

Excerpt terms and conditions



This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

You may view, print and download any of our excerpts for perusal purposes.

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest reading the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.

Dramatic Publishing

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

A Musical

**Based upon the story by
the Brothers Grimm**

Book, Music and Lyrics

by

CAROL WEISS



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • London, England • Melbourne, Australia

*** NOTICE ***

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty fees are given in our current catalogue and are subject to change without notice. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed anytime it is acted before an audience. All inquiries concerning amateur and stock rights should be addressed to:

DRAMATIC PUBLISHING
P. O. Box 129, Woodstock, Illinois 60098.

COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES. This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including but not limited to the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication, and reading are reserved. *On all programs this notice should appear:*

"Produced by special arrangement with
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY of Woodstock, Illinois"

©MCMXCV by
CAROL WEISS

Printed in the United States of America
All Rights Reserved
(SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS)

Cover design by Susan Carle

ISBN 0-87129-446-X

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

A Musical In Two Acts
For 5 Men, 6 Women, 7 Children (or Seniors)

CHARACTERS

- WITCH WICKED a Southern witch, who loves her
"Special Powers," a bit forgetful
- THE QUEEN cold, evil and beautiful, a spoiled brat
- MIRROR has major attitude, but is also wise
- SNOW WHITE beautiful, inside and out.
Sweet but with backbone
- SIR POMPOUS . . . the Queen's Minister. Good-hearted, but a
Nervous Nellie. Perhaps a bit vain.
Afraid of the Queen
- THE PRINCE a clever and brave typical fairy tale prince
- LADY PENELOPE a lady-in-waiting
Suspicious about everything
- LADY LUCINDA a lady-in-waiting. Very vain
- LADY MATHILDA . . a lady-in-waiting. Nice, not too bright
- SIR CLUMSY as his name implies
- SIR SILLY he and Clumsy are sort of the two stooges

THE DWARFS:

- PICKER and PACKER . . . the twins, more muscle than brains
- CUTTER always nervous
- GRINDER probably chubby 'cause he loves to eat
- WOEFUL always sad and crying
- MOUSE he's mute and mimes
- KEEPER gruff, the leader of the dwarfs

SCENES AND SONGS

ACT ONE SCENE ONE: The Great Hall Of The Castle

2. A Package For The Queen Sir Silly, Sir Clumsy
3. No One Likes The Queen Members Of The Court
4. Love Song—Envious Prince, Queen, Snow White

ACT ONE SCENE TWO: A Field Near The Woods

5. The Queen's Nature Song Queen
6. Run, Princess, Run Sir Pompous

ACT ONE SCENE THREE: A Chamber In The Castle

7. If Only Queen, Sir Pompous, Mirror

ACT ONE SCENE FOUR: The Dwarfs' Cottage

8. The Mine Song Dwarfs, Snow White

ACT TWO SCENE ONE: The Great Hall Of The Castle

10. Every Deed You Do Mirror, Ladies-in-Waiting,
Sir Clumsy, Sir Silly
11. Special Powers Witch Wicked

ACT TWO SCENE TWO: The Dwarfs' Cottage

12. Breakfast Dwarfs
- 12b. The Mine Song (Reprise) Dwarfs

ACT TWO SCENE THREE: A Chamber In The Castle

13. Cool, Carefree And Confident Sir Pompous,
Mirror, Members Of The Court

ACT TWO SCENE FOUR: The Dwarfs' Cottage

14. It Was All A Dream Snow White, Prince
- 14a. Dinner Dwarfs
15. The Funeral Dwarfs, Members Of The Court
16. Every Deed You Do (Reprise) The Company

ACT ONE

(MUSIC CUE 1: "Witch Wicked's Entrance." WITCH WICKED comes down the aisle. Sweeping as she goes.)

WITCH WICKED. This is my broom—Stewpot. The old girl's not good for much more than sweepin' up nowadays. But there was a time...I remember how we'd ride for miles and miles, faster than the wind, just me and old stewpot here. There was a time...but, let me start at the beginning. I had two sisters—Letitia and Lucretia. Our daddy did a big favor for the local Wizard. In return, the Wizard granted each of *us* our hearts' desire. I asked to be a sorceress, with magical powers, my sister Lucretia—she said she wanted power too—only she wanted to be a Queen—the most beautiful Queen in the world. And sister Letitia, foolish girl, why she just wanted to get married and have babies. Well, believe it or not, our wishes came true. I moved to the South. And became a powerful Witch. Lucretia became Queen of the North, and Letitia settled down married. She had a little girl child called Snow White. I thought they should have named her after me, but that's another story. Well, anyway, I was on one of my trips around the world when Snow White's mama and daddy died. She was sent to live with the Queen...not the nicest of women, if you know what I mean. She took in the little Princess, all right, but she made her work around the castle, doin' all the hardest and dirtiest chores.

SCENE ONE: The Great Hall Of The Castle.

AT RISE: *The curtain opens to reveal the LADIES-IN-WAITING and SNOW WHITE, frozen. The LADIES as if they were talking, SNOW WHITE on her knees, scrubbing the floor. WITCH WICKED goes on stage.*

WITCH WICKED. You see, Snow White was too pretty. My sister never could stand competition. *(As she pats SNOW WHITE's head, SNOW WHITE picks up her brush and bucket and exits.)* Then, a few years later, some very strange things began to happen. I needed some help from my sister. So, I sent her a little gift...

(MUSIC CUE 1a: "Fanfare." WITCH WICKED waves her wand. The motionless figures come to life as WITCH WICKED exits. SIR SILLY and SIR CLUMSY enter with a large package. As they walk, they shout.)

SIR CLUMSY. A package for the Queen!

SIR SILLY. Make way, make room!

SIR CLUMSY. A package for the Queen!

(MUSIC CUE 2: "A PACKAGE FOR THE QUEEN")

SIR SILLY and SIR CLUMSY.

A PACKAGE FOR THE QUEEN!

SIR CLUMSY.

MAKE WAY! MAKE ROOM!

SIR SILLY.

WE'VE GOT A—

SIR SILLY and SIR CLUMSY.
PACKAGE FOR THE QUEEN!
THE QUEEN,
THE QU-EE...

(SIR POMPOUS enters.)

SIR POMPOUS. Stop that noise, you idiots. Why are you shouting so?

SIR SILLY and SIR CLUMSY.
A PACKAGE FOR THE QUEEN!
TA-DA!

(The LADIES-IN-WAITING gather around the package.)

SIR POMPOUS. Mercy me. It's a big one, isn't it? Sir Clumsy, where did it come from?

SIR CLUMSY. Me and Sir Silly—we were standing outside the gate, keeping guard, like we're s'posed to, when suddenly there was a gigantic puff of smoke...

SIR SILLY. And just like magic...

BOTH. There it was! Ta-da! *(They hold their arms out and stamp their feet.)*

SIR POMPOUS. Oh, my goodness, mercy me. That is mysterious!

PENELOPE. That's suspicious!

SIR POMPOUS. Suspicious, Lady Penelope? Why suspicious?

PENELOPE. Sir Pompous, everybody hates the Queen. Who would send her a present?

SIR POMPOUS. I suppose that's true.

(MUSIC CUE 3: “NO ONE LIKES THE QUEEN”)

PENELOPE.

**NO ONE LIKES THE QUEEN
BECAUSE THE QUEEN IS MEAN.**

LUCINDA.

WELL, I DON'T LIKE HER.

MATHILDA.

NOR DO I.

SIR CLUMSY.

WORST QUEEN I'VE EVER SEEN!

SIR SILLY.

YUCH, PHOOEY!

ALL.

NO ONE LIKES THE QUEEN.

SIR SILLY and SIR CLUMSY.

SHE CALLS US FOOLISH KNAVES,

SIR POMPOUS.

**SHE FRETS AND FUMES
AND BOSSES US,**

ALL.

AND TREATS US ALL LIKE SLAVES.

SIR POMPOUS. That may be true, yet someone has sent Her Majesty a gift!

PENELOPE. I know what I'd like to give her...

SIR SILLY. Yeah, me too!

PENELOPE.

I'D SEND A PACKAGE OF POISON CAKES.

SIR CLUMSY.

HOW 'BOUT A BIG BOX OF RATTLE SNAKES?

LUCINDA.

**I'D SEND A GOWN,
FIT FOR A BRIDE...
WITH ITCHING POWDER SPRINKLED INSIDE!**

ALL.

NO ONE LIKES THE QUEEN.

LUCINDA (*shouted*). I wish that she'd turn green!

ALL.

**SHE MAKES US WORK TWELVE HOURS A DAY
AND GIVES US VERY MEAGER PAY.**

SIR CLUMSY and SIR SILLY.

THEN TAXES ALL OUR PAY AWAY!

ALL.

SO NO ONE,

PENELOPE.

I SAID NO ONE,

ALL.

**NOBODY
LIKES THE QUEEN.**

(Spoken.) And we all have very good reasons!

PENELOPE. I know what's in this package—it's a bomb!

SIR POMPOUS. Oh no, it couldn't be!

PENELOPE. Oh yes, it could!

SIR POMPOUS. Oh no, it's much too big.

PENELOPE. Maybe it's a...b-big bomb!

(They start to run and shout in a panic. QUEEN enters.)

SIR POMPOUS. Run, Your Majesty, hide for your life. It's a bomb and it's going to go off any second! *(ALL run and hide. QUEEN crouches behind a table in a very undignified position, with her fingers in her ears. LADIES-IN-WAITING are huddling, holding onto each other, SIR SILLY and SIR CLUMSY fight over a safer position. They stay that way, wincing, for a few moments.)*

QUEEN *(in a tense whisper)*. Sir Pompous de Frompus, are you sure it's a bomb?

SIR POMPOUS. Yes, Your Majesty, I...er...well, that is, I...uh...

QUEEN *(still tense but a bit louder)*. Is it ticking?

SIR POMPOUS. Well, Your Majesty, I...er...well, that is, I...uh...

QUEEN *(shrieks)*. POMPOUS!!!! *(ALL except the QUEEN duck, expecting the bomb to go off.)*

SIR POMPOUS. I, uh, don't know.

QUEEN *(with painful control)*. Will you please go and find out.

SIR POMPOUS. Yes, Your Majesty. (*MUSIC CUE 3a: "Sir Pompous Approaches."* SIR POMPOUS goes to the package, tentatively, with many false stops and starts. Finally he reaches it, and carefully puts his ear to it.)

MIRROR (*inside package*). S-n-o-r-e...

SIR POMPOUS. What? (*Incredulously.*) What? Your Majesty...It's not ticking! (*ALL breathe a sigh of relief.*)...it's snoring!

QUEEN. Help me up, you fools. Of all the nonsense. Unwrap that package right now...

(*The MIRROR is revealed. MUSIC CUE 3b: "Mirror Reveal."*)

ALL. Why?...Who?...What?...Wha...

MIRROR (*yawns, stretches it's arms*). Well, it's about time you got me out of that blasted box. What a wretched way to travel. All crated up, like a piece of furniture.

SIR POMPOUS. B...But you're a mirror!

MIRROR. I am a magic looking glass

I see all things that come to pass.

I'll show you that which I can see

If but a rhyme you'll put to me.

QUEEN. Pompous, where did it come from?

SIR POMPOUS. It suddenly appeared outside the gate, Your Highness.

QUEEN. But who sent it?

SIR POMPOUS. Perhaps we should ask it. It appears able to talk.

QUEEN. Very well. (*To MIRROR.*) Who sent you here?

MIRROR. If you are addressing me

Your sentences in rhyme must be.

QUEEN. Answer me, Mirror...

MIRROR. I will answer any time
If your question is in rhyme.

QUEEN. In rhyme! Pompous, a rhyme!

SIR POMPOUS. Yes, Your Majesty. Eh...

Mirror...Mirror...Make it clear
Who was it that sent you here?

(He's proud of his rhyme. The others congratulate him.)

MIRROR. From the Kingdom of the South

I was sent forth—
A gift from Witch Wicked
To her sister in the North.

QUEEN. From my sister! I wonder what she wants.

LUCINDA. Why, I never heard of such a thing. I don't believe it. A talking mirror? Absurd! *(She looks into it and primps. PENELOPE investigates the MIRROR. QUEEN shoos them away.)*

QUEEN. Away from there! We shall find out just how magic this mirror is:

Magic Mirror, grand and tall,
Am I not the fairest of us all?

MIRROR. In all the world, and under the sun

You are the fairest...but for one.
(Everybody gasps. LUCINDA primps.)

QUEEN. Well, that's the whole world. I suppose there could be one...I only care about my kingdom, anyway.

Mirror, Mirror, tall and grand,
Am I not the fairest in *this* land?

MIRROR. Queen, you have a beauty rare

But there is one who's far more fair!
(LUCINDA points to herself and preens.)

QUEEN. How dare you! Don't you know I am the Queen.
Who could be more beautiful than me? Well answer me!...

Talk, you miserable piece of glass—or I'll break you into a hundred thousand slivers!!

SIR POMPOUS. A rhyme, Your Majesty, a rhyme.

QUEEN. Oh, very well...

Mirror, Mirror, in your frame

Let me know this beauty's name.

(LUCINDA maintains her primping.)

MIRROR. Her heart is pure, her eyes are bright

Her hair is black, her name's Snow White.

(ALL gasp. LUCINDA is almost as angry as the QUEEN.)

QUEEN *(enraged)*. Snow White! Snow White? The Princess?

You'd think with all the chores I give her, she wouldn't have time to be beautiful. Fetch the Princess Snow White. Bring her to me at once!

SIR POMPOUS. Sir Silly, bring the Princess Snow White.

The Queen demands her presence.

SIR SILLY *(calls out)*. Bring the Princess Snow White.

SIR CLUMSY *(calls out)*. Bring the Princess Snow White.

(Each member of the court says it in turn. Then a chain of voices is heard backstage. Immediately after seven or eight voices are heard crying, "Bring the Princess Snow White," SNOW WHITE enters.)

SNOW WHITE. Did someone call?

QUEEN. The rest of you get out. Out! *(The COURTIERs leave.)*

SNOW WHITE. You sent for me, Your Majesty? I know I haven't finished the third floor yet, but the second was quite dirty and I've been working since this morning...

QUEEN. Never mind about that. Come over here, I want you to stand in front of this mirror.

SNOW WHITE. Oh, my goodness, I must look a fright. (*She runs her fingers through her hair. Wipes smudges off her face.*)

QUEEN. Stop that,...I want the mirror to see you just as you are. (*SNOW WHITE steps in front of the MIRROR.*)

MIRROR. Rags will not hide this beauty fair,
Snow White has charms beyond compare.

SNOW WHITE. Why thank you, I...

QUEEN. Nonsense! Just wait until I get my hands on that sister of mine! She probably sent this warped piece of glass just to insult me. (*QUEEN exits main hall.*)

SNOW WHITE. *What...that is, who* are you?

MIRROR. I am a magic looking glass,
I see all things that come to pass.
I'll show you that which I can see
If but a rhyme you'll put to me.

SNOW WHITE. A rhyme...now let me think...
Oh, magic glass, all else above
I wish to see my one true love.

*(The PRINCE enters [side platform or rear of theatre].
Lights down on SNOW WHITE and MIRROR.)*

(MUSIC CUE 4: "LOVE SONG—ENVOIOUS")

PRINCE. I have come *so* far, from my Kingdom in the East. I have been searching for months and months. Where can you be? I feel you are near and yet I cannot find you.
(*Sings.*)

**SOMEWHERE
IN A DIFFERENT PART OF THE FOREST
THERE'S A PRINCESS HIDDEN AWAY.
I'M SEARCHING**

**EVERY GLEN AND GLADE IN THE FOREST,
AND I SING TO HER, EVERY DAY:**

**I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT YOU,
DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME,
BUT YOUR EYES ARE BRIGHT AS CRYSTALS,
YOUR LIPS AS RED AS FLAME.
I HOPE THAT I'M NOT DREAMING,
THAT WOULD BE AN AWFUL SHAME.
FOR EVEN THOUGH WE'VE NEVER MET,
I FEEL YOU IN MY HEART, AND YET,
I DO NOT EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME.**

(Lights down on PRINCE. QUEEN appears in limbo [side platform?].)

QUEEN.

**ENVIIOUS? WHY SHOULD I BE ENVIIOUS?
TURN GREEN?
NOT ME, I'M THE QUEEN!
JEALOUS?
NO POINT IN BEING JEALOUS.
ALL I FEEL IS HATRED IN MY HEART
FOR THAT YOUNG UP-START!**

**SNOW WHITE,
ALL THAT GOODNESS, ALL THAT BEAUTY,
IN ONE PACKAGE.
ALL RIGHT,
IF YOU THINK YOU CAN BE PRETTIER THAN ME,
I'LL FIGHT!
I'VE GOT METHODS, I'VE GOT POWERS
I CAN CALL ON—
WHO'S THE PRETTIEST?**

**WE'LL SEE!
JEALOUS? I'M NOT JEALOUS.
ENVIIOUS, NOT ME!**

(Lights up on SNOW WHITE and PRINCE.)

SNOW WHITE.

**I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT YOU,
BUT I LIKE THE WAY YOU SPEAK.
YOU HAVE QUITE A CHARMING MANNER,
AND A DIMPLE IN YOUR CHEEK.**

(PRINCE, SNOW WHITE and QUEEN sing simultaneously.)

PRINCE
**I ONLY HOPE THAT
I'M NOT DREAMING.
THAT WOULD BE A
SHAME.
I LOVE YOU
I LOVE YOU—AND
I DO NOT EVEN KNOW
YOUR NAME.**

SNOW WHITE
**I HOPE THAT I'M NOT
DREAMING.
THAT WOULD BE AN
AWFUL SHAME.
FOR EVEN THOUGH
WE'VE NEVER MET,
I FEEL YOU IN MY
HEART AND YET
I DO NOT EVEN KNOW
YOUR NAME.**

QUEEN.

**SNOW WHITE,
ALL THAT GOODNESS, ALL THAT BEAUTY
IN ONE LITTLE GIRL.
SO YOU THINK YOU ARE THE PRETTIEST.
WAIT AND SEE.
I'VE GOT POWERS, I'VE GOT METHODS,**

**I'VE GOT MAGIC I CAN COUNT ON;
ENVOIOUS, NOT ME!**

(Lights down on PRINCE. He disappears. QUEEN exits.)

SNOW WHITE. Oh, he's gone...

I wish my handsome Prince to greet.

Please show me, when we two shall meet.

MIRROR. The spell is released

By a Prince from the East...

When you need him the most,

And expect him the least...

(SNOW WHITE repeats to herself what the MIRROR has said, as she exits, sweeping, dreamily. SIR POMPOUS returns rather stealthily. He looks around to make sure no one is in sight, then addresses the MIRROR. MUSIC CUE 4a: "Sir Pompous Approaches.")

SIR POMPOUS. Er, um, ah...

Magic Mirror, great and big

What do you think of my brand new wig?

MIRROR. I would say it's rather—ratty.

Makes you look a trifle batty *(MIRROR laughs.)*

SIR POMPOUS. Magic mirror, big and tall

Do you think I'm pretty at all?

MIRROR. You may be wise, you may be witty,

But one thing you are not—is pretty. *(Laughs.)*

SIR POMPOUS. You...you're...you're rude and insulting

I...*(Aside.)*...Oh, dear, what rhymes with insulting?

I think your behavior is quite...revolting...

MIRROR. Now I see we've quite a pair

Your rhymes are ill-made, like your hair?

SIR POMPOUS. You, you...*(He hears something.)*

QUEEN (*offstage*). Snow White! Snow White! Snow White!
SIR POMPOUS. Uh oh! (*Hides behind MIRROR.*)

(*QUEEN enters.*)

QUEEN. Snow White!! Snow White!! Oh, you magic mirror,
how could you lie to me? (*MIRROR doesn't react.*)

Mirror, Mirror, blind as a bat

Why did you tell a lie like that?

MIRROR. I can only say what's true

Snow White is more beautiful than you.

QUEEN. Hm-m-m...

Mirror, Mirror, verbalize

What would be if Snow White dies?

MIRROR. Then in all the world I see

No one lovelier than thee.

QUEEN. That's it then. Snow White must die.

SIR POMPOUS (*from his hiding place, a little groan*). Oh,
no!!

QUEEN (*to MIRROR*). What was that? Did you say some-
thing?

MIRROR. T'was not I who made a sound

To see who did, just look—around!

QUEEN (*looks in back of MIRROR, finds SIR POMPOUS*).

Aha!

SIR POMPOUS (*to MIRROR*). Tattletale!

QUEEN. Spying on me, were you?

SIR POMPOUS. Oh...no...Your Majesty.

QUEEN. But...you heard it all!

SIR POMPOUS. Why...uh...I...er, that is, I...(*He nods.*)

QUEEN. So, you must swear to me that no one else will ever
know.

SIR POMPOUS. Why...uh...I...er...that is, I...