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*Dramatic Publishing*



# THE LITTLE SNOW GIRL

**From an Old Russian Legend**

**Dramatized  
by  
Nellie McCaslin**



**The Dramatic Publishing Company**  
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# THE LITTLE SNOW GIRL

A Play in Three Acts  
For Six Men and Five Women\*

## CHARACTERS

ANNOUNCER\*\*

OLD MAN

OLD WOMAN

LITTLE SNOW GIRL

THREE VILLAGE BOYS

THREE VILLAGE GIRLS (more if desired)

PETER, a peddler

BROWN BEAR

GREY WOLF

RED FOX

DOG

STEPANICH, the dancer

GROUP OF FROST SPRITES

GROUP OF SNOWFLAKES

\*Animals and dancers may be played by either male or female. Groups may be of any size.

\*\*PETER or RED FOX could tell the story, if desired.

TIME: Long ago.

PLACE: Outside a cottage and in the mountains.

## **SYNOPSIS OF SCENES**

### **ACT ONE:**

The yard outside the cottage of the OLD MAN and  
OLD WOMAN. Late one winter afternoon.

### **ACT TWO:**

Several months later in the mountains.

### **ACT THREE:**

That evening. Same scene as Act One.

## ACT ONE

*ANNOUNCER [he or she] tells something about the play and may introduce some of the characters from the first scene. She may have a helper and together they lead the way behind the "magic curtain" into the story of THE LITTLE SNOW GIRL.*

*SCENE: The yard outside the cottage of the OLD MAN and OLD WOMAN. The door and window are open on the set.*

*AT RISE: The OLD MAN and OLD WOMAN are standing there, looking out. There are snow banks and small pine trees in the yard but in the large open center area a group of village CHILDREN are playing together. They chase each other in the snow, shouting and laughing merrily. Finally, tiring of their game, they stop for breath.*

1st GIRL. I'm tired of running. Let's stop and rest.

2nd GIRL. Yes, so am I. Come, let's stop.

1st BOY (*grumbling*). That's the way with you. Whenever you are "it," you must always stop.

2nd BOY. I'm tired of this game, anyhow. Every day we chase each other in the snow. Let's think of something new. (*Pause, as ALL think. Finally, the 3rd BOY speaks.*)

3rd BOY. I know! We haven't made a snowman this winter! Let's build a real Baba Yaga! An old witch of the snow!

ALL (ad lib). Yes, yes! A Baba Yaga! An old witch of the snow! (Etc.)

1st BOY (as ALL begin to collect snow in pantomime). First we'll give her a good, strong base. A witch must stand firm and today the snow packs easily.

2nd BOY. Yes. And she must be fat from all the rich food she eats. (The CHILDREN work busily, putting the old witch together. There may be musical accompaniment. Finally, they finish it and step back to look at the result.)

(While the CHILDREN are building the snow figure, the OLD MAN and OLD WOMAN come out of the house and sit on the bench beneath the window to watch.)

3rd BOY. She doesn't look like a witch. She's no different from all the other snowmen we've made.

1st GIRL. She needs eyes and a mouth. (She picks up some cinders and sticks them in the head.)

2nd GIRL. And a long crooked nose. (She puts a stick there.)

3rd GIRL (critically). Still she does not look like the Baba Yaga. I know—she needs a shawl.

1st BOY. I know where there is one—an old shawl. I'll get it. (He runs off stage L.)

2nd BOY. And a stick. (He picks up a long stick and places it in the snow figure's hand.)

3rd GIRL. And an apron. *(She hesitates and looks around. Then she takes off her own.)* Here, she can have mine. *(She removes it and puts it on the snow figure.)*

1st GIRL. And buttons on her blouse. *(She picks up some cinders and puts them on it.)*

*(The 1st BOY runs in.)*

1st BOY. Here's the shawl. Old Marya had thrown it in the ditch. I saw it this morning. *(He puts it on the snow figure's head.)* There, now. How do you like her?

ALL. Hurrah! *(Ad lib.)* It's perfect! Just right! She almost looks real!

1st BOY. Of course she is real! She's the Baba Yaga of the Snow!

1st GIRL. Let's do a dance in her honor! *(Comes C.)*

ALL. Yes, yes! *(Ad lib. They form a circle and do a Russian Folk Dance. They conclude it standing in a circle about the snow figure.)*

2nd BOY. Now she's ruled long enough. She's a wicked old witch and the Czar has come to drive her out!

3rd BOY. With soldiers! Who attack her like this! *(He throws a snowball at the figure.)*

2nd GIRL. Yes, she's a cruel witch who must be destroyed. *(She throws another snowball.)*

1st GIRL. I'll knock off the head!

2nd GIRL. And I'll take away her staff!

3rd GIRL. I'll fix her so that she can't be cruel to the people any longer. *(ALL throw things and finally succeed in knocking her down. There's a shout of triumph.)*

1st BOY. It's the end of the wicked witch!

2nd BOY. Now that she's gone, the children can play in the woods again. *(He tags the 1st BOY suddenly. OTH-*



*ERS give chase and ALL join in, shouting and laughing. Finally ALL run off the stage R. There's a minute of quiet after so much noise. Then the attention shifts to the OLD MAN and OLD WOMAN who've been sitting by the window of their house, watching the CHILDREN.)*

OLD WOMAN (*sighing*). How I wish we had a little one to play with the others.

OLD MAN. Every day we watch the children, laughing and running in the snow.

OLD WOMAN. Pretending that one of them is ours. And then, when they go off, we know we're as childless as ever. Why do you suppose the good Lord has never sent us any little ones of our own?

OLD MAN. I don't know, wife. I'm a poor man but I could've provided for one child at least.

OLD WOMAN. A little girl—with fair hair and rosy cheeks. I should have made her clothes—with embroidery and beads.

OLD MAN. And I, boots. So that her feet might be warm all winter long. Think of it, wife, a cobbler—and no little one to make shoes for—all his life long.

OLD WOMAN. I know, husband! Let's go out in the yard and make a little snow girl! We can pretend that she's ours!

OLD MAN (*momentarily enthusiastic over the idea*). And then, when we come in, we can look at her through the window. And she'll not run away with the others. Until the spring comes—and she melts.

OLD WOMAN (*putting on her coat*). Come, husband. Put on your scarf and mittens.

OLD MAN (*looking after the OLD WOMAN who goes out into the snow*). It's foolishness but it'll do no harm. My

coat—and scarf—and mittens. (*He mutters as he puts on the warm garments.*)

OLD WOMAN (*cheerfully, as he approaches her*). Do you know, husband, perhaps if we make her beautiful enough, she might even come alive? Stranger things than that have happened in the old days.

OLD MAN (*agreeing, as he joins her*). There's no telling what may be. But at least we'll form her as perfectly as we can, so that when we look out of the kitchen window and see her, we can wave and say, "Look, our little Snow Daughter!"

(*The OLD MAN and OLD WOMAN work, forming her well. There must be a small GIRL behind the snow bank where they are and whom they block from view until they are ready to disclose her. Finally, the OLD MAN and OLD WOMAN move back and, there, where they have been working, stands a lovely little GIRL, dressed in white, and perfectly motionless.*)

OLD WOMAN. There, now. (*Pause as they look.*) Why, she's beautiful, husband! Look at her standing there!

OLD MAN. It's been a long time since I've fashioned a figure from snow.

OLD WOMAN (*marveling*). Never have I seen one that looked so real. All the longing of our hearts must have gone into the making of this little Snow Girl.

OLD MAN. We must have known what she would look like, this daughter of ours. And there she stands—only so still and white.

OLD WOMAN. We must dress her up as the children did theirs. I'll give her my kerchief. (*She takes off a soft white kerchief and puts it lovingly on the SNOW GIRL.*)

OLD MAN. How I should like to put boots on her feet.

OLD WOMAN. And mittens on her little hands, lest they get chapped.

OLD MAN. Look at her, wife, no different from the other children who play here all winter long.

OLD WOMAN (*earnestly*). Speak to us, little one. Won't you come alive and speak?

OLD MAN. And run about like the others? (*Pause.*) You know, I almost think you could if you tried. (*Miraculously, the little SNOW GIRL moves—first her head, then one arm, then the other. Next she puts out one foot, then the other. Then she smiles and moves forward to dance. Soft music is heard and the little SNOW GIRL dances gracefully about the stage. The OLD MAN and OLD WOMAN watch, spellbound, as she moves from one side to the other.*)

OLD WOMAN. Is it a dream, husband? Or is she really dancing in the snow before our very eyes?

OLD MAN. I don't know, wife. We've wanted a little one for so long, perhaps we only imagine that she's come alive. (*When the SNOW GIRL finishes her dance, she comes before the OLD MAN and OLD WOMAN and curtsies politely.*)

OLD WOMAN (*tremblingly*). Can you speak as well as move? Will you talk to us, little daughter of the snow?

SNOW GIRL (*with a curtsy*). Yes, I can speak. And it's true; I have come alive. The love of your hands and your hearts has summoned me.

OLD WOMAN. It's a miracle! We must give thanks. (*She drops to her knees, the OLD MAN following her example.*)

SNOW GIRL. Yes, it is a miracle. But I must also tell you this.

This I swear by yonder star  
My veins filled with water are;  
Though I real appear to be,  
Out of snow you fashioned me.  
Still I'll run and play about,  
Dance and sing and talk and shout,  
No one seeing me will know  
I'm your daughter of the snow.

Yet should there ever come a day  
You don't love me as you say,  
I shall have to melt away.  
And join my snowflake sisters then,  
A snowflake I shall be again.

OLD MAN (*getting to his feet and helping the OLD WOMAN up*). As if we should ever love you less than we do today! Oh, wife, wife, isn't she beautiful? Run into the house now and get a blanket to wrap around her. For she looks so cold. (*The OLD WOMAN starts for the house, then turns and takes her own shawl from her shoulders to put tenderly around the SNOW GIRL.*)

SNOW GIRL. Be careful! For I'm a snow girl and you mustn't keep me too warm!

OLD WOMAN. But we must take good care of you. Now, let's go into the cottage. (*As they stop by the door and the OLD WOMAN shows her inside.*) There's a cot where you may sleep until we can get you a fine high bed with carving on it. (*The SNOW GIRL runs in happily to look, then returns after each discovery.*)

SNOW GIRL. Oh, a real table and chairs! (*Goes in again.*) Dishes in the cupboard! (*Goes in again.*) And a little chair upon the hearth!

OLD MAN (*very much pleased*). Yes, I made it years ago, hoping that some day there'd be a little girl to sit in it. For forty years it's remained empty. And now, who would have thought that our prayers would be answered? Sit down in it. It's yours.

SNOW GIRL. But not in there by the fire. It's too hot! I must sit where it's cool. I'll bring it outside. (*She moves the chair outside the door and then sits in it with great pleasure.*)

OLD WOMAN (*bustling about*). I must get my little girl some new clothes. (*She goes inside and returns in a moment with bright-colored clothing over her arm.*) Here in the chest is a little coat made years ago. (*She shows her a little black velvet coat trimmed with white fur.*) And a dress—with embroidery on the skirt and sleeves. (*She displays them proudly, then she and the OLD MAN put the bright garment on the SNOW GIRL, over her white snow dress. The OLD WOMAN stands back to survey it.*) Look, husband, they just fit.

OLD MAN. Straight-away tomorrow morning I'll start on a pair of red leather boots—with fur around the tops! Would you like that, Snow Daughter? (*The SNOW GIRL is overjoyed as she twirls in her new dress with the full skirt.*)

SNOW GIRL. Oh, yes! I'll wear them to dance in the snow.

OLD WOMAN (*as the SNOW GIRL dances across the stage*). But you mustn't go far away. You might get lost and we should be more unhappy than ever to lose the little daughter we have waited for all these years.

SNOW GIRL (*laughing gaily*). I won't get lost. (*Returning to them.*) But now, I should like some supper. I'm very hungry.