

Acting Edition

SNOW WHITE

A CHILDREN'S PLAY BY
MARJORIE SOKOLOFF

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For Gina, who loved it first.

Cast of Characters

NARRATOR

ACTRESS 1 / WITCH / QUEEN / OLD WOMAN

ACTRESS 2

ACTOR 1

ACTOR 2

MIRROR

KING

HANDSOME/PRINCE

SNOW WHITE

CHICKEN

TREE 1-3

DOOFY

GESUNDHEIT

GLEEFUL

TIMID

TEACH

SNOOZY

GROUCHY

Acknowledgments

Snow White was originally produced by the Philadelphia Children's Theatre with the following cast:

NARRATOR/SNOOZY/GESUNHEIT Sean McHugh
WITCH/DOOFY McKenna Kerrigan
MIRROR/DANCING CHICKEN/
GROUCHY/HAPPY Gina Giusto Guglielmi
SNOW WHITE/ SCULLERY MAID Rebecca Lisak
HANDSOME/OLD KING/
TEACH/TIMID Michael Ewing

Snow White was originally toured by the Philadelphia Children's Theatre with the following cast:

NARRATOR/SNOOZY/GESUNHEIT ... Karl Babij
WITCH/DOOFY McKenna Kerrigan
MIRROR/DANCING CHICKEN/
GROUCHY/HAPPY Bo Smith
SNOW WHITE/ SCULLERY MAID .. Elena Araroz
HANDSOME/OLD KING/TEACH/TIMID Bill Felty

SNOW WHITE

by Marjorie Sokoloff

NARRATOR. This story doesn't begin with an evil, awful, spiteful witch who does terrible things just for the fun of it.

ACTRESS 2. It doesn't begin with a beautiful princess who is absolutely perfect in every way.

ACTOR 1. It doesn't even begin with an enchanted castle.

ACTOR 2. It begins with a frightened young woman.

ACTRESS 1. Who was all alone in the world.

NARRATOR. Her Mother and Father had taken her on a sea voyage when she was very small. She loved being on the water and would wave to the sea gulls as they passed over the ship. Her Mother would sing to her as they crossed the ocean and her Father would tell wonderful stories about what their lives would be like when they reached their new home...it was in the middle of one of these stories that a horrible storm started. A terrible, powerful storm. The ship was pitched and tossed and the sky turned black. Everyone was washed over board. Everyone. Except the little girl. She was very strong and held on tight.

ACTRESS 1. I am all alone.

NARRATOR. She found herself washed ashore with no one in the world but herself. She wandered for miles and miles until she reached a town. It was dark outside by then and she was very hungry and very tired and very dirty. She began knocking on doors asking for help.

ACTRESS 1. (*Knocking:*) Please sir, I am very hungry.

ACTOR 1. (*Opening door:*) Go away! (*Slams door.*)

ACTRESS 1. (*Knocking:*) I have no where to stay.

ACTRESS 2. (*Opening door:*) I can't help you. (*Slams door.*)

ACTRESS 1. (*Knocking:*) Could you please help me?

ACTOR 2. *(Opening door:)* Stay away from here! *(Slams door.)*

NARRATOR. The girl's heart began to grow bitter and cold and she hated her mother and father for leaving her alone.

ACTRESS 1. She promised herself that she would never love anyone again.

NARRATOR. She left town and headed for the forest. The forest was pitch black at night and full of frightening sounds. She ran and ran until she couldn't run any more. She fell down and cried herself to sleep. When she awoke it was morning and she found herself at the doorstep of an old abandoned house. The door was rusted shut but she managed to push it open.

(ACTOR 1 and ACTRESS 2 enter covered in sheets and become furniture.)

NARRATOR. Inside everything was covered with old sheets and was very dusty.

ACTRESS 1. No one has been in here for years.

NARRATOR. She pulled the sheets off old chairs and dusty tables and made herself at home. The house had a wonderful library. She was especially interested in potions and spells.

ACTRESS 1. If anyone ever tries to make me leave here—I'll be ready for them. I'm getting quite good at turning things into toads.

(Turns ACTOR 1 and ACTRESS 2 into toads. They exit croaking and hopping. ACTRESS 1 laughs and pulls the sheet off the MIRROR.)

MIRROR. Thank you. Thank you so much.

(ACTRESS 1 gasps.)

MIRROR. I have been waiting a very long time for someone to come. I hate being under that sheet.

ACTRESS 1. I'm sorry I didn't know —

MIRROR. —I've been watching you, you know.

ACTRESS 1. You have?

MIRROR. I saw how the people in town treated you.

ACTRESS 1. They hate me. I'm all alone.

MIRROR. Of course they hate you. They're jealous.

ACTRESS 1. They are???

MIRROR. Of course!!! You're the fairest of them all.

ACTRESS 1. I am??

MIRROR. Well take a closer look. You're a...peach. No doubt about it— And I am the Mirror, I should know.

ACTRESS 1. Really...a peach?

MIRROR. Sweetie, with a face like yours, happiness is just around the corner.

ACTRESS 1. Mirror? Will being beautiful make me happy?

MIRROR. Stick with me. Keep that sheet out of the picture and I'll tell you what you want to hear.

NARRATOR. She began thinking of herself as a witch.

ACTRESS 1. A beautiful witch.

(ACTRESS 1 will now be referred to as the WITCH.)

NARRATOR. But still witchery, toads and a flattering Mirror do not a full life make and although she would never admit it the girl was lonely.

(WITCH sighs.)

NARRATOR. Sometimes late at night she would read storybooks. The old fashioned kind, full of princes and dragons and true love.

WITCH. What malarkey. Things like this don't happen. People are left alone in the world with no one to love them—that's what the real world is like.

NARRATOR. But still...somewhere deep down inside she must have believed, or at least wanted to believe in happy endings.

WITCH. *(To NARRATOR:)* No I don't! Shush up!

NARRATOR. *(In a whisper:)* Yeah she did. And I know because every night after she read those storybooks she would close her eyes and pretend that a very handsome prince would appear and tell her she was beautiful...the most beautiful girl in the world and ask her to dance.

WITCH. Yes, I would love to dance.

(WITCH dances by herself and then stops as she catches a glimpse of herself in the "Mirror".)

NARRATOR. But the problem with pretending is that when you open your eyes you are still the same old you with the same old problems. And mirrors, especially this one, could be tricky. Some days he would be kind.

WITCH. Mirror, Mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?

MIRROR. You are.

WITCH. Thank you. Thank you Mirror.

NARRATOR. And on other days...

WITCH. Mirror, Mirror on the wall. Who's the fairest of them all?

MIRROR. I'm not so sure.

WITCH. Why??? Don't I look exactly the same??

MIRROR. Well it's hard to tell...and you haven't been spending as much time with me lately.

NARRATOR. The Witch became more and more dependent on the Mirror. On Monday it would be...

WITCH. Well?

MIRROR. *(Nods:)* Yes—definitely yes.

NARRATOR. But on Tuesday it would be...

WITCH. And now?

MIRROR. Eeeeeeeew. Yikes.

NARRATOR. One day she couldn't take it anymore and swore never to use it again.

WITCH. I'll find some real friends or at least a hobby and then I'll never use you again. *(She throws a sheet over the MIRROR who gives a little scream.)*

NARRATOR. The mirror cried for three whole days.

ACTOR 1. Day One!

MIRROR. Waaaa

ACTRESS 2. Day Two!

MIRROR. Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

ACTOR 1. Day Three!

MIRROR. WAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!

NARRATOR. Then begged to be uncovered for three more.

ACTOR 1. Day One!

MIRROR. Please?

ACTRESS 2. Day Two!

MIRROR. Please Please Please?

ACTOR 1. Day Three!

MIRROR. PLEASE!

NARRATOR. He swore he would never be difficult again.

MIRROR. Never, never never.

WITCH. I shouldn't...

MIRROR. Please, pretty lady?

WITCH. You can be very difficult.

MIRROR. I know it, I'm the worst, but I'll be so sweet to you□

WITCH. Well...

MIRROR. You know you want to.

NARRATOR. Now shaking a mirror habit isn't easy.

I(WITCH pulls off the sheet.)

MIRROR. *(Contrite:)* Hi.

WITCH. I missed looking at you.

MIRROR. Not half as much as I missed reflecting you. Shall we?

WITCH. Okay. Mirror, Mirror on the wall who's the fairest of them all?

MIRROR. You are... *(Pause:)* ...for at least a few more minutes anyway.

WITCH. A few more minutes??? What are you talking about???

MIRROR. I'm talking about the new arrival. Or I guess I should say, a royal new arrival.

WITCH. What royal new arrival?

MIRROR. Well the King...you have heard of the King?

WITCH. Of course I've heard of the King!

MIRROR. Well than surely you know all about him... *(KING begins to appear in the mirror:)* ...about how old he is...

KING. Ow! ...my back!

MIRROR. About how lonely he is since his wife the Queen died –

KING. *(Sighs:)* I'm really lonely.

MIRROR. About how he wishes there was someone he could leave his kingdom to when he dies!

KING. Whose going to look after things when I'm gone?? *(Sigh.)*

MIRROR. About how just at that moment he came up with a very interesting idea!

KING. *(Jolting up-gasping:)* I've got an idea!!! ...ow my back!!

MIRROR. *(Smirking:)* Told ya.

WITCH. Shush up – I'm listening.

MIRROR. Oh. Excuse me, Miss-Beautiful-For-Only-A-Few-More-Minutes.

WITCH. Watch it Mirror! (*Wields sheet.*)

MIRROR. Shush up!!! (*Referring to the KING about to speak.*)

KING. I will adopt an orphan child!! I will take in a poor parentless babe and raise her as my own!!! She will be the child I never had and will inherit my kingdom!!! (*Gets exhausted suddenly.*) That's enough excitement for one day—I'm not as young as I used to be. (*Immediately falls asleep.*)

(*KING fades out of the MIRROR.*)

WITCH. Mirror what does any of this have to do with my being the fairest of them all??

MIRROR. I'll tell you exactly what it has to do with you being the fairest of them all. This orphan child...this parentless babe...this "royal new arrival" is gonna grow up and be quite a beauty. A real peach in fact.

WITCH. A peach??? But you said that I was...

MIRROR. (*Smiling.*) Things change.

WITCH. Well I don't want things to change!! Who asked for anything to change??

MIRROR. I know...I know. It's so unfair. But the question is...what are you gonna do about it??

WITCH. Do? I don't know. What can I do? He's the King! He can do whatever he wants!

MIRROR. True. But whose to say that certain...adjustments couldn't be arranged.

WITCH. What kind of adjustments?

MIRROR. Hmmm...people are always bringing gifts for new babies, right?

WITCH. Yes.

MIRROR. Well, I have the yummiest little recipe for poison baby applesauce. It's sure to do the trick.

WITCH. Mirror! I'm not going to hurt a baby!! I'm not going to hurt anybody.

MIRROR. (*Disgusted:*) What kind of witch are you??

WITCH. There has got to be another way!!! I'll figure something out.

MIRROR. Well you'd better hurry up. And I'd stick close to me, if I were you sweetie and forget about that sheet. You're gonna need all the help you can get. Beauty is a hard thing to hold onto these days.

(*MIRROR exits and WITCH chases after him.*)

NARRATOR. Meanwhile back at the palace the King and his new daughter were getting acquainted.

KING. (*Cooing over baby:*) Look at you...gaa gaa goo goo...who is the most beautiful little girl in the world??? (*Baby giggle sound.*) ...yes you are...who has ten little fingers and ten little toes (*Baby giggle sound.*) ...who has ruby red lips (*Baby sound like "me"*) ...who has skin as pale as snow (*Baby sound like "me"*) ...That's it!!! (*Jolting up.*) I'll call you Snow White!!! ...ow my back... You're pretty heavy for a baby...(*Immediately falls asleep.*)

(*WITCH sneaks into the room.*)

NARRATOR. Now, the Witch and the Mirror had done some pretty hard thinking. Well, plotting and scheming is more like it and came up with a plan.

MIRROR. I still like the poison baby applesauce idea –

WITCH. We're gonna play this my way!

MIRROR. Who do you think's runnin' this show??

(*WITCH throws sheet over him.*)

MIRROR. (*Crying:*) I hate when you do that... (*Exits.*)

NARRATOR. The Witch snuck into the throne room with every intention of snatching the baby –

WITCH. I don't think I like that word.

NARRATOR. What would you prefer?? Kidnapping, grabbing, stealing??

WITCH. I prefer "creative borrowing."

NARRATOR. Yeah. In any event, the Witch snuck into the throne room with every intention of "creatively borrowing" the baby Snow White. The King was well-known for his sleeping habits and the witch didn't for see any problems.

(KING is snoring while WITCH tiptoes up to him and after a few unsuccessful attempts [the KING almost wakes up] manages to get SNOW WHITE.)

NARRATOR. But problems have a way of arriving when you least expect them.

(KING wakes up.)

KING. Hello there...who are you?? And what are you doing with my poor parentless, recently adopted, soon to inherit, pale skinned babe?

WITCH. Umm...well...I...

KING. Speak up girl...my ears aren't what they were!!

NARRATOR. Unfortunately, this time it wasn't just the King's back. It was his—

KING. —Head!!!

NARRATOR. And his—

KING. —Stomach!!

NARRATOR. And last but not least his—

KING. —heart!!!

WITCH. Um...are you okay?

KING. You and I are soul mates. I trust you to love Snow White as I would have. Raise her as your own.

NARRATOR. And with that the old old old King blew a kiss to the baby Snow White and died.

NARRATOR. The Witch took a look around the castle and thought—

WITCH. (*Still holding the baby:*) This is not what I had planned.

NARRATOR. But in all fairness she was never one to look a gift horse in the mouth and did some quick re-figuring.

WITCH. Hmmm...I always thought I'd make a spectacular queen. (*To baby:*) I promised your father I'd look after you. I'll look after you all right. I'll look at you growing up in the scullery. Where you'll spend your days scrubbing, washing, polishing and waxing. So no one will ever know how beautiful you are!!!

NARRATOR. The Witch took over completely and sent the baby Snow White to grow up in the scullery and work as a servant. The Witch was happy.

WITCH. I am happy. I am finally the most beautiful.

NARRATOR. Years passed and the Witch amused herself by causing pain and discomfort to anyone in her path.

WITCH. (*To NARRATOR:*) You're in my path...

NARRATOR. Oh no. Wait a minute—

WITCH. Kerbam!

NARRATOR. (*Sighs:*) Ribbit...ribbit...ribbit...

(*NARRATOR exits.*)

WITCH. It's fun being me. Oh! (*Calling:*) Mirror, Mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?

MIRROR. I was sleeping. And I'm not speaking to you— I'm still mad about that sheet thing.

WITCH. I'm waiting—

MIRROR. I told you years ago that Snow White was the fairest in the land. Did you really think a little dirt and grime and hard work

would change any of that? She's a total sweetheart! A REAL PEACH, PEACH, PEACH!

WITCH. Show me!!

MIRROR. With pleasure!

(SNOW WHITE *appears in the MIRROR.*)

(NARRATOR *re-enters as a frog and WITCH changes him back.*)

NARRATOR. A picture of the young Snow White hard at work, drawing water from the well was revealed. The Witch couldn't believe her eyes. For although Snow White was wearing filthy clothes and had a dirty face she was smiling and laughing and seemed...beautiful somehow.

WITCH. What does she have to be laughing about??

NARRATOR. The very idea of Snow White turned the Witch's stomach and she knew desperate measures were called for.

WITCH. Handsome!!! Where is Handsome?? Get him in here this minute!!

NARRATOR. Now, remember when I said that the Witch has spent the last few years causing pain and discomfort wherever and whenever she could? Well unfortunately Handsome was one of the unlucky recipients of the Witch's attention.

(HANDSOME *enters, awkward and terrified.*)

HANDSOME. You sent for me, oh Queen of great be-be-be-be-be-beauty?

WITCH. Yes. I have a little job for you.

HANDSOME. I live to serve you, my most lovely and gorgeous one.

WITCH. I know you do. See that ugly little wretch in the mirror? (*Pointing towards SNOW WHITE:*) I want you to get rid of her.

HANDSOME. Get rid of her, most stunning and sl-sl-sl-sl-sl—

WITCH. SLENDER!!!

HANDSOME. — Mistress.

WITCH. That's right. Get rid of her, do her in, and feed her to the fishes, game over. Get it?

HANDSOME. Mine is to obey, superb and dazzling creature of greatest loveli-

WITCH. All right, all right, enough already. You are dismissed. (HANDSOME *turns to go*.) Oh Handsome—one more thing. You must bring back proof that she is dead. I want something that belongs to her. Something that she would never give up when she was alive. Now Go!

(WITCH *exits*.)

HANDSOME. (*Gazing at MIRROR — in love*.) Snow White.

(HANDSOME *exits*.)

NARRATOR. Now, of course Snow White had no idea that she was going to be the victim of this terrible plot.

(SNOW WHITE *enters*.)

NARRATOR. Snow White didn't think about things like that. In fact, she spent quite a bit of time just...loving everyone and everything. And I mean everything...

SNOW WHITE. What a beautiful, beautiful, beautiful day! I just love beautiful days! I also love dragging water up from the well. I love scrubbing the floor and taking out the trash and making all the beds and cleaning out all the bathrooms!!! I just love it!

NARRATOR. See what I mean?

SNOW WHITE. Sometimes I can't wait to get out of bed in the morning because I know they'll be all sorts of wonderful jobs for me to do and I know that I'll love them all. Like cleaning out the furnace and mowing the lawn and washing dirty socks. I'm a lucky, lucky girl.

NARRATOR. While Snow White did have an amazing attitude for someone in her position—she was truly lucky about one thing. Her friend. Her one and only friend a beautiful white chicken.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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