France... and could cook.

Anyway, a cooks job is all about front (HITCHES BOSOM) isn't it? The boys of the castle love my dumplings and I've had good reports about my French horns. They love wiggling their tongues deep into that sticky cream.

Tell you what. Would you like me to sing you a French song? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Come on, speak up. Would you like me to sing you a French song? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) We'll you're going to get one anyway.

*MUSICAL NUMBER: Whoopi Da Cookie.*

*SUGGESTION: Under the Bridges of Paris - written by Vincent Scotto.*

WHOOPI DA COOKIE: Oh oui, gay Parea. The city of romance. Mind you, last time I was there a Frenchman fondled me under the arches.

They don't mess about do they? It felt like he had a model of the Eiffel Tower in his pocket.

SNOW WHITE ENTERS.

SNOW WHITE: Hello Whoopi.

WHOOPI DA COOKIE: Ladies and gentlemen... (CHANGING BACK TO FRENCH ACCENT.) Madams and mon-sewers, ces la bee the lovely Snow White.

SNOW WHITE: Not so much of the "lovely" please.

WHOOPI DA COOKIE: Mon duet pom da fritz Snow White. Vooz really are the loveliest girl in the... what's French for Castle?

SNOW WHITE: Château.

WHOOPI DA COOKIE: Château? Isn't that where the wine comes from?

SNOW WHITE: You really don't have to keep up the pretence about being French. Not when it's just me. I've known you since, well, forever. You've told me you come from (NEXT LOCAL TOWN.) In fact we all know.

WHOOPI DA COOKIE: The Queen knows?

SNOW WHITE: Yes.

WHOOPI DA COOKIE: Professor Heinz knows?

SNOW WHITE: Of course.

WHOOPI DA COOKIE: Even Muddles knows?

SNOW WHITE: Particularly Muddles.

WHOOPI DA COOKIE: But Muddles always loves it when I speak French.

SNOW WHITE: Muddles is a jester. It's just leg pulling. He's always known.

WHOOPI DA COOKIE: You wait 'till I get... In fact I think I can see Muddles over there. (STARTING TO EXIT.) Just you wait until I get my hands on that scrawny neck. (EXITS FULLY.)

SNOW WHITE: (TO AUDIENCE.) Hello everyone. You can answer if you like. Let's try again. Hello everyone. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) That's better. My name is Snow White. I'm the stepdaughter of Queen Devellinka. It's my eighteenth birthday tomorrow and you're all invited to the party.

Not that I'm officially supposed to know there's a party. But I'm guessing they must have something up their sleeves. An eighteenth birthday is a coming of age and I don't think my stepmother would let it go unnoticed. What do you think?

I have a feeling that everything has been kept secret from me so that I'll get the biggest surprise of my life. The stars certainly have been forecasting something momentous will be happening tomorrow. I can't think what else it might be. I'm so excited.

*MUSICAL NUMBER: Snow White, joined by the Ensemble.*

*SUGGESTION: I'm So Excited - The Pointer Sisters.*

IF THE ENSEMBLE ARE USED FOR THE SONG THEN THEY SHOULD EXIT AFTER ANY APPLAUSE TABLEAU.

MUDDLES ENTERS AND RUNS RIGHT ACROSS THE STAGE AND EXITS.

SNOW WHITE: (LAUGHING.) That flash of colour was Muddles. I think you've already met him. Muddles is not only the court jester but one of my dearest friends. Muddles has always been there when I've needed someone to talk to or just make me smile. My stepmother is not always the easiest to chat to you see. Being the Queen, she has so many important things to do that she doesn't always have time to stop and deal with my silly little problems.

MUDDLES ENTERS AGAIN RUNNING FROM THE SAME SIDE AS BEFORE AND RUNS RIGHT ACROSS THE STAGE AND EXITS.

SNOW WHITE: (CALLING.) Muddles!

MUDDLES HEAD COMES BACK ROUND THE WINGS.

MUDDLES: Have you seen her?

SNOW WHITE: Who?

MUDDLES: Whoopi the crazy cookie. She's chasing me.

SNOW WHITE: Whoopi? I saw her a little while ago, Then she disappeared.

MUDDLES ENTERS FULL AND IS CONSTANTLY LOOKING AROUND FURTIVELY.

MUDDLES: Disappeared? What? She's gone into invisibility mode?

SNOW WHITE: Don't be silly. No one can go invisible.

MUDDLES: Ah. Well that's just what we don't know, do we?

SNOW WHITE: I've never seen anyone go invisible.

MUDDLES: Exactly! You wouldn't see someone go invisible if they were invisible already would you?

SNOW WHITE: I guess not.

MUDDLES: So what you're saying is cookie Whoopi could be here right now. And she's invisible.

SNOW WHITE: No, that's not what...

MUDDLES STARTS TO DO KARATE MOVES ALL OVER THE STAGE MAKING STABBING MOTIONS AND KARATE SOUNDS.

SNOW WHITE: Muddles. She's not here.

MUDDLES: Just a moment. I thought I saw something move over there.

MUDDLES MAKES MORE EXAGGERATED KARATE MOVES TOWARDS WINGS THEN FACES AWAY FROM WINGS AND STANDS IN A "READY" KARATE STANCE.

PRINCE ESMOND ENTERS BEHIND MUDDLES AND TAPS HIM ON THE SHOULDER.

MUDDLES TURNS THE WRONG WAY AND THE PRINCE WALKS UNSEEN TO MEET SNOW WHITE.

PRINCE ESMOND IS CARRYING A GIFT.

PRINCE ESMOND: You must be the Princess Snow White? (MAKING AN ELABORATE BOW.)

MUDDLES: Haaaaah! (JUMPING ROUND AND SEEING PRINCE.) Hang on a moment. You're not Whoopi da Cookie. You're that Prince Esmond from the next kingdom.

How did you get past...

Wow! I was right. Someone WAS invisible? You walked right past me and I didn't even see you. Can you teach me how to do that? Be invisible? Can you, can you?

PRINCE ESMOND: I wasn't invisible.

MUDDLES: Don't be silly. You must have been. What's the secret?

PRINCE ESMOND: There's no secret.

MUDDLES: If it's not a secret, you can tell me.

PRINCE ESMOND: Honestly I wasn't invisible.

MUDDLES: (GETTING EXCITED.) Not invisible? You turned to vapour then? Gas! You were gaseous.

SNOW WHITE: Muddles. Stop it. He was not invisible. I saw him arrive.

MUDDLES: But...

SNOW WHITE: Muddles!

MUDDLES: I'll Google it. I bet there's something about invisibility on YouTube.

MUDDLES EXITS AT SPEED.

PRINCE ESMOND APPROACHES SNOW WHITE.

SNOW WHITE: Please excuse Muddles. Life can be slightly confusing when there's magic all around.

PRINCE ESMOND: And I see magic in your lovely eyes. Magic in the way you smile. Magic in the wave of your hair.

SNOW WHITE: You're joking, right?

PRINCE ESMOND: I guess it was a bit sickening, wasn't it?

SNOW WHITE: Slightly.

PRINCE ESMOND: But, lovely Princess Snow White...

SNOW WHITE MAKES AS IF STICKING FINGERS DOWN THROAT AND BEING SICK.

PRINCE ESMOND: Yes, sorry. Look! I am Prince Esmond. I'm here to give you this birthday present from Mother and Father. (PASSING OVER THE PRESENT.)

SNOW WHITE: What is it?

PRINCE ESMOND: Open it and see.

SNOW WHITE OPENS THE BOX AND PULLS OUT AN ODD LOOKING, STRANGE AND COMPLICATED OBJECT. A SORT OF TV CONTROL 'ZAPPER' BUT BIGGER AND MORE COMPLICATED.

SNOW WHITE: Er... It's lovely.

PRINCE ESMOND: Yes, isn't it.

SNOW WHITE: Lovely.

PRINCE ESMOND: Lovely.

SNOW WHITE: I've not got one of these.

PRINCE ESMOND: I thought not.

SNOW WHITE: I shall look forward to using it.

PRINCE ESMOND: I'm hope you will enjoy it.

SNOW WHITE: Please thank your mother and father for it.

PRINCE ESMOND: They will be pleased that you liked it.

SNOW WHITE: Oh I do, I do.

PRINCE ESMOND: Good.

SNOW WHITE: What exactly is it?

PRINCE ESMOND: I have no idea.

THEY BOTH BURST INTO GIGGLES.

PRINCE ESMOND TAKES SNOW WHITE'S HANDS.

PRINCE ESMOND: I know we've only just met, but already I feel that we have a special relationship. One that will last forever.

SNOW WHITE: My feelings are the same.

*MUSICAL NUMBER: Prince and Snow White.*

*SUGGESTION: I've Never Been in Love Before - From Guys and Dolls, by Frank Loesser*

QUEEN DEVELLINKA ENTERS.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: You can break that up right now.

PRINCE ESMOND: Your Majesty (BOWING). I bring salutations from my parents, the King and Queen of...

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: So you're that upstart Prince we've heard about.

Remove yourself from my kingdom before I call the guards.

SNOW WHITE: But mother.

PRINCE ESMOND: Your majesty I think I'm in love with your stepdaughter, Snow White.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Love! LOVE! How can you love such a hideous child?

(SHOUTING.) Guards!

PRINCE ESMOND: I will go, but Snow white, I will find a way.

THE PRINCE EXITS BEFORE THE GUARDS ARRIVE.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Just what was he doing here?

SNOW WHITE: He delivered this birthday present from his parents. (SHE HOLDS UP THE PRESENT.)

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: What is it?

SNOW WHITE: Something very exciting.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: What does it do?

SNOW WHITE: We don't know.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Give it here. (GRABBING PRESENT AND THEN SHOUTING.) Professor!

The professor will find out what it is.

And what's this about a birthday?

SNOW WHITE: Tomorrow. My birthday. My surprise party.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Surprise party? Surprise you say. Yes it will certainly be a surprise. The surprise is that you won't be having one.

SNOW WHITE: But...

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: (TURNING ON AUDIENCE.) Cruel! Who said I was cruel? Yes, I heard the whisper. I also heard the boos.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA:

Don't think I haven't noticed where the booing's coming from. (POINTING TO SOMEONE IN THE AUDIENCE.) I know who you are. I've already put a curse on your pyjamas. Ahhh haa ha ha.

(TO SNOW WHITE.) Party! There will be NO party. No celebration. Come with me child. It's time you were sent to your room.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA GRABS SNOW WHITE BY THE ARM AND STARTS TO DRAG HER OFF STAGE.

THE PROFESSOR ENTERS AND CROSSES OVER WITH THE EXITING PAIR. THE QUEEN DUMPS THE PRESENT ON THE PROFESSOR AND CONTINUES TO EXIT WITH SNOW WHITE.

THE PROFESSOR LOOKS SURPRISED AND QUIZZICAL AT THE OBJECT WHILE TALKING DIRECTLY TO THE AUDIENCE.

PROF HEINZ:

Vot is dis I have in my finkers? I not see some fink like dis before. It has twiddly widdly fings all over and a likkle dial to turn.

Oooo look. A likkle button. Do you fink I should press it? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Okay. Here goes. 1 - 2 - 3 go. (THE BUTTON IS PRESSED.)

AS THE BUTTON IS PRESSED THE STAGE LIGHTING CHANGES IN SOME VERY OBVIOUS WAY. MAYBE SEVERAL LIGHTS GO OUT OR JUST LEAVING ONE ON. OR PERHAPS AN OBVIOUS COLOUR CHANGE.

PROF HEINZ:

Vot happened? Did I do dat? Wait! I'll doos it again.

THE PROFESSOR VERY OBVIOUSLY PUSHES THE BUTTON AGAIN (POINTING IT LIKE A TV ZAPPER) AND THE LIGHTING CHANGES IN A DIFFERENT WAY.

PROF HEINZ:

Oooo. Diss is goot. I like diss.

THE PROFESSOR CONTINUES TO PRESS THE OBJECT AGAIN AND AGAIN. EACH TIME IT IS PRESSED THE LIGHTING CHANGES IN SOME WAY. COLOUR OR DIFFERENT LIGHTS.

*NOTE: You will need to organise a sequence with your lighting people so that the Professor pushes the buttons in a way that it looks like the lights are being controlled. Make up an imaginary and interesting sequence.*

THE PROFESSOR PUSHES THE BUTTON FASTER AND FASTER AND THE LIGHTING FLASHES IN TIME TO EACH PRESS.

DISCO MUSIC STARTS TO PLAY AND THE PROFESSOR PUSHES THE BUTTON (AND THE LIGHTS CHANGE) IN TIME WITH THE MUSIC.

AS THE DISCO SEQUENCE BUILDS, MUDDLES ENTERS DOING AN EXAGGERATED DANCE IN TIME WITH THE MUSIC AND LIGHTS.

MUDDLES DANCES TO THE PROFESSOR AND THEY DANCE TOGETHER FOR A SHORT MOMENT.

THEN THE PROFESSOR STOPS DANCING AND MAKES AN OBVIOUS PRESS OF THE BUTTON. MUDDLES (AND THE LIGHTS) STOP IN MID DANCE AND BECOMES A STATUE.

THE PROFESSOR PRESSES AGAIN AND THE MUSIC, LIGHTING AND MUDDLES START AGAIN. THE PROFESSOR DOES A COUPLE OF PRESSES AND EACH TIME EVERYTHING STOPS AND STARTS (INCLUDING MUDDLES).

AFTER A FEW GOES AT THIS THE PROFESSOR PUSHES THE BUTTON ONE MORE TIME AND EVERYTHING STOPS AND SENDS THE WHOLE STAGE INTO BLACKOUT AND THE MUSIC STOPS ABRUPTLY.

MUDDLES SWITCHES ON A HAND HELD TORCH AND IS WAVING IT AROUND.

PROF HEINZ:           Vot happened?

MUDDLES:             I was enjoying that.

PROF HEINZ:           You looked de idiot.

MUDDLES:             That's the second time you've blown the lights up in this show. (SWEEPING THE TORCH AROUND THE AUDIENCE.) Look at all these poor people. They think it's a wartime blackout. They'll be singing "We'll meet again" soon.

                      Actually I think I can see Vera Lynn over there. (TO PERSON IN THE TORCH BEAM.) How are the white cliffs of Dover? Still bluebirds flying over?

                      Just a moment. (LISTENING.) Listen! Can you hear a buzz bomb.

PROF HEINZ:           Your bum buzzes?

MUDDLES:             Bomb not bum.

PROF HEINZ:           Ave it your ovn way.

MUDDLES:             Have you got a button there that turns the lights back on?

PROF HEINZ:           I try diz.

                      THE PROFESSOR PUSHES A BUTTON AND THE STAGE LIGHTING RETURNS TO NORMAL.

                      SNOW WHITE ENTERS.

MUDDLES:             Snow White, you look really sad. What's the matter.

SNOW WHITE:           Nothing really.

PROF HEINZ:           It not look nuffink to me.

SNOW WHITE:           It's just that I was expecting a party for my 18th birthday. You know, dancing singing and candles. That sort of thing.

MUDDLES:             Why is that making you sad?

SNOW WHITE:           Well I've just been told there there's not going to be a party. My 18th birthday will just pass with no celebration at all.

PROF HEINZ: Dat is sad.

MUDDLES TRYS TO ENCOURAGE AN "AHHH"  
FROM THE AUDIENCE.

MUDDLES: Much sadder than that. (ENCOURAGING MORE.) That's better.

SNOW WHITE: Thank you.

MUDDLES: Don't worry. We can give you a party.

PROF HEINZ: Yez. Ve can give... Can ve?

MUDDLES: Of course we can. We can all sing you "Happy Birthday." (TO AUDIENCE.) Come on everyone. Happy Birthday to Snow White.

MUDDLES AND THE PROFESSOR ENCOURAGE THE  
AUDIENCE TO SING "HAPPY BIRTHDAY."

SNOW WHITE: Thank you everyone. That makes me feel so much better.

MUDDLES: And what about a party? Professor, push that music button and get those lights a flashing.

THE PROFESSOR PUSHES A BUTTON AND DANCE  
MUSIC PLAYS AND THE STAGE LIGHTS GO  
"DISCO".

THE ENSEMBLE AND DANCERS ENTER AND  
CREATE A PARTY ATMOSPHERE. THEY CAN  
ENTER FROM EVERYWHERE IN THE AUDITORIUM  
AND DANCE IN THE AISLE.

THE PROFESSOR, MUDDLES AND SNOW WHITE  
DANCE WITH THE CHORUS.

*MUSICAL NUMBER: Ensemble and Dancers.*

*SUGGESTION: Let's Have a Party. Wanda Jackson (Also Elvis Presley.)*

QUEEN DEVELLINKA ENTERS FROM THE BACK  
OF THE THEATRE.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Stop this noise.

MUDDLES: Oh no it's Angela Merkel.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: What's going on here. All go back to your duties.

THE ENSEMBLE AND DANCERS EXIT IN ALL  
DIRECTIONS.

MUDDLES AND THE PROFESSOR LOOK WORRIED  
AS THE QUEEN REACHES THE STAGE.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: What are you waiting for. Leave me now. I have important state business to carry out.

SNOW WHITE: They were only trying to be nice.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: By making that infernal din?

SNOW WHITE: Please forgive them.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: I never forgive anyone. Not my staff not my subjects and certainly not you young Miss. You should know better. Now leave me before I get really cross.



MUDDLES: (ASIDE.) Is this not cross then?

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: What! Leave me. All of you.

MUDDLES, THE PROFESSOR AND SNOW WHITE  
EXIT.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: (TURNING ON AUDIENCE.) And you should know better. I heard the boo's. If you think I will let that happen again you have made a rash judgement.

Come on, give me one last big "boo" and get it out of the way. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) If that's the best you can do then you might as well go home right now. Ahh haa ha ha!

I need to speak to my magic mirror.

THE STAGE LIGHTING GOES GLOOMY AND  
SINISTER.

THE QUEEN GOES TO THE CURTAIN THAT  
COVER THE MAGIC MIRROR AND PULLS IT  
AGGRESSIVELY ASIDE.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: (TO MIRROR PROUDLY.) Mirror, mirror do your duty. Am I still the fairest beauty?

MAGIC MIRROINA: Who is it?

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: What do you mean, who is it?

THE FACE IN THE MIRROR APPEARS WEARING  
A COLOURFUL FACE PACK WITH HER EYES  
COVERED WITH CUCUMBER SLICES.

MAGIC MIRROINA: What I mean is... Who is it?

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Who else is it going to be?

MAGIC MIRROINA: I don't know. It's difficult to see with these cucumber slices on my eyes. You should try a couple yourself. Very soothing. Could do your bags a lot of good.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Bags. I don't have bags. How dare you.

MAGIC MIRROINA: Well age catches up with us all you know. One day you're the fairest in the land and then the very next day you've turned into an old hag.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: I've a long way to go before I need to worry about that.

MAGIC MIRROINA: Not so far off for any of us. You should take precautions early. Cucumbers are on "special" at (LOCAL SUPERMARKET) this week.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Just answer the question. Mirror, mirror do your duty...

MAGIC MIRROINA: Yes yes. We know the rest. (TAKING OFF CUCUMBER SLICES.) Oh it's you.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: (MORE AND MORE ANNOYED.) Tell me. Am I still the fairest beauty?

MAGIC MIRROINA: Well let me see. There's that girl on the TV who does the weather. There's her off the X factor.

MAGIC MIRROINA:

There's that one with the blonde hair who comes in on a Tuesday and there's the girl in the (LOCAL PUB NAME) who serves behind the bar. It's difficult to say really. There's also that gay bloke we see around town most days.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Stop this at once. You know it's me. It's always me. ME! I am the fairest beauty?

MAGIC MIRROINA: Ah. Well. Very soon Queenie, that may no longer be the case.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: How dare you! I can always get a new mirror you know.

MAGIC MIRROINA: Not so fast. Don't shoot the messenger. Ask me again and I'll tell you something you don't know. Go on. Ask me.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: I have no idea why I'm going through this ridiculous charade. (SIGH.) Mirror, mirror do your duty. Am I still the fairest beauty?

MAGIC MIRROINA: Only until tomorrow, my little Queenie.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: What!

MAGIC MIRROINA: Yes tomorrow. Someone in your kingdom is just coming of age and as of tomorrow SHE will be the fairest beauty in the land.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: That cannot be allowed to happen. Who is it? One of my subjects? I'll kill her. For it is me. It will always be me, who is the fairest. Tell me of this person and I will wipe her from the face of the Earth.

MAGIC MIRROINA: Oh! What a surprise. Ha ha. Someone else has topped you Queenie. And now you want to top them. Well that's never gonna happen.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: It will happen if I wish it.

MAGIC MIRROINA: Why don't you ask those people?

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: No one will ever top my beauty. (TO AUDIENCE.) Oh no they won't. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh no they won't. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) You gargling gargoyles know nothing. Who is this, almost as beautiful as me, person?

MAGIC MIRROINA: You're not going to like it. In fact I may not even tell you. You get so mad and moan'ie that it might be better if we just changed the subject. Isn't the weather marvellous today?

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Tell me now or I will smear your mirror with stale yoghurt so you can't see out, then let it go green and mouldy.

MAGIC MIRROINA: No.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Yes.

MAGIC MIRROINA: No.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Yes.

MAGIC MIRROINA: Snow White.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Yes - What! No! Snow White?

MAGIC MIRROINA: Yes.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: My stepdaughter, Snow White?

MAGIC MIRROINA: Oh yes. You missed that one didn't you? Tomorrow Snow White will have a birthday and she officially comes of age. You probably remember when that happened to you. Was it fifty or sixty years ago?

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Mouldy yoghurt. I'll do it you know.

MAGIC MIRROINA: Mark these words Queenie. Tomorrow, Snow White, not you, will become the most beautiful and fairest in the land.

THE QUEEN SWISHES CLOSED THE CURTAIN ON THE MIRROR WITH A GREAT RAGE.

MAGIC MIRROINA: (FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN.) Temper temper.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Shut it! (TO HERSELF.) I need a plan. If Snow White is to become the fairest in the land, then perhaps I should put her IN the land. Six feet deep.

(CALLING.) Send me my huntsman.

MUDDLES: (ENTERING.) Sorry your madge. He's up to his eyes in it at the moment.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Up to his eyes in what?

MUDDLES: I'd rather not say.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Come on. Spit it out.

MUDDLES: That's exactly what he's been doing. He was helping me clean out the castle dunny pit and he fell right down the hole. He ended up in a pile of...

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Bring him to me.

MUDDLES: He stinks.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: So do you but we've all got used to it.

MUDDLES: He's just having a shower.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: We haven't invented showers yet.

MUDDLES: I just did. I made him stand under a bucket of water with some holes in it and told him it was the latest thing. It should have cured the smell.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Bring him to me at once.

MUDDLES BECKONS TOWARDS THE WINGS. THE HUNTSMAN ENTERS.

MUDDLES: Your Majesty, the Hairy Huntsman.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: Oi! It's 'HARRY'. 'HARRY' the huntsman.

MUDDLES: Whatever.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: Your majesty.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Pwaaar! What's that smell?

HARRY HUNTSMAN: Me, your majesty.

MUDDLES: Hairy...

HARRY HUNTSMAN: Harry.

MUDDLES: ...Hairy the huntsman, fell in a pile of...

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: We all know what he fell in.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: I was pushed, your majesty.

MUDDLES: Pushed! Well don't look at me Hairy.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: Harry.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: I have a job for you.

MUDDLES: I've already got a job.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: Yeah. Pushing people down holes into the...

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Him. Not you.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: At your service, your majesty?

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Your job as a huntsman means that you hunt things?

HARRY HUNTSMAN: Yes, your majesty.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: And once hunted, you kill them?

HARRY HUNTSMAN: Yes, your majesty. For the palace kitchens, your majesty. Rabbits, pheasants, deer and the occasional wild boar.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Well I want you to hunt something special for me. And then make a kill.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: For the palace table, your majesty?

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: No. For the palace graveyard. I want you to kill Snow White.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: I not sure I...

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Snow White. Kill her or your job will suddenly disappear. You really don't have a choice.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: I see. Then yes, your majesty.

MUDDLES: Wait! Wait! WAIT! For a minute there I thought you said kill Snow White.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: I did.

MUDDLES: You can't kill Snow White.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: I'm not going to. He is.

MUDDLES: But if you kill her, she'll be dead.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: How clever of you to work that out.

MUDDLES: (GROVELLING TO HUNTSMAN.) Snow White. Hairy, you can't kill Snow White. She's... She's Snow White. You can't kill her. Please don't kill her mister Hairy the Huntsman.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: It's Harry. Harry the Huntsman.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: It's his duty.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: Sadly that is correct, your majesty. It is my duty.

MUDDLES: But... Snow White is... well... she's Snow White.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: To make it easier you need to think of her as just another piece of meat. Kill the animal, skin it, cut out all the nasty bits and put them in the pot.

MUDDLES: You have no heart, Hairy.

QUEEN DEVELLINKA: Now that IS a good idea. No heart. Once you have killed Snow White, as proof that she's dead, bring me her heart. Ahh haa ha ha!

QUEEN DEVELLINKA SWEEPS OUT. (EXITS.)

MUDDLES: Hairy!

HARRY HUNTSMAN: Harry.

MUDDLES: Hairy Harry! You can't do this.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: Why not?

MUDDLES: It's heartless.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: And that is exactly what she will be. Heartless.

MUDDLES: How can you kill Snow White?

HARRY HUNTSMAN: It's easy. (DEMONSTRATING.) You just take a sharp knife and ... then you cut out the nasty bits ... then you scrape up all the...

MUDDLES: But. But, Snow White. I love her.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: Oh dear. You really do have a problem.

THE HUNTSMAN EXITS. MUDDLES IS ALONE.

*MUSICAL NUMBER: Muddles.*

*SUGGESTION: I Would Walk 500 Miles - The Proclaimer*

**CLOSE TABS.**

**END SCENE.**

**SCENE 2: SOMEWHERE IN THE CASTLE.**

PLAYED IN FRONT OF THE TABS.

WHOOPI DA COOKIE ENTERS.

WHOOPI DA COOKIE: (TO AUDIENCE.) Have you heard? It's Snow White's birthday tomorrow. I'll have to bake her a cake. Personally I love a nutty fruitcake. But we shouldn't talk about Muddles that way.

I made him a birthday sponge last year but the candles melted. Next time I won't put the candles on before I put the cake in the oven.

By the way, did you know that birthdays are good for you. Yes. Statistics have shown that people who have the most birthdays, live the longest.

PROFESSOR HEINZ VIFTYSEBSON ENTERS.

PROF HEINZ: Bon sure. Mine likkle cup of zee cake.

WHOOPI DA COOKIE: Bon bon der pompie to vooze also professor.

PROF HEINZ: I am love-ink your French accentual.

WHOOPI DA COOKIE: It is parley da-voo from French France.

PROF HEINZ: I ave never been to zee frenchie France.

WHOOPI DA COOKIE: Oh mon duet. I let you 'ave der bon secret. Nor ave me me.

PROF HEINZ: Zoh you are a total flake.

WHOOPI DA COOKIE: Flake? Oh, fake! I wouldn't go that far.

PROF HEINZ: Zen why you be speak-ink der French?

WHOOPI DA COOKIE: La French garçons, she get da bigger celery. And mon sherry, da French is sexy.

PROF HEINZ: I am sewer.

WHOOPI DA COOKIE: Qoo la la. Tell oui where voose come from professor.

PROF HEINZ: From over zee zee in zee Easter Europa. My aunt-sisters all be from dare.

'Ave you hear dee news from da castle? Hairy gonna kill Snow'ie.

WHOOPI DA COOKIE: Ooo oui la froo froo. (DROPPING BACK TO NORMAL ACCENT.) What! Hang on a moment. My English interpretation of what you just said came out as - "Harry the Huntsman is going to kill Snow White."

PROF HEINZ: Per-zac-ly.

WHOOPI DA COOKIE: No!

PROF HEINZ: Yes.

WHOOPI DA COOKIE: NO!

PROF HEINZ: Yes.

WHOOPI DA COOKIE: NO!

PROF HEINZ: (POINTING TO AUDIENCE.) Ask them.

WHOOPI DA COOKIE: (TO AUDIENCE.) Oh no he's not. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh no he's not. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) He's not. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) He's not, he's not, he's not. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

What! We'll soon see about that.

WHOOPI DA COOKIE STORMS OFF (EXITS.)

PROF HEINZ: (TO AUDIENCE.) Vood you like to nose about my new invention? It be some-fink to spread on zee English toasty crumps.

MUDDLES: (ENTERING.) Oh I love crumps, I mean crumpets. The holes are the tastiest bits.

PROF HEINZ: Vell I 'ave invented somefink to spread on zem.

MUDDLES: You know that stuff called "I can't believe it's not butter"? Actually I can't believe it's not butter because if nobody can't believe it's not butter then why does it taste like butter? So I just can't believe it's not.

PROF HEINZ: My inven-tony is very slim-la. Is 100% vegetarian, even it okay for zem vegan peeps. It with no cholesterol and no fattening fatty bits. It also glutton free and fully digestibility.

MUDDLES: What's it called?

PROF HEINZ: It called "I can't believe there's nuffink in the packet".

MUDDLES: Now that *is* inventive.

PROF HEINZ: What you doing ear.

MUDDLES: Well... I'm going to stop Hairy the Huntsman killing Snow White.

PROF HEINZ: How you gonna do zat?

MUDDLES: Easy! I'm gonna... I don't know yet.

PROF HEINZ: Perhaps I 'elp. I 'ave zee new invention that you can use.

MUDDLES: A new invention?

PROF HEINZ: I invent... Zee invisibility cloak.

MUDDLES: I think you'll find that Harry Potter got there first.

PROF HEINZ: Barry Potty?

MUDDLES: Never mind. Does your invisibility cloak really work.

PROF HEINZ: It still in zee trial staging, but I fink you try him out.

MUDDLES: Wow!

PROF HEINZ: I go get him. (EXITS.)

MUDDLES: Wow and wow again. I'm gonna be invisible. Just think of all the stuff you can do if people can't see you. You could do all sorts of naughty stuff and pranks on people. I bet you kids would love to get your hands on one. Just think what things you could do to your teachers at school.

THE PROFESSOR RETURNS WITH THE CLOAK.

*Note: The invisibility cloak is a big cloak that has a set of battery operated LED Christmas lights sewn inside but with the bulbs poking through holes all over it. Rather like a "Star-cloth". The lights are controlled from inside the cloak.*

PROF HEINZ: Here is. Try him on.

MUDDLES: (PUTTING ON CLOAK.) Wow! I've always wanted one of these. Can you still see me.

PROF HEINZ: Yes vee can see you. Dat is because you not push zee switch yet. It inside.

MUDDLES: (LOOKING FOR SWITCH.) I've found it.

PROF HEINZ: Not push him yet. Him have small battery life so use with spare.

MUDDLES: So when I push this switch I go invisible? Wow! Brilliant! I can't wait. When Hairy the Huntsman goes to kill Snow White I will be right there without them knowing. I can follow along and stop the killing.

PROF HEINZ: Remember this zee prototyping. You be first trying in world. Okcay cocay, I go now to invent more new finks (EXITS.)

MUDDLES: This is so great. An invisibility cloak. I just push the button and I go invisible. (TO AUDIENCE.) Can you still see me? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh no you can't. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Well that's because I haven't switched it on yet. I'm gonna go and try it out in the woods.

THE TABS START TO OPEN AND MUDDLES WALKS THROUGH THEM INTO THE NEXT SCENE.

**END SCENE.**



**SCENE 3: THE DEEP DARK FOREST.**

THE CENTRE OF THE FOREST. TO ONE SIDE THERE IS A TREE STUMP (OR FALLEN TREE) THAT CAN BE USED TO SIT ON.

MUDDLES ENTERS THROUGH THE OPENING TABS, DIRECTLY FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

THE STAGE IS FILLED WITH THE JUNIOR ENSEMBLE DRESSED AS WOODLAND ANIMALS.

*MUSICAL NUMBER: A ballet style dance for the junior ensemble. (Or a more 'active' dance if using the adult ensemble.)*

*SUGGESTION: Dance of the Hours - Ponchielli. (This can be cut and shortened very easily due to it's many pauses.)*

AT THE END OF THE DANCE (AFTER A TABLEAU FOR APPLAUSE,) THE ENSEMBLE EXIT LEAVING MUDDLES ALONE ON STAGE.

MUDDLES: I'm going to go invisible when the next person walks along this path. It'll probably be a dwarf. I'm told this whole forest is full of dwarfs.

WILLY THE DWARF ENTERS. (WILLY IS PLAYED BY A NORMAL ADULT. AS BIG OR AS TALL AS POSSIBLE.)

MUDDLES: Hi!

WILLY: Ho!

MUDDLES: Hi!

WILLY: Ho!

MUDDLES: It's home from work you go?

WILLY: How did you know that?

MUDDLES: Have you seen any dwarfs.

WILLY: Dwarfs? I work with six of them.

MUDDLES: Wow! You're friends with six dwarfs?

WILLY: They're my family. I'm actually a dwarf myself.

MUDDLES: Don't be silly. How can you be a dwarf? Dwarfs are small little men with white beards and pointy hats.

WILLY: Fairy tales. Don't believe anything you read in children's literature. Anyone can be a dwarf. In the forest we have rules about equal opportunities.

MUDDLES: But everyone knows that dwarfs are small.

WILLY: Perspective.

MUDDLES: What do you mean, perspective?

WILLY: Us dwarfs are a secretive bunch. We're only ever seen in the distance, And things that are a long way away always look smaller.

MUDDLES: But you're standing right next to me.

WILLY: Exactly! That's why I look so big. It's perspective.

MUDDLES: I never knew that. Are there more dwarfs about?

WILLY: There's one over there. (POINTING OFF STAGE.)

MUDDLES: A *really* small dwarf.

WILLY: Perspective again. Would you like to meet him?

MUDDLES: How tall is he actually?

WILLY: Come on. I'll introduce you to my family.

MUDDLES: (AS EXITING.) And I'll show them my invisibility cloak.

MUDDLES AND WILLY THE DWARF EXIT AS  
SNOW WHITE AND THE HUNTSMAN ENTER FROM  
THE OTHER SIDE.

SNOW WHITE: I'm really enjoying our walk, but perhaps we should go back now. The forest feels like it's closing in.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: As it's your birthday tomorrow, Queen Devellinka wanted me to show you the tree of knowledge. It's only just round that next bend in the path.

SNOW WHITE: I'm don't think I can walk any further. We've come so far and turned so many ways that I'm not even sure I know which way is home.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: Be strong. Like me. You sit there for a moment. I'll go on ahead and find the right tree.

SNOW WHITE: (SITTING ON THE TREE STUMP.) Don't be too long. Evening's coming and we have a long walk back. We probably shouldn't be out after dark.

HARRY THE HUNTSMAN EXITS.

SNOW WHITE SINGS A SONG AND WOODLAND  
CREATURES GRADUALLY ENTER FROM ALL  
DIRECTIONS AND SIT AT HER FEET TO  
LISTEN.

*MUSICAL NUMBER: Snow White.*

*SUGGESTION: Beautiful - Christina Aguilera.*

BY THE END OF THE SONG, SNOW WHITE IS  
SURROUNDED BY WOODLAND CREATURES.

SNOW WHITE: (SPEAKING TO THE ANIMALS.) I wonder where my friend Harry the Huntsman has got to? If he doesn't come back soon I'll have to find somewhere safe to spend the night. It's alright for you animals. You live here. But my home is a very long way away. In a lovely castle with my beautiful stepmother. She'll start to worry if I don't get back soon.

THE ANIMALS START TO EXIT AND TRY TO  
ENCOURAGE SNOW WHITE TO GO WITH THEM.

SNOW WHITE: What? You want me to come with you? Do you know a safe place? (THE ANIMALS BECKON HER.) Alright. It looks like I should go with you.

SNOW WHITE:

I hope you know of a cave or an abandoned cottage or somewhere I can stay for the night.

SNOW WHITE EXITS WITH THE ANIMALS.

THE HUNTSMAN AND MUDDLES ENTER.

MUDDLES: You left her WHERE!

HARRY HUNTSMAN: Just there. I thought I could kill her but I couldn't. So I left her there.

MUDDLES: There?

HARRY HUNTSMAN: There.

MUDDLES: How could you even think about killing Snow White?

HARRY HUNTSMAN: I had no choice. The Queen would lock me up and throw away the key if I didn't do what she asked.

MUDDLES: But kill somebody? Or even just leave a friend in the forest?

HARRY HUNTSMAN: I didn't expect to have to come back here. My conscience was getting the better of me. That's why I'm back. But she's gone.

MUDDLES: Yes, she's gone Hairy.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: Harry.

MUDDLES: Exactly. Gone. G, O, N, gone. She's probably been dragged off by ten thousand ants and right now they're making ant soup of her. What have you got to say about that, Hairy?

HARRY HUNTSMAN: I know. It was stupid. But the Queen wanted me to kill her and I thought it would be easy. A quick chop or a twist of the neck was all it would have taken. I just couldn't do it.

MUDDLES: So you left her here?

HARRY HUNTSMAN: It was better to abandon her. At least she's not dead.

MUDDLES: Ant soup, Hairy. Ant soup.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: She's probably still alive. She's just wandered off.

MUDDLES: But if you haven't killed her, what will you tell Queen Devellinka? She'll want proof.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: She does. She wants Snow White's gizzards.

MUDDLES: Gizzards?

HARRY HUNTSMAN: Those are the bits that go in burgers and sausages.

MUDDLES: No! You were going to turn Snow White into a sausage?

HARRY HUNTSMAN: Nobody ever knows what they're eating once a sausage comes off the barbecue.

MUDDLES: That's so true. Most men are happy if they can stick their little sausage between a couple of soft baps.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: But I couldn't do it. Snow White should never become a sausage.

MUDDLES: (ASIDE.) That's one line you never expect to hear said by (NAME OF THE DRAMA SOCIETY). So now what are we going to do. She's lost and we don't have a GPSW system.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: A GPSW system?

MUDDLES: GPSW. Global Positioning of Snow White.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: We have to work out what to do next.

MUDDLES: What about a song? We could always sing a song.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: How would that help?

MUDDLES: I have no idea, but it often works in pantomimes.

HARRY HUNTSMAN: She can't be far away I'll go and see if I can find her.

HARRY THE HUNTSMAN EXITS.

MUDDLES: Well... I thought a song was a great idea. It cheers you up when everything seems bad. My old Grandma always used to say...

Some things in life are bad. They can really make you mad. Other things just make you swear and curse. When you're chewing on life's gristle, don't grumble, give a whistle. And this'll help things turn out for the best. And... (STRAIGHT IN TO SONG.)

*Musical number. Muddles (Joined by the Dwarfs.)*

*SUGGESTION: Always Look on the Bright Side of Life - Monty Python.*

MUDDLES SHOULD START SINGING AND WALK ACROSS TO THE WINGS, WHERE HE PICKS UP A LINE OF DWARFS WHO FOLLOW HIM BACK ON STAGE. THEY JOIN IN WITH THE SONG AS IF IN A CHORUS LINE.

ENTER DWARFS (DURING SONG.) THEY ENTER IN DESCENDING ORDER OF HEIGHT.

MUDDLES: Hello dwarfs.

WILLY: Hi!

SILLY: Ho!

LILLY: Hi!

BILLY: Ho!

DILLY: Hi!

FILLY: Ho!

NUTCASE: Hum!

MUDDLES: If you're all dwarfs then why are you so tall?

*NOTE: The next set of lines should be spoken in descending height order. Re-assign the lines to fit your cast.*

SILLY: I'm shorter than him/her.  
LILLY: And I'm shorter than him/her.  
BILLY: And I'm shorter than him/her.  
DILLY: And I'm shorter than him/her.  
FILLY: And I'm shorter than him/her.  
NUTCASE: So that makes me very short.  
MUDDLES: I thought dwarfs were all men?  
WILLY: Well that's never going to work is it? How would we get new dwarfs? Sometimes we need to play that game, "Hide the sausage".  
MUDDLES: Oh, that reminds me. I need to help Hairy look for Snow White.

MUDDLES EXITS.

WILLY: (TO AUDIENCE AS IF MAKING A ROUSING UNION SPEECH.) You'd think he'd never seen a dwarf before. Us dwarfs are very sensitive to that sort of thing you know. It's called dwarf discrimination.  
ALL DWARFS: Yes. (OR VARIOUS WORDS OF AGREEMENT.)  
WILLY: Us dwarfs can be whatever we like.  
ALL DWARFS: Yes. (OR VARIOUS WORDS OF AGREEMENT.)  
WILLY: We won't be ruled by convention.  
ALL DWARFS: Yes. (OR VARIOUS WORDS OF AGREEMENT.)  
WILLY: Us dwarfs can be everything we ever want to be. (TO AUDIENCE.) Come on. Cheer if you agree.

ALL THE DWARFS CHEER AND ENCOURAGE THE AUDIENCE TO DO THE SAME.

WILLY: Just because fairy tales want us to be short. We don't have to comply.  
ALL DWARFS: No. (OR CHEERS, WHILE ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.)  
WILLY: Just because a children's cartoon says that we work down a mine. We don't have to comply.  
ALL DWARFS: No. (OR CHEERS, WHILE ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.)  
WILLY: Just because the public want us to be cute and cuddly. We don't have to comply.  
ALL DWARFS: No. (OR CHEERS, WHILE ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.)  
WILLY: We can be whatever we want to be. Are you with me brother and sister dwarfs?  
ALL DWARFS: Yes. (OR CHEERS, WHILE ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE.)

*MUSICAL NUMBER: The Dwarfs.*

*SUGGESTION: With a Little Help from My Friends. - The Beatles.*

AT THE END OF THE SONG, (ALLOWING TIME FOR A TABLEAU AND APPLAUSE) LATE LAURA RUSHES ON STAGE DRESSED AS A DWARF.

PULLING ON A HAT OR ADJUSTING CLOTHING  
WHILE CARRYING A TAKE-AWAY COFFEE.

LATE LAURA: Sorry I'm late. I missed the first bus and had to change at (NAME OF TOWN NEARBY). Then there was a queue at Costa's (OR NAME OF LOCAL COFFEE OUTLET OR CAFE) for my mocha choca cappuccino flat white with sprinkles. But not to worry. I'm here now. Have you done the song?

WILLY: Now you've spoiled it for everyone.

LATE LAURA: Me?

WILLY: Yes you.

LATE LAURA: I couldn't help being late.

WILLY: (POINTING TO REST OF DWARFS.) Can't you count. We don't need you.

LATE LAURA: How can you say that. (TRYING TO ENCOURAGE AN "AH") I've rushed all the way from (LOCAL TOWN) and had a terrible journey, then spilled my mocha choca over Cyril round the back and all you can say is "We don't need you". (ENCOURAGING "AH".) It's sadder than that. (ENCOURAGING "AH".)

WILLY: Eight! Look, eight. We can't have eight dwarfs. You'll have to go home.

LATE LAURA: (ENCOURAGING "AH".) But the audience would love me to be in the show. Wouldn't you?

WILLY: Oh no they wouldn't.

LATE LAURA: Oh yes they would. (ENCOURAGING RESPONSE.)

WILLY: Oh no they wouldn't.

LATE LAURA: Oh yes they would. (ENCOURAGING RESPONSE.)

WILLY: Well you'll just have to blend in wherever you can.

LATE LAURA: I'll be a tree.

WILLY: How can you be a tree?

LATE LAURA: We're in the forest. They showed us how to be a tree in my drama class. (SHE TAKES ON THE SHAPE OF A TREE.) They showed us how to bend in the wind. (SWAYING.) Then there was, how to blossom in spring. (BRIGHT FINGERS AND SMILE.) And finally, what to do if a dog pees up your trunk. (FLICKING LEG.)

WILLY: Did they show you what happens if you get chopped down and dragged off to the saw mill?

LATE LAURA: I can do grass.

WILLY: Grass?

LATE LAURA: Do you want me to show you grass?

WILLY: I think we'll just 'pass' on that pleasure.

SNOW WHITE ENTERS.

SNOW WHITE: Excuse me.

LATE LAURA: What about I give you my glass wall mime? (STARTS DOING MIME.)

SNOW WHITE: Excuse me.

LATE LAURA: You're too late darling. They've already got enough dwarfs.

SNOW WHITE: Oh! Are you the seven dwarfs that legend says live in the forest, but are never seen.

WILLY: That would be us.

SNOW WHITE: I hate to point out the obvious, but there are eight of you.

LATE LAURA: Oh, I'm a tree.

SNOW WHITE: But I thought dwarfs were short and...

WILLY: We've already explained that.

SNOW WHITE: I wonder... Could you help me? You see I seem to have lost my way.

WILLY: Where do you want to go?

SNOW WHITE: Well the thing is... I was brought here by the Queen's huntsman, but I think he wants to kill me.

ALL DWARFS: Kill you?

SNOW WHITE: Yes. I think I overheard him saying that my stepmother, the Queen, wants me dead. I don't know what to do. I don't think I can go back to the castle in case it's true and all the animals ran away when I tried to follow them, so I have nowhere to sleep tonight.

THE DWARFS GO INTO A HUDDLE TO DISCUSS WHAT TO DO. LATE LAURA CHATS TO SNOW WHITE.

LATE LAURA: (DEMONSTRATING.) This is a tree that's just come into blossom.

SNOW WHITE: Fascinating.

LATE LAURA: And now there's a gale force wind blowing my leaves about.

SNOW WHITE: How exciting.

THE DWARFS COME OUT OF THEIR HUDDLE.

WILLY: We have all decided that you should come and stay with us in our little cottage.

SNOW WHITE: That is really nice of you, but I don't want to cause any bother.

WILLY: Can you chop wood?

SNOW WHITE: I think so.

WILLY: Can you put up a shelf or fix a motorbike carburettor?

SNOW WHITE: I've never done those things before but I'm sure I could try.

WILLY: Then come and join us in our hidden cottage in the forest. You can be an honorary dwarf.

LATE LAURA: Can I be an honorary dwarf?

WILLY: Stick with the tree.

SNOW WHITE: I've never been an honorary anything before, so it would be a pleasure. And while you're out working, I can help around the place.

WILLY: Consider yourself one of us.

*MUSICAL NUMBER: Dwarfs and Snow White.*

*SUGGESTION: Consider Yourself One Of Us. - Lionel Bart (from Oliver!)*

THIS IS THE BIG PRODUCTION NUMBER  
BEFORE THE INTERVAL SO THE ENSEMBLE  
NEEDS TO ENTER AND JOIN IN.

END SCENE.

END ACT I.

INTERVAL.

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