

PERUSAL SCRIPT

LITTLE SNOW-WHITE

by

Matthew Ivan Bennett

based on the fairy tales collected and published by the Brothers Grimm

Part 3 of GRIMM - Episode 7 in the **RADIO HOUR** Series



Newport, Maine

© 2014 by Matthew Ivan Bennett
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CAUTION:

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that

LITTLE SNOW-WHITE

being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States Of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion Of Canada, and the other countries of the Copyright Union, is subject to royalty. Anyone presenting the play without the express written permission of the Copyright owners and/or their authorized agent will be liable to the penalties provided by law.

Script and music copies must be rented from the Publisher and Royalty must be paid to the publisher for each and every performance before an audience whether or not admission is charged. A performance license must first be obtained from the publisher prior to any performance(s).

Federal Copyright Law -- 17 U.S.C. section 504 -- allows for a recovery of a minimum of \$250 and a maximum of \$50,000 *for each infringement*, plus attorney fees.

The professional and amateur rights to the performance of this play along with the lecturing, recitation, and public reading rights, are administered exclusively through LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be made. For all other rights, inquiries may be made to the authors through LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS. Any adaptation or arrangement of this work without the author's written permission is an infringement of copyright. **Unauthorized duplication by any means is also an infringement.**

FOR PUBLIC PERFORMANCE RIGHTS YOU MUST APPLY TO THE PUBLISHER OR YOU ARE BREAKING THE LAW!

The possession of this PERUSAL SCRIPT, does not constitute permission to perform the work herein contained, in public or in private, for gain or charity. Proper prior application must be made, license granted and royalty paid before a performance may be given. Copies of this SCRIPT and all other rehearsal materials may be rented from:

LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS
P.O. Box 536 Newport, ME 04953-0536
www.leicesterbaytheatricals.com
Printed in the United States Of America

THIS NOTICE MUST APPEAR IN ALL PROGRAMS, ON ALL POSTERS AND PUBLICITY MATERIALS AND INTERNET ADVERTISING/WEBPAGES FOR THE PLAY:

“Little Snow-White’ is presented through special arrangement with Leicester Bay Theatricals. All authorized materials are also supplied by LBT, www.leicesterbaytheatricals.com”

NOTE: Your contract with Leicester Bay Theatricals limits you to making copies of this document for persons directly connected with your production. Do not distribute outside of your cast and crew. Following your performance run you must destroy all photocopies, preferably by shredding them. If we sent you the document in printed format, you must return that document to us. If we provided you with an electronic PDF file, simply trash that on your computer so that it cannot be recovered. The electronic document may only be on ONE computer -- it may NOT be duplicated. This is also a part of your contract with Leicester Bay Theatricals.

CAST OF CHARACTERS (in order of appearance) 15 roles can be effectively doubled, if desired

Storyteller
Snow-White
Friedrich the Huntsman
(Baby Boar)
Witch-Queen
Russell
Rupert
Angus
Fergus
Leslie
Wesley
(Trevor)
Mirror
Prince Adam
Friedhelm the Manservant

Period Costumes or contemporary clothes

Radio Station setting

Sound Effects required (can be Foley, recorded, or a mix of both. Music required.)

DISCLAIMER:

The options to fully stage or to stage for radio is left to the producer. The option to simulcast from the live performance on radio, or to record the performance for later broadcast must be specified in your licensing agreement with Leicester Bay Theatricals, and if EQUITY actors are used must be approved by EQUITY. A fully staged play may not be broadcast without Virtual Licensing Rights, which must also be obtained from the publisher, with permission from EQUITY.

LITTLE SNOW-WHITE by Matthew Ivan Bennett. Part 3 of GRIMM - Episode 7 in the RADIO HOUR Series. 15 roles can be doubled. Period Costumes or contemporary clothes. Radio Station setting. SFX essential. Staged Radio Drama, Radio Broadcast, Fully-Staged Production, or Virtual Theatre. (33 minutes) An adaptation of three beloved Grimm Brother stories to their original, dark tellings. *Little Snow-White* reimagines the classic tale with its original dark, earthy themes. It's not a tale for the nursery. Perfect for the Halloween season! GRIMM was a co-production between Salt Lake City's Plan-B Theatre Company and the University of Utah's Public Radio station KUER's Radio West. **ORDER #3241.3**

MATTHEW IVAN BENNETT is a resident of Plan-B Theatre, listed by American Theater magazine as one of 14 companies nationwide exemplifying social action and civic engagement. At Plan-B, he's premiered several stage and radio plays, including an adaptation of "*Frankenstein*" that won a Utah Broadcasters Association award, and "*Eric(a)*"—which won Best Drama at the United Solo festival in New York. He received the Holland New Voices award from the Great Plains Theatre Commons, has twice been a finalist in screenwriting at Austin Film Festival, and in 2016 was an O'Neill finalist. His short plays have appeared at Chicago's Circle Theatre, Rising Sun in New York, Monkeyman in Toronto, and the Source Festival in DC. Matt is a member of the Dramatists' Guild.

LITTLE SNOW-WHITE

STORYTELLER: “Little Snow-White.”

MUSIC

He crept into the girl’s bed-chamber and gagged her.

(SNOW-WHITE muffled protest)

She scratched and wept and shat the powder-blue silk of her nightgown. He slapped her for the stink, drug her into the woods; it was easy. Yes, how easily did his knife sing through the dark and—

SNOW-WHITE: *(weeping)* PLEASE! Whatever I did, I’ll make it well! Show me mercy. I will run away, never pester you again, I promise, I promise, I—!

FRIEDRICH THE HUNSTMAN: *(slapping her)* *Gottverdamm!* No more weeping. I have headache now.

SNOW-WHITE: On the Lord Jesus I swear, sir, I will right whatever wrong, I will—

FRIEDRICH THE HUNSTMAN: Listen, leetle girl, you do nussing bad. What I do is not against you, ja?

SNOW-WHITE: Carving me like a goose isn’t against me?

FRIEDRICH THE HUNSTMAN: Vell, from your point of view, but—

SNOW-WHITE: How much are they paying you?

FRIEDRICH THE HUNSTMAN: Oh, “zey” are payingk me—in a vay you are too young to know about. So *halt den kleinen roten Mund!* I slice and tice now. I *schneiden* your lungs, *und* your liver, *und* I fry zem in skillet vis garlic *und* lemon zest! Now d—!

SNOW-WHITE: Wait!

FRIEDRICH THE HUNSTMAN: You vait! Stop talkingk *und* vait, qvietly, until ze man vis ze knives kills you, you...sweet, inovensive, leetle eight-year-oldt. I destroy you! Vis your skin, white as snow...*und* your lips, *rot wie Blut*. ...You qvell my murderous ire. Run. Run away now, I kill somesing else. *Abhauen!* Or I pluck out your eyes *und* piss on you.

(to scare her)

Ahhhhhhhh.

(SNOW-WHITE screams; runs)

STORYTELLER: Shaking but grateful, Little Snow-White rushed into the wild—branches snapped around her, spider webs stuck to her mouth, and the huntsman was alone. He sighed, and muttered, and shook his blond head, wondering what to say to the Queen...when a wild piglet trotted by.

FRIEDRICH THE HUNSTMAN: Die!

BABY BOAR: *(squeal of death)*

STORYTELLER: Fooled by the huntsman, the Witch-Queen ate the animal’s lung sacks. With a greasy chin, she imagined that the bolus in her throat was her daughter’s threefold beauty—the red, white, and black now macerated, liquefied, made into nothing by teeth and acid and bowels twitching.

(WITCH-QUEEN snarfling—over the last)

FRIEDRICH THE HUNTSMAN: How do you like zat marinate, Gorgeous?

WITCH-QUEEN: Silence. Bar the door. Take off your pants.

STORYTELLER: Meanwhile, Snow-White ran until her feet throbbed and she came to a cottage built into a hill. The roof was a fallen wedge of granite and moss, the windows sheets of crystal and inside... everything was small. The table, chairs, plates, spoons, mugs, the seven tiny beds against the wall—each of them seemed built for a child. Even the food...

(SNOW-WHITE eats)

Oh she was starving; her throat felt like linen in the sun. The green beans, the corn muffin, the honey wine—she snatched and nibbled and drank them all. And then wobbling, laid herself down in a numb wondering:

SNOW-WHITE: *(interior)* “Who would want to a kill a girl?”

STORYTELLER: In her mind’s eye, her mother wept and raged and rode into the forest with a torch. But soon—

(SNOW-WHITE yawning)

Sleep came, and the sun shrank away, and the moon blossomed, and the seven owners of the cottage came calling. Sweaty, grimy, reeking of roots and iron, in they clumped—and when they saw the disarray!

RUSSELL: *(fussbudgety)* Oh razzle-frazzit! Who has been in my chair again? I left it perpendicular to the wall and it’s been disturbed by at least four degrees.

RUPERT: *(uppity)* What I’d like to know, Russell, is who’s absconded with my garden-fresh green beans.

ANGUS: *(tetchy)* Yeah! An’ ‘oo nicked ‘alf my muffin?

FERGUS: *(gruff but grounded)* Sod you and your muffin, Angus, you ‘ad a nibble this mornin’, the question’s where’s my delicious spotted dick puddin’?

LESLIE: *(nasal; homemaker)* I say, our Bishop Hat’s napkin arrangement, Wesley! It’s been rumped.

WESLEY: *(ditto)* Right you are, Leslie. Who is the culprit?! I call a house meeting forthwith!

RUPERT: Hold up, Trevor would like a word first.

WESLEY: Trevor can have a “word” in the meeting.

RUPERT: Wesley, I tire of reminding you: Trevor is a member of this Collective despite his disability. Now what was that, Trevor, slow down, I can’t understand you when your hands flit. ... Oh! My. Trevor signs

to me that he feels like a little girl inside his head.

(slapped)

Ah. No. He says, “There *is* a little girl...inside his *bed*.” What?

ANGUS: Bugger, ‘e’s right; ‘ave a look at Trevor’s bed; that’s the muffin marauder, right there. Oi! Did you diddle my muffin? Wake up.

SNOW-WHITE: *(bleary)* Wha? It’s not even light out, Moth—AHH!

ANGUS: *(muffles her)* Scream all you like, Nancy, you’ll be workin’ off every bite!

RUSSELL: No need to manhandle, Angus, you’re disheveling the bed-sheets—and the Collective does not — Well, well, well, isn’t she lovely specimen.

ANGUS: Lovely for a larcenist.

RUSSELL: Shush. Rupert, Wesley, Leslie, Trevor, do you see what I see—that symmetry? That complementarity of color? That bone structure?

RUPERT: Oh yes, quite. What Trevor? Really?! He says the girl’s face is statistically one in five hundred million.

ANGUS: Tripe. You yanked that out.

RUPERT: Trevor has a very high spatial intelligence, Angus, as he’s told you. Unhand the girl.

ANGUS: If I un’and ‘er, she’ll bite my arm off, look at ‘er. I concede she’s symmetrical, but she looks like she’s feral.

(sniffs)

Smells like shite.

RUPERT: Motion to have Angus unhand her.

ANGUS: You stop it with the motions.

RUPERT: All in favor say aye, please.

ALL BUT ANGUS: Aye.

ANGUS: What?! No! We approve of breakin’ the Eighth Commandment set down by Moses all a sudden? All muffins’re up for grabs?

RUPERT: Angus, the Collective has spoken.

ANGUS: Trevor didn’t speak.

RUPERT: He gestured. And you have cheeked the Judgment twice, Angus; I declare you Insurgent; proceed at once to the Stool of Anarchy, not a word for *five* minutes.

ANGUS: FIVE?! *(grumbles; un-muffles her)* Alright, I submit, for the Greater Good, but I want that toddler

to spit my muffin up. Where'd you leave the Stool?

RUPERT: *You* left the Stool by the potato bin yesterday, you thoughtless burke.

ANGUS: If I'm a burke, you're a—

RUSSELL: Language! Both of you. The Collective has been blessed with a visitor, at last, and you mar the image of its munificence and efficiency. As Director of Public Relations I order you to apologize.

RUPERT & ANGUS: ... Sorry.

RUSSELL: Thank you. Now: little girl, we welcome you, we ask your name, and we wonder how you arrived here.

SNOW-WHITE: (*still heaving*) Well... first of all... I'm called Snow-White, noble sirs.

WESLEY & LESLIE: "Snow-White"?

WESLEY: Is that your Christian name?

SNOW-WHITE: Yes, sirs. And, I'm very sorry for my unlawful entry; I was attacked, you see, by a German, and.... Forgive me but... are you... dwarves?

ANGUS: "Dwarves"?! You 'ear that?! That's 'ow they bring them up! No, as a matter of fact we are not "dwarves"—!

FERGUS: Angus, let it be.

ANGUS: As that is a derogatory term used only by the acro majority!

RUPERT: We prefer the term midget, Ms. White.

WESLEY & LESLIE: "Midget"?

LESLIE: We decided on sub-tall human unit.

RUSSELL: No, Trevor broke the tie: it's easier to sign "midget" with his hands.

WESLEY & LESLIE: Oh. Sorry, Trevor.

RUSSELL: So there you are, we are seven midgets. I am Russell, this is Rupert (*greetings from each*), that's Angus on the stool—*forbidden to vocalize*—Fergus, his twin, though raised apart, Wesley and Leslie, who only seem twins, and, of course, Trevor, who is gesturing "Hello."

SNOW-WHITE: I see. What a pleasure to meet you. You're the first midgets I've ever met. And the only people I've ever robbed. So I swear to repay you. Until my mother comes I shall cook and wash and sweep and sew and knit and crochet and spin flax and churn butter and... I can also groom a pony.

RUSSELL: Can you use a protractor? I require ninety-degree angles in my area.

SNOW-WHITE: Yes! My tutor taught me the protractor last week. I know them *acutely*.

RUSSELL: Oh mercy, at last! Motion to add a member to the Collective! All in favor?

MUSICAL STING

STORYTELLER: But in that very same hour—

WITCH-QUEEN: Mirror, Mirror, on the wall
Who's the fairest of them all?

MIRROR: O Queen, thou art the fairest of all I see
Yet o'er the hills, where dwarves do dwell
Your daughter is alive and well
And none is so fair as she.

WITCH-QUEEN: Betrayal.

STORYTELLER: And so she plotted, painted her face, dressed like a Gypsy, and with a spell, went over the seven mountains like wind the next day. A potion hid her voice.

WITCH-QUEEN as GYPSY: (*through the door*) Pretty things to sell, very cheap.

STORYTELLER: The men gone, Snow-White poked out of a round, crystal-paned window.

SNOW-WHITE: Good day, ma'am. What've you to sell?

WITCH-QUEEN as GYPSY: So much my dear: ribbons, hairpins, laces. You see this? Chinese silk.

STORYTELLER: Snow-White had no suspicion, so she stood before the old bent woman and let herself be laced.

SNOW-WHITE: Ooo, that's a little tight. Looser, if you please. No, um, looser. Ma'am?

STORYTELLER: The mother corseted quickly, so tightly that Snow-White lost her breath, a rib cracked, and she fell down as if dead, her face a blue-gray. The mother fled, relieved. But when the seven men came home...

ANGUS: Why's the maid writhin' on the floor?

(*SNOW-WHITE gasping*)

RUSSELL: Christmas Fudge! She's strangled herself with an undergarment. Trevor, quickly. You're best with knots.

STORYTELLER: Meanwhile...

MIRROR: Oh, Queen, thou art fairest of all I see
Yet o'er the hills, where seven—

WITCH-QUEEN: Blast!

STORYTELLER: The mother racked her cruel mind. What would fool a little girl twice?

WITCH-QUEEN: Yes. Yes.

MAGIC

STORYTELLER: With a second spell, she raced over crag and valley, took disguise as a blind woman, a yellowed bandage on her eyes. The seven men off in the mines, she rapped on the door.

SNOW-WHITE: (*within*) No solicitors, please!

WITCH-QUEEN as OLD BLIND WOMAN: I have naught to sell, child, only a bauble or three to trade. For a spoonful of porridge, I would leave you this lady's comb.

STORYTELLER: It was all too tempting—the jeweled comb reminded her of home. With gratitude, she ran it through her raven hair when—

SNOW-WHITE: Ah!

STORYTELLER: Poison squished into her scalp. She collapsed.

WITCH-QUEEN as OLD BLIND WOMAN: What's comb over you, my love?

MAGIC

STORYTELLER: When the halfling men came....

RUSSELL: Ms. White, good news, Leslie has uncovered a trove of wild shiitake mush—*oh rue the day, no!* Trevor!

STORYTELLER: Meanwhile...

MIRROR: Oh, Queen, thou art prettiest of all I see
But—

WITCH-QUEEN: *Ahh!* Why?! What has happened now?

MIRROR: One dwarf of seven has wit unsurpassed
A magic most dark must now be—

WITCH-QUEEN: Yes, got it. *Ugh,* I should've squeezed her flat in the birth canal.

STORYTELLER: She fled to a secret dungeon room caked with dust, where she made a poisonous apple. Then with a third spell, she folded space between castle and cottage at noon the next day—

MAGIC!

She rapped on the door, dressed in gingham as a farmer's wife.

SIX more pages to the end of the script