

Snow White Revisited

A
Fractured
Fairytale
with
Music

Book by
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Music and Lyrics by
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Snow White Revisited
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Ye Characters

MIRROR: The narrator of the story so, obviously, this mirror can talk and does a great deal of it -- sometimes too much for this own good.

QUEEN: Evil, wicked, mean and bad and nasty. Plus altogether not nice. However, she should be attractive.

SNOW WHITE: She's pretty, reasonably kind and considerate, a little clumsy but not an air-head. She would like to think the Queen is nice.

HUNTSMAN: Stupid. Just plain stupid. He's the Queen's right-hand man but, boy, is he stupid.

ATTENDANTS: There are two of these. They don't say much, just escort the Queen around and look bored half of the time.

SORCERER I & SORCERER II: Clowns with magic in their act. Although they are advisors to the Queen, their abilities are suspect, talent somewhat overrated, and physical appearance something akin to the Marx Brothers.

THE SEVEN DWARVES:

FRED is the leader and brains of the outfit, the rest live up to their names, which are: **NOSEY, SLOPPY, NASTY, COWARDLY, DROOPY,** and **UGLY**

PLUS, THE FOLLOWING CAMEO APPEARANCES BY:

DOROTHY (of Wizard of Oz)

SCARECROW (Ditto)

PETER PAN (and a few lost boys)

AND, OF COURSE...

THE PRINCE: Handsome, suave, and uncertain. Almost as if he's not sure he is in the right show.

Ye Scenes and Songs

PROLOGUE	LIMBO	
	“Snow White”The Mirror
SCENE I	THE CASTLE	
	“Being Pretty Isn’t Easy”Snow White
SCENE II	THE FOREST	
SCENE III	BACK AT THE CASTLE	
	“Being Pretty Isn’t Easy”The Queen
	“Dancin’ Shoes”The Sorcerers
SCENE IV	THE HOME OF THE SEVEN DWARVES	
	“Cleaning Up”The Dwarfs, Snow White
SCENE V	BACK AT THE CASTLE	
SCENE VI	BACK AT THE DWARFS HOUSE	
SCENE VII	BACK AT THE CASTLE	
SCENE VIII	DEEP IN THE FOREST	
	“Snow White” FinaleThe Company

YE PRODUCTION NOTE:

Snow White Revisited was originally produced in the round, which does not mean that the cast gained weight before the show opened. It means the audience was seated entirely around the acting area. This gave the actors a great sense of freedom and filled the audience with a feeling of being bodily threatened. Some might consider this a good thing. The show has also been produced on a standard stage with a draped set, looking like a *comedia del arte* traveling show. It is vitally important that the actors not ram their lines down the throats of the audience. Take-a-breath-once-and-a-while-to-pause-for-laughs-which-are-nice-because-this-is-a-comedy.

SNOW WHITE REVISITED

PROLOGUE

A spotlight illuminates centerstage and THE MIRROR steps into it.

SONG: "SNOW WHITE"

MIRROR: Good afternoon (evening, etc.) Ladies and Gentlemen,
and welcome to our show;
The players have asked me to come out front,
and tell you we're ready to go.

The lights come up to reveal the cast.

COMPANY: But first we'll sing this little tune.
It won't take very long;
Our show is starting soon,
but first, our little song.

Snow White was a pretty girl
who lived some time ago;
And she was every bit as graceful as a butterfly.

And her story has been told,
to ages young and old;
'bout what happened one fine day
in that castle far away.

So relax, sit tight,
here's the story of Snow White.

The company steps back and allows the Mirror centerstage.

MIRROR: Once upon a time there was a young beautiful princess.

SNOW WHITE enters and strike a pose.

MIRROR: *(cont'd)* Snow White was her name and she was as fresh and innocent as
newly fallen snow.

Snow White falls down.

MIRROR: *(cont'd)* Snow White lived in a castle with her stepmother, the Queen. The Queen, like Snow White, was also very beautiful....

THE QUEEN enters.

MIRROR: *(cont'd)* And while Snow White was still a child the Queen was considered to be the fairest in the land. But — as Snow White grew older and more beautiful, the Queen began to lose her beauty....

The Queen and Snow White react.

MIRROR: *(cont'd)* At first, the Queen took little notice of the change in Snow White because the Queen has a mirror. A magic mirror. And everyday she would go to the mirror and ask...

QUEEN: *(stepping in front of the mirror)* Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?

MIRROR: And the mirror would answer... "My Queen, I only answer true, the fairest in the land is you!"

The Queen and Snow White act out the following.

MIRROR: And the Queen would go off about her business, smiling and singing along her way. And if she would happen to come across Snow White, she would hardly pay any attention to her at all. And when the Queen did notice Snow White, it was only to scold her for one thing or another. This is the way things went for a long time. But, day by day, Snow White was becoming more beautiful, and each day the Queen's magic mirror was taking longer and longer to answer her question. The Queen had the mirror taken into the shop and had all its tubes tested, but still it took longer and longer to answer. So... She replaced the tubes and had the mirror completely re-wired. And still it seemed to take longer and longer for the mirror to answer until, one day, when the Queen asked the same old question....

QUEEN: Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?

MIRROR: The mirror answered: "Queenie, Babe, I'll tell it straight: for you, I'm afraid, it's getting late. You're still the fairest but not for long; that girl, Snow White, is comin' on strong." The Queen didn't smile when she left the mirror that day. As a matter of fact, she was very mad. She almost smashed the mirror but remembered it was out of warranty. So the Queen went out into the garden and -- well, wait minute. Why should I tell you. I'll just show you.

He snaps his fingers and the spotlight blacks out.

SCENE I

Immediately the lights come back up on The Castle. Snow White is dancing and singing in the garden when the Queen storms in.

QUEEN: Snow White! How many times have I told you that it isn't respectable for a princess to sing and dance like a normal child, eh!?! How many times!?!

SNOW WHITE: Well, uh... This makes once. Besides, I like to sing and dance. It's fun.

QUEEN: Fun is not for a princess. Now come here and let me look at you.

Snow White crosses to the Queen, who gives her the once over.

QUEEN: *(cont'd)* Hmm... You know, Snow -- you're getting to be a big girl and soon you're gonna be a real looker. But you're wearing your hair all wrong... *(aside, to the audience)* This'll fix her up! *(She plays with Snow White's hair until it is a complete mess.)* Oooo -- Yes! That's much better. It's you. But now -- your makeup just doesn't look right at all... Wait a minute! *(Reaches into her pocket, pulls out a lipstick, and proceeds to paint giant red lips and garishly rosey cheeks on her)* Here we go... *(Looks at her)* There, that's sure to do the trick.

SNOW WHITE: *(unsure)* Don't you think it might be a little too much?

QUEEN: Oh, no, it's just right. Now stand back, let me get a good look at you. Ah, yes. That's better. But still, there's something that's just not... I know! It's the way you're standing.

SNOW WHITE: I'm on the ground. I'm standing straight. I have good posture.

QUEEN: I know that, Snow. That's exactly what I'm talking about. Don't you know it's the latest rage to stoop a little?

SNOW WHITE: *(stooping)* Like this?

QUEEN: Uh -- a little more.

SNOW WHITE: *(stooping a bit more)* Now?

QUEEN: Oh that's just fine. Now stick your chin out, keep your shoulders down. *(studies her)* Love it, Snow. Just love it.

SNOW WHITE: Well, okay, Queenie. If you say so, but...

QUEEN: No "buts" about it. It's just a world of difference. Now you'd better run along. It must be time for your lessons.

Snow White hobbles off, looking more like Quasimodo than a princess.

QUEEN: (cont'd) **That mirror must be out of wack.** (She readjusts her makeup, smooths out her dress and primps her hair as she return to the mirror.) **Now we'll see what's what.** (To the mirror) **Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?**

The Mirror appears to be sound asleep.

QUEEN: (cont'd, louder) **Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?**

The Mirror snores and the Queen kicks it.

MIRROR: (coming to and swinging) **What-- who-- what-- Oooo, it's bright out here.** (Puts on sunglasses) **Oh, it's you. What do you want?**

QUEEN: (angry) **Mirror, mirror -- do your duty. Tell me of my royal beauty.**

MIRROR: (beat) **What is it with the rhymes?**

QUEEN: (glares) **What was that?**

MIRROR: **Could we just get to the point.** (Yawns) **I had a late date last night with the hand mirror from upstairs, and --**

QUEEN: **You're better show a little respect! After all, I am the Queen.** (Before the Mirror can remark on this or anything--) **And we will continue with the rhymes. Got it?**

MIRROR: (nods) **Got it.**

QUEEN: **Good. Now then... Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?**

The Mirror says nothing, but clears his throat and point to the slot on his "frame." The Queen groans with impatience and pulls out a quarter and puts it in the slot.

MIRROR: **Now, ask away.**

QUEEN: (mad) **Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all and stop stalling.**

MIRROR: **Uh... Queenie you know I never lie, but when you hear this, you'll probably die. You're not the beauty you once were, but Snow White's the one, of that I'm sure. Her new hair-do, by your own hand, has made her the fairest in the land.**

QUEEN: (mumbles) **That's terrible.**

MIRROR: (shrugs) **Maybe she'll get a wart on the end of her nose or something.**

QUEEN: **That's not what's terrible: your rhyme, it's disgusting. Beat it.**

The Mirror, insulted, exits with a huff.

QUEEN: (cont'd) **So... Snow White is the fairest in the land, eh...? Well, we'll just see**

about that. *(Shouts)* Huntsman! Huntsman, come out here!

The Huntsman enters. Calling him a clumsy nerd would be polite.

HUNTSMAN: What's up, Queenie?

QUEEN: Huntsman, I want you to take Snow White into the woods...

HUNTSMAN: *(rubbing his hands together)* Now you're talking!

QUEEN: *(angry)* That's right, I'm talking. I'm the Queen, when I talk you shut-up. Now... I want you to take Snow White into the forest and... *(Evil sneer)* Do away with her.

HUNTSMAN: *(about to enthusiastically agree with his orders, but then becomes bewildered)* ...Why?

QUEEN: Why? Uh -- because... *(thinks)* Because she's -- gone mad! Completely mad! *(Mutters)* That's good....

HUNTSMAN: Mad? Are you sure?

QUEEN: Well of course she's mad. Haven't you seen the strange way she's walking around the castle? Not to mention her peculiar new make-up and hair-do?

HUNTSMAN: Well, now that you mention it, I have. But I just thought she turned -- you know -- eccentric.

QUEEN: *(flatly)* What...

HUNTSMAN: Do I really have to take her into the forest and, uh... You know?

QUEEN: *(resolutely)* Yes. It's for the good of the government. I mean, what if the newspapers got a hold of this? And elections are coming up!

HUNTSMAN: Egads!

QUEEN: Exactly. We can't let her go on like this. You must do away with her, and bring me back proof. Now go!

The Huntsman exits.

QUEEN: *(cruel)* This will be the end of Snow White's beauty... Eh, eh, eh....

The Queen exits. And Snow White enters, arranging her hair and acting as if everything were normal -- but still made up and acting like the Hunchback of Notre Dame.

SONG: "BEING PRETTY ISN'T EASY"

SNOW WHITE: Being pretty isn't easy.
It's a hard life being such a cutie.
'Cause it's perfect posture and comb your hair,
big eyelashes and skin so fair,
powdered cheeks so you won't glare--
Being pretty isn't easy.

Oh why did I have to be
such a living doll. *(Blows a kiss)*
Was it fair to give me all the beauty
and make the Queen such a dog?

Spoken: You know, the Queen is almost twenty. That's a hundred and forty to you and me!

Sings: Being pretty isn't easy.
It's a lot more simple being sleazy.
No working out to keep your vigor,
Scarsdale diets to keep your figure,
Too bad the Queenie looks like Trigger
(She winnies)
Being pretty isn't easy.
I'm so cute!

The Huntsman enters as the song concludes and he notices her. He stops and stares in amazement.

SNOW WHITE: Oh, hello there, Huntsman. *(Crosses to him and he backs off)* Well, what do you think of the new me? *(She flashes a big smile.)*

HUNTSMAN: *(stepping back)* Uh -- very nice. *(To the audience)* The Queen's right! She's nuts. *(To Snow White, grabbing her by the arm)* Uh-- let's go for a walk in the forest, shall we!

SNOW WHITE: Whatever.

They exit. Blackout.

SCENE II

The Forest. (Can be done in front of the curtain) Snow White and the Huntsman enter.

HUNTSMAN: Well here we are, deep in the forest! *(Pointing)* Oh look, pretty flowers.

SNOW WHITE: Where?

HUNTSMAN: Right over there.

She goes to where he is pointing and looks at the flowers. The Huntsman looks around and picks

up a stick. He steps up behind Snow White, takes aim and swings. As he swings, Snow White bends down to pick up the flowers and he misses, coming around full circle as she stands up and shows him the flowers. He quickly hides the stick behind his back.

SNOW WHITE: Aren't they beautiful?

HUNTSMAN: Oh, real nice. Snow -- Oh look, there's some more. (He points.)

She turns away and looks as the Huntsman raises the stick over his head and swings it down to club her on the bean. But she steps aside for the other flowers and the Huntsman bashes his own leg. He starts to hop around in pain.

SNOW WHITE: (turning) Oh, that's really very good, Huntsman. But I'm afraid that I can't dance with you. I'm not allowed. I'll just sit and watch.

Snow White sits down and watches as the Huntsman continues to jump about in pain. She then begins to sort through the flowers as the Huntsman, walking off the discomfort, finds a large rock. He steps up behind Snow White and prepares to drop the rock on her head. As he does, she leans to one side and the rock lands on his foot. Now he's truly in pain and begins to hop again.

SNOW WHITE: (cont'd) Oh Huntsman, you truly are a terrific dancer!

She gets up and starts to clap and stomp in time to his agony. Then she begins to dance with him. During one of her moves, the Huntsman draws his knife and jabs at her in time with the stomping. But a wild swing, and her expert dance moves, causes the Huntsman to accidentally embed the knife in his own side.

HUNTSMAN: (perplexed) Oh.

SNOW WHITE: (shocked) Huntsman! What have you done to yourself?

HUNTSMAN: (smiles nervously) Uh--nothing.

SNOW WHITE: Don't you know knives can be dangerous?

HUNTSMAN: I do now.

SNOW WHITE: Let me help you. (She removes her scarf and covers his wound with it) Is that better? Why you boys carry knives, I'll never know.

HUNTSMAN: I carry mine for self-defense.

SNOW WHITE: Self-defense? Is that the only reason? I've been taking self-defense lessons. Here, I'll show you. Pretend you're attacking me.

The Huntsman has enough strength left to accept the invitation, but it does him no good. She kung-fus him to the ground.

HUNTSMAN: Mercy!

SNOW WHITE: See? If you knew kung-fu you wouldn't need to carry a knife.

He crawls away like a wounded animal, leaving Snow White alone in the forest.

SNOW WHITE: *(cont'd)* You know, I'm sure it would be all right with the Queen if I taught you a little kung-fu. *(Notices he's gone)* Huntsman? Did you hear me? Huntsman? *(Ponders)* I wonder where he went? Oh well, he was a little strange anyway. I never did go for blind dates. *(Crosses down)* But it certainly wasn't very nice of him to leave me in the forest to find my way home. Well... *(Looks around)* Guess I'll have to find my own way. *(Sees something)* Oh, what's that little place over there. *(Begins a mime of walking)* Maybe it's an Exxon station and they can give me road map...

Snow White crosses to center, to an imaginary door. She opens it and peeks in. She looks out over the audience and describes what she sees.

SNOW WHITE: Yoo-hoo! Anybody home? *(Looks around)* Oooo, gross. This can't be a gas station. It's too dirty. And what's that smell?! Well, it'll just have to do, I need a place to freshen up. *(She steps hesitantly inside)* Boy, this is really bizarre! There's even of everything. Seven chairs. Seven bowls. Seven toothbrushes. *(Thinks)* Now if there were three of everything, I'd say I was in the wrong story. But there's seven of everything and that makes this a pretty far out fairytale. *(She spots something)* Oh, there's seven cute little beds, and right on cue I might add. *(She yawns)* I think I'll sack out.

The lights blackout, and from the darkness...

SNOW WHITE: *(cont'd)* I said sack out not blackout!

The curtains part and we are back at the castle. But that's...

SCENE III

Meanwhile, back at the castle: The Queen is sitting around singing about how pretty she is as the mirror stands to one side, oblivious to her.

SONG: "Being Pretty Isn't Easy"

QUEEN: Being pretty isn't easy,
such enormous beauty could make Burt Reynolds queasy;
I'm such a hunk it isn't funny,
I'm cuter than the Easter Bunny,
and all it took was lots of money--
being pretty isn't easy!

It's so nice to know I'm so much prettier
than Snow White, that hog! *(Snorts)*
By now the Huntsman has

stuffed her body in a log.

Spoken: That's too bad. Actually our army could have used someone with her beauty -- for target practice.

Sings: Being pretty isn't easy,
It's a tough life being cute and squeezie;
The wildest dreams of endless men,
I'm the Barbie for every Ken,
Sone White's a zero and I'm a ten,
being pretty isn't easy.
Being pretty isn't easy.

At the end of the song, the Huntsman enters, limping and wincing with pain. At first the Queen doesn't notice him, but then...

QUEEN: Huntsman, back so soon? Did you do it?

HUNTSMAN: Well... I... Uh....

QUEEN: Did you do it?!

HUNTSMAN: Yes, ma'am.

QUEEN: *(eagerly)* Good. Good. Tell me about it -- and don't leave out any of the gory details.

HUNTSMAN: *(unsure)* Tell you about it? Uh... Okay. Well first, I ... Uh... *(Acts it out)* I sneaked up behind her and clubbed her with a stick. *(Rubs his leg)*

QUEEN: *(primps)* Hit her with a stick, eh? Good. Go on.

HUNTSMAN: *(sitting)* And then -- then I picked up a rock and *(rubs his foot)*...

QUEEN: A rock, too? My, but you're thorough.

HUNTSMAN: Yes, ma'am. And then I took out my knife and moved up behind her and -- *(acts out stabbing her and her makes a geeesh noice as he does it)* Stabbed her!

QUEEN: Ooo, that must have hurt.

HUNTSMAN: *(rubbing his side)* Did it ever.

QUEEN: Huntsman, you've done a great service for the throne. You're saved the kingdom from Snow White's beau-- madness. Now, show me the proof.

HUNTSMAN: Proof? *(Thinks)* Oh, yes. Certainly. *(Produces Snow White's scarf and hands it too her)* Here's Snow White's scarf -- proof of what I've done.

QUEEN: *(makes an icky face as she holds it away from her)* Yuch. Just imagine... A stick, a rock, and a knife. You certainly went through a lot of trouble to bring this to me.

HUNTSMAN: *(rubbing his side)* You'll never know...

QUEEN: There'll be a big bonus in your paycheck this week.

HUNTSMAN: *(enthusiastically)* Oh, thank you!!!

QUEEN: Not that big. Take the rest of the day off.

The Huntsman, wounded and weak, exits.

QUEEN: Now, I must consult my mirror! *(Crosses to the mirror and puts a coin in him)*
Mirror, mirror what do you see? Is there anyone in the kingdom as beautiful as me?

MIRROR: Hey, that's pretty good for a new rhyme. Have you heard this one: "I think that I shall never see, a poem lovelier than a tree-- whose branches stretch--

QUEEN: I'll stretch your branches, now just answer the question.

MIRROR: All right, all right. But you know, you've made a habit out of coming to me two, three times a day and when I took the job the contract--

The mirror stops speaking as the Queen glares at him.

QUEEN: *(emotionless)* I'm going to kill you.

MIRROR: *(to the audience)* I hate it when she gets in these moods. *(To Queen)* Queenie, babe, I'll tell ya straight, although you're still looking great: no matter what you try to do, Snow White still looks better 'n' you.

QUEEN: *(alarmed)* What!?!

MIRROR: Sorry, that's all you get for a quarter.

QUEEN: *(to the audience)* How can she still be alive!?! *(To someone in particular)* What are you grinning at? *(To the mirror)* Mirror, tell me where she is! Right now!

The mirror says nothing and the Queen starts to shake him.

QUEEN: *(cont'd)* Well, speak up you framed moron!

MIRROR: Sh-sh-she's in the f-f-forest at the house of the seven dwarves.

QUEEN: *(stops shaking him)* Dwarfs?

MIRROR: No, dwarves.

<end of excerpt>