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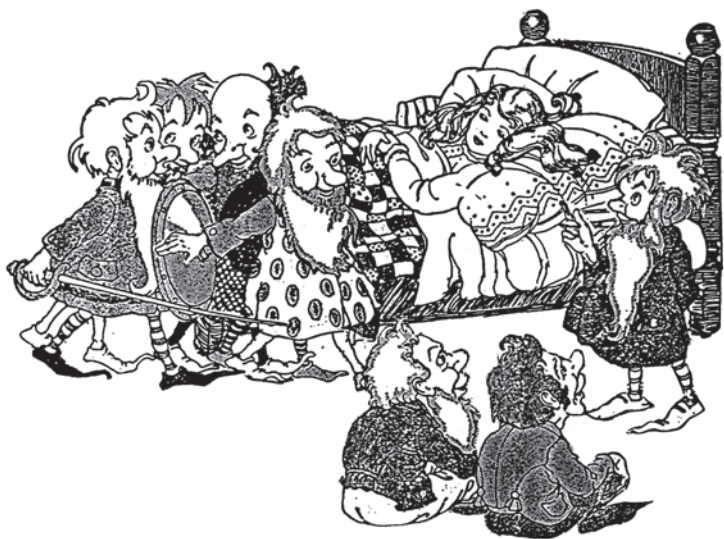
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Dramatic Publishing

Snow White and The 7 Dwarfs

A Play With Music
Based on the Story
by the Brothers Grimm



Dramatized
by
Marian Jonson



The Dramatic Publishing Company

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Snow White and the 7 Dwarfs

Snow White and her "Freckle - faced" sister Jeanne Marie are waiting impatiently for the Prince to come to marry Snow White. However, unbeknownst to them, the Dark Queen has the Prince under a spell and he is forced to appear as Frederick the Jester. The jester and the Magic Mirror have both been enchanted by the Dark Queen who as we all know is possessed by her own beauty. When the Mirror tells the Queen she is no longer the fairest, she is so jealous of Snow White that she orders Frederick to take the princess to the middle of the forest to freeze to death. Of course he takes her to the cottage of the seven dwarfs who pledge to look after her. When the dwarfs return from work to discover that the Dark Queen has poisoned the girl they take her back to the castle, because Snow White had promised she would return there. The return of Snow White, sends the Queen in to such a fury that she loses her control, and with it her magic powers, and her beauty. All see her for the ugly soul that she is, and the Prince finds the courage to break the spell and awaken Snow White.

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SNOW WHITE AND THE 7 DWARFS

**A Play in Three Acts
For 3 Men, 7 Women and 7 Children**

CHARACTERS

GRETCHEN, the palace housekeeper
THE FOOTMAN
PRINCESS SNOW WHITE
FIRST MAID (Ermintrude)
SECOND MAID (Emily)
THIRD MAID (Ernestine)
PRINCESS JEANNE MARIE (Freckleface)
FREDERICK
THE MIRROR PRINCE
THE DARK QUEEN
DWARF ONE
DWARF TWO
DWARF THREE
DWARF FOUR
DWARF FIVE
DWARF SIX
DWARF SEVEN

SCENES

ACT I:

The Throne Room of the Palace and the garden just beyond. A bright sunny morning.

ACT II:

Scene 1: The Dwarfs' Cottage. The night of the black forest.

Scene 2: The Dwarfs' Cottage. The following evening.

ACT III:

Same as ACT I. Snow White's betrothal day. Early morning.

MUSIC FOR THE PLAY

Music for the following songs will be found in the back of this script:

"THE DUSTING SONG" Snow White and the Maids

"FREDERICK'S SONG" Frederick and Snow White

"THE TAILOR AND THE MOUSE" Frederick

"DREAMING PRINCESS" The Dwarfs

"WAKE UP, SLEEPING PRINCESS" The Dwarfs

ACT ONE

SCENE: *The throne room of the palace. A pink and white room, "fairy tale Baroque" in style, open across the back except for a low pink wall with silver gates center which separate it from the garden just beyond. In the far distance can be seen the faint blue and purple outlines of mountains. In the room are three gold chairs, a large one for the KING and two smaller ones for SNOW WHITE and JEANNE MARIE. Two small tables near the walls.*

AT RISE: *Just before the curtain opens, the music of an 18th century court waltz is heard. GRETCHEN bustles in, followed by the FOOTMAN. She whirls to center stage and points dramatically to the KING's chair. The FOOTMAN crosses and moves its foot to the left, stands back, questioning. GRETCHEN, most upset, gestures to the right. The FOOTMAN shrugs and moves it right. GRETCHEN, head to one side, surveys the result. The FOOTMAN, his attention more on the offstage music than his work, begins to whistle the tune. GRETCHEN, shocked, snaps her fingers and points off-stage. With another shrug, he exits L, doing one quick dance step just as he reaches the exit. Horrified, GRETCHEN scurries after him. In a moment SNOW WHITE enters from the garden and, seeing no one*

there, begins to waltz with an imaginary partner. As the dance finishes, she drops a deep curtsey.

SNOW WHITE (*to the imaginary partner*). A delightful waltz, your Royal Highness!

(As she speaks, the FOOTMAN enters and stands behind her. Each time he is about to speak, SNOW WHITE addresses another remark to her partner.)

SNOW WHITE. Truly delightful! (*She curtseys again.*) Oh, thank you, Your Royal Highness! (*The same music starts up again, and SNOW WHITE raises her arms as if to waltz.*) Oh, yes! That would be delightful! (*She whirls into the waltz and finds herself facing the amused FOOTMAN.*) I didn't know anyone was...

FOOTMAN (*smiling*). If I may say so, the Prince will find your waltzing truly delightful.

SNOW WHITE. Don't say that word! I'm so tired of it!

FOOTMAN. Oh, I beg your pardon, Princess Snow White...

SNOW WHITE. I know. It's all I can think of to say.

Delightful. What on earth *does* one say to a Prince?

FOOTMAN. Why, I...I really can't say. That is, well... my conversation with Princes has been quite limited, you see.

SNOW WHITE. That's just the trouble. So has mine! That's why I was practising. The Prince will be here... any time now. In two days our betrothal will be announced! And I can't think of a thing to say to him except...delightful!

FOOTMAN (*smiling down at her*). I'm sure it will be, Princess.

SNOW WHITE. If only I knew the Prince better.

FOOTMAN (*astonished*). Better! But, Princess Snow White, when you and the Prince were children...

SNOW WHITE (*very grown-up*). That's just it. When I was a mere child it was easy to talk to him. But I haven't seen him for seven whole years! He'll be grown up. Grown-ups are very hard to talk to, sometimes.

FOOTMAN (*trying not to laugh*). Well, Your Highness, the Prince is...not really...old, you might say. He's only...

SNOW WHITE. I know, he's only two years older than I...but he's been away to the wars.

FOOTMAN (*eagerly*). Ah, yes! You remember the messages your father sent to us about the Prince, how brave he was...

SNOW WHITE (*puzzled*). Oh?

FOOTMAN. Well...you see...Your Highness tells Gretchen, and Gretchen tells the kitchen maids, and the...

SNOW WHITE (*laughing*). The kitchen maids tell you!

FOOTMAN. Exactly so, Princess. And they do say, the kitchen maids and the people in the village, that he has grown very handsome.

SNOW WHITE (*nodding*). But that still doesn't tell me what to say to him! He'll probably be so different I won't even know him!

FOOTMAN (*bowing*). Ah, but the Prince will know Snow White.

SNOW WHITE. Are you sure he will? (*The FOOTMAN nods wisely.*) That will be delightful! Oh! That word again! Perhaps if I go on waltzing, I'll think of something wise and grown-up to say.

FOOTMAN. When the time comes, you will know what to say.

SNOW WHITE (*holding out her arms to the FOOTMAN as if to waltz with him*). Won't you be the Prince?

FOOTMAN (*startled*). Me? The Prince? Oh, it would not be fitting, Your Highness. (*With a glance over his shoulder*.) Gretchen would never think it fitting. And besides, your sister, Little Freckleface...excuse me, your sister Princess Jeanne Marie sent me to tell you...(Offstage, we hear a GIRL's VOICE calling SNOW WHITE. FOOTMAN, with a smile toward the VOICE.) She sent me to tell you...

(SNOW WHITE's sister, PRINCESS JEANNE MARIE, affectionately called Little Freckleface, runs in excitedly.)

JEANNE MARIE. Snow White! Snow White, aren't you coming? Hurry up!

SNOW WHITE (*laughing as her SISTER grabs her by the hand and starts pulling her toward the gate*). Wait now! Wait a minute!

JEANNE MARIE (*with a rush of words*). But aren't you excited, don't you care, don't you want to...

SNOW WHITE. I don't even know what you're talking about.

JEANNE MARIE (*to the FOOTMAN*). Didn't you tell her?

SNOW WHITE (*as the FOOTMAN is groping for a good excuse*). He didn't have a chance.

FOOTMAN (*gratefully*). Thank you, Princess. (*He starts to leave, then turns back*.) Oh, the court musicians, Princess. They have been practising very hard, and they

wish to know if the royal fiddles are more in tune today?

SNOW WHITE. Tell them the music sounds de...uh... wonderful. (*She stops before saying it again. The FOOT-MAN bows and goes out L. In a moment we hear the gay tune of the "Dusting Song."*)

JEANNE MARIE (*fairly jumping up and down in her excitement*). Will you please hurry up! Please come look...

SNOW WHITE (*amused at her younger SISTER*). Look at what?

JEANNE MARIE. Along the road, far off where it winds up over the hill...carriages and horses and...

SNOW WHITE (*instantly as excited as her SISTER*). The Prince?

JEANNE MARIE (*starting toward the gate*). I don't know! It might be! Up ahead of the procession, there's a man...

SNOW WHITE. Riding a tall white horse?

JEANNE MARIE. No! He's walking along the road very fast...way up ahead of the rest of them. Then there's a sort of cart coming next...and then the carriages. But I can't see what the man looks like, he's still too far away! (*Pulling SNOW WHITE toward the gate again.*) But the carriages...

SNOW WHITE. A man walking...that would never be the Prince. But the rest might be the Dark Queen's caravan!

JEANNE MARIE. Come, let's go look!

SNOW WHITE (*holding back, suddenly a little shy*). We ought to get ready to greet them...

JEANNE MARIE. There's lots of time. The carriages are at the very end of the procession. You can just see it

way off there...*(The TWO of them start out through the garden.)* Let's climb to the top of the wall beyond...
(They disappear through the garden.)

(GRETCHEN, the palace housekeeper, enters from L carrying a large gold clipboard. As she examines the household details, she checks the items off in time to the offstage music.)

GRETCHEN *(as she peers at each item and rubs her fingers over it)*. Candlesticks! Bright and clean! Check! Snow White's chair? Check! *(Catches herself keeping time to the music and stops, annoyed.)* The garden gate? Check! The King's great chair? Oh, what's that? Dust! Oh, dear, dear, dear!

(GRETCHEN trots over to L, claps her hands. The music stops and several MAIDS run in, laughing. GRETCHEN shakes her finger at them as they line up before her.)

GRETCHEN. Shame on you! Shame! Shame! Shame!
Look at this! Dust on the great gold chair of our great good King! And now of all times!

SECOND MAID. Gretchen, we were only...

GRETCHEN *(interrupting)*. I know what you were doing! Lazy, giggling girls! You were out in the gardens, like as not, dancing under the apple trees and letting the palace go to rack and ruin!

FIRST MAID. No, we weren't.

SECOND MAID *(sighing romantically)*. We were watching for the Prince!

THIRD MAID. If only we knew when he would get here!

GRETCHEN (*exasperated*). The Prince will get here when he will get here!

FIRST MAID. Doesn't anybody know when?

GRETCHEN. No! I have told you and told you and told you, no! We must be ready to greet the Prince at any moment, and here you are letting the palace go to rack and ruin!

THIRD MAID. Oh, no, really we weren't.

FIRST MAID (*with a wink to the OTHERS*). Well...we were...and we weren't...

SECOND MAID. But not exactly.

GRETCHEN (*as the MAIDS go into another gale of giggles*). Not exactly! We were! We weren't! What a way to talk! And with dust on the great gold chair of our great gold...uh...good King! (*Ignoring the giggles.*) What will the Prince think of us? What will the Dark Queen think of us?

FIRST MAID (*impressed by the DARK QUEEN's name, she sobers up*). The Dark Queen? Coming here?

GRETCHEN (*gratified at the sudden silence*). Our royal guest, her great and mysterious majesty, the Dark Queen is arriving this very day with her caravan! (*There is a long drawn-out "Oh" from the MAIDS.*) She is to be our royal guest for the betrothal ceremonies of Snow White to the Prince.

FIRST MAID (*awed*). They say she is very beautiful...

SECOND MAID (*her eyes wide with the wonder of it*). They say her beauty is an enchantment to all who see her!

THIRD MAID (*cheerfully*). Then maybe she won't even notice the dust. (*Music of the "Dusting Song" begins again offstage.*)

GRETCHEN. Of course the Dark Queen will notice the dust! I notice the dust!

FIRST MAID (*dancing a few steps*). Isn't it all exciting? The Dark Queen arriving today, and then day after tomorrow, right here in this very room, Snow White will be betrothed to the Prince! (*She whirls about in happy excitement.*)

GRETCHEN. Just what I've been saying. (*Catching herself tapping her foot to the music.*) Stand still, you giddy girls, and listen to me! When the servants of the palace dust, they dust. And when they dance...

FIRST MAID (*with a flick of her long feather duster*). They can dust, too!

(*SNOW WHITE enters through the gate C.*)

SNOW WHITE. Why, Gretchen, of course they can! (*The MAIDS start whisking their dusters rather vaguely over the furniture as they watch SNOW WHITE and GRETCHEN.*)

GRETCHEN (*dropping a quick curtsy*). Princess! With all due respect...(Giving up in mid-bob.) Oh, what's the use! The guests will be arriving and the dust will be all over, and, oh, what's the use? When there's dusting, there's dusting...and...

SNOW WHITE. And don't you worry...we'll whisk it away in no time! (*She starts singing, and the MAIDS join in. As they sing, SNOW WHITE and the MAIDS do a dance of dusting motions, over the tables, the chairs, and last of all, the KING's chair. GRETCHEN tries to stop them and, that failing, to duck out of their way, which she has a hard time doing.*)

SNOW WHITE and the MAIDS (*singing*).

SWEEPING, DUSTING DAILY, DO IT EVERY
DAY,
CLEAN AND SHINING EVERYWHERE, MAKE
IT BRIGHT AND GAY!

FIND THOSE SPECKS AND SMUDGES, EVERY
BIT OF DUST,
SHINE THE KING'S GREAT GOLDEN CHAIR,
YOU ABSOLUTELY MUST!

GRETCHEN (*as they finish with a flourish of dusters over the KING's chair*). Hmmmm? (*Examining it carefully*).
Well! Hmmmmph.

SNOW WHITE (*teasingly*). Is it clean, Gretchen?

GRETCHEN. It is...but I don't believe it!

SNOW WHITE. Now, Gretchen...

GRETCHEN. Dancing, dusting...it can't be done, and I don't believe in it! The royal guests arriving any time now, and nobody takes it seriously!

SNOW WHITE. Seriously! Gretchen, you don't want our guests to find us all serious and gloomy, do you?

GRETCHEN (*truculently*). Well, it would be more dignified.

SNOW WHITE (*trying to win her over*). You remember how it was when Father first went off to the wars? We were serious then.

FIRST MAID (*sighing into her duster*). I remember...riding off on his horse, and all the pages and soldiers with him. (*Gloomily*.) We certainly were serious then!

GRETCHEN. Enough out of you, Miss. (*The FIRST MAID steps back with the OTHERS and stands pouting*.)

SNOW WHITE (*continuing the teasing*). How sad we all were after Father had gone!

SECOND MAID (*joining in with enthusiastic sniffles*). I do, I remember, indeed I do!

GRETCHEN (*completely caught up*). And your sister, crying for days...(*She sniffs loudly*)...and days...

THIRD MAID (*not to be left out, wails on the shoulder of the FIRST MAID*). She wouldn't even have a second helping of honey cakes for breakfast!

GRETCHEN (*weeping into her apron*). Poor mite!

SNOW WHITE. But after we began to sing and dance...

GRETCHEN (*nods vigorously, then stops suddenly, seeing where she's been led*). No, ma'am! With all due respect...

SNOW WHITE. Gretchen, we must welcome the Prince with music and laughter...(*Suddenly rather shy again*). How else will he know we welcome him with love? (*Hastily*.) And the Dark Queen, too, of course.

GRETCHEN (*suddenly very firm*). Princess Snow White!

SNOW WHITE (*the tone of GRETCHEN's VOICE making her listen more seriously now*). Yes, Gretchen?

GRETCHEN. Your father commanded that if her great and mysterious majesty, the Dark Queen, should ever honor us with her presence, she must be treated with the greatest...and absolute respect!

SNOW WHITE (*impressed by this*). My father commanded? (*GRETCHEN nods*.) Does Father know the Dark Queen?

GRETCHEN. No, he doesn't...exactly know her. But he saw her once. At her coronation, dressed all in black. He never forgot her!

SNOW WHITE. Why is she always called the Dark Queen?

GRETCHEN. No one knows for sure, but...*(Before GRETCHEN can finish, JEANNE MARIE is heard calling from offstage.)*

(JEANNE MARIE enters running and laughing in excitement.)

JEANNE MARIE. Snow White! It's coming! It's getting closer! *(Without pausing, she attempts to turn a cartwheel and sprawls full length in the middle of the room.)* It's coming closer and closer and...

GRETCHEN *(throwing up her hands)*. Princess!

(FOOTMAN enters and stands near the back.)

JEANNE MARIE. Oh...I thought I could do it!

FOOTMAN *(quite solemnly as SNOW WHITE dusts off JEANNE MARIE)*. If you will allow me, Princess? *(He turns a perfect cartwheel and returns to his place with a perfectly deadpan expression.)*

GRETCHEN *(horrified at the FOOTMAN's behavior)*.

No! Not in the throne room!

JEANNE MARIE *(about to try it again)*. Now, let's see...

SNOW WHITE *(severely)*. Jeanne Marie!

JEANNE MARIE *(startled)*. Jeanne Marie! You must be mad at me to call me that.

SNOW WHITE. It will be more dignified while the Dark Queen is here if we call you by your real name, and do try to remember it...Princess Jeanne Marie.

JEANNE MARIE *(sits down and, primly folding her hands in her lap, speaks in imitation of GRETCHEN)*. Jeanne Marie. Oh, dear, dear, dear!