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BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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Snow White and the Dwarves' Revenge

COMEDY/MURDER-MYSTERY. Expect the unexpected in this comical whodunit, where all the fairytale characters are not who they seem. On the run from the Queen, Snow White hides out at the Seven Dwarves' cottage. But after Snow White arrives, the Dwarves begin to drop dead one by one. It's up to Prince Charming to find the killer before Cinderella cancels the royal wedding. Suspects include a lurking "ghost," a witch out for revenge, and even some of the dwarves themselves! Audiences will love all the twists and turns, red herrings, diabolical plots, and mistaken identities. Perfect for teen actors and easy to stage.

Performance Time: Approximately 60 minutes.



Illustration of Snow White by Franz Juttner (1865–1926),
German painter, illustrator and caricaturist.

About the Story

The German fairy tale, "Snow White" was first written down in the early 19th century. Originally entitled "Sneewittchen," the Brothers Grimm published the tale in the first edition of *Grimms' Fairy Tales* in 1812. In this version, the villain is Snow White's jealous biological mother, not her stepmother. The Seven Dwarves were first given individual names in the 1912 Broadway play.

Characters

(2 M, 5 F, 8 flexible)

- SNOW WHITE:** On the run from the Queen and hiding out with the Seven Dwarves; female.
- QUEEN:** Evil queen who wants to steal the Seven Dwarves' diamond mine by any means necessary; female.
- PRINCE CHARMING:** Un-charming prince who is engaged to Cinderella; hates the outdoors and thinks the Seven Dwarves are socially awkward, weird, and smelly; male.
- CINDY (aka Cinderella):** The Seven Dwarves' niece who is engaged to Prince Charming; female.
- LURKER (aka Rapunzel):** Informant for the Queen who lurks outside the Dwarves' cottage window; locked in a tower, she was supposed to be rescued by Prince Charming but he never showed up; female.
- AURORA (aka Sleeping Beauty):** Disguises herself as a witch; out for revenge after Prince Charming failed to rescue her from a 100-year sleep because he was out romancing other women; wears a witch's costume; female.
- DOC:** Dwarf who makes all the plans; flexible. (May be played by a girl dressed as a dwarf.)
- GRUMPY:** Grouchy dwarf; flexible. (May be played by a girl dressed as a dwarf.)
- HAPPY:** Sickeningly sweet dwarf who just wants everyone to be happy; flexible. (May be played by a girl dressed as a dwarf.)
- SLEEPY:** Dwarf who likes to sleep a lot; flexible. (May be played by a girl dressed as a dwarf.)
- DOPEY:** Naïve dwarf afraid of ghosts; flexible. (May be played by a girl dressed as a dwarf.)
- SNEEZY:** Dwarf who suffers from allergies and sneezes all the time; flexible. (May be played by a girl dressed as a dwarf.)
- BASHFUL:** Shy dwarf who has a crush on Snow White; male.

MIRROR: Talking mirror who serves as the Queen's advisor;
flexible.

MESSENGER: Queen's loyal messenger; flexible.

NOTE: The Seven Dwarves need not be short. They may be tall, which can add to the comic effect.

Setting

Once upon a time.

Set

NOTE: Sets may be as simple or elaborate as your budget allows. The original production used a simple set where changes in location were signified by lighting and a few simple set pieces. Set pieces were brought on by extras dressed as royal servants or by the Dwarves. The Mirror stood CS under a portico. The portico was used as an entrance in other scenes and as the cottage window.

Queen's castle. There are two chairs as well as a portico for the Mirror to stand under.

Royal woods. A backdrop of a forest may be used. There is a tree for Prince Charming and the Royal Messenger to lean against.

Interior of Dwarves' cottage. There is a window for the Lurker to peek through and a kitchen table with chairs, stools, or a bench.

Synopsis of Scenes

Scene 1: Queen's castle.

Scene 2: Royal woods.

Scene 3: Dwarves' cottage.

Scene 4: Queen's castle.

Scene 5: Queen's castle, a short time later.

Scene 6: Dwarves' cottage, the next morning.

Scene 7: Dwarves' cottage, later that day.

Scene 8: Queen's castle.

Scene 9: Queen's castle.

Scene 10: Dwarves' cottage.

Scene 11: Royal woods.

Scene 12: Dwarves' cottage, evening.

Scene 13: Royal woods.

Scene 14: Queen's castle, day of wedding.

Scene 15: Queen's castle, later that day.

Scene 16: Queen's castle.

Props

Large wooden serving bowl
Large wooden serving spoon
7 Small bowls, for Dwarves
7 Small spoons, for Dwarves
Glass or goblet
Broom
Note, for Bashful's poem
Large basket, for Snow White
Basket filled with apples
Note, from Aurora
Tree branches
Dagger (plastic toy dagger)
Scroll for contract
Quill pen (can be a large feather)
Spade or shovel (opt.)
Wedding veil, for Cindy

Sound Effects

Party music

Sound of glass shattering

“Who knew
death by sneezing
was a real thing?”

-Happy

Scene 1

(AT RISE: The Queen's castle. Mirror is CS. Queen enters.)

QUEEN: Mirror, mirror, on the stand, what is happening across the land?

MIRROR: (*Sassy.*) What's the magic word?

QUEEN: (*Bored.*) Pretty please?

MIRROR: It's "abracadabra"! But I guess "pretty please" will suffice.

QUEEN: Mirror, give me a full status report.

MIRROR: We've been over this! I want you to call me the Almighty Sass Meister!

QUEEN: Just give me the report!

MIRROR: All right, all right! (*Clears throat. Reads headlines.*) "Dragon Knocks Over Golden Gate bridge." "Troll Captures Children from Orphanage and Hides Them Under Bridge." "Tax-Dodging Dwarves Illegally Mine Diamonds on Nature Reserve." "Rampaging Hydra Murders 30 Innocent People" –

QUEEN: Wait, wait! What was that again?

MIRROR: "Rampaging Hydra Murders 30 Innocent People"?

QUEEN: No, no, no! The one before that.

MIRROR: "Troll Kidnaps Orphans"?

QUEEN: No! The one about the dwarves.

MIRROR: "Tax-Dodging Dwarves Illegally Mine Diamonds on Nature Reserve"?

QUEEN: Yes, that one! They can't do that.

MIRROR: I know, right? Imagine mining on a nature reserve. Sheesh.

QUEEN: I don't care about that part. Those are my diamonds!

MIRROR: Technically, they're not. Those dwarves have a 99-year lease, which is ridiculous considering it's on a nature reserve! Is there no respect for Mother Nature anymore?

QUEEN: I've had it up to here... (*Holding hand at her waist.*)
...with those dwarves!

MIRROR: Because they're short? That seems rather
intolerant. People can't help that kind of thing.

QUEEN: What are you talking about? Oh, never mind! I
need to get my hands on those diamonds! But how?

MIRROR: Once your son marries the dwarves' sole heir, he'll
have the rights to the diamonds...after the dwarves pass on,
of course.

QUEEN: Wait! For a mirror, you're pretty smart!

MIRROR: Why, thank you.

QUEEN: I need to alert the royal assassin. Those dwarves
will rue the day they messed with my diamonds. Where is
the royal messenger? (*Calls.*) Messenger! Come here at
once!

(*Messenger enters.*)

MESSENGER: Yes, Your Highness?

QUEEN: Alert the assassin! I have a job that needs immediate
attention. (*Messenger bows and exits.*) Now, I wonder how
this new outfit looks from behind... (*Preens in front of the
Mirror. Blackout.*)

SCENE 2

(AT RISE: *The royal woods. Snow White enters, out of breath from running.*)

SNOW WHITE: *(To herself.)* Phew! That was quite the run. I'm out of breath! *(Pause. Spots something in the distance.)* Hey, is that a cottage in the distance?

(Dopey, Bashful, Doc, and Grumpy enter.)

DOPEY: Hi! *(Waves.)*

DOC: *(To Snow White.)* Oh, hello. May we help you?

SNOW WHITE: Yes...I'm, uh...is that your cottage I see?

GRUMPY: Depends who's asking!

DOC: Grumpy! You're forgetting your manners! *(To Snow White.)* Please excuse my brother. I think he got up on the wrong side of the bed this morning... *(Chuckles.)*

DOPEY: Wrong side of the bed! Ha-ha! That's funny!

GRUMPY: Shut up, or else!

DOC: Stop! *(To Snow White.)* Yes, that is our cottage. May I introduce myself? I am known as Doc, and these are my siblings, Dopey...

DOPEY: *(To Snow White.)* Hi! *(Smiles and waves.)*

DOC: *(To Snow White.)* Bashful...

BASHFUL: *(To Snow White, shy.)* You're pretty!

DOC: *(To Snow White.)* And Grumpy, whom you already met.

SNOW WHITE: Pleased to meet you...I think. My name is Snow White.

DOC: You seem to be in quite a hurry. Can we assist you in some way?

SNOW WHITE: Actually, can you keep a secret? *(Dwarves nod.)* The Queen is trying to kill me! That's why I was running.

DOC: Oh my! That's terrible!

DOPEY: Meany Queenie! (*Crosses arms and makes grumpy face.*)

SNOW WHITE: I don't know what to do. I need somewhere to stay. I don't suppose you know of somewhere I'd be safe, do you?

(*Bashful elbows Doc and whispers something in his ear.*)

DOC: Good idea, Bashful. (*To Snow White.*) My siblings and I would like to offer you refuge in our cottage.

SNOW WHITE: How kind! I really appreciate it. How can I ever repay you?

DOC: No need — (*Bashful interrupts and whispers something to Doc.*) Actually, Bashful has reminded me that we could use some help with chores around the house. It's a bit of a mess.

GRUMPY: A mess? It's a dump! (*To Snow White, softening.*) Say, can you cook?

SNOW WHITE: Um...yes...

GRUMPY: Good! Dopey's cooking tastes like swill!

DOPEY: Hey! That not nice!

DOC: (*To Snow White.*) Dopey tries his best, but I must admit, his cooking does leave something to be desired.

GRUMPY: (*To Snow White.*) It's settled, then. And can you hurry up about it? I'm hungry.

DOC: Grumpy! Your manners! Dopey, you go ahead and tell the others. (*Dopey exits. To Snow White.*) We'll be glad to escort you, Miss.

BASHFUL: (*To Snow White.*) We'll protect you.

SNOW WHITE: Thank you so much. Um...did you say *others*?

DOC: Yes, there are seven of us in all.

SNOW WHITE: Oh my! Seven?

DOC: Yes. Seven Dwarves' Diamond Mines, Incorporated. Perhaps you've heard of us?

SNOW WHITE: You're the Seven Dwarves?

GRUMPY: What you lookin' at?

SNOW WHITE: It's just...I thought dwarves were supposed to be short.

GRUMPY: Are you judging me because of my height?

SNOW WHITE: No, no! You're just not what I was expecting.

DOC: All right, then. Follow me...

(Snow White, Grumpy, and Bashful follow Doc off. Blackout.)

Scene 3

(AT RISE: Dwarves' cottage. All seven Dwarves are seated at the kitchen table eating their dinner out of small bowls. Sleepy is napping and snores intermittently throughout the scene. Snow White is holding a large wooden serving bowl and spoon.)

SNOW WHITE: (To Dwarves.) Seconds anyone?

HAPPY: Sure! It's delicious!

(Dwarves hold out their bowls for more, except for Sleepy who is still sleeping.)

GRUMPY: This sure beats Dopey's cooking.

DOPEY: Huh? Hey!

(Sneezy sneezes loudly.)

GRUMPY: Cover your mouth! You just sneezed on my food!

SNEEZY: Sorry. My hay fever is acting up again. (Sneezes.)

GRUMPY: Your hay fever is always acting up.

SNEEZY: Can I help it if I have allergies?

HAPPY: Can't we all just get along?

DOC: Happy is right. Everyone, say thank you to Miss Snow White for the wonderful meal.

(All Dwarves, except Sleepy, say "thank you" in character.)

SNOW WHITE: So let me see if I've got your names straight.

(Say this next sequence in the order that they are sitting with the appropriate response for each.) Happy... (Smiles, nods.)

...Grumpy... (Mumbles, rolls his eyes.) ...Bashful... (Looks shy.)

...Sneezy... (Sneezes.) Dopey... (Says "Hi!")

...Sleepy...Sleepy...?

DWARVES: (To Sleepy, shout.) Wake up!

(With a start, Sleepy sits up and looks around.)

SLEEPY: Huh? *(Looks around and falls asleep.)*

SNOW WHITE: And Doc. Did I get it right?

HAPPY: You sure did! *(Claps.)* Good job!

GRUMPY: Big deal. *(Sneezy sneezes.)* Sneezy!

SNEEZY: Sorry. May I be excused? I need a handkerchief.

(Exits.)

SNOW WHITE: *(To Grumpy, indicating Sneezy.)* Poor thing.

Does he always sneeze so much?

GRUMPY: Yup. It's really starting to get on my nerves.

Somebody ought to do something about it.

DOC: Like what?

GRUMPY: I don't know! You're supposed to be the smart one, so you figure it out.

HAPPY: Can't we all just be happy?

(Lurker appears momentarily at the window. Dopey sees the Lurker and points.)

DOPEY: Ah! G-g-g-ghost!

BASHFUL: A ghost? Where?

HAPPY: Ha-ha! That's a funny one, Dopey! There's no such thing as ghosts, you big silly goose!

DOPEY: No g-g-g-goose! G-g-g-ghost!

GRUMPY: Quit being such a numbskull. Tell him, Doc. There ain't no such thing as ghosts.

DOC: *(To Dopey.)* Grumpy is right. It was probably just a shadow.

DOPEY: No shadow! Ghost! *(Folds arms and pouts.)*

HAPPY: It's all right, Dopey! We can sing a song to help chase the ghost away, okay? Come on, guys! Let's all sing! *(Sings.)* "La-la—"

GRUMPY: No singing! And where the heck is Sneezy? Is he weaving that handkerchief?

SNOW WHITE: I hope he's okay. Maybe he has the flu.

GRUMPY: It's not the flu, trust me.

DOC: *(To Snow White.)* I'm sure he's fine.

SNOW WHITE: Maybe I should go check just in case. *(Exits.)*

GRUMPY: *(Calls.)* Suit yourself, but you're wasting your time!

DOPEY: G-g-g-ghost!

BASHFUL: Did you really see a ghost?

DOPEY: *(Nods.)* G-g-g-g-g! Whoooooo!

GRUMPY: For Pete's sake, stop that ridiculous noise!

HAPPY: *(Sings.)* "La-la-la-la-la—"

GRUMPY: Stop singing!

(Frantic, Snow White rushes on.)

DOC: So, did you find him?

SNOW WHITE: Yes! He's...he's...he's dead!

(Dopey screams. Dwarves adlib surprise and shock.)

DOC: *(To Dwarves.)* Calm down, everyone! *(To Snow White.)*
Are you sure?

SNOW WHITE: Of course, I'm sure. He isn't breathing!
Could it be from his allergies?

DOC: We'd better check it out. Come on!

(Dwarves adlib as they exit. Suddenly, Sleepy wakes up, yawns, etc.)

SLEEPY: *(To himself.)* Hey! Where'd everybody go? Oh, well... *(Falls back to sleep. Blackout.)*

Scene 4

(AT RISE: Queen's castle. Mirror is CS. Queen is preening in front of the Mirror.)

QUEEN: Hmm...I wonder if this dress makes me look fat?

MIRROR: If you want my opinion—

(Lurker enters.)

LURKER: The deed has been done, Your Highness. One down, six to go.

QUEEN: Excellent! Now, what's your opinion of this dress?

LURKER: Well, I—

(Messenger enters.)

MESSENGER: Excuse me, Your Highness, but Miss Cindy, the princess-to-be, is quite upset about the guest list for the wedding. It seems her uncles were not invited.

QUEEN: That's because dwarves aren't welcome at a royal wedding. Tell her not to worry. She can send them some wedding cake afterwards...the fruit kind that nobody likes.

MESSENGER: Yes, Your Highness. (Exits.)

QUEEN: (To herself.) Now, where was I? Oh, yes. I was about to consult with the Mirror to find out who is next. "Mirror, Mirror on the wall, who's the next dwarf to fall?"

MIRROR: Ah, yes! "Fall" is exactly the word. Fall asleep, that is.

QUEEN: What? Are you talking in riddles now? I don't understand.

LURKER: But I do. (Salutes.) I will be back with a full report. (Exits.)

QUEEN: Oh, whatever. I really don't care about the order as long as each and everyone of them dies. (Blackout.)

SCENE 5

(AT RISE: Queen's castle, a short time later. The Prince and Cindy are arguing.)

CINDY: But it's my wedding, and I should be able to invite whomever I want!

PRINCE: But your uncles? Mumsie doesn't like them, and she's the one paying. Besides, they're weird and smelly!

CINDY: (*Shocked.*) I can't believe you'd say such a thing! They're my only living relatives.

PRINCE: My apologies, dearest, but you have to admit they are quite...socially awkward.

CINDY: You knew when you came to the house with that glass slipper what my family was like. If you want to marry me, then you have to accept my family as well.

PRINCE: I suppose...

CINDY: Oh, cheer up! Keep in mind they own a diamond mine and are very, very rich.

PRINCE: There is that.

CINDY: Then it's settled. They're coming to our wedding!

PRINCE: Well...why don't we just let Mumsie decide?

CINDY: I'm beginning to think you care more about your mother than you do me!

PRINCE: Don't be silly, dearest.

CINDY: Then prove it. Let my uncles come to the wedding.

PRINCE: Well...

(*Messenger enters.*)

MESSENGER: Excuse me, Miss Cindy. I don't mean to interrupt, but I have some bad news that I think you might want to hear. (*Looking over shoulder to see if anyone is listening.*)

CINDY: Yes? What is it?

MESENTER: I'm sorry, but one of your uncles has...well, it seems...you see...

CINDY: Get on with it!

MESENTER: One of your uncles has...passed away.

CINDY: What?! How?! When?!

MESENTER: Well, um...I'm not really at liberty to say. I'm just the messenger.

PRINCE: You were eavesdropping again, I suppose?

MESENTER: Maybe...

CINDY: This is terrible! We have to find out if it's true!

MESENTER: Just don't say who told you!

(Messenger rushes off. Blackout.)

SCENE 6

(AT RISE: Dwarves' cottage, the next morning. Snow White is making breakfast. All Dwarves enter, except Sleepy and Bashful. The Dwarves have just gotten up and are sleepy, yawning, etc.)

HAPPY: Mmm! It smells good in here! There's nothing like a good breakfast to start the day off right!

SNOW WHITE: Good morning, everyone! How did everyone sleep?

GRUMPY: Sleep? Who could sleep with all that loud snoring!

HAPPY: I don't know about that, Grumpy. I slept mighty fine, probably the best sleep yet!

GRUMPY: Sleepy's snoring could wake the dead.

DOPEY: Dead? *(Starts crying.)* Sneezy dead! Whaa!

HAPPY: Who knew "death by sneezing" was a real thing? Oh well, let's look on the bright side. He doesn't have to worry about his allergies anymore.

DOC: Speaking of Sleepy, where is he? And Bashful? It's not like Bashful to be late for breakfast.

(Bashful rushes on.)

BASHFUL: *(Frantic.)* Help! Sleepy won't wake up!

GRUMPY: *(Sarcastic.)* What a shocker! Sleepy asleep? Noooo way.

BASHFUL: This is different! He's not snoring!

(Everyone gasps.)

DOC: Everyone, stay calm. I'll go see what's wrong. *(Rushes off.)*

HAPPY: I bet it's no biggie. Don't worry about it, guys!

(Doc rushes on.)

SNOW WHITE: *(To Doc.)* Well?

DOC: Sleepy...is dead.

(All adlib shock etc. Dopey screams.)

SNOW WHITE: But how?

DOC: Died in his sleep, I guess.

SNOW WHITE: Oh, you poor dears! You must feel terrible!

GRUMPY: *(Sarcastically.)* Wow, really? I think it's splendid that my brothers keep dying one by one... *(Shouts.)* Of course, I feel terrible!

HAPPY: Come on, guys. Snow White made us a nice breakfast. We should eat some of it before we tend to Sleepy. May he rest in peace. *(Laughs.)* Ha-ha! Get it? Rest in peace?

DOPEY: Not hungry...

BASHFUL: Me neither.

DOC: You're right. Who can think about eating at a time like this? We might as well start digging another grave.

GRUMPY: *(Grumbling.)* You know I work better on a full stomach. Just sayin'.

(Dwarves exit. As lights fade to black, Lurker is seen at the window momentarily. Snow White notices but just shrugs and continues tidying up.)

Scene 7

(AT RISE: Dwarves' cottage, later that day. A glass is on table. Snow White is sweeping. Bashful enters.)

BASHFUL: (To Snow White.) Excuse me...

SNOW WHITE: Yes? What is it, Bashful?

BASHFUL: I know we haven't known each other that long...

SNOW WHITE: True.

BASHFUL: But I can tell that there's a special *bond* between us.

SNOW WHITE: A special bond?

BASHFUL: (Nods, looks around.) The feelings we have for each other...it can be our little secret.

SNOW WHITE: I'm sorry if I gave you the wrong impression, but—

BASHFUL: It's okay if you're too shy to admit it. I get it.

SNOW WHITE: You've got it all wrong! I don't have romantic feelings for you!

BASHFUL: But the way you're always so nice to me, the way you cooked me breakfast, and made my bed, and—

SNOW WHITE: I did that for everyone.

BASHFUL: (Begging.) But if you just give me a chance!

(Bashful approaches Snow White and she steps away from him.)

SNOW WHITE: Stop it right now! I do not have romantic feelings for you and that's final. (Bashful nods.) I won't mention this to anyone if you promise never to say or do anything like this again. Okay?

BASHFUL: Okay, I promise.

SNOW WHITE: Good. Now, I'm leaving.

(Snow White exits. Bashful sits at the table and pulls a note out of his pocket.)

BASHFUL: *(To himself, sadly.)* I even wrote her a love poem,
but she wouldn't let me read it. *(Reads.)*
"Roses are red, violets are blue,
My heart is yours 'cause you love me also."
That's stinks! It doesn't even rhyme! No wonder she
doesn't love me!

*(Bashful takes a drink from the cup and slumps over at the table,
dead. Lurker appears at the window, nods, and disappears. Doc,
Grumpy, Happy, and Dopey enter.)*

DOC: There you are, Bashful. We've been looking all over for
you. Those diamonds aren't going to mine themselves.
We've still got work to do, despite the difficult
circumstances. Bashful? Bashful!

GRUMPY: Great! He's taking over where Sleepy left off.

DOPEY: Sleepy! Whaaaaaaaaaaaa!

(Happy shakes Bashful. Bashful is obviously dead.)

HAPPY: Hey, guys? I think something's wrong.

(Doc rushes over and takes Bashful's pulse.)

DOC: He's dead!

(Dopey screams.)

HAPPY: Look at this poem! It's addressed to Snow White!

(Grumpy reads the poem.)

GRUMPY: This poem is terrible! Maybe he committed
suicide.

(Snow White enters.)

SNOW WHITE: Hi, guys. What's going on?

DOC: It's Bashful. He's dead.

SNOW WHITE: What?! How can that be? I was just in here a few minutes ago and he was fine! Well, not fine exactly, but—

DOC: It seems he left you a love poem.

(Doc hands the poem to Snow White. Snow White reads the poem.)

SNOW WHITE: Oh dear! I told him I didn't feel the same way, but I had no idea he'd take it so hard!

GRUMPY: So it was suicide!

DOPEY: *(Crying.)* Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

HAPPY: I suppose there's a bright side. We'll get the rest of the afternoon off for sure now.

GRUMPY: To dig another grave. *(To other Dwarves.)* Come on, we might as well get started.

(Grumpy, Happy, and Dopey exit.)

DOC: *(Calls.)* I'll be out to help in a minute.

SNOW WHITE: Is there something you want to talk about?

DOC: As a matter of fact, yes.

SNOW WHITE: Shall we sit down?

(In order to sit down, Snow White and Doc have to humorously maneuver around Bashful's body.)

DOC: So...I couldn't help but notice that all this trouble started after you arrived.

SNOW WHITE: It's probably the Queen. She must have sent one of her assassins to try and kill me.

DOC: I thought of that.

SNOW WHITE: Then you believe me?

DOC: Not exactly. I haven't seen anyone else around here, and you're not the one getting knocked off, are you?

(Lurker appears at the window and puts her finger to her lips to remain silent.)

SNOW WHITE: Just what are you saying?

DOC: I think you're the one killing my brothers!

SNOW WHITE: What? That's absurd! I would never do such a thing. They're my friends.

DOC: Then how do you explain three suspicious deaths?

SNOW WHITE: You know as well as I do, they were all freak accidents. *(Realizes.)* Well, all except Bashful, but that really wasn't my fault.

DOC: I'm not sure I'm comfortable with you staying here any longer, even if you are a better cook than Dopey. I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

SNOW WHITE: But—

DOC: I'm sorry, but I've made up my mind. I can't put the other three at risk.

SNOW WHITE: *(Sighs.)* Okay, if you insist.

(Lurker enters behind Doc, stabs Doc in the back, and then rushes off.)

SNOW WHITE: Wait! What?

(Confused, Snow White looks around, pauses, and screams. Grumpy, Happy, and Dopey rush on.)

GRUMPY: What in blue blazes?

SNOW WHITE: It's Doc! He's dead! *(Cries.)*

DOPEY: Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

GRUMPY: *(To Snow White.)* How did this happen?

SNOW WHITE: We were just talking, and then this...this person came running in and just stabbed him! It was horrible!

HAPPY: A person? What person?

SNOW WHITE: I don't know! Just a person!

DOPEY: A g-g-g-ghost?!

SNOW WHITE: Maybe.

HAPPY: Don't be silly! There's no such thing as ghosts!

(Pause.) Are there?

SNOW WHITE: Maybe Dopey's ghost isn't a ghost after all, but a killer!

DOPEY: A killer? Ahhhhhhhhhhh!

GRUMPY: You're not helping! We need to take stock of this situation and come up with a plan.

HAPPY: A plan? But Doc always made the plans. Now that he's dead, who's gonna be in charge?

DOPEY: *(To Grumpy.)* Yeah?

GRUMPY: Well, it certainly ain't gonna be you... *(Points at Dopey.)* ...or you! *(Points at Happy.)* I'm in charge from now on.

DOPEY: *(Salutes.)* Yes, sir!

GRUMPY: Now, what we need to do is gather up all the weapons...shovels, pick-axes, anything! Then we'll build a stockade. This is war! Come on!

(They rush off. Blackout.)

SCENE 8

(AT RISE: Queen's castle. The Queen is preening in front of the Mirror. Lurker enters.)

QUEEN: (To Lurker.) Ah, any news?

LURKER: Four down, three to go.

QUEEN: Excellent. I'll have those diamonds in no time!

MIRROR: May I remind you that the diamond mine will belong to your future daughter-in-law? Not you.

QUEEN: Spoil sport!

LURKER: Um...there was a slight hiccup in the operation.

QUEEN: A hiccup? What do you mean a "hiccup"?

LURKER: I, uh...I had to kill the leader myself. I couldn't wait for the hired assassin to do it.

QUEEN: You what?! You're supposed to watch and report, not take action!

LURKER: I had no choice. He was getting suspicious! Please don't kill me, too!

QUEEN: (Angry, about to strike the Lurker, and then changes her mind.) Meh!

LURKER: So you're not going to send me to the guillotine?

QUEEN: Why do people always assume that whenever a queen is angry... (Shouts.) ...she wants to chop off their heads!

LURKER: (Cowering.) Oh, no...

QUEEN: (Pulling herself together.) You'd think all I was interested in is killing people!

LURKER: Well...aren't you?

QUEEN: Of course, but that's different.

LURKER: Oh. I see.

MIRROR: I don't.

QUEEN: Quiet!

LURKER: So...I'm forgiven?

QUEEN: This time. (Shouts.) Now get back to work!

LURKER: Um, how about if I just get back to work?

QUEEN: (*Pleasant.*) Please do.

(*Lurker exits.*)

MIRROR: What's her job description again?

QUEEN: She's a lurker.

MIRROR: A lurker?

QUEEN: Yes! She lurks!

MIRROR: I see.

QUEEN: It's like an informant.

MIRROR: Kind of like what I do?

QUEEN: Come to think of it, there are some redundancies—

MIRROR: Don't get any ideas! It's seven years bad luck for breaking a mirror. You know that.

(*Prince enters.*)

QUEEN: Oh, hello, Son. How are the wedding plans coming?

PRINCE: My bride-to-be is very upset about the deaths of her uncles. I don't see why. They were rather smelly and weird from what I could tell. But now she's even more determined than ever to invite the rest.

QUEEN: Son, son! Do you hear what you're saying?

PRINCE: What?

QUEEN: You won't have to worry about inviting the rest because there won't be any more to invite.

PRINCE: Huh? What do you mean?

MIRROR: (*To Queen.*) Not too bright, is he?

QUEEN: (*To Mirror.*) Quiet! (*To Prince.*) You see, Mumsie is taking care of all that. You won't have to put up with those smelly dwarves ever again.

PRINCE: I won't?

QUEEN: No, you won't. And once they're out of the way and you're married, you and I can do whatever we like with all those sparkly diamonds!

PRINCE: Diamonds? I don't get— *(Realizes.)* Oh! Now I get it! That's why you wanted me to marry into such a weird family!

QUEEN: Precisely. You don't think I'd hook you up with a chimneysweep without a good reason.

PRINCE: But what am I supposed to tell Cindy? She won't take no for an answer.

QUEEN: Just go along with whatever she wants for now. It won't matter in the end.

PRINCE: All right. *(Exits.)*

MIRROR: Still not too bright—

(Blackout.)

SCENE 9

(AT RISE: Queen's castle. Prince is watching Cindy pace.)

CINDY: (*Upset.*) I can't believe this is happening! Four of my uncles dying in less than a week cannot be a coincidence!

PRINCE: I think you're making too much of it. People die all the time.

CINDY: Okay, fine. Dying from allergies or in your sleep I can believe, but a suicide and now a murder? It's just too much!

PRINCE: You need to calm down. You don't want to upset yourself before the wedding.

CINDY: How can I *not* be upset? My only living relatives are dying one by one, and you don't want me to be upset?

(*Cindy sits with her back to him. Prince sits.*)

PRINCE: I'm sorry. You're right. Is there anything I can do to help?

CINDY: Find the killer, that's what!

PRINCE: Oh...um...how am I supposed to do that?

CINDY: I don't know! You're supposed to be my prince...my knight in shining armor! Get on your horse and go charging out into the forest or something!

PRINCE: The forest? I don't really care for the outdoors much...

CINDY: Do you love me or not?

PRINCE: Of course! What a silly thing to say!

CINDY: Then prove it. Get out there and find my uncles' killer. Or maybe we should just call the whole wedding off?

PRINCE: No, no! I'm on my way, dearest.

CINDY: Good! And don't come back empty-handed! (*Exits.*)

PRINCE: (*To himself.*) Oh, dear! Now what am I supposed to do?

(Messenger enters.)

MESSENGER: Excuse me, Your Highness.

PRINCE: Yes, what is it?

MESSENGER: I couldn't help but overhear –

PRINCE: Of course, you couldn't. Any suggestions?

MESSENGER: Might I suggest a trip to the woods near the
Seven Dwarves' diamond mine?

PRINCE: Hmm...that might be a good place to start. *(Starts
to exit and stops.)* I don't suppose you could point me in the
right direction?

MESSENGER: I can do better than that. Follow me!

(Messenger and Prince exit. Blackout.)

SCENE 10

(AT RISE: *Dwarves' cottage. Grumpy, Happy, and Dopey are in the midst of a heated discussion.*)

GRUMPY: *(To Happy and Dopey.)* I'm telling you guys, she's the killer!

HAPPY: I just can't believe it. Snow White's always been so kind and good to us.

GRUMPY: Open your eyes! It's all part of her game. We need to get smart and make a plan. *(To Dopey.)* Well, maybe not you, but Happy and I will make a plan.

DOPEY: *(Insulted.)* Hey!

HAPPY: *(To Grumpy.)* But why would Snow White want to kill us? We've given her a place to hide from the evil queen.

GRUMPY: I haven't figured that part out yet, but I don't care. I want revenge for my innocent brothers' deaths! And I'm gonna get it!

HAPPY: Can't we just try to get along? I bet if we were really nice to her, she'd stop even if she is the killer.

GRUMPY: You're impossible! Now, I'll tell you what we're going to do. I hear there's a certain sorceress around these parts who knows a lot about getting revenge. I say we write her a letter and see if she can help us.

DOPEY: A sorceress? Yikes!

HAPPY: *(To Grumpy.)* I agree with Dopey. I don't like the sound of asking a witch for help. Witchcraft is illegal in these woods!

GRUMPY: Exactly why she's the perfect alibi.

DOPEY: Huh?

GRUMPY: Don't you get it? We fight fire with fire! *(No response from Dopey and Happy. Shakes his head.)* Why do I even bother?

HAPPY: *(To Grumpy and Dopey.)* Shhhhhhhhhh! Look who's coming! *(Looks off. Snow White enters, carrying a large basket. Feigning niceness.)* Hi, Snow White!

SNOW WHITE: Hello. What are you guys whispering about?

GRUMPY: Nothing! Did you get enough food supplies ready like I asked?

SNOW WHITE: I think so. You wanna see?

GRUMPY: No, that's fine. We, uh...have some other business to attend to... *(To Dopey and Happy.)* ...right guys? *(To Snow White.)* We'll catch you later.

(Grumpy, Dopey, and Happy exit. Snow White shrugs and exits opposite. Blackout.)

SCENE II

(AT RISE: Royal woods. Prince and Messenger enter. Unhappy to be outdoors, the Prince is walking along daintily.)

PRINCE: Ech! All these bugs and worms are getting on my shoes. How do people stand being outdoors?

MESENTER: I suppose it just takes some getting used to. Don't princes need to take basic training in outdoorsmanship?

PRINCE: Mumsie tried to force me to take jousting lessons, but I just wasn't suited to it. I failed archery and dragon slaying, too.

MESENTER: I see.

PRINCE: Are we there yet? I'm getting tired.

MESENTER: The Seven Dwarves' cottage is just around that corner.

(Disguised as a witch, Aurora enters, carrying a basket of apples.)

AURORA: (To Prince and Messenger, calls.) Strangers! What are you doing in these woods?

PRINCE: (Puffing himself up.) I am Prince Charming, heir to the throne. I own these woods!

AURORA: Prince Charming? (Laughs.) Oh, right! You're the one who didn't manage to rescue m— (Realizes.) I mean, Princess Aurora.

PRINCE: Princess Aurora? Why does that name sound familiar?

AURORA: Duh! A.k.a. Sleeping Beauty! Shows how much you were paying attention. No wonder you didn't rescue her in time.

PRINCE: I'll have you know, I am allergic to fire-breathing dragons, and I passed out before I could finish the job.

AURORA: Not what I heard. Apparently, Princess Aurora is looking for revenge.

PRINCE: How do you know this?

AURORA: I have my ways.

MESSENGER: May I ask what you are doing in the royal woods, Madame?

AURORA: Oh, I'm just here to take care of a rival... *(Realizes.)*
...I mean killer.

MESSENGER: What kind of killer?

AURORA: Apparently, there have been some very suspicious deaths over at the Seven Dwarves' place. I got a letter from one of the poor wretches, begging for my help. Quite pathetic, actually.

PRINCE: Oh! That's where—

(Messenger cuts Prince off with an elbow or by stepping in front of him.)

MESSENGER: *(To Aurora.)* Thank you for your time, but I think we should be on our way. Good luck on your mission!

AURORA: Thanks. And I'd watch it if I were you. These woods can be murder! *(Exits.)*

PRINCE: Why'd you interrupt me like that? She could have led us right to the dwarves' cottage!

MESSENGER: She is going to lead us there, but without her knowing it.

PRINCE: Why not just ask her if we could tag along?

MESSENGER: *(Trying to be patient. Sighs.)* First of all, I'm not sure we can trust her. Second, I think she might be a witch.

PRINCE: *(Gasps.)* A witch?! But witchcraft is illegal in this kingdom!

MESSENGER: I know. The last thing we need is to get mixed up with a witch. Who knows what she might do!

PRINCE: But if she's helping the dwarves, then that means they're not all going to die!

MESSENGER: Huh? I hope they're not all going to die! That's what we're doing out here...trying to save the rest of Miss Cindy's uncles, remember?

PRINCE: Oh, right, right.

MESSENGER: Now, if we follow at a distance, she won't notice. Come on.

(Messenger and Prince exit. Blackout.)

[END OF FREEVIEW]