

# **The Panto that Goes... Meh**

**A thoroughly mediocre adaptation of Snow white and the  
seven dwarves**

**Final version**

**Written By**

**Rafael Armstrong and Tom Onslow**

# Character list

(Currently 36 parts)

## THE CASTLE DWELLERS

**KING** – The royal wet wipe. Loves a game of chess and is not afraid to tell you an anecdote or two about it. Is yet to clock on to the fact that his wife is an evil genius.

**EVIL QUEEN** – Comically evil and loving it. A classic diva. Loves an evil scheme and hates the idea that she may not be the fairest in the land.

**SNOW WHITE** – The daughter of the king, Snow White is rich, pampered, oblivious to how the world works and generally totally insufferable, even if she is technically the fairest in the land. Spends all day staring at her own reflection in the mirror.

**PRINCE** – Equally as self-obsessed as Snow White. Vain, oblivious, and loves the sound of his own voice.

**PRANCE** – The prince's loyal servant who is hopelessly in love with the prince, even though this love is clearly unrequited.

**CAM O'FLAGE** – The huntsman, and styled as a drag king. Well-meaning, loveable and kind, but seemingly irresistible to anyone who lays eyes on him, which makes Cam very uncomfortable. He's not trying to be that sexy, he just is.

**BITS** – One of the two guards that stand outside the Evil Queen's quarters. Takes the lead more than Bobs. Is best friends with Bobs, even if they do fight every now and then.

**BOBS** – The second guard that stands outside the Evil Queen's quarters. Spends most of his time backing up what Bits just said.

**KNICK** – One of the palace servants. Prone to complaining, and even more prone to gossiping.

**KNACK** – The other palace servant. Also loves to gossip, but, frankly, is awful at it. Loves to one-up Knick at every turn.

**THE MAGIC MIRROR** – The Evil Queen's long suffering magic mirror. Loathes the queen, but is forced to help her anyway.

**THE MAGIC LAMP** – Another magical object. It is unclear why the lamp is magic.

**THE MAGIC TABLE** – A third magic object. It is even more unclear why the table is magic.

**THE CRIER** – A town crier that is constantly on the verge of tears (get it?). Don't make loud noises or sudden movements or they WILL burst into hysterical crying fits.

**THE VICAR** – The vicar who marries Snow White and the prince. Is very old, and will often use the wrong words.

## **THE TERM SIBLINGS**

MICHAEL – The youngest sibling. Adorably enthusiastic, and desperate to help out whenever he can. Think a wide-eyed fresher in Michaelmas.

HILARY – The middle sibling. Hot-headed, a little sarcastic, but her heart is in the right place. Hot(-headed) girl Hilary xoxo

TRINITY – The oldest sibling. Kind, understanding, and desperate to keep everything under control and keep everyone in line. Tired girl Trinity.

## **PANTO DAMES FOR HIRE**

OPHELIA YESSICA (Oh. Yes.) – The first of our two dames. She is bawdy, crass, loud-mouthed and always looking to be in the spotlight, but will also do anything she can to make sure a pantomime is going smoothly.

EVIE HYDEW – Our second dame. Similar to Oh Yes, but a little worse at knowing when is not the time to make a vile innuendo.

## **THE VILLAGERS**

LONDON – The greengrocer, potentially with an awful cockney accent. Probably having an illicit affair with Paris.

PARIS – The baker, potentially with a dreadful French accent. Seems to love London's melons.

RIO – The florist. Has a particularly large grudge against Snow White, given how many flowers of theirs she has stolen.

NEW YORK – The tailor. The swiftest tailor in all the land, actually. Has lines full of Taylor Swift references.

**LLANFAIRPWLLGWYNGYLLGOGERYCHWYRNDROBWLLLLANTYSILIOGOGOGOC H (LLANFAIR for short) - The mirror seller. Gets a lot of business from Snow White, who weirdly seems to remember their name.**

VILLAGER 6 – Another villager. A part that was clearly added later, and has exclusively vapid lines to say, but a performer who dreams of something more...

## **THE STAGES OF GRIEF (and the two symptoms of hayfever)**

DENIAL – Will deny everything for no reason. (Oh no it isn't!) Cheeky and knows the chaos they are causing.

ANGER – Permanently angry at everyone and everything, but usually their anger is correctly placed (as it is usually targeted at Denial).

BARGAINING: A people pleaser, who desperately tries to offer people things to make them happy.

DEPRESSION – The petulant emo of the group, permanently moping around.

ACCEPTANCE – The leader of the group. Always tries to be positive and optimistic, and agrees with what everyone says.

IMMEASURABLE SUFFERING – A mysterious sixth person who is in permanent pain. Will occasionally just scream.

SNEEZY: A cheesy TV doctor who won't stop sneezing.

### **THE FOURTH WALLERS**

NARRATOR: A stuck-up thespian who believes they are far too good for this gig.

STAGE MANAGER: Loves being a stage manager with all their heart but has no interest in being on stage. When they are suddenly forced on stage to fill in for an unconscious actor, they aren't happy to be there and are incredibly nervous.

PADDY THE PIG (Voice-over part): The pig that Cam has to kill to take it's heart. Isn't particularly happy to be killed.

# SCENE LIST

## **1.1 - A Little Village (It's Not Size That Matters, Right?)**

NARRATOR, VILLAGERS, TERM SIBLINGS, SNOW WHITE, CRIER

## **1.2 - Queen Shit**

NARRATOR, SNOW WHITE (briefly), BITS, BOBS, QUEEN, KING, CAM O'FLAGE, MIRROR, LAMP, TABLE

## **1.3 - Dameeeee Look At Those Girls Go!**

NARRATOR, KNICK, KNACK, OH. YES., EVIE HYNDEW, CAM O'FLAGE

## **1.4 - Woe That's A Lot Of Baggage**

KING, SNOW WHITE, BITS, BOBS, VILLAGERS, TERM SIBLINGS

## **1.5 - A Scheme, But No Queen (Or; Two For The Price Of Three)**

NARRATOR, BITS, BOBS, OH. YES., EVIE HYNDEW, MIRROR, CAM O'FLAGE, KING

## **1.6 - A little heart to heart with the birches**

NARRATOR, PRINCE, PRANCE, SNOW WHITE, TERM SIBLINGS, CAM O'FLAGE, PADDY THE PIG

## **1.7 - Snow White And The Five Stages Of Grief (And Two Other People Are Also There)**

NARRATOR, SNOW WHITE, FIVE STAGES OF GRIEF PLUS TWO

## **1.8 - Serving Hunt(sman)**

NARRATOR, CAM O'FLAGE, TERM SIBLINGS, KNICK, KNACK

## **1.9 - The Final Master Plan, Version 2**

NARRATOR, BITS, BOBS, CAM O'FLAGE, TERM SIBLINGS, STAGE MANAGER, MIRROR, KNICK, KNACK, SNOW WHITE, STAGES OF GRIEF PLUS TWO

**1.10 - Is That Emotion In Your Pant(o) Or Are You Just Pleased To See Me?** SNOW WHITE, STAGES OF GRIEF PLUS TWO, TERM SIBLINGS, KNICK, KNACK, PRINCE, PRANCE, QUEEN

## **2.1 - True Love's Blunt Force Trauma (Or; How's Your Head?)**

NARRATOR, SNOW WHITE, STAGES OF GRIEF PLUS TWO, TERM SIBLINGS, KNICK, KNACK, PRINCE, PRANCE

## **2.2 - I Can Hear The Bell(end)s**

NARRATOR, STAGE MANAGER, PRINCE, PRANCE, BITS, BOBS, LAMP, TABLE, QUEEN, MIRROR

## **2.3 - A Huntsman For All Seasons**

NARRATOR, VILLAGERS, CRIER, CAM O'FLAGE, STAGES OF GRIEF PLUS TWO, TERM SIBLINGS, KNICK, KNACK, OH. YES., EVIE HYNDEW

## **2.4 - Say "Oh Yes" To The Dress**

(MOSTLY) WHOLE CAST NUMBER --> SPEAKING PARTS FOR CAM, TERM SIBLINGS, OH. YES., EVIE HYNDEW and FOUR MODELS

## **2.5 - Final, Final, Final Master Plan (Promise)**

NARRATOR, QUEEN, MIRROR, LAMP, TABLE, VILLAGERS, TERM SIBLINGS

## **2.6 - Love, Loss And Desperation**

NARRATOR, KNICK, KNACK, PRINCE, PRANCE, CAM O'FLAGE, VILLAGERS

## **2.7 - So Many Cooks, So Little Thyme**

NARRATOR, BITS, BOBS, CRIER, STAGES OF GRIEF PLUS TWO, VILLAGERS

## **2.8 - Yes, And (Or; Yeah Sand)**

NARRATOR, KING, VICAR, PRINCE, QUEEN, VILLAGER 6

## **2.9 - Do Not Collect £200**

NARRATOR, KING, VILLAGERS, TERM SIBLINGS, STAGES OF GRIEF PLUS TWO, CRIER,  
BITS, BOBS, KNICK, KNACK, OH. YES., EVIE HYNDEW, LAMP, TABLE, PRINCE, QUEEN

(Everyone bar STAGE MANAGER and MIRROR, I believe)

## **2.10 - And They Lived Happily Every After**

EVERYONE!

## **SONG LIST**

### **1.1 - Village Living/Get a Load of Her**

VILLAGERS, TERM SIBLINGS, SNOW WHITE

### **1.2 - The Fairest Of Them All**

THE EVIL QUEEN

### **1.9 - The Final, Master Plan Versions 2, 3 And 4**

STAGES OF GRIEF PLUS TWO

---

### **2.1 - You Complete Me**

PRINCE

### **2.4 - Their Special Day**

EVERYONE – BAR NARRATOR, STAGE MANAGER (+ ANYONE WHO DOESN'T WANT TO SING)

### **2.5 - Do You Hear The People Whinge?**

EVIL QUEEN, VILLAGERS

### **2.10 - The Final Song**

EVERYONE!



# **Act 1**

## Scene 1 – A little village (it's not size that matters, right?)

*The village square. Enter THE NARRATOR, a stuck-up thespian who believes they're far too good for this gig, clutching a book.*

**NARRATOR:** *(clears throat)* I would like, if I may, to tell you a strange story. It is a story that may at first sound familiar, but is far more peculiar than any version you would have heard before - and definitely has more knob gags than you remember. It may sound far-fetched, but I can assure you -- it is 100% made up. Now, are you sitting comfortably? *(Likely an awkward silence)* I said are you sitting comfortably? *(Hopefully the audience says yes, God knows what happens if they say no)* Then let us begin.

*The music for the opening song starts vamping under the opening dialogue (think Into the Woods).*

*(Narrator opens their book)* Our story starts in a far-off magical kingdom, in a small village in the shadow of a grand palace. And in that village lived a princess named Snow White.

*The scene properly comes to life. Enter VILLAGERS (minus RIO) and TERM SIBLINGS, busying themselves with background acting. London comes in with a tray of fruit and vegetables (greengrocer/farmer vibes), Paris is a baker, with a baking tray in one hand, LLANFAIR... is a mirror seller, and VILLAGER 6 has nothing. There is general background chatter.*

*Enter SNOW WHITE, prancing aimlessly, clutching a bouquet of flowers. Everyone turns to look at her.*

**A NOTE: SNOW WHITE IS NOT RUDE, OR STUPID. SHE IS JUST NARCISSISTIC AND SELF-ABSORBED. HER LINES SHOULD BE DELIVERED WITH OVERBLOWN OPTIMISM.**

**SNOW:** Everybody! Just look at these glorious flowers I found! aaaCHEWWWW  
*(snow sneezes obscenely loudly)*

*A villager, RIO, runs in from off stage the same way SNOW came from, wearing an apron.*

**RIO:** *(Shouting after Snow White)* Are you going to pay for those?

**SNOW:** I'm sorry, who are you?

**RIO:** *(Deadpan)* Rio. The florist. And those are my flowers.

**SNOW:** Well, if they were your flowers, you'd have them, yes? But I've got them, see? So, they must be mine.

**RIO:** That is not how that works.

**SNOW:** *(Genuinely confused)* Is it not?

**RIO:** *(Clearly getting angrier with Snow)* You've just stolen them from me, and stealing is a crime.

**SNOW:** Huh?

**RIO:** Well listen here -

**SNOW ignores RIO and prances away.**

**NARRATOR:** Despite being pure and beautiful, Snow White was somewhat lacking in a few other areas, such as... common decency and social awareness. In short – she was insufferable.

## **SONG – Village Living/Get A Load Of Her**

*The Villagers and Term Siblings sing about living in their village and how much they can't stand Snow White. Snow gets a verse in the middle where she steals the spotlight and sings a self-indulgent solo at a slower tempo. This also needs to establish the character of the villagers and term siblings to some degree.*

*Think: 'Dream a little harder' – Twisted (StarKid), 'Belle' - Beauty and the Beast, 'Eastwick knows' - Witches of Eastwick, 'Scrooge' - The Muppet Christmas Carol.*

**NARRATOR:** And so, though Snow may be the lovely heroine of our story, I'm sure you're beginning to see her company was anything but addictive.

*SNOW is sitting with her flower and starts to pick petals from it.*

**SNOW:** They love me, they love me loads, they love me, they love me loads, ...  
AAACHOO! (*SNOW WHITE sneezes loudly*)

**NARRATOR:** Every morning, she went to greet her doting subjects – how very gracious.

**SNOW WHITE:** Why, look at all these beautiful baked goods! Does this mean you're a baker? Oh, how simply wonderful, and what might your name be?

*SNOW rummages through the stall, retrieves a baguette, and looks pleased with herself at the result.*

**NARRATOR:** Snow's interest in the people of the kingdom might have been more endearing had she not returned each morning doe-eyed and without any recollection that she had asked these same questions, to the same people, with the same infuriating cheer, every day for the last 20 years – don't you just love fairy tales.

*Exit NARRATOR.*

**PARIS:** (*In bad French accent*) Mademoiselle, of course I am a baker, do you think I just display my buns for fun! I am, as you should know, Paris, and please, for the love of God, get those grubby little paws off my baton or I will-

**SNOW:** (*Interrupting*) Wow, Paris! How I wish I could visit such a place! My Daddy always told me a piece of art like me should be in the Louvre!

**PARIS:** You sure are a piece of work alright.

**SNOW:** And who might you be?

**LONDON:** You know my name, it's London, the greengrocer. I don't have time for this right now, I'm about to do two for three on melons and they'll go flying off the shelves before you can say 'it wasn't a good idea for the King to remove maths from the school curriculum'

*SNOW losing interest instead picks up a melon and wonders off before LONDON notices.*

**LONDON:** Oi! Hands off my melons!

**NEW YORK:** Does she still not know our names?

**SNOW:** *(To New York)* And who are you?

**NEW YORK:** I am New York, the tailor. The swiftest tailor in all the land, a fact that you should know All Too Well considering that you see me every day.

**RIO:** You good for nothing, peony-pillaging, seed-snatching, petal-pulling princess! Was taking my flowers not enough for you!?

**NEW YORK:** Rio, You Need To Calm Down. You know what Snow White is like. You need to learn to Shake It Off.

*SNOW wonders off unperturbed, heading towards LLANFAIR, who is next to a sign saying 'mirror shop – your vanity is our prosperity'. She tips and lands outside the stall. A sound effect of a smashing mirror plays.*

**LLANFAIR:** Hello my dear, back again so soon?

**SNOW:** You know me,  
Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlllantysiliogogogoch, I can't go a day without seeing my best friend in the whole wide world -

**LLANFAIR:** How long did it last this time?

**SNOW:** *(whining)* It's not my fault they put all these rocks in the ground.

**LLANFAIR:** So, what's that, two hours? I really would complain but you're the only thing keeping me in business. The demand for mirrors really isn't what it used to be, once the other villagers had a decent reflection on their spending habits.

**SNOW:** Do you have another?

**LLANFAIR:** Of course I do, though I warn you, at this rate I'll run out come summer and you'll have to resort to puddles or ponds just like all the other girls, and we all know how that ends.

**SNOW:** We do?

**LLANFAIR:** Narcissus ring a bell? Don't tell me the King has removed Classics from the curriculum? Well, good riddance, it's all Greek to me anyways.

**SNOW:** *(Holding out her hand impatiently)* You done?

**LLANFAIR:** Yes, yes - here you go. (*Handing her another hand mirror*) You do realise that if you looked up from them once in a while you might be less prone to tripping and cracking them.

*SNOW starts wondering off unfazed and looking appreciatively in her new mirror*

Or not, I imagine I will see you again tomorrow.

*SNOW runs right into VILLAGER 6 and ALMOST drops her mirror..*

**SNOW:** I suppose I should ask who you are as well.

**VILLAGER 6:** (*under enthusiastically*) I'm Villager 6.

**SNOW:** Villager 6?

**LLANFAIR:** Sorry, *that's* the name you think is weird?

**PARIS:** We didn't have enough parts, so we had to add -

**VILLAGER 6:** (*Interrupting sternly*) - My dad was Villager 5.

**SNOW:** I see, continuing the family tradition! And what is your job?

**VILLAGER 6:** Um, I think it's just "villager".

**SNOW:** Oh, um, that's nice! (*A beat*) Well, I should be going, but lovely to meet you all!

*SNOW goes over to the Term Siblings and tosses some money into the hat. It is clearly a lot of money.*

**MICHAEL:** Oh my God...

**TRINITY:** That's... incredibly kind Snow!

**SNOW:** Hello, what's your name?

**TRINITY:** You see us every day.

**SNOW:** Do I?

**TRINITY:** (*Sighs*) I'm Trinity. Trinity Term. And these are my siblings, Hilary and Michael.

**HILARY:** (*Deeply sarcastic*) It's an honour.

**MICHAEL:** (*Enthusiastically shaking Snow's hand*) Pleasure to meet you, ma'am!

**TRINITY:** After Micheal, our Spanish mother didn't want any extra children. That is to say, after Micheal, she didn't want más.

**SNOW:** And what do you kids do?

**TRINITY:** Well, begging mostly, and any jobs the villagers are willing to let us help with.

**MICHAEL:** I'll do any odd job for cheaper than the cheapest tradesman! That's the Michael Term Price Check Promise!

**SNOW:** *(Slightly frightened by Michael's enthusiasm)* Oh, I see! *(A beat)* Um, sorry, where are your parents?

**HILARY:** I don't know. Nobody does.

*SNOW gasps and looks very concerned.*

**TRINITY:** *(Desperately trying to cover for Hilary)* We're just poor orphans *(Trinity prompts the audience to "aww" if they haven't already. When they do, she makes them do it again, but louder. Maybe Hilary and Michael join in with this too.)* But the townsfolk look after us, and we lead a good life here.

**HILARY:** *(Milking it)* Although it would be nicer to have a proper house. *(Turns to audience and aggressively prompts an "aww".)*

**MICHAEL:** I don't need a house! I can withstand any temperature! I'll clean your oven while it's on! I'll build you an igloo! And for a very reasonable price, too!

**TRINITY:** I don't think this is the time for the hard sell, Michael.

*They are interrupted as the town crier walks on and starts crying*

**SNOW:** What's that horrible noise?

**TRINITY:** Oh, that's just the town crier.

**CRIER:** *(In between sobs)* Hear ye, hear ye! I come bearing a message from the king!

*The TOWNSFOLK gather around and the CRIER finally pulls himself together, but is still clearly fragile.*

It is time once more for the Audience of Woes. Tomorrow morn, gather up at the palace gates with your finest complaints to perform your annual democratic right... of whinging to those in power.

*General angry shouting from the villagers, mostly complaints about how much Snow has been stealing from them.*

*(Bursts immediately into tears again)* Please, please everyone, stop shouting! *(Takes time to pull themselves together, but are clearly on the verge of tears still)* As always, there are strict complaining guidelines. I have attached the list of necessary requirements to the board for you to peruse as you wish.

*Angry muttering intensifies. CRIER becomes entirely overwhelmed and flees, crying hysterically.*

**SNOW:** Oh, I love it when Daddy lets everyone in the gates! Maybe he'll let me hand out Jaffa cakes again! *Exit SNOW.*

**PARIS:** Well, what are the rules this year?

**RIO:** There's no point in looking. We already know.

*The villagers look at each other. Writers note, since this is a classy show this scene is ending in a rhyming couplet so please do say both lines in metre.*

ALL IN UNISION:     We're not allowed to complain about Snow.

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 2 – Queen Shit

*Enter NARRATOR, and BITS and BOBS, dressed up like guards, each with a weapon - sword or spear or cricket bat or whatever the props department can find.*

**NARRATOR:** Snow White ran all the way back to the palace. Or at least, she tried. It was more the odd sprint, punctuated by bumping into seemingly any minor ledge, wall, and even, at one point, a small child.

*SNOW WHITE runs in and across the stage at breakneck pace, staring only at her hand mirror. BITS and BOBS both looks very concerned.*

**BITS:** She really has to stop looking at that mirror, you know.

**BOBS:** I know, it's like she wants a concussion.

*Exit BITS and BOBS.*

**NARRATOR:** Years ago, Snow White's mother died without warning and without a good reason in circumstances no one realised were incredibly suspicious. However, her father, the King, soon remarried. His new wife, the Evil Queen, whose name nobody took any notice of, would spend her days in her chambers, scheming and complaining to her long-suffering magic mirror.

*Exit NARRATOR. Enter EVIL QUEEN and the MAGIC MIRROR. The EVIL QUEEN dramatically sashays in with flair – in diva-ish fashion. The MAGIC MIRROR awkwardly shuffles on with an unruly prop mirror they are holding. Within the fiction of the play, the mirror prop is very heavy (but dear props manager – make it light please and thank you). Also, enter MAGIC LAMP (with a lampshade on their head) and MAGIC TABLE, maybe under a small table. (writer's note – this is so stupid lmao)*

**QUEEN:** Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?

**MIRROR:** *(Sighs)* You are, your majesty.

**QUEEN:** Magic lamp?

**LAMP:** What do you desire?

**QUEEN:** On.

*LAMP produces a torch and shines it at their face.*

**QUEEN:** Good. Magic table?

**TABLE:** *(Expectantly)* Yes?

**QUEEN:** Uh... Keep being a table.

**TABLE:** Why did you make me magic again?

**QUEEN:** Silence! Now, mirror, what is on my to do list for today?

**MIRROR:** Ma'am your to do list today is as follows: be the fairest of them all -



**QUEEN:** That one's a given. Give me a harder one.

**MIRROR:** Spread pain and misfortune, all the while looking fabulous.

**QUEEN:** Well, I did kick that puppy earlier, and how would you say I look?

**MIRROR:** (*Uninterestedly*) Fabulous your majesty.

**QUEEN:** Tick, tick, then. What's next?

**MIRROR:** I believe your tax returns are due in soon,

**QUEEN:** Does this face look like someone who pays tax? No, that simply won't do... (*pauses for a second to think*) Add tax evasion to tomorrow's to do list.

**LAMP:** Aren't you the one in charge of the taxes, your majesty?

**QUEEN:** Silence, lamp! You are a lamp! Stop talking!

**LAMP:** I am a magic lamp. I can do everything the mirror can do.

**TABLE:** Yeah, why don't you ever scheme dramatically to us?

**QUEEN:** It's – shut up! It's demeaning to talk to a table!

**TABLE:** Why?

**LAMP:** The table does have a point. There doesn't seem to be a difference.

**TABLE:** why did you give us sentence? Just for us to suffer?

**QUEEN:** Silence, furniture! Now, Mirror, anything scheduled in the calendar for today?

**MIRROR:** Your majesty, all it says here is "meet with smoking hot stud".

**QUEEN:** Oh of course, Mr O'Flage, my new... assistant. I believe he is on his way.

**MIRROR:** Excuse me your majesty, does the King know about you hiring him?

**QUEEN:** He does, and he is completely oblivious to my... 'ulterior' motives, just how I like him.

*Enter KING, a kindly and oblivious old man, who is extremely gullible and far too trusting.*

**KING:** Hello dear, did someone call for the king?

**QUEEN:** (*talking loudly as if she is speaking to a pensioner*) Oh no darling, we were... (*pause to think of a lie*) discussing the chess match we played last night.

**KING:** Oh good, good. Did I tell you that I used to be captain of the chess team when I was a young man? I was rather good. I got to the semi-finals more than once! I remember during one of the games, old McCheck, my good mate at the time, had me into a tight corner. I was just considering what to do for my next move when the funniest thing happened, I -

**QUEEN:** *(Desperate for the king to leave)* Dear, that's lovely, but I really am tired and am in desperate need of a bubble bath so if you wouldn't mind -

**KING:** Oh, I see, sorry dear. Well, you two have a nice time. And I just saw the man we have hired to be your new assistant arrive at the gate. He's quite the dashing fellow!

**QUEEN:** Fantastic, send him in.

**KING:** Of course, dear. And I would recommend opening with pawn to E4. Works like a charm!

*Exit KING.*

**QUEEN:** *(gestures to where the KING exited)* You see why I need a more exciting man in my life.

*Enter BITS and BOBS from the other side of the stage than the KING came from.*

**BOBS:** A Mr O'Flage is here to see you, your majesty.

**QUEEN:** Thank you, Bits. Send him in.

**BOBS:** *(A little hurt)* I'm Bobs.

**BITS:** And I'm Bits.

**BITS:** It's not like we're paid very much, you could at least get our names right, I mean -

**QUEEN:** What did we say about answering back to me? Now OUT of my sight before I donate your wages to incompetents anonymous again.

**BOBS:** *(Resigned)* Of course, your majesty.

*BITS and BOBS leave, and send in CAM O'FLAGE, the huntsman. He is modelled on a drag king, with king-style make up, and dressed in camouflage and hunting gear – including camouflage trousers. He struts in, preferably to sexy music. He is not trying to be suggestive or sexy in the way in which he enters, he just is.*

**QUEEN:** *(Swooning slightly)* Mr O'Flage, I presume?

**CAM:** Yes, your majesty. Cam O'Flage, at your service. Huntsman *(he flexes one bicep)*, weightlifter *(he flexes the other bicep)*, president of the bonsai appreciation society.

**QUEEN:** *(Trying a flirty joke)* Oh my, what happened to your legs?

**CAM:** Huh?

**QUEEN:** They seem to be invisible!

**CAM:** (*Not getting it*) What?

**QUEEN:** (*Embarrassed*) Because – because of the camo. You’re wearing camo trousers. Forget it, take a seat...

**CAM:** (Getting it – but it's not funny) Oh. Right. Yeah. Haha. I get it. That’s funny. (An awkward pause) I believe I am here to be your new assistant?

**QUEEN:** (Still a little embarrassed) Yes, that’s right. (Gesturing to a chair) Please take a seat.

*CAM moves the chair over and sits down, and puts his feet up on the table.*

**TABLE:** Hey! Get off!

*CAM hurriedly takes his feet off the table, instead manspreading to a comical degree. In this scene, the MIRROR and CAM remain mostly stationary, as the QUEEN uses the entirety of the stage.*

**QUEEN:** (*Regaining her previous, confident persona*) Now, Mr O’Flage, I’m sure you understand that I’ve been... struggling as of late. My husband just doesn’t understand me, all the servants, the guards, they’re useless. (*She walks behind CAM and runs her fingers across his shoulders – this makes CAM uncomfortable*) And I think that a man of your... calibre is just what I need.

**CAM:** (*Uncomfortable*) My... calibre?

**QUEEN:** Yes, is it not true that you won huntsman of the year just this past month? And that you have world renowned... woodworking skills?

**CAM:** (*Desperate to change the topic – not picking up what the queen is putting down*) Why yes, I was trained by master carpenter Richard Tamer, a true master of his craft who taught me everything I -

**QUEEN:** (*Ignoring CAM*) You’re the best. And I deserve the best. I am the best, after all. I’m the fairest in the land, isn’t that right mirror?

**CAM:** Really?

**QUEEN:** Of course. I’ll show you. (Sing-songy) Mirror, mirror on the wall, who’s the fairest of them all?

**MIRROR:** Why, your majesty, it is - (A pause) wait a minute - (Slightly panicked) Sorry, let me just check the maths on this - Oh no - I don’t know how to say this...

**QUEEN:** Just spit it out!

**MIRROR:** It appears that... you're the second fairest in the land, after... Snow White.

**QUEEN:** (*Even more furious than before*) SNOW WHITE??!

**MIRROR:** I'm sorry your majesty, I'm -

**QUEEN:** Snow White? SNOW WHITE? That vile, abhorrent, no good, prancing, singing, insufferable brat, spending all day staring into a mirror -

*Beat why they both turn to look at the QUEEN*

**CAM:** If it helps, I think you're very pretty myself.

**QUEEN:** Pretty? PRETTY?! I am not PRETTY! I am DROP! DEAD! GORGEOUS!

**LAMP:** Look, your majesty, beauty isn't everything.

**TABLE:** Exactly. You're overreacting. My mother always told me: don't try to be a table cloth when you've got a perfectly good set of legs

**LAMP:** How very profound, I have always admired your legs, your majesty.

**QUEEN:** Oh, I've had it with you two. Guards?

*Enter BITS and BOBS.*

**QUEEN:** Seize them!

**LAMP:** Quick, Table! Leg it!

**TABLE:** You'll never catch us!

*The LAMP and TABLE begin to hop away, slowly and pathetically. A beat. BITS and BOBS look at each other, then back at the LAMP and TABLE. BITS and BOBS easily catch them and drag them off stage, screaming. Exit BITS, BOBS, LAMP and TABLE.*

**QUEEN:** Wait until I get my hands on that little brat, I'm going to, I'm going to... *(Makes vigorous angry gestures with her hands)* Ughhhhhh! *(She screams in frustration)* Cam, run me a bath.

**CAM:** Of course, your majesty.

*CAM rushes off. Song starts vamping over the QUEEN's line.*

**QUEEN:** Snow White? SNOW!? WHITE!? The fairest of them all?! Who does she think she is? I'll show her! She won't know what hit her!

## **SONG – The Fairest Of Them All**

The Evil Queen expresses her fury at Snow White in song form. She doesn't talk about her scheme (that comes in a later scene), but she expresses her desire and intention to make Snow White pay. Raf insists that this song is a "massive diva ballad", think Red Shoes Blues (The Wizard of Oz), Poor Unfortunate Souls (The Little Mermaid), Miss Baltimore Crabs (Hairspray) and The Last Midnight (Into The Woods).

*Throughout the song, the MIRROR has some level of dancing, and is clearly struggling to hold onto their prop. At the end of the song, about to hit the big note at the end, the*

*QUEEN swings her arms out, hitting the mirror and causing them to drop the prop. It hits the QUEEN on the head and knocks her out.*

*--NOTE: If the actor playing the mirror is shorter or as tall as the actor playing the queen, it may help to make the mirror stand on a block throughout the play to make this moment work --*

*The MIRROR is incredibly panicked and tries to help the QUEEN, checking her pulse, trying to wake her up. Hearing the end of the song, CAM walks in, delivering their line as they come on stage.*

**CAM:** Your bath is ready your majesty - *(Gets a good look at the collapsed QUEEN – breaking character)* OH GOD.

*CAM rushes over to the QUEEN – the following lines are in a stage whisper, and out of character.*

**CAM:** Greg, is she ok?

**MIRROR:** I think so, just knocked out.

**CAM:** *(A pause)* What are we going to do?

**MIRROR:** Um - *(Looks at the audience, and back at CAM)* - let's just keep going. Finish the scene.

**CAM:** What? Really? Um – ok.

*CAM and the MIRROR flip back into character.*

**CAM:** Your bath is ready your majesty.

*An awkward pause – the QUEEN is supposed to have a line here.*

**CAM:** *(Out of character)* Oh! *(In character)* No, I would rather not join you your majesty.

*Awkard silence.*

*Another pause, longer than the rest for reasons that will soon become apparent, while CAM is looking around on stage, obviously in distress about what to do.*

**CAM:** Your majesty please stop yelling at me! *(beat as both actors look at the unconscious queen)* Or the guards will come in to see what all the fuss is about.

**MIRROR:** *(interrupting, as if he is trying to wrap up the scene)* Have a nice bath, your majesty, and forget all about the business at hand. That can wait.

*This is the end of the scene, but for the sake of the play there is not a full blackout, maybe a change in lighting or music starts playing to signify a scene transition is here.*

**MIRROR:** *(To CAM)* You get the arms, I'll get the legs.

***MIRROR and CAM pick up the EVIL QUEEN and begin to carry her off. The NARRATOR enters and spots this.***

**NARRATOR:** HEAVENS TO BETSY!

**MIRROR:** *(Stage whisper, OOC)* She's fine, just keep going.

***The lights go up and music stops and the NARRATOR starts their speech while they are doing this. The NARRATOR is clearly put off by the two actors carrying another actor behind them.***

### Scene 3 – Dameeeee Look At Those Girls Go!

**NARRATOR:** (*OOC, muttering under his breath*) Unprofessional. Totally unprofessional. (*In character*) Despite the chaos that was unfurling in the Queen's quarters, the world went on, blissfully ignorant of the wickedness that was on its way. Most were preparing for the Audience of Woes, but not Knick and Knack, the palace servants, who were sent off into the forest to retrieve poison ivy for one of the Queen's evil schemes. They were hard at work, if by "work" you mean "gossiping". (*Muttering again*) That is, if they can stay conscious for the entirety of their scene...

*Enter KNICK and KNACK, carrying bags, chatting.*

**NARRATOR:** It is said that in the world of pantomime, chaos will be naturally set right. And with plots and schemes on the horizon, help, even in the most unlikely of forms, was sure to be on its way...

*Exit NARRATOR.*

**KNACK:** Ugh, What does she even need this for anyway?

**KNICK:** No idea. (*A beat*) Hey, I heard that before she was married to the King, the queen was a professional fraudster, and completely broke.

**KNACK:** How did convince the king to marry her then?

**KNICK:** (*Deadpan*) She was a professional fraudster.

**KNACK:** Oh, I see. Well I heard that Snow White's heart isn't really as white as snow. It's actually red.

**KNICK:** Well, yeah. It's a metaphor, Knack. But you know, I heard that Snow White-

**KNACK:** (*Desperate to one-up KNICK*) I heard that Bits and Bobs are actually top secret spies sent to gather all the palace secrets.

**KNICK:** I'm not sure about that-

**KNACK:** I heard that the magic mirror used to be... a magic chair.

**KNICK:** That doesn't even make any sense-

**KNACK:** Oh yes it does.

**KNICK:** Oh no it doesn't.

**KNACK:** Oh yes it does!

**KNICK:** Oh no it doesn't!

*And so on. The audience are encouraged to participate. Exit KNICK and KNACK. Enter OPHELIA YESSICA, who first pokes her head round the corner and then struts happily onto stage carrying bags, wearing some diva sunglasses, a wide brimmed sunhat, a garish silk scarf and a fabulous coat.*

**OPHELIA:** Did someone say Oh Yes?

*OPHELIA offloads her bags onto a table/chair/the floor.*

**OPHELIA:** Hello, ladies, gentlemen, and those who know better. My name is Ophelia Yessica for long, but everyone just calls me Oh Yes. (*pointing to hot dad in the audience*) Though you Sir can call me whatever you want, you naughty boy. Now, are you all enjoying yourselves?

*Whoops and cheers from the audience who have by now realised that this is the best their life is ever going to get, and they will never experience joy like it again.*

**OPHELIA:** Well that simply won't do. I said, are you enjoying yourselves?

*Cheering intensifies, and in response OPHELIA clutches her pearls*

**OPHELIA:** How very dare you! Enjoying a panto without a panto Dame? I'm never one to abide by the rules, but there are some lines you just shouldn't cross. Not those kinds of lines, you dirty buggers, you should be ashamed of yourselves. Talking of being ashamed, I seem to be missing a friend, has anyone seen her?

*EVIE HYNDEW enters the back of the stage, starting to creep up on OPHELIA*

About yea high, dresses horribly, and don't get me started on those tights, all those ladders. As if anyone is trying to climb up there!

**AUDIENCE:** She's behind you!

**OPHELIA:** Yes, that's her, Evie Hyndew - how did you know?

**AUDIENCE:** She's behind you!

**OPHELIA:** Well yes, I got that the first time thank you very much, I'm not asking for her name, I know that already. I'm asking if you've seen her.

*EVIE dramatically creeps up on OPHELIA, pouncing on her from behind with a loud BOO*

**OPHELIA:** For crying out loud Evie, one of these days you'll be the death of me!



**EVIE:** Don't get my hopes up with promises you won't keep. We know what you're like, you old hag - you'll be clinging on until the bitter end.

**OPHELIA:** Talking of bitter endings, last time I saw you, you were scuttling off to some back alley, lodged between two palace guards. I don't suppose you want to elaborate on that one, do you?

**EVIE:** Only if you care to elaborate on the rumour that you've got something to do with the disappearance of the fairy godmother's wand?

**OPHELIA:** (*hurriedly*) I don't like what you're insinuating. Anyway, now we are the ones being rude, you've not even introduced yourself to all of these lovely people.

**EVIE:** (*trying to outdo OPHELIA*) I am Evie Hyndew, but clearly, you already know that, calling my name and all! Though I will also answer to, Your Excellence, Your Greatness, or your Fantasticness, whichever tickles your fancy.

*This next part is an obviously rehearsed double act/advertisement that the two queens have clearly said many times before*

**OPHELIA:** We are both -

**UNISON:** Panto dames for hire!

**EVIE:** Is your plot dragging along?

**UNISON:** Dame it!

**OPHELIA:** Characters a bit flat?

**UNISON:** Dame it!

**EVIE:** Jokes aren't landing?

**UNISON:** Dame it!

**OPHELIA:** A strange burning sensation going on down there every time you pee?

**EVIE:** Damn it, not again! (*awkward pause*) I mean...

**UNISON:** Don't dame it, go to a doctor and get tested!

**OPHELIA:** In short, we will bring gaiety and humour to almost any show.

**EVIE:** Almost?

**OPHELIA:** I know you meant well Oh, but the one thing 'Death of a Salesman' did not need was glitter and neon stockings.

**EVIE:** I thought a bit of humour took the edge off-

**OPHELIA:**                   *(Interrupting)* You did a tap number at the funeral.

**EVIE:**                       Well, it's not like there was much else going on

**OPHELIA:**               Once more we're getting side tracked. So, where are we this time?

**EVIE:**                       Oh I'm not sure, I may have DONE the Duke of Edinburgh, but I never did my DofE if you know what I mean... You, darling, what fairytale is this?  
(**Audience member** answers)

**OPHELIA:**               Really, out of all the bloody shows we could have ended up in we're in Snow White. THEY DON'T EVEN NEED A DAME, look at the Queen, how are we meant to compete with those legs?

*The two DAMES gather up their things ready to go but are interrupted by CAM O'FLAGE crossing the stage, slowly and sexily to some very erotic music, before promptly exiting again*

**OPHELIA:**               Helloooo, handsome!

**EVIE:**                       And who might that be?

**OPHELIA:**               You know what, it would be rude to leave before asking around if anyone needs some help.

**EVIE:**                       Yes, yes, I pride myself on always being able to lend a helping handy- I mean, helping hand job- I mean helping hand.

**OPHELIA:**               It would only be for a short while.

**EVIE:**                       Yes, yes, a short while.

*Exeunt, CAM pursued by two Dames.*

## Scene 4 – Woe that's a lot of baggage

*Enter KING, SNOW WHITE, BITS, BOBS, CRIER, VILLAGERS. We are in the throne room of the palace, with the KING centre stage, about to do his annual duty of hearing the Woes of the villagers. BITS and BOBS have a clipboard to check the villagers in, before the CRIER escorts them into the scene one by one.*

*SNOW WHITE enters the stage. The KING is standing up in front of the chair.*

**SNOW:** Sit!

*The KING sits down. SNOW WHITE sits next to him and they mime talking to each other whilst RIO enters the stage and goes to where BITS and BOBS are waiting to sign people in.*

**BITS:** If you are here for the Audience of Woes, please form an orderly queue in front of Bobs and wait your turn.

**BOBS:** I'm sure you all know how lucky we are to have a king as generous with his time as ours is, so no pushing in, he will get round to everyone.

**KING:** *(Loudly from the other side of the stage)* Heavens, I'm bored already. Do you have any idea how many games of chess I could be losing right now?

*KING grumbles something to himself along the lines of what have they got to complain about anyways.*

**BITS:** Who is the first on the list, your majesty?

**KING:** Just send them all in!

*All villagers enter in a disorderly manner and form a line.*

**CRIER:** Speak your woes to the king!

*All villagers start speaking at once.*

**CRIER:** One at a time, please! This is all too much.

**BOBS:** This isn't going to work. Crier, go home and do some yoga or something.

*CRIER runs off crying. BITS AND BOBS go down the line prompting each villager to speak by (lightly) shoving them forward, or putting a hand on their shoulder etc. They move back when their time has run out.*

**RIO:** Well, (*looking around nervously*) my name is Rio, and I always feel like I've got this giant figure looming above me!

**KING:** Christ there's no redeeming that. NEXT

**PARIS:** I'm Paris, and I've got a hunchback on the roof, a mask-wearing ghost man in the basement, and when he sees my bread, some guy keeps monologuing to me about having no friends to sit with him at the table?

**KING:** Notre-DAMN, I can't decide if that's phantastic or miserable. Next!

**LONDON:** The names London, guvna' and there's this massive eye that always seems to be looming above me, just on the skyline.

**KING:** Nope, we've already had one giant looming object today. (*to New York*) Now, what's wrong with you?

**NEW YORK:** My name is New York, and I don't know about you, but I'm feeling twenty two doctors in the whole kingdom is quite a delicate situation. At this point, a prompt doctor's appointment is folklore, and if you don't do anything, it may be like this for evermore, and I'm really not sure that's the reputation you want to have.

**KING:** Well, if you like doctors so much, you should become one? Next!

**LLANFAIR:** My biggest stress is big pharma. I can't sleep at night; it just feels morally wrong to charge people for medication they need to live.

**KING:** How odd, for a mirror seller to be concerned with the size of our agricultural workforce. All our farmers are medium sized!

**LLANFAIR:** Yes, your majesty. My name is Llanfair, which is short for-

**KING:** Yes, I'm not stupid you know. It's short for Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlllantysiliogogo

**VILLAGER 6:** Hello, I am Villager 6 and I am here with my Woes.

**KING:** Why is this taking so long, how many villagers do we have?

**BOBS:** I hope more than 5 your majesty

**KING:** (*unsure what to do*) Uhhh... so what seems to be the problem

**VILLAGER 6:** I intend to go on a quest to help all the villagers. (*standing in a hero pose*) It will be tough, it will be treacherous, it will be -

*Everyone looks at VILLAGER 6. They groan.*

**KING:** (*Out of character, in a stern stage whisper*) Can you say your actual line please? That isn't even a woe.

**VILLAGER 6:**       *(Sighs deeply)* Fine. *(Snapping back into character)* I feel so silly. I'm a villager, but I've forgotten how to village! You could say I'm the village idiot!

*Cue laugh track that is promptly cut off awkwardly early when the timer goes off.*

**KING:**               Thank you for your complaint, Villager 6. Run along. *(breaths a deep sigh of relief.* Thank God that's over for another year.

*exit VILLAGER 6 probably*

*Rio looking baffled is starting to be led off stage by BITS and BOBS, before being interrupted by SNOW WHITE.*

**SNOW:**               WAIT!

*RIO looks up, hopefully.*

You almost forgot your 'I complained to my monarch' sticker! How else are people going to know you were a good citizen and did your democratic duty!

Ohhh and I mustn't forget, as Grandma always said, when in doubt: let them eat cake.

*The VILLAGERS are is given the Jaffa cake by SNOW, and then file offstage.*

**BITS:**               She does realise those are biscuits, right?

**BOBS:**               What are you talking about Bits?

**BITS:**               The Jaffa Cakes, Bobs.

**BOBS:**               The Jaffa what, Bits?

**BITS:**               Cakes, Bobs, not Jaffa Biscuits, but that doesn't mean anything. Last time I checked, the RSPB wasn't protesting at us eating Penguin bars.

**KING:**               Will you two stop wittering. I am bored of wittering.

**SNOW:**               But Daddy, you're forgetting something! What Woes do you have?

**KING:**               My dear, the one thing that keeps me up at night is worrying about you! It's not as safe as it once was out there! I only wish I had someone watching over you. Why, such a service would be priceless!

*At this point the TERM SIBLINGS come falling into the room.*

**MICHAEL:**           I'm sorry your majesty, but I couldn't help but overhear what you were saying whilst we were eavesdropping outside, but I think I have a solution for you, and at an extremely reasonable price no less.

**TRINITY:**           I'm really sorry your majesty, we tried to stop him but he wriggled free!

**KING:** Wait a second, I want to hear what this small child has to say.

**HILARY:** Really?

**MICHAEL:** You're in for a treat. Have you ever heard of the Michael Term Price Check Promise?

*The KING stares blankly .*

Of course you have. Well under the Michael Term's Price Check Promise I would be able to protect your daughter for... even less than priceless.

**KING:** Less than priceless? Fascinating... When can you start?

**TRINITY:** That worked?

**MICHAEL:** *(walking off as he does the hard sell)* NOW! I promise I won't let you down sir. As a limited-time deal for a first-time customer, can I also talk to you about the range of additional upgrade packages we offer ...

*Exeunt with MICHAEL talking leading the KING off whilst insisting the 24 hour response to scream package is essential.*

## Scene 5 – A scheme, but no queen (Or; Two for the price of three)

*Enter NARRATOR and BITS and BOBS.*

**NARRATOR:** Meanwhile, the Evil Queen was busy with her plan. She had promptly sent for Cam O’Flage to meet her in her quarters -

*CAM enters, and Bits and Bobs both permit him entry to the queen’s room. Exit Cam, the other side of the stage.*

**NARRATOR:** And following behind him were two dames, whose interest he had piqued at first glance.

*OPHELIA and EVIE go to walk across the stage, following CAM, but are stopped by BITS and BOBS. In between these lines, OPHELIA and EVIE try to respond to BITS and BOBS, but are unable to get a word in edgeways.*

**BITS:** Who are you two?

**BOBS:** I don’t think I’ve seen those two before, Bits.

**BITS:** Quite right. Why are you here?

**OPHELIA:** To offer our hands to the most handsome man in all the land.

**BITS:** I’m afraid that the king is married.

**BOBS:** Though I do agree, he is quite the catch.

**EVIE:** No. You know that fit guy you just let past? We’re after him.

**BITS:** Oh – Mr O’flage?

**EVIE:** If that’s what he’s called, then yes.

**OPHELIA:** *(Dreamy)* Ophelia Yessica O’Flage... *(Snapping out of it)* It’s got no ring to it at all, does it? Guess he’ll have to take my last name.

**EVIE:** Actually, I’ve always wondered, what is your last name?

**OPHELIA:** Please.

**EVIE:** Oh Yes Please, I should have guessed. God, who writes this shi/

**BITS:** /Regardless of what humorous puns you may have for names, we can’t permit you entry if you haven’t been invited.

**BOBS:** Certainly not.

**BITS:** You don’t have to back up everything I say, Bobs.

**BOBS:** *(Put out)* But – I’m just trying to support you, Bits.

**BITS:** I understand that, Bobs, but -

**EVIE:** Can we please just get on with it?

**BITS:** Have you been invited?

**OPHELIA:** Well, no, but after he meets us, I'm sure -

**BOBS:** Then you can't come in.

**BITS:** That's right, Bobs.

***BITS realises what they have done, BOBS smirks.***

**BITS:** Look, no matter how much you are itching to meet Mr O'Flage, we can't let you in.

**OPHELIA:** You'd know a lot about itching, wouldn't you Evie?

**EVIE:** Don't mind her, she just doesn't understand the concept of not letting someone in.

**OPHELIA:** You're hardly one to talk, what's all this I'm hearing about your hookups having an online booking system?

**EVIE:** Oh, that's low. Speaking of which-

***General bickering continues quietly behind the narration.***

**NARRATOR:** While those two bickered outside the Queen's quarters, inside a devilish scheme was brewing.

***Exit BITS, BOBS, OPHELIA and EVIE. ENTER MIRROR and CAM.***

**NARRATOR:** Here, (*Winces*) the Evil Queen is about to share her plan with her minions. (OOC) God help me.

***Exit NARRATOR. CAM and MIRROR stand awkwardly on stage, one on either side, with a clear space for the queen in the middle. Both look towards the empty space, then at each other, panicked. After a pause, CAM just decides to say his line.***

**CAM:** Of course, your majesty.

***Another pause.***

**MIRROR:** I can't eat, your majesty, I'm a mirror - (*OOC*) Ok, this isn't working.

**CAM:** (*OOC*) No.

**MIRROR:** (*OOC*) Wait, hold this-



**MIRROR** gives CAM the mirror prop and runs off stage. They run back on with a script and the Evil Queen's crown. They put the crown on their head and deliver the Queen's line.

**MIRROR:** (As Queen, reading from the script) Nice to see you, Cam. You're willing to do anything for me, yes?

**CAM** passes the mirror prop to **MIRROR**.

**CAM:** Of course, your majesty.

**MIRROR** passes prop back.

**MIRROR:** (As Queen) Well I've got a plan. A scheme. And it's fool proof. It's going to bring Snow White to her knees. Mirror?

**CAM:** (Through mirror prop) Yes?

**CAM** realises his mistake, gives **MIRROR** the prop mirror, and **MIRROR** gives him the script and crown.

**MIRROR:** Yes?

**MIRROR** gestures for CAM to put the crown on.

**CAM:** What's the plan?

**CAM** puts the crown back on.

**CAM:** (As Queen) You want to know about my top secret, final master plan?

**MIRROR:** Yes.

**CAM:** What is it -

**CAM** realises that he still has the crown on. He quickly takes it off.

**CAM:** What is it, your majesty?

**MIRROR** gestures for CAM to give them the crown and script. He does so, and takes the mirror prop. He sets it down, preferably putting it on a table so it can be regained easily.

**MIRROR:** (As Queen) (Dramatically, milking it) I want you to kill Snow White.

Thunderclap SFX.

**CAM:** Is that it?

**MIRROR:** (As Queen) (Slightly put out) No, there's more. (Back to her dramatics) When you're done, I want you to bring back her heart for me.

Thunderclap SFX.

**MIRROR**, who has walked around to the table by now, picks up the mirror prop. **CAM** takes the crown off **MIRROR**.

*Enter the KING.*

**KING:** *(In a tone that is nowhere near serious enough)* What's all this about killing my daughter?

*The KING realises the queen is not on stage. He is visibly confused.*

**CAM:** *(Panicked)* Oh – um – well – we were just talking about how Snow White has been killing it lately! Like as in she's doing really well, not that she's been killing anything, she'd never do that, and certainly not about killing her, that's ridiculous! I'd - we'd never do that.

*MIRROR gives the mirror prop to the KING much to the KING's actor's confusion, and takes the crown from CAM and puts it on.*

**MIRROR:** *(As Queen)* Yes dear. I didn't mean "slay Snow White", I meant "slay, Snow White!" It really is completely innocent.

*The KING gives the MIRROR the mirror prop, and they give it to CAM.*

**KING:** Oh, that's a relief! And did you know that at the annual Audience of Woes, Snow White -

**MIRROR:** *(As Queen)* I'm sorry but I'm awfully busy at the moment. You can tell me later.

**KING:** Well, yes, but -

**MIRROR:** *(As Queen)* You never listen to me, Harold! I! AM! BUSY! You wouldn't know what that's like, would you, Harold? All you do is dawdle around all day, talking about nonsense, like "ooh, did you know I used to be on the chess team?", "ooh, did you know I used to have a pet chimpanzee?", "ooh, did you want to hear about my day?". I DON'T CARE!

*MIRROR and CAM swap props. The KING's actor is confused to have a different actor shouting at him.*

**MIRROR:** Your majesty -

**CAM:** *(As Queen)* Silence! He needs to know how he makes me feel. Harold, you NEED to LEAVE! ME! ALONE! I can't deal with this anymore! Do you understand?

**KING:** *(On the brink of tears)* Yes, dear. Of course, dear.

*Exit KING, running off, terrified.*

**CAM:** (As *Queen*) Thank God he's gone. Now, Cam, you must go. The final master plan can't wait!

*CAM takes the crown off.*

**CAM:** Yes, of course, your majesty.

*CAM and MIRROR sigh in relief and hi-five. Exeunt.*

## Scene 6 – A Little Heart To Heart With The Birches

*Enter NARRATOR*

**NARRATOR:** Now, just outside the palace there was a peaceful little wood. This wood, as many are, was filled to the brim with all sorts of curious characters. Why, if I had the time, I would introduce you to them all with a fourteen-minute opening number! But due to budget cuts, I'm afraid a list must suffice. There were maidens, witches, wolves, giants, bakers, and indeed – princes.

*Exit NARRATOR.*

*Enter PRINCE, dashing in heroically, perhaps to a sound cue, followed by PRANCE, lagging behind. PRANCE is carrying a comically large bag with various items hanging off of it (sleeping bag, teapot, other bags etc.) and is struggling with a large map and a compass. PRINCE is carrying nothing. Think King Arthur and Patsy from Monty Python and the Holy Grail. PRINCE stops dramatically in the middle of the stage and looks out into the audience. PRANCE gazes on lovingly.*

**PRINCE:** *(Dramatically into the distance)* For many moons now I have travelled day and night, through bog and through desert, over hills and through ravines, in rain and in hail, and I feel ever closer to the goal of my quest. I can sense it in my bones, I can feel it in the flutter of my heart - *(Snapping out of it, to Prance)* Are you getting this down?

*PRANCE fumbles around with the map to get a notebook and pen in his pocket.*

**PRANCE:** *(Caught off guard)* Ah – yes – just give me a second – wait, when did we go through a desert?

*While PRINCE is speaking, PRANCE tries to note down what PRINCE is saying, but ends up becoming sidetracked and slipping back into his loving gaze.*

**PRINCE:** Come on, this is good stuff Prance. Proper raw emotionality. *(Clears throat, slips back into dramatic mode)* I can sense that my quest is nearly at its conclusion. This quest – the quest to fulfil the aching in my heart – is, I believe, my life's purpose. In these woods, I've never felt closer to it in my whole life. Prance, I can't help but feel that very soon indeed – I will find the beautiful maiden that will make my heart whole at last!

*PRINCE flings his arms out dramatically. PRANCE ducks under PRINCE's arms and is snapped out of his love-struck gaze.*

**PRANCE:** *(Dejected)* Wait, has that been the aim of the trip the whole time? To find a maiden?

**PRINCE:** Why are you so surprised Prance? A noble of my youth and wealth and... nobility must certainly be in search of a wife, yes?

**PRANCE:** Why yes, sir, but surely – I guess – haven't you ever thought that perhaps there isn't anyone good enough for someone as handsome, rich, courageous, (*Slowly slipping into love-sick wistfulness*) bold, decisive, commanding, strong - (*Snaps out of it*) as you are. I don't know, perhaps you could maybe – possibly – find that, potentially you may search the whole world for the perfect partner only to find that the right person was... under your nose the whole time?

*A beat.*

**PRINCE:** (*Genuinely not understanding*) What are you talking about, Prance?

**PRANCE:** Never mind.

**PRINCE:** Prance, I've monologued enough, we should continue on our journey. Where are we going next?

*PRANCE wrestles with the map, trying to work out where they are.*

**PRANCE:** Well, if we're here (*Points at map*), then... If we go down this path (*Points at the way they will travel next*) we can find our way to this clearing. It looks like a good spot to camp.

**PRINCE:** Ah! I've had an idea! We'll go that way! (*Points at where Prance just pointed*) I'll lead the way!

*PRINCE dashes off dramatically. PRANCE stands in place lovingly gazing at the PRINCE for a few seconds, before snapping out of it and chasing after him hurriedly. Enter NARRATOR.*

**NARRATOR:** Elsewhere in the wood, the Term siblings were on the lookout for some magic beans after their friend Jack had begun to boast about his rapidly expanding golden goose collection, when they overheard Snow's attempt at... musical theatre

*SNOW plucks the flower, dreamily sniffs them and then begins a very pitchy rendition of 'Somewhere Over The Rainbow'. On the other side of the stage enter Michael, Hilary, and Trinity*

**MICHAEL:** What's that noise?

**HILARY:** God, it sounds like something is dying.

**TRINITY:** Wait, I think that might be Snow! We should go help!

*SNOW stops singing here*

*MICHAEL gives his two siblings a look, they both concede, and they rush to SNOW'S aid, forming a defensive circle around her*

**HILARY:** What's wrong?

**TRINITY:** Where are they?

**MICHAEL:** I'll get them! They won't know what hit 'em!

**SNOW:** (*giggling and clapping her hands*) Yay! Are we playing spies? Oh I've not played this since daddy removed primary school from the curriculum! Next round can I be the bad guy?

**TRINITY:** If you weren't in danger, what was all that noise for?

**SNOW:** (*indignantly*) I know you lot are orphans and all, but God, can you not at least recognise Judy Garland when you hear her? I shall have to talk to Daddy about putting gay icons back on the curriculum.

**MICHAEL:** Soooo... Does this mean you're not in mortal danger and we don't need to heroically risk our lives to protect you, all for an extremely reasonable price?

**SNOW:** No.

**HILARY:** Well in that case it was lovely seeing and ... (*wincing*) hearing from you.

**TRINITY:** Better be off.

**MICHAEL:** But remember, as you are under our premium protection policy, we are always one scream away!

*Exit TERM SIBLINGS. Enter CAM from the other side of the stage. CAM walks across stage to where SNOW is singing (though for the sake of the audience this time this is mouthed) and dancing around, too preoccupied to notice anyone coming up behind her. CAM raises his knife to kill SNOW WHITE.*

**AUDIENCE:** He's behind you!

**SNOW:** What was that?

**AUDIENCE:** He's behind you!

**SNOW:** Don't be silly! I'm all alone out here.

**AUDIENCE:** He's behind you!

*Enter Evie, who is messily dressed and is mid fixing her hair, shortly followed by Ophelia.*

**EVIE:** You called?

**OPHELIA:** Sorry for Evie's tartiness.

**EVIE:** You mean tardiness.

**OPHELIA:** No, I meant what I said.

**EVIE:** *(realising that they're not alone on stage)* Oh, hello there Cam, how could I miss you with all your big muscles?

**CAM:** (Uncomfortable, *awkwardly trying to make a joke*) That'll be the camo I suppose.

*Vamp for the song starts here.*

**OPHELIA:** Don't you get started, Cam and I just want to have a nice civil conversation, with perhaps a drink or two and then see where the night goes.

**CAM:** Could you two please leave-

**EVIE:** Oh really? Well (*gesturing to the audience*) they all called my name and therefore it should be me that gets to speak to Cam.

*OPHELIA physically shoves EVIE out of the way to get CAM'S full attention.*

*This obviously gets on CAM'S already incredibly high-strung nerves.*

**CAM:** Could you two please shut up for a single second! I am trying to murder someone here and you are not making it very easy for me.

**SNOW:** *(Finally looking up from the flowers that she has been picking at all scene and realises she is about to get her head cut)* Murder! Well that doesn't sound too nice! I really think I should be heading back to Daddy around now.

**CAM:** But the palace is the last place you want to be! It's the evil queen that wants you dead!

**SNOW:** But that doesn't make any sense! She loves me!

**CAM:** The queen may have tolerated you yesterday, but that was before she found out that you are now the fairest in the land.

**EVIE:** Sorry to interrupt, but how could you just suddenly become the fairest in all the land?

**SNOW:** Yesterday you say... Well, that's funny because yesterday I did a lot of journalling and I think I really had some break throughs, you know. Really accepted myself and honed my inner beauty...

**OPHELIA:** Is that it?

**SNOW:** Well, I did get my cheeks done as well.

*All the characters turn to look at SNOW'S cheeks, nodding in admiration/ agreement that this must mean she is indeed the fairest.*

But if I can't go back to the palace, where am I supposed to go?

**CAM:** I don't know, but make sure it's somewhere far away and safe. Now, go! I can only stall so long before the queen will notice you're not dead.

**SNOW:** Before I do, could you please give my compliments to Little Bo Tox for all her fine work? It's obviously paid off.

*SNOW WHITE runs off stage, forgetting her hand mirror, before coming back to retrieve it and promptly running off again.*

**EVIE:** I didn't peg you for a murderer, Cam.

**CAM:** Look I didn't want to, I really didn't! It's just... you know what the Queen is like - I couldn't say no. It was my first day. What am I going to do? Where am I going to find a heart?

**EVIE:** Well, you already have my heart.

*OPHELIA wacks EVIE*

**OPHELIA:** Come on Evie, even I know that there's a time and a place! What she means to say is that as your resident panto dames for hire we are here to make sure you have a good time, and I think that includes helping you get away with not-murder.

**EVIE:** (*Having an idea*) Ophelia, you know how I always say you look a bit... hoggish?

**OPHELIA:** How very dare you —!

**EVIE:** Well, if I can't tell the difference, then what's to say the Queen could?

**OPHELIA:** So, you're saying what exactly? We should disguise Snow as a pig?

**EVIE:** No, you fool, I'm saying does the heart have to be human? Cam aren't you meant to be a world-famous hunter or something? So why couldn't you just find a different heart?

**CAM:** You're a genius! (*hugs EVIE*)

*Exit OPHELIA and EVIE. CAM looks around for a pig. Enter STAGE MANAGER (real or the character) who places a toy pig on the stage. Exit STAGE MANAGER. CAM start to creep up on it.*

**PADDY:** Hello there, kind huntsman! It is me, Paddy the pig. Oink oink.

*CAM is started.*

**PADDY:** What are you doing with that knife? Are you going to kill me?

**CAM:** (*Incredibly flustered*) Well-

**PADDY:** Please don't kill me huntsman.



**CAM:** But I need to! I need to save my friend!

**PADDY:** So the life of an animal is worth less than the life of a human?

*CAM stands there for a moment, deep in contemplation.*

**CAM:** Well, I suppose when you put it like that... I need to save Snow White but... Oh come on! This was NOT the time for a philosophical quandary! What am I going to do?

**PADDY:** Huntsman! I think you should – OINK! Wait, I feel the most terrible pain in my chest. I... I think... I'm having a heart attack. OINK!

*STAGE MANAGER runs on stage and knocks the pig over.*

**CAM:** Well, that was lucky!

*Blackout. Exit CAM and PADDY (rest in peace).*

## Scene 7 – Snow White and the Five Stages of Grief (and two other people are also there)

*Enter FIVE STAGES OF GRIEF, IMMEASURABLE and SNEEZY. A sign is placed at the front of the stage that reads “Centre for Underappreciated and Lost Travelers”. All are dressed in white t-shirt with their respective symptoms written on and trousers with added clothing over the top to differentiate their different character traits. They all sit around busying themselves (e.g. STAGES OF GRIEF doing yoga, SNEEZY, dressed in a doctor’s coat and carrying a stethoscope, trying to join in but keeping on falling over due to Sneezes, IMMEASURABLE just in the corner in pain).*

**NARRATOR:** After the attempt on her life was foiled by two very desperate dames, Snow White ran and she ran far into the woods. She finally came to a clearing, where she found far more than she bargained for, especially given that she expected the clearing to be empty, so she hardly bargained for anything at all.

*Exit NARRATOR.*

*Enter SNOW WHITE running, in a panic.*

**SNOW:** *(Looking around, but not spotting anyone)* Oh my! Just where am I? This is awful, and after such a terrible fright too!

**ACCEPTANCE:** Are you alright?

*SNOW WHITE turns and screams, noticing she is not alone. The FIVE STAGES OF GRIEF go up to meet SNOW WHITE. The TWO SYMPTOMS OF HAYFEVER remain sitting at the back of the stage.*

**SNOW:** Who are you!?

**ANGER:** You can’t frighten the guests!

**DEPRESSION:** We’ll never get any business at this rate...

**DENIAL:** That’s not true!

**DEPRESSION:** Oh yes it -

**BARGAINING:** We’re so sorry for the fright. Can we offer you a free massage as an apology?

**SNOW:** I think I’d much prefer an explanation, thanks.

**ACCEPTANCE:** Of course. Welcome to the Centre for Underappreciated and Lost Travellers . It’s my pleasure to introduce you to our wonderful team. This is Denial.

**DENIAL:** Oh no it isn’t.

**ACCEPTANCE:** Oh yes, it is.

**DENIAL:** Oh no it isn't.

**ALL:** Oh yes, it is.

*And so on.*

**ACCEPTANCE:** It is, and that's final. Moving on. This is Anger -

**ANGER:** Took your time getting to me.

**ACCEPTANCE:** I put you second.

*ANGER sulks.*

**ACCEPTANCE:** This is Bargaining.

**BARGAINING:** Hey there. Sorry for the confusion. Would you like a superfood smoothie on the house?

**SNOW:** No.

**BARGAINING:** (*Put out*) Oh, ok. Are you sure?

**DENIAL:** You know, I'm starting to like her.

**ACCEPTANCE:** This is Depression.

**DEPRESSION:** I guess it is...

**ACCEPTANCE:** And I am acceptance. Wonderful to meet you. And you are..?

**SNOW:** Snow White.

**ACCEPTANCE:** Snow White! What a wonderful name!

**SNOW:** Who is that over there?

**ACCEPTANCE:** Oh, that's Immeasurable Suffering

*IMMEASURABLE is at the back of the stage groaning in immeasurable suffering, at ACCEPTANCE'S introduction they suddenly straighten without a trace of pain.*

**IMMEASURABLE:** Hello there. If you ever need me, I'll just be here in the corner, experiencing pain so immense as to be beyond quantification. Oh - and on Sundays I run meditation!

*The second they stop speaking they return to groaning in agony*

**SNOW:** Is that... normal?

**ACCEPTANCE:** What? (*beat whilst IMMEASURABLE lets out a blood curdling scream*) Ohhhhhh, that. We just found him in the

woods one day. They asked if he could stay with us, and I accepted. Obviously.

**SNOW:** I see.

*Obscenely loud sneeze cuts her off*

**ACCEPTANCE:** And that's Sneezy.

**SNEEZY:** Hey, that's (*sneezes*) Doctor Sneezy, PhD to you.

**SNOW:** Okay, you five I get, (*gestures at the five symptoms*) but what about the other two?

**ANGER:** It's the damn producers, they keep on making budget cuts so now we're all clumped together

**SNOW:** (*in a manner that doesn't even remotely reflect the severity of the situation*) Anyway, I'm terribly frightened! Someone just tried to kill me!

**DENIAL:** Oh no! They didn't!

*everyone turns and glares at DENIAL*

**ANGER:** That's awful! Just tell me who did it and I'll show them not to mess with strange women in the forest!

**SNOW:** I have no idea who he was, he just came up and tried to cut my head off

**BARGAINING:** What? He just wanted your head? Nothing in exchange, not even dinner?

**DEPRESSION:** I don't see what all the fuss is about. We're all going to die at some point anyway...

**ACCEPTANCE:** (*casting a dirty look at DEPRESSION*) It's going to be ok, Snow White, you're safe with us. Plus, Sneezy's a doctor.

**SNOW:** Ohhh, I do have this strange rash on my back which has been worrying me if you wouldn't mind taking a quick look-

**SNEEZY:** Oh, I wouldn't be much help with that. I'm an otolaryngologist.

**SNOW:** ... A what?

**SNEEZY:** (*Sighs*) A nose doctor.

**SNOW:** Oh. I see.

*SNOW WHITE sneezes.*

**ACCEPTANCE:**

Now, it's important that you know the schedule. We wake up every morning at 6 am for yoga and affirmations, then we have breakfast, kale salad and smoothie, at 7:30, then we have sharing circles and support groups up until lunch at 1, more kale of course, and then -

**SNOW:**

*(Under her breath)* Oh God...

**Exeunt.**

## Scene 8 – Serving Hunt(sman)

*A clearing in the forest. Enter TERM SIBLINGS, wandering aimlessly through the woods. Enter NARRATOR.*

**NARRATOR:** While Snow White was... relaxing during her surprise visit to a wellness retreat, the Term siblings bumped into Cam who was rushing back to the castle.

*Exit NARRATOR. Enter CAM, flustered, carrying a pouch with the heart in it, potentially with blood splatter on his face. The TERM SIBLINGS turn to see the source of the commotion.*

**TRINITY:** Hello, can we help you?

**HILARY:** You look... awful.

**CAM:** I'm fine, it's just – well, I'm not fine really.

**MICHAEL:** I'm always here to help if you need it!

*HILARY gives MICHAEL a stern glare. He calms down, looking embarrassed. Enter KNICK and KNACK, quietly gossiping about something. They are unnoticed by the others.*

**CAM:** Well, you see – oh there's no good way to say this – I've become mixed up in an evil plot. The Evil Queen sent me to kill Snow White.

*KNICK and KNACK immediately stop, and pay attention to CAM and the TERM SIBLINGS.*

**TRINITY:** What?!

**HILARY:** Wait – you tried to kill her?

**CAM:** No! I couldn't bring myself to do it.

**MICHAEL:** Right, but the Evil Queen wants to kill her? Why? What did she do?

**CAM:** The Magic Mirror said that Snow White was prettier than her.

**KNACK:** Scandal!

*KNICK quickly hurries to quiet KNACK.*

**HILARY:** (*A beat*) Is that it?

**MICHAEL:** What... is the Evil Queen, like... evil or something? No, that doesn't seem-- oh, wait yeah ok, I am just now realising what her name is.

**TRINITY and HILARY simultaneously gasp in realisation.**

**TRINITY:** I can't believe I've never gotten that before.

**HILARY:** Someone once told me it was pronounced "iveel", and it's Spanish for "good" and – now I think about it, it was the Evil Queen that told me that.

**MICHAEL:** What did you do instead?

**CAM:** I killed a boar - well, found a boar that died - and took its heart to show the Queen

**CAM takes a heart out of the pouch. The TERM SIBLINGS recoil.**

**HILARY:** Ew, gross.

**CAM:** There's only so long it will trick the Queen, so I'll need to get away as fast as possible, but if you can spy on her and work out what she's up to, maybe you can try to thwart her evil plan.

**TRINITY:** Of course we'll help, won't we?

**MICHAEL:** Certainly, sir! And besides, I can't break the Promise I made to Snow White! (*In a smaller voice*) I pinky swore...

**HILARY:** We've got to help. We'll even do it for free -- and we never do that.

**CAM:** You kids are incredible. Follow me to the palace!

**Exit CAM and TERM SIBLINGS.**

**KNICK:** Can you believe that, Knack? The Evil Queen? EVIL?!

**KNACK:** I can't say I do.

**KNICK:** I wonder what the queen wants all this poison ivy for...

**KNACK:** You don't think it's something... EVIL do you?!

**KNICK:** (*Deadpan*) Knack, that's obviously what I think.

**KNACK:** Oh. Sorry.

**KNICK:** We'd better get back to the palace. And keep an ear out for any gossip!

*Exit KNICK and KNACK, hurriedly and excitedly.*



## Scene 9 - The Final Master Plan, Version 2

*Enter CAM and the TERM SIBLINGS. Enter NARRATOR.*

**NARRATOR:** The huntsman and the Term siblings, having finally worked out that the Evil Queen was, in fact, Evil, rushed to the palace. Upon entering, they encountered the unparalleled obstacles that have thwarted many a budding intruder: Bits and Bobs.

*Enter BITS and BOBS. CAM and the TERM SIBLINGS try to walk past them.*

**BITS:** Hello Cam.

**BOBS:** Who are these children Cam?

**BITS:** We can't just be admitting mysterious children entrance to the palace, isn't that right Bobs?

**BOBS:** Of course not, Bits.

**CAM:** Well, these are... my nieces and nephew! And I was just going to show them around the palace!

**BITS:** Even if they are your nieces and nephew, you can't just be...

**CAM:** Oh, screw this.

*CAM fishes a large amount of money out of his pocket. He gives half to BITS and half to BOBS.*

**CAM:** Can we go in now?

**BITS:** *(Pause to consider)* I think we can let them in, can't we Bobs?

**BOBS:** Certainly, Bits.

*Exit BITS and BOBS. CAM and TERM SIBLINGS walk around the stage further to show them walking further into the palace.*

**NARRATOR:** After finding out that Bits and Bobs were more easily bribed than the average politician, the Term siblings hid outside the Queen's quarters, as the huntsman went in to tell the Queen of Snow White's death.

*Exit NARRATOR. Enter MIRROR and STAGE MANAGER. The TERM SIBLINGS are stood at the side of the stage, in front of the stage, in the audience, or wherever else makes most sense, listening in. The STAGE MANAGER is dressed in a white T-shirt that says "#1 Stage Manager" on it. "Stage Manager" has been crossed out and the words "Evil Queen" have been hastily written on it in sharpie. They are clutching a script. They look terrified to be in front of the audience. For fun, maybe they have the crown on too.*

**CAM:** Your majesty! I have the heart of Snow White, just as you requested!

*The STAGE MANAGER is holding the script in front of their face. The title of the script reads “The Panto That Goes Correctly”.*

**STAGE MAN.:**       *(As Queen, reading nervously from a script)* Fantastic, bring it here, huntsman.

*The MIRROR pushes the script down below the STAGE MANAGER’s head. CAM produces the heart from the pouch and gives it to the STAGE MANAGER.*

**STAGE MAN.:**       *(Reading stage direction)* Queen examines heart. *(OOC)* Oh!

*STAGE MANAGER examines heart.*

**STAGE MAN.:**       Ha! I’ve finally got her now! She’s not coming back from this!

**CAM:**               No, your majesty. Anyway, would love to stay and chat, but I really must be going so -

*CAM hurries to the door. Exit CAM*

**STAGE MAN.:**       Wait, aren’t you going to stay! We must celebrate!

*CAM is gone.*

**STAGE MAN.:**       What’s the matter with him? *(Delivered to the doorway)* Mirror, isn’t this incredible? *(Turns to deliver line to the mirror)* Mirror, isn’t this incredible?

**MIRROR:**           Mm-hm.

**STAGE MAN.:**       My mortal enemy, defeated at last?

**MIRROR:**           Of course, your majesty.

**STAGE MAN.:**       Mirror, I’ve been waiting to do this. *(Clears throat)* Mirror, mirror on the wall, who’s the fairest of them all?

**MIRROR:**           Well, your majesty – What?

**STAGE MAN.:**       What is it now?

**MIRROR:**           Well, this says that Snow White is still the fairest of them all.

**STAGE MAN.:**       Furious what? *(Realises what they’ve done wrong)* *(Furious)* What?!

**MIRROR:**           I’m sorry but this is just what this says -

**STAGE MAN.:**       But she’s dead! There’s nothing less fair than being dead!

**MIRROR:**           Well – oh! This says that she isn’t dead.

**STAGE MAN.:**       What?! What is this heart then? What is going on?!

**STAGE MANAGER** *throws the heart away, disgusted.*

**STAGE MAN.:** That huntsman! He tricked me! Well, he'll get his c.. com... Cun-ohh-pants

**MIRROR:** *(OOC, in a stage whisper)* I think that's supposed to say "comeuppance".

**STAGE MAN.:** Well, he'll get his comeuppance soon enough.H

*Enter KNICK and KNACK, once again with bags of poison ivy.*

**KNICK:** Your majesty, the poison ivy you requested.

**STAGE MAN.:** *(Eyes lighting up – having an idea – too enthusiastically)* PERFECT!  
*(Regaining composure)* Perfect. Just put those over here.

*KNICK and KNACK carelessly dump the bags on the floor.*

**KNICK:** What is it your majesty? You seem very... excited?

**KNACK:** Yes... Are you planning any... evil schemes?

*KNICK quickly quiets KNACK.*

**KNICK:** *(In a stern whisper)* Why would you say that?!

**STAGE MAN.** Sorry, what did you say?

**KNACK:** *(Very flustered)* I said... Are you planning any... Weasel schemes? You know... schemes with weasels. The animal. Furry. Cute.

**STAGE MAN.:** *(Baffled)* No.

**KNICK:** Okay, well, good to know! We'll be off, your majesty!

*KNICK and KNACK walk off, but before they get to the exit, KNICK stops KNACK.*

**KNICK:** *(Whispering)* Lets listen in!

*KNICK and KNACK hide and eavesdrop.*

**STAGE MAN.:** I know just the thing to do with this poison ivy! Mirror, where is Snow White?

**MIRROR:** Well – this says she's in a clearing in the woods four miles north of here.

**STAGE MAN.:** I see. Well, she may have bested me first, but now it's time for me to do things myself. Mirror, it's time for the Final Master Plan Version 2! Hit it!

*Song starts vamping.*

**Exit STAGE MANAGER, running off.**

*Enter IMMEASURABLE as queen.*

*A beat*

- Evil laugh and exit IMMEASURABLE*

**ANGER:** WHAT???

**HILARY:** It's true. The queen found out that the huntsman didn't kill you,  
and she's coming to finish the job herself!

**MICHAEL:** But don't worry, we'll protect you!

**TRINITY:** Everyone! Be careful, (*To audience*) and keep an eye out for her.

*TERM SIBLINGS, STAGES OF GRIEF PLUS TWO move to the back of the stage, and turn their backs to the audience, miming looking around., IMMEASURABLE standing in for the queen, comes over. The audience is encouraged to shout "she's behind you!", "it's the queen!", etc.*

**IMMEASURABLE:**

*Little girl, are you from dorset*

*Because I think you would appreciate a corset!*

**SNOW WHITE:** Oh how lovely

*Takes the corset and immediately drops to the floor*

*Exit IMMEASURABLE cackling with glee*

*PEOPLE IN THE WELLNESS RETREAT turn round, spot SNOW WHITE, and rush over to help*

**ANGER:** Are you ok?

**DEPRESSION:** She's probably dead!

**SNOW:** I'm fine! But – OW – I think I might have broken a rib.

**SNEEZY:** Let me take a look at that!

**BARGAINING:** I'm so sorry to hear that, can we offer you a free cheese platter  
as compensation?

**TRINITY:** Her magic mirror can tell whether or not you're alive. She'll  
be back! You have to keep an eye out.

**HILARY:** (*To audience*) Everyone, keep an eye out for the evil queen!

*Everyone stands in a semicircle around SNOW WHITE, facing away from her, looking out for the queen.*

*Enter ACCEPTANCE who is now playing the queen*

**ACCEPTANCE:** Mirror, Mirror on the wall, who is the fairest of them all

**MIRROR:** ... It's still Snow White... she's still alive

**ACCEPTANCE:** *If you want something done right, you've got to do it yourself*

*If you want someone gone, you've got to sort it yourself  
That little brat, Still alive, how can it be  
S'pose it's time for the final master plan, version three  
This time instead I'll poison a comb  
And as poor Snow White has left hers at home  
She's surely to take it, who could resist  
Then she'll be dead - She won't be missed!*

**ACCEPTANCE goes over to SNOW**

*Hey, you there! I'll throw you a bone  
Your hair's a mess - here - have this comb!*

**SNOW:** Wow, how kind

**SNOW uses the comb and promptly falls to the floor once again. QUEEN exits, once more laughing maniacally**

**PEOPLE IN THE WELLNESS RETREAT turn round and spot SNOW WHITE. They save her from the comb.**

**ACCEPTANCE attempts to swap with DENIAL as the queen stand-in, DENIAL refuses and foists it on SNEEZY**

**HILARY:** Is she ok?

**IMMEASURABLE:** I don't know!!

**SNEEZY:** *(Listening to her heart with a stethoscope, but not well)* I think  
she has a heartbeat?

**DENIAL:** There's no way that was just a comb

**HILARY:** We're really not very good at this whole "stopping the queen"  
thing, are we?

**ACCEPTANCE:** That is true.

**MICHAEL:** I believe that we can do it! *(To audience)* We're really got to keep  
a good eye out for the queen this time, ok? We can do it!

**TRINITY:** Everybody ready?

**Once again, everyone goes searching for the queen, and z, standing in for the queen, enters. Exit TERM SIBLINGS**

**SNOW:** mirror, mirror, on the wall - who is the fairest of them all

**MIRROR:** Snow white - again

**SNEEZY:** *If you want something done right, you've got to do it yourself*  
*If you want someone killed, you've got to kill them yourself*  
*She's still not dead?! Oh - what a bore!*  
*I'll have to use the final master plan, version 4*  
*If one a day can keep the doctor away*  
*Then surely an apple could make this girl pay*  
*A Poisonous delight will go down a treat*  
*And then finally I can regain my seat*  
*Once again fairest in the land I shall be*  
*I'm sure all the villagers will cry out with glee*

**QUEEN approaches SNOW white with the apple, SNOW seems transfixed by the fruit and she willingly takes a bite**

**SNOW falls a final time**

**Exit QUEEN**

## Scene 10 – Is That Emotion In Your Pant(o) Or Are You Just Pleased To See Me?

*SNOW is on stage in a dim white spotlight, the rest of the stage is dark. EVERYONE is turned around, facing away from SNOW WHITE. They all turn round, and see SNOW WHITE on the floor .*

**ACCEPTANCE:** Is that snow?

**DENIAL:** No, it's not.

*SNEEZY runs over and checks her pulse.*

**SNEEZY:** (*Sneezes*) She's... dead.

**IMMEASURABLE:** Oh God. (*Screams*)

**BARGAINING:** No that's not fair, we worked so hard! She can't be dead!

**ANGER:** She's dead, Bargaining! (*voice rises angrily*) We failed!

**DEPRESSION:** Be quiet! That's not going to help. None of this is. It was all pointless. It's too late. It's over

*During all of this, ACCEPTANCE calmly goes and gets a triangle, making a point of moving as if to hit it gently before aggressively hitting it as hard as humanly possible, as many times as possible before quiet falls over the stage*

**ACCEPTANCE:** (*Calmly and primly*) Well, getting angry or sad and feeling sorry for ourselves isn't going to help either, is it! Now, Denial, you run inside and get some blankets; Bargaining, you go do something to get rid of that apple; Depression, you go and find the triplets; Anger, you go help with the body.

*The silence that had previously filled the stage breaks, with the four other stages breaking into arguments against their assigned roles, BARGAINING trying to swap, ANGER outraged at their take, DEPRESSION sure theirs is worthless, DENIAL just flat out refusing.*

*ACCEPTANCE hits the triangle again and glares at them. The symptoms get to work and Depression goes to get the triplets.*

*TERM SIBLINGS and KNICK and KNACK enter.*

**TRINITY:** Oh no... Snow

**ACCEPTANCE:** We tried our best, but you know what the queen's like. She was always going to get her way.

**HILARY:** I mean, there was only so much help we could give to someone who would accept gifts from any random woman in the woods.



**MICHAEL:** But I promised to look out for her! I can't break the Michael Term Promise!

**KNACK:** (*Very excitable*) Hey Knick, guess what I heard? I heard that Snow White is dead!

**KNICK:** (*Deadpan*) Knack, that is not gossip. That is just a fact.

*After a beat PRANCE comes on the stage, blowing a trumpet (but probably a kazoo) in an inappropriately jaunty way to announce a royal arrival*

**PRANCE:** I gladly present, his highness, the prince!

*The PRINCE enters the stage, miming fake galloping*

**PRINCE:** Hello, my adoring public! There don't happen to be any maidens around here, do there?

*The STAGES OF GRIEF PLUS TWO separate from where they were gathered around SNOW WHITE, revealing her body to the PRINCE.*

*(Beat of realisation)* Oh...

*Enter QUEEN*

**QUEEN:** Sorry, what scene is this?

*Everyone on stage turns and looks.*

*Black out*

*Interval*

# **Act 2**

## Scene 1 – True Love’s Blunt Force Trauma (Or; How’s Your Head?)

*Lights up on where we left off at the end of act 1. STAGES OF GRIEF AND OTHERS, TERM SIBLINGS and KNICK and KNACK surround the dead body of SNOW WHITE. Next to them are PRINCE and PRANCE. Enter NARRATOR.*

**NARRATOR:** Welcome back, everybody. I hope you’ve all returned to your seats, because I refuse to allow people to enter mid-performance. Just a quick notice before we begin: Our wonderful Queen, Miss Roodt, has recovered from the traumatic head injury she suffered in act one, and from her previous misapprehensions about the kind of commitment that is needed to make it ‘big time’. Rest assured, she will be allowed to seek medical attention as soon as the show permits. Right, where were we... *(Fiddles around with book theatrically)* Ah, here we are. We find ourselves right where we left off. Snow White, successfully killed by the Evil Queen, lay dead, surrounded by the people who tried to save her. Her only hope? A handsome prince, who may just be her true love...

*Exit NARRATOR. The scene springs to life.*

**ACCEPTANCE and TRINITY:** *(To the Prince)* Who are you?

**ANGER and HILARY:** *(To the Prince)* What the hell are you doing here?

**BARGAINING and MICHAEL:** *(To the Prince)* Can we help you?

*Each pair shares a look.*

**PRINCE:** *(Completely ignoring all questions)* Oh my! Just who is this beautiful maiden I see before me?

**HILARY:** *(A beat)* I’m sorry, what?

**PRINCE:** This maiden, sprawled on the ground, as fair as a tulip on a summer’s day, as gorgeous as... a tulip on a summer’s day. Prance, I think this is her – my true love, the woman who will make my heart complete!

**TRINITY:** Snow White?

**MICHAEL:** I’m not really sure quite how to say this but...

**SNEEZY:** *(With awful bedside manner)* She’s dead.

**KNACK:** She’s dead! - Aah you got there first.

**DENIAL:** Oh no she isn’t!

**ANGER:** Denial, now is not the time!

**ACCEPTANCE:** (*Sagely*) She is dead. But maybe that's OK.

**PRINCE:** Dead or alive, that doesn't change the fact that she is my true love!

**HILARY:** It probably should.

**IMMEASURABLE:** (*With an expression of intense torment*) It definitely should.

**PRINCE:** Death is temporary, love is forever!

**KNICK:** That's not what I heard.

**DEPRESSION:** Death is forever. Joy is momentary.

**PRANCE:** (*Pathetically*) I'm sorry your majesty, but, well, there are plenty of living people who love and admire you that you could choose from.

**PRINCE:** But Prance, none of them are as perfect as this maiden. I'm a prince after all. Normal people can settle for good enough. A prince deserves the best.

**TRINITY:** You're a prince? You don't happen to be... Prince Charming do you? I'm a huge fan.

**PRINCE:** Oh no, Charming's my older brother. (*Goes to kiss TRINITY's hand*) I'm Prince Tolerable.

*TRINITY pulls her hand away.*

**TRINITY:** Oh, um, nice to meet you, I guess.

*PRINCE moves towards SNOW WHITE and kneels by her. PRANCE unsuccessfully tries to stop him.*

**PRINCE:** This maiden, so beautiful, so perfect, so... beautiful, she must be my one true love! And, therefore, surely, I can raise her from the dead with true! Love's! Kiss!

*PRINCE goes to kiss the corpse of SNOW WHITE. Everyone immediately tries to stop this from happening, with a chorus of "no, no, no, no", "what are you doing?", "stop, stop" etc. They all pull the PRINCE away from SNOW WHITE.*

**ACCEPTANCE:** What are you doing?

**PRINCE:** (*Deadpan, confused*) I'm waking her up with true love's kiss?

**ANGER:** No, no, NO!

**HILARY:** You can't just go around kissing corpses!

**PRANCE:** Surely it would be much better to kiss... living people?

**PRINCE:** It's perfectly fine to wake a maiden with true love's kiss!

**DENIAL:** Oh no it isn't!

**PRINCE:** Oh yes, it is!

**EVERYONE ELSE:** (*Horried*) Oh no it isn't!

**PRINCE:** Oh yes, it is!

*And so on. If someone in the audience is on the side of the PRINCE, perhaps someone could ad lib a line about how that person should go to prison.*

**IMMEASURABLE:** (*With anguish*) IT ISN'T! IT ABSOLUTELY ISN'T!

**SNEEZY:** Besides, there's absolutely no medical basis to think that true love's kiss would -

**BARGAINING:** (*Trying to break it up*) How about true love's high five? Would that be a good compromise?

**PRINCE:** (*Thinks for a moment*) I suppose that would do.

*Everyone breathes a sigh of relief.*

**BARGAINING:** Brilliant, great, thank you.

*The PRINCE goes to high five SNOW WHITE, whose hand is moved by some of the STAGES OF GRIEF. A big moment is made of this, it should be done slowly and dramatically. After the high five, SNOW WHITE awakes, and sits bolt upright, looking right at the PRINCE.*

**SNOW:** (*Groans*) I've got a terrible headache, I - (*Seeing the PRINCE, dreamily*) Who are you?

**PRINCE:** Your true love!

*PRANCE looks crushed. SNEEZY listens to SNOW WHITE's heartbeat with their stethoscope.*

**SNEEZY:** It's a miracle! She's alive!

*SNEEZY swings their arms out in triumph, accidentally hitting SNOW WHITE in the head. She gets knocked out and falls down. Everyone stands there awkwardly in shock for a moment. There is a vibe of "not again". It is non-verbally decided that they should carry on with the scene. As the scene is continuing, people are trying to wake up SNOW WHITE's actor, checking her pulse, that kind of thing.*

**PRINCE:** I can't believe it! I've finally found my true love! Come here Snow White, let me look into your eyes!

*Awkward pause. Afterwards, the Prince mimes putting Snow White's hair behind her ear, or something of that nature.*

**PRINCE:** Snow White, my love for you cannot be contained. I feel like my only option is to... (*OOC winces*) burst into song!

## **SONG – You Complete Me**

A romantic duet between the Prince and Snow White in which Snow White is not present. Think “It’s crazy, we finish each other’s... \*deafening silence\* ... that’s what I was gonna say!”.

**PRINCE:** Snow White, I only have one thing to say. (*Gets down on one knee*) Will you marry me?

*Awkward pause. Eventually, someone says “yes” under their breath.*

**PRINCE:** Snow White, we must go to the palace immediately! We are perfect for each other! We will be married in the summer!

**TRINITY:** Married?

**PRANCE:** Are you sure? I mean, you’ve only just met her, and things are happening incredibly quickly. And you’ll never know how you will feel about her in the summer.

*A beat.*

**PRINCE:** Prance, you’re absolutely right...

*A beat. PRANCE looks ecstatic.*

It’s too risky to wait. I must marry her while I’m in love with her. The wedding must be tomorrow!

**PRANCE:** (*Horried*) What?!

*PRINCE goes off, miming having SNOW WHITE in tow.*

**HILARY:** "Tolerable" is a generous name for that man.

**MICHAEL:** They really are perfect for each other...

**PRANCE AND DENIAL:** (*Both in different tones based on their characters*) No they’re not!

*PRANCE and DENIAL share a look. PRANCE runs off after the PRINCE. The remaining cast struggle to take SNOW WHITE’S body off-stage. Exeunt.*

## Scene 2 – I can hear the bell(ends)

*Enter NARRATOR looking exhausted and exasperated at the second unfortunate event that just happened, but they pull themselves together and get on with the show. PRINCE and STAGE MANAGER also enter, STAGE MANAGER with a script in hand, and their t-shirt with #1 Stage Manager crossed out, replaced with #1 Evil Queen, has also been crossed out and #1 Snow White has instead been written underneath. They are physically pushed onto the stage, arguing with the person pushing them on. The STAGE MANAGER should get more and more enfurated having to say these vapid lines.*

**NARRATOR:** And so, Snow White and the Prince arrived back to the palace, with Prince struggling to bear both the metaphorical weight of his crushed dreams, but also the physical weight of the wardrobes of two extremely vain royals.

*Exit NARRATOR*

**STAGE MAN.:** *(Bitterly, unhappy to be on stage)* Oh, I can't wait to show you around, the village is just so petite and quaint. Some of them don't even have running water, how positively archaic, isn't it delightful!

**PRINCE:** How adorable! And when can I see the throne room? This palace is just wonderful!

**PRANCE:** Guys don't worry about me, really; I'll catch up any second.

*From the other side of the stage the KING walks in, talking to BITS and BOBS. Also, enter LAMP and TABLE.*

**KING:** So, you say my daughter is here with a strange man who tried to make out with her when she was dead? Why how wonderful, I never even realised she was gone!

**STAGE MAN.:** *(Particularly cross they have to say this)* Daddy!

*STAGE MANAGER rushes across the stage to embrace the KING. They are reluctant to do so.*

**KING:** My little snow drop, how I have missed you!

**BITS:** But your majesty, you just said that you didn't even rea-

**STAGE MAN.:** Oh, it was so scary, someone tried to kill me because I was too pretty, yada, yada, yada, what's new? But OH! Daddy, then it was wonderful because I died, so obviously a man came along to save me and now here he is!

**KING:** That is exciting, my little snow drop! *(turning to the PRINCE)* My boy, how could I ever repay you?

**LAMP:** Sorry, are we just going to overlook the whole “assassination attempt thing?”.

**PRINCE:** *(bowing obscenely low to the ground)* Your majesty, it is an honour! I couldn’t possibly accept any payment for such a thing, all I ask is that you accept my request for your daughter’s hand -

**KING:** Why would you want that? You’ve got two of your own.

**PRINCE:** ... Her hand in marriage.

**KING:** *(said with childlike glee)* You’re getting married! Oh, how simply wonderful!

**TABLE:** I hate to repeat what the lamp just said but your daughter just said-

**PRINCE:** *(With complete disgust)* I’m sorry, did that table just... speak to us?

**TABLE:** Yes I did, sir. I was just wondering whether you wanted to acknowledge that-

**KING:** Who do you think you are, table? Talking to a king? You are a table.

**LAMP:** But the table has a point-

**KING:** And you too? I don’t care - A table and a lamp have no business talking to a king?

**TABLE:** But what about the mirror?

**KING:** The mirror is a mirror! It’s completely different! *(To BITS and BOBS)* Guards! Throw them in the dungeon!

*BITS and BOBS drag TABLE and LAMP off.*

**KING:** Now, my boy, We’ll start the wedding preparations at once!

**PRINCE:** However, we will only get married on one condition: the wedding must be tomorrow.

**KING:** You don’t say. Well, I don’t see why not! How hard can it be, they only need to put on a few extra meals, and find a dress. Why I’ll tell the staff right away so they can get started! *(shoos the two offstage)*

*Exit KING, PRINCE and STAGE MANAGER at the same time as PRINCE enters from the other side of the stage*

**PRANCE:** Really guys, don’t worry, I’ve got this. I’ll be right with you.

*PRANCE exits following the PRINCE. Enter NARRATOR.*



**NARRATOR:** And so, Snow went back to her bedroom, completely forgetting to tell the king that his wife was a murderous psychopath.

*Enter QUEEN wearing exercise gear on the other side of the stage, as well as MIRROR*

**MIRROR:** How was your pernicious Pilates session Ma'am?

**QUEEN:** Positively evil, thank you. Now onto business; my workout has put me in top form. Today is the day. With that horrid little brat finally dead, I am ready to regain my rightful place. (*clears throat*) Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the fairest of them all?

**MIRROR:** Why of course your majesty it is – Oh no.

**QUEEN:** What is it this time?

**MIRROR:** I don't know what to say Ma'am, it appears that... Snow White is still the fairest.

**QUEEN:** WHAT! I had her killed! Four times!! What. More. Could. I. Possibly. Need. To. Do!

**MIRROR:** I am sorry, but I can see it clearly now. She's not dead Ma'am. At least, not anymore.

**QUEEN:** What do you mean not dead? WHAT IS GOING ON?! If only we knew where she was...

*Enter STAGE MANAGER and PRINCE, walking across the stage.*

**STAGE MAN.:** Oh, I just can't wait for our royal wedding tomorrow!

*Exit STAGE MANAGER and PRINCE.*

**QUEEN:** (*deflated*) Oh. (*inflated*) Ohhh! I see, a wedding you say? (*evil laugh*) That will do very nicely indeed!

*Exit QUEEN laughing manically.*

*Exeunt*

### Scene 3 – A Huntsman For All Seasons

*Enter VILLAGERS, doing village things.*

*Enter NARRATOR.*

**NARRATOR:** Thus, it was settled: Snow White and the Prince would be married the very next day. It wasn't long before word of this got out to the people, and, as you can imagine, they didn't react too well...

*Enter CRIER.*

*Also enter CAM O'FLAGE, sneaking at the side of the stage, overhearing.*

**PARIS:** Why is the crier here?

**LONDON:** Surely it's not time for another Audience of Woes? It was only a few days ago.

**RIO:** Maybe they've come to tell us how the king is going to fix all our problems?

*Crier clears throat, holding back tears.*

**CRIER:** I come to announce a national holiday; tomorrow will be a day of feasting!

**LLANFAIR:** See, I told you the King really did care, we'll have alpacas outside the library before you know it, then all our problems really will be fixed!

**NEW YORK:** You think that the king will do anything? There's a blank space between his ears!

**CRIER:** *(Reading off of a scroll)* ... A day of feasting for the royal family. Just yesterday, Snow White found the love of her life and they are to be married tomorrow. You will all take the day off work to man the kitchens. The king adds: "the bottomless buffet won't make itself!".

**VILLAGER 6:** *(to the audience)* When I said I wanted a more active role in this panto, I didn't mean physical labour!

*The villagers erupt into a barrage of complaints, many of them quite violent, almost as if civil unrest is brewing...*

*CRIER promptly bursts into tears again*

**CRIER:** Now come on! Don't shoot the messenger!

*Exit CRIER in floods of tears.*

**PARIS:** We should probably go deal with that...

*Exit VILLAGERS*

**NARRATOR:** Having heard news of the wedding, our noble huntsman Cam O'Flage to the wellness retreat as quickly as he could to form a plan.

*Exit NARRATOR. Enter STAGES OF GRIEF PLUS TWO, TERM SIBLINGS and KNICK and KNACK. CAM enters, panting.*

**CAM:** Have you heard about the prince's wedding to Snow White?

**HILLARY:** We know, we were there when the Prince proposed. It was... something.

**CAM:** I have a funny feeling about all this. The queen must be planning something

**CAM:** Can you help me out? I need as many eyes in the palace as possible. Are you all willing to help?

*Everyone puts their hands up, and/or says "yes", "sure", "of course" etc. except DENIAL.*

**DENIAL:** No!

*Everyone turns to look at DENIAL. A beat. DENIAL sheepishly puts their hand up.*

**CAM:** Fantastic! It's time for (*Dramatically*) "the top secret, ultimate plan to save Snow White"!

*A dramatic sting plays. CAM produces a map and lays it out on the floor/a table. The lights go out/dim. CAM claps his hands. Everyone produces a torch and turns it on under their chin, except SNEEZY.*

**SNEEZY:** (*Embarrassed*) Did I miss a memo?

**MICHAEL:** You're not always carrying a torch for secret business?

*SNEEZY shares with IMMEASURABLE SUFFERING. The following should be performed in full heist movie fashion. CAM gestures to the map as he explains the plan.*

**CAM:** We need to make our way into the palace. That way, we can stop whatever the Queen's plotting. First, you seven - they're going to need all hands on-deck to get this wedding done. Snow White will want at

least nine complex banquet courses, I just know it, so you should offer to be cooks to get into the palace.

**BARGAINING:** Could we be cleaners instead?

**ANGER:** What? I HATE cleaning!

**IMMEASURABLE:** I don't mind what I do. It won't stop the pain.

**SNEEZY:** I'm happy. I'm as good with a knife as I am with a scalpel.

**DEPRESSION:** That's not saying much. At least you can't accidentally kill a carrot I suppose.

**CAM:** (*Addressing KNICK and KNACK*) You two, you're servants right? You must know the castle pretty well.

**KNICK:** Too Well, I'd argue.

**KNACK:** We know all its secrets. Did you know that Snow White, the daughter of the king, is going to get married?

**KNICK:** Knack, I'm starting to think you don't know what gossip is.

**KNACK:** Well, if you want us to find out secrets for you, consider it done!

**CAM:** Now. You three, come with me. The queen will be after my head after what I did— so, we'll go in disguise! We can be the entertainment!

**MICHAEL:** Anything for you, sir! What do you want? Handstands? Juggling? Fire-eating?

**CAM:** You can do all those things?

**MICHAEL:** I can learn!

**CAM:** Uh, great. But I could use a few more hands... (*Thinks for a moment, has an idea*) Denial, you are a very positive person, aren't you?

**DENIAL:** Oh no I'm not!

**CAM:** (*Gestures to audience*) Oh yes you are!

**DENIAL:** Oh no I'm not!

**CAM:** Oh yes you are!

*Enter OPHELIA.*

**OPHELIA:** Did someone call?

*CAM reacts delighted. DENIAL is slightly cross at being used. CAM runs in front of MICHAEL.*

**CAM:** Now, everybody, (*To audience*) where's Michael?

**EVERYBODY:** He's behind you!

**CAM:** I'm sorry, what?

**EVERYBODY:** He's behind you!

*Enter EVIE HYNDEW.*

**EVIE:** Did someone say my name?

**OPHELIA:** Ooh, are we doing a secret plot?

*Both OPHELIA and EVIE produce a torch and shine it on their faces.*

**CAM:** Perfect, I knew you two couldn't resist a cheap joke. Right, Ophelia, Evie, I hate to repeat myself like this but basically...

*Enter NARRATOR. (Maybe they just stand in the doorway, could be accompanied by a change in lighting.) The action freezes.*

**NARRATOR:** Cam O'Flage explained the plan to Ophelia and Evie.

**Exit NARRATOR. Everyone unfreezes.**

**EVIE:** Anything for you, hot stuff.

**OPHELIA:** Why don't we be Snow White's stylists? We've got great fashion sense, after all.

*OPHELIA and EVIE show off their outfits. The room is generally unimpressed.*

Wait, are these Snow White's seven helpers?

**CAM:** Yes, this is Denial, Anger, Bargaining, Depression, Acceptance, Immeasurable Suffering... and Sneezy.

*Everyone gives a little wave when they're referred to, except from Denial, who just says "no".*

**OPHELIA:** Oh no...

**EVIE:** What is it?

**OPHELIA:** Panto rules state that every pantomime heroine is assigned helpers to assist in their quest, specifically tailored to their needs.

**EVIE:** Oh. Right.

**HILARY:** So?

**OPHELIA:** So... Why would Snow be given the stages of grief.

*The room does not take this news well.*

**HILARY:** Ah.

**DEPRESSION:** Finally, some misery! I've been waiting for so long!

**ANGER:** Shut up, Depression!

**CAM:** (*Moving on*) Let's worry about that later, we don't have much time - everyone, let's get going! And stay safe!

*Everyone clicks their torches off in unison. Exeunt. CAM exits with the TERM SIBLINGS.*

## Scene 4 – Say “Oh Yes” To The Dress

*The palace. Enter most people, including NARRATOR*

*STAGE MANAGER is ushered on, still as Snow White, at the start of the song.*

**STAGE MAN.:** (stage whisper) Wait, what’s meant to be happening in this scene?  
(Voice to normal as they see the script) Another song? Alright, I’ve had enough of this. Manage your own stage. I quit!

*STAGE MANAGER storms off.*

SONG - “Their Special Day”.

A big group number as our characters get ready for the wedding. The STAGES OF GRIEF PLUS TWO complain about working in the kitchen, DAMES get ready to dress up Snow White, SNOW and PRINCE get excited about the wedding, PRANCE, BITS, BOBS and VILLAGERS are all forced to help out, the QUEEN schemes etc. My weird references for this song are A Night To Remember from High School Musical 3, Halloween from Be More Chill and A Weekend in the Country from A Little Night music. Like a big group number introducing a major setting.

During a spoken interlude, mid-song:

*Enter CAM and TERM SIBINGS, all dressed as clowns. They approach the KING and SNOW WHITE and the PRINCE.*

**CAM:** Your majesty, I believe you requested some entertainment for the wedding.

**KING:** I did?

**TRINITY:** You did.

**KING:** Oh. What a clever idea I had!

**CAM:** You’ll be pleased to know that you are in the hands of four world-renowned entertainers. I am Tom Foolery. Pleased to make your acquaintance.

**TRINITY:** (Curtseying) Miss Chief. How’s it going?

**HILARY:** The name is Terr, Jess Terr. Charmed, I’m sure.

**MICHAEL:** (Sticking out his hand to shake the KING’s) And I’m Shane Anigans. It’s wonderful to meet you, sir.

*The KING shakes MICHAEL's hand, albeit slightly gingerly. MICHAEL has a shocker in his palm, and it shocks the KING.*

**MICHAEL:** And there's plenty more jokes where that came from!

*There is a moment where it is unsure whether the KING found that funny. The KING then starts laughing.*

**KING:** Oh, jolly good, jolly good! I'll show you lot in.

**HILARY:** Michael, where did you get that?

*Michael does a cheeky face. The TERM SIBLINGS are led into the castle by the KING.*

*Song continues and ends.*

*Exit everyone. Enter NARRATOR.*

**NARRATOR:** With wedding preparations in full swing, Our two dames, who had forgotten they were supposed to be gathering intelligence on the Queen, were determined to give Snow White the makeover of her life.

*Exit NARRATOR. Insert a trashy intro music that sounds like it is from a horrific and extremely cancellable 2000s reality TV show. Enter OPHELIA and EVIE, in cheesy game show host fashion.*

**EVIE:** Aaand welcome to another episode of -

**BOTH:** Say Oh Yes to the dress!

**OPHELIA:** I am your fabulous host: Oh Yes -

**EVIE:** And I am your even more fabulous and much prettier host: Evie Hyndew!

*OPHELIA elbows EVIE*

**OPHELIA:** We are here to turn your wreck of a dress, into one heck of a dress!

**EVIE:** From drab to fab!

**OPHELIA:** So, when you see that dress -

**EVIE:** People's only response will be -

**BOTH:** Oh YES!

*A backing track starts playing, signaling it's time for the guest to arrive.*



**OPHELIA:** Up first, all the way from the castle itself, it's Miss Snow White!

*An awkward pause where the two look expectantly to the side of the stage where a spotlight is shining on where Snow is meant to enter.*

Uhhhh (*obviously trying to figure out how to handle the situation*)

My, my Snow, someone's been taking wardrobe tips from Cam, why I can't see you at all

**EVIE:** (*OOC*) what do you-

**OPHELIA:** I can't say I personally could rock all those military prints, but it does seem to work on you

**EVIE:** (*catching on*) Oh absolutely, you really have upped your game since your little forest foray. (*walks over to the imaginary snow and guides her to the clothes rack*) Now what kind of dress are you looking for?

*Beat*

One as white as snow? Well, I'll see what I can do

*EVIE hurries off stage going to retrieve the dress, whilst OPHELIA guides the extremely skinny/ imaginary SNOW to a chair.*

**OPHELIA:** (*talking to the chair*) So let me get this straight, you don't want too much lace because that's tacky, but too little would make people think you're cheap. You need it to be so white that it glows, but not whiter than snow 'cos it's bad for the brand, and the wedding is only a few hours away...

*Enter EVIE with a dress*

**EVIE:** Brace yourself-- I think I've found the perfect one!

*EVIE hands it over to where the chair is, and OPHELIA takes it and holds it with arm stretched out to place it in front of the body of the imaginary snow*

**OPHELIA:** (*appreciatively*) Oh yes, this will do nicely, thank you. (*turning to SNOW*) Now all you need to do is try it on.

*Both Evie and OPHELIA mime helping SNOW to get into the wedding dress, the music returns and goes to a crescendo that signals the reveal of the dress, at this point both EVIE and OPHELIA dramatically step to the side with OPHELIA still holding the coat hanger with the dress on with an outstretched arm.*

**EVIE:** Oh my!

**OPHELIA:** Wow. Just Wow.

*At this point the dress falls of the coat hanger (how exactly this happens on cue I don't know but I'm sure someone will figure it out).*

**EVIE:** (OOO) This isn't going to work.

**OPHELIA:** (OOO and very sarcastically) really?

**EVIE:** (OOO) I think it's time.

**OPHELIA:** (OOO) Yes and. (winces) God, I hate improv.

*Both dramatically turn towards the audience.*

**EVIE:** (unnecessarily over the top) My, my! How did you get all the way over there, Snow?

**OPHELIA:** Yes, come back here at once! You may not have liked the last dress but that is simply no reason to run off!

*The two Dames descend upon the audience to choose their unfortunate victim of who will play the next SNOW, who they then bring back up on stage.*

**EVIE:** Okay, let's see if we can find something more to your liking.

*Background music start playing, ideally Cover girl/ sissy that walk/ call me mother by Ru Paul or something analogous, EVIE leads the audience members to the side of the stage and stand so they have a dame on both sides.*

*Writers note: in this next bit it doesn't matter which characters are doing the parts, it's a camp dream sequence beyond the realms of the plot, let the cast fight to death to prove their charisma uniqueness nerve and talent, I don't mind.*

*Writers less fun and more practical note: sorry props, all of these items are easily interchangeable as long as they fit the category depending on what you have/ can get easily, and am happy to rewrite the gags based on what you source*

**OPHELIA:** (clears throat) On today's episode can Snow White really make everything beautiful, or will she be a complete wash out? Category is, royal wedding realness.

*Enter in the first model with a walking stick? Idk something old -> they strut over to the audience member filling in for Snow and give the prop to them, the rest of the scene will follow in this manner.*

**EVIE:** White at weddings? That's old news, way to raise the bar... or should I say the walking stick.

*Enter in the second model with a large price tag necklace? Ie something new*

**OPHELIA:** Well, we new that she didn't come to play games, but she really did reinvent the wheel!

*Enter in the third model with a library book? Ie something borrowed*

**EVIE:** Radcam at 10, runway at 11. Can I reserve your outfit on SOLO? Because I need to borrow that ASAP.

*Enter in the fourth model with a blue party hat? Ie something blue*

**OPHELIA:** She IS the party! Who needs to feel blue when you can make everyone else green with envy.

*Both step out and present the audience member in their full glory, who at this point should be completely unrecognizable under a barrage of tat.*

**EVIE:** Don't worry, I'm sure you're completely speechless. It's not every day that all your life problems are solved in two minutes by a simple makeover, but what can we say?

**OPHELIA:** When in doubt -

**BOTH:** Dame it!

*Exeunt.*

## Scene 5 – Final, Final, Final master plan (promise)

*Enter NARRATOR.*

**NARRATOR:** Meanwhile, evil plans were brewing. Again. For the fifth time.

*Exit NARRATOR. Enter QUEEN and MIRROR. QUEEN paces back and forth, wringing her hands.*

**QUEEN:** That little brat! She should be dead - why won't she just die already? Unless... unless there's another way... If I can't kill her, why don't I just, I don't know, ruin her life. Ohhhh that's good, even for me.

**MIRROR:** What is the plan then, Ma'am?

**QUEEN:** Well, give me a second. Evil plans don't just come knocking on the door.

*QUEEN is interrupted by a very loud knocking sound effect, followed by the CRIER coming onto the stage.*

**QUEEN:** WHAT DO YOU WANT?

*CRIER promptly erupts into tears.*

For crying out loud, you know the rules!

**CRIER:** *(wiping tears from their eyes)* Yes, your majesty, 'emotions lead to demotions'.

**QUEEN:** That's right, now tell me why you're here before you're back to being the town whimperer!

**CRIER:** Your majesty, I've brought this year's records from the Audience of Woes.

**QUEEN:** The records? Fancy that. Who sent for that?

**CRIER:** *(oblivious to the fact that the queen is fishing for a compliment)* You did your majesty.

**QUEEN:** I guess I did. *(snatches the envelope)* Now, OUT OF MY SIGHT!

*CRIER bursts into tears and runs off stage, the QUEEN who is now oozing smugness turns dramatically to the MIRROR.*

**QUEEN:** Oh mirror, some days my cunningness surprises even me. Years ago - though not so many that it would be considered a long time - an intelligent, beautiful young woman put an idea in the King's head that there should be a designated Audience Day for the villagers to do what

they do best: whinge. This most phenomenal and devious woman anticipated that she might one day need to summon a vast number of minions to her aid.

**MIRROR:** Ma'am you're a genius! So, all we need to do is find this woman, and then we'll have an itemised list of everything that has ever bothered any of the villagers, which we can use to turn the whole kingdom against the king! If only we knew who this woman was...

*(Beat)*

**QUEEN:** It's me, you absolute imbecile! *(she turns and begins to search for something)* Now where did I put it...

*The QUEEN rummages around the stage before producing from some obscure hiding spot an obscenely large binder that has on the front 'SUPER TOP SECRET EVIL PLAN TO TAKE OVER THE KINGDOM'. The QUEEN lifts the binder up and laughs manically.*

Oh goodness gracious me, don't we have a lot to work to do!

*Exit QUEEN and MIRROR. Enter LAMP and TABLE. The LAMP is on.*

**NARRATOR:** The queen hurried to the dungeon, where she was to meet with the villagers. In the meantime, the magic lamp and magic table sat in contemplation, in a wonderful scene I have written myself in order to add a little culture to the show. They sat there waiting. Waiting for Geppetto.

*The following should be a direct parody of a Samuel Beckett play – spoken with little affectation, depressing, strange, and very, very pretentious. A stark lighting change here would be great too. (writer's note: this is batshit crazy lmao I'm so sorry any suggestions for things the lamp and table can do please let me know)*

**TABLE:** Why are you waiting for him?

**LAMP:** Who?

**TABLE:** Geppetto.

**LAMP:** Oh. Yes. Geppetto.

**TABLE:** The one from Pinnocchio?

**LAMP:** Yes.

**TABLE:** Isn't he fictional?

**LAMP:** He might not be. Who's to say who's fictional anyway? You might be fictional.

**TABLE:** I'm not.

**LAMP:** How do you know? (*A long pause for contemplation*) Anyway. Geppetto. He knows how to treat inanimate objects with newfound sentience right. Not like that queen. She made us sentient just because she could. (*A pause, the lamp switches off*) It's a cruel world.

*A pause. The lamp switches on.*

**TABLE:** Why do you think we're here?

**LAMP:** In this dungeon?

**TABLE:** In this universe. This great big universe. Full of nothing.

**LAMP:** Full of everything, surely.

**TABLE:** And nothing. Everything would include nothing. Surely.

**LAMP:** Perhaps. (*A pause*) Are you hungry?

**TABLE:** I don't have a stomach.

**LAMP:** Oh yeah.

**TABLE:** Do you?

**LAMP:** I might do.

**TABLE:** What kind of lamp has a stomach?

*Enter QUEEN.*

**QUEEN:** What are you two doing? Out! NOW! I have SCHEMES to do!

**LAMP:** In a way, aren't we all waiting for the arrival of a benevolent toymaker who will never come?

*TABLE and LAMP turn to the audience and stare deeply and sadly. In unison, they sigh. They shuffle out. Enter NARRATOR.*

**NARRATOR:** Getting back to the... less intellectual part of the show, the villagers gathered at the entrance to the dungeons, ready for a hard day of work. Little did they know, they were in for more than they bargained for.

*Exit NARRATOR. ENTER PARIS, LLANFAIR, RIO, LONDON, AND VILLAGER 6 who walk across the stage in an angry mob (think Tom in BOSH for those of you lucky enough to have witnessed such a performance, for those not so fortunate, loudly muttering incoherent words with the occasional exclamation of 'I'm so angry' will more than suffice)*

**RIO:** Did we really have to get here for 5am?

**PARIS:** Yes, the Crier was annoyingly specific about that, something about having the pastries ready for the breakfast buffet.

**LLANFAIR:** And there's so much left to do before the wedding banquet.

**NEW YORK:** At this rate, it'll be served at midnights!

**LONDON:** Well, where are Bits and Bobs when you need them?

**LLANFAIR:** Evidently not here. We should probably just turn back, it's not like they seem to want us that much...

**VILLAGER 6:** Yes, and maybe we should do something else with our newfound free time. Why, what if we founded a quest to-

*(beat whilst everyone turns and death stares villager 6)*

**VILLAGER 6:** Or *(overly acted, returning to their "real line")* maybe we should just try knocking again!

*The VILLAGERS all proceed to vigorously knock on a door at the side of the stage, after a moment out comes the QUEEN*

**QUEEN:** Hello there, village people! Why, I've heard you all hard at work practically since sunrise. Aren't you due for a break?

**LONDON:** Yes ma'am, but we've a lot to do before the-

**QUEEN:** Wedding? Yes, you don't seem to be the happiest of bunnies.

**NEW YORK:** We sure have a lot of bad blood between us.

**PARIS:** Well, we've got our businesses to run - baguettes don't rise all by themselves! They knead a good massage and a lot of heat to get long enough.

**QUEEN:** Quite right, and I'm sure Snow getting her grubby little fingers on one for free every morning is hardly helping the profits rise either.

**PARIS:** Well, yes actually. Who are -

*QUEEN taking off the bad disguise*

**QUEEN:** Why it is I, your Evil Queen! I am here because I fear for my precious subjects, you have been pawns in my husband's wicked games for too long, and it is time he finally gets his last check mate.

*Enter TERM SIBLINGS, sneaky, at the edge of the stage.*

**MICHAEL:** It's the queen!

**TRINITY:** Listen! She seems like she's up to something.

## **SONG – Do You Hear The People Whinge?**

A song where the villagers are radicalised by the queen using their complaints to her advantage, turning them against the King to aid the queen in the plot to ruin Snow's life. We end the song with all the VILLAGERS on the QUEEN's side.

Obvious inspiration is 'do you hear the people sing' from Les Mis. It could potentially be a parody.

**QUEEN:**                      Now, follow me!

*The QUEEN leads the villagers off.*

**HILARY:**                      Let's go after them!

*The TERM SIBLINGS follow them off. Exeunt.*

*End the scene*



## Scene 6 – Love, Loss and Desperation

Enter KNICK and KNACK, dressed as waiters, having a chat. Enter NARRATOR.

**NARRATOR:** Evil schemes were afoot, but so was our heroes' plan. Roaming through the castle were Knick and Knack, who were supposed to be uncovering secrets, but were instead just having a chat.

**KNICK:** Have you seen anything suspicious?

**KNACK:** No.

**KNICK:** Me neither. This is such a waste of time.

**KNACK:** Agreed.

*Enter VILLAGERS. Slowly sneaking up on KNICK and KNACK. (Cue "They're behind you!")*

**KNICK:** Anyway, did you know that Snow White isn't actually her real name.

**KNACK:** No way!

**KNICK:** It's true. It's a nickname.

**KNACK:** Like yours?

**KNICK:** (Sighs) No, Knack, I don't have a nickname, my name is Knick.

**KNACK:** Oh. Yeah.

**KNICK:** But anyway, her real name is -

*A group of villagers grab KNICK and drag them away.*

**KNACK:** Knick?!

*The rest of the villagers grab KNACK and drag them away too. Exeunt.*

*Enter PRINCE and PRANCE. PRINCE is relaxing in a chair while PRANCE goes back and forwards with extremely heavy looking things. Enter NARRATOR.*

**NARRATOR:** Meanwhile, the poorly named Prince Tolerable sat in his room, as his loyal servant Prance did all the heavy lifting.

*Exit NARRATOR.*

**PRINCE:** - And to think that tomorrow I will finally be married to my one true love. Can you believe it, Prance?

**PRANCE:** No, I can't.

*PRANCE is carrying three boxes stacked on top of each other. They are clearly heavy.*

**PRINCE:** You're being rather slow. Are you struggling?

**PRANCE:** *(Clearly struggling, but trying to impress the PRINCE)* No, I'm fine. I'm very strong actually. I'm not struggling at all.

**PRINCE:** OK Prance. And don't forget to iron my shoelaces. They can't be creased for the wedding!

**PRANCE:** Of course, sir. *(A beat, shouting after the PRINCE, desperately)* Anything for you, sir!

*Exit PRINCE. PRANCE stays struggling with the boxes. Enter STAGES OF GRIEF PLUS TWO in cooking gear, bickering. They all walk past PRANCE, look at him, and do not offer any help. Exit STAGES OF GRIEF PLUS TWO. PRANCE seems dejected. Enter CAM, sneaking around the castle. He spots PRANCE. PRANCE is carrying a stack of boxes, and the top box is in front of his face, so he cannot see CAM.*

**CAM:** Do you need a hand with that?

**PRANCE:** No, no, I'm fine!

*PRANCE almost drops the boxes.*

**CAM:** ...Are you sure?

**PRANCE:** *(Thinks for a moment)* Is the prince here?

**CAM:** No.

**PRANCE:** Then yes, please give me a hand.

*CAM takes one or two boxes from the top of the stack. As the box has moved, they finally see each other for the first time. It is love at first sight.*

**PRANCE:** Wow, you're so...

**CAM:** *(A little put out)* Handsome?

**PRANCE:** Kind. I don't think anyone has ever offered me help before.

**CAM:** *(Swooning)* Oh, really?!

**PRANCE:**                   *(Getting flustered)* I mean, not that you're not handsome, because you - I mean – I don't know -

**CAM:**                       Don't worry, its just – that's all anyone seems to care about with me.

**PRANCE:**                   *(Slightly jokey)* They can't see you're more than just a pretty face?

**CAM:**                       *(Laughs)* Exactly.

*PRANCE and CAM look at each other lovingly for a slightly uncomfortable amount of time.*

**CAM:**                       *(Snapping out of it)* Sorry, where did you want these boxes?

**PRANCE:**                   Oh! Just this way, thank you.

*Exit PRANCE and CAM. PRANCE leads CAM out. Enter VILLAGERS.*

**LLANFIAR...:**           *(Pointing at CAM and PRANCE)* Get them!

*The VILLAGERS run off stage after CAM and PRANCE. Exeunt.*

## Scene 7 – So Many Cooks, So Little Thyme

*Enter NARRATOR.*

**NARRATOR:** In the kitchen, many had been roped in to help with food preparation. Little did they know, a nefarious scheme was cooking too.

*Exit NARRATOR. The scene moves to the kitchen. Enter STAGES OF GRIEF PLUS TWO, BITS and BOBS and CRIER. They are all hard at work doing kitchen-based things (good luck, props department). There are clearly “too many cooks”. They are all trying to work in a small area and bumping into each other. Think all ten people trying to work on three tables. Sneezy is stirring a big pot. Oh, and if possible, can they all have chef’s hats on?*

**BITS:** I can’t believe they made us work in the kitchen.

**BOBS:** I know all the kitchen staff quit after the “head chef is secretly a rat incident”, but they hardly need us as well.

**BITS:** And I don’t know why they made the Town Crier help us too.

*The CRIER is preparing to cut an onion, endeavoring to not cry. The second they cut into it, they begin crying hysterically.*

**BOBS:** I agree. Making them chop onions is just cruel.

**ACCEPTANCE:** How’s the broth going, Sneezy?

**ANGER:** It’s spoiled!

**DEPRESSION:** Must be too many cooks...

*SNEEZY sticks a thermometer into the broth. They look at it and seem pleased with the result.*

**SNEEZY:** Broth has good temperature, vitals are good.

*SNEEZY sneezes obnoxiously into the broth. They pause for a second, look into the pot, then quickly stir it in.*

**IMMEASURABLE:** Denial, can I have some salt?

**DENIAL:** No.

*Enter the VILLAGERS, all sneaky like. Cue “They’re behind you!” if the audience appreciates and are familiar with the conventions of pantomime. Whilst they argue, the villagers sneak up and grab BOBS.*

**BARGAINING:** (Looking around desperately) ...I've got sugar?

**DENIAL:** NO!

**ANGER:** There are some things that are unable to be substituted!

**DEPRESSION:** Face it, Bargaining, there's nothing you can do...

**IMMEASURABLE:** But I need salt! It's going to be bland! (*Screams*)

**BITS:** (*Incredibly annoyed*) I think we'd all appreciate if you'd stop arguing! (*Leaves a brief pause for BOBS to reply*) ...Isn't that right, Bobs? (*A pause*) (*BITS turns to look for BOBS but they are not there*) Bobs?!

*BITS gets dragged off by the VILLAGERS, screaming. The CRIER sees this happen and is on the brink of tears. Some VILLAGERS spot this and go to grab them, approaching slowly as to not make them break into tears. The STAGES OF GRIEF PLUS TWO do not notice any of this.*

**DEPRESSION:** Are there any more carrots for me to toil away at?

**DENIAL:** No.

**ACCEPTANCE:** Yes!

*They grab the CRIER, who starts crying as they are dragged out.*

**ANGER:** Denial, that joke is so old now.

*ANGER is dragged off by some VILLAGERS.*

**DENIAL:** Oh no it isn't!

*DENIAL waits expectantly for a reply, but does not receive one.*

**DENIAL:** Huh?

*DENIAL looks up to look at ANGER, but finds they are not there. DENIAL gets dragged off by villagers. At the same time, IMMEASURABLE SUFFERING is taken. They scream.*

**BARGAINING:** I've found some salt! Is it OK that it's late?

*They also receive no response, look around for IMMEASURABLE SUFFERING and also get kidnapped.*

**DEPRESSION:** Why aren't you saying anything, Immeasurable Suffering? Are you just in that much pain?

*DEPRESSION looks up and spots that everyone is missing. A group then comes to take them away.*

**DEPRESSION:** Oh, I see how it is...

*DEPRESSION gets taken.*

**SNEEZY:** (*Looking up*) You see how what is?

*SNEEZY gets taken. ACCEPTANCE is now alone on stage, oblivious, working hard at a task. All the villagers stand behind them.*

**ACCEPTANCE:** Done! Now, is there anyone who needs any help?

*They look up, and finally realises that no one else is on stage. They turn around and spot the VILLAGERS, standing menacingly.*

**ACCEPTANCE:** Oh.

*ACCEPTANCE gets taken off by all five VILLAGERS. Enter TERM SIBLINGS, running.*

**TRINITY:** We've figured out their plan! They're trying to kidnap everyone, so you all need to -

*The VILLAGERS turn to look at the TERM SIBLINGS.*

**TRINITY:** Oh.

**MICHAEL:** Run!

*One VILLAGER takes ACCEPTANCE off in one direction. The rest of the VILLAGERS chase the TERM SIBLINGS off the other way. Exeunt.*

## Scene 8 – Yes, And (Or; Yeah sand)

*Enter the PRINCE and the VICAR, a short-sighted, elderly person with a habit of using the wrong words. It's the wedding. Several empty seats are laid out too. Enter NARRATOR.*

**NARRATOR:** With all the preparations over, we finally find ourselves at the wedding, the main event, “the big day”. And by “we”, I mean no one, because all the guests were nowhere to be seen. But despite the nonexistent audience and a vicar who struggled with his words, the wedding had to go on.

**Exit NARRATOR. Play the wedding march. The KING walks an invisible SNOW WHITE down the aisle. He is crying tears of joy. When they reach the end of the isle, a group of VILLAGERS kidnap the KING. Nobody notices. (The VICAR is not reading his speech – the joke is not that he can't read, but that he can't speak.)**

**VICAR:** Dearly bellowed, we are gathered here today to waitress the joining of this man, (*Scrutinizing the paper in front of him*) Prince Tolerable and this woman, (*Does the same again*) Snow White, in Holy Mitt Romney. Marriage is a sacred destitution, passed down to us over the mages, bringing us closer to our lord Cod, who art in Devon. Glove is a wonderful thing, tube glove more so, and the pier I see befall me are Shirley each otter's tree lump. Now, if anyone seems a raisin while these Tudors not beat wood, spike now or for Trevor, hold your piss.

*Silence.*

**VICAR:** Fascistic! Now, do you, Prints Toilet Bowl, take No Way to be your Lafayette welded wine, from this deformed lard, for Richard, for Laura, in thickness and in elf, tell lettuce apart?

**PRINCE:** Sorry, what? Oh – (*Dramatically*) I do.

**VICAR:** And do you, Say What, take Penetrable to be your laterally winded hump stand from this gay orgy, for river, for porter, in six inch and a bell, till Beth does a fart?

*An awkward pause. PRINCE solves the problem by sticking their arm out and making a puppet motion with their hand while they say the line (a la Seb Morson).*

**PRINCE:** (*As Snow White, in a squeaky voice*) I do.

**VICAR:** I now pronouns you ma'am and woof. You may now curse the blind.

*PRINCE awkwardly kisses his own hand in puppet position.*

**PRINCE:** (As *Snow White*) I can't believe I'm finally married! And to a prince!

**PRINCE:** I can't believe I've finally found my true love!

*Enter EVIL QUEEN, with as much bombast and fanfare as possible.*

**QUEEN:** Not so fast!

**PRINCE:** The Evil Queen?!

**PRINCE:** (with hand puppet *Snow White*) The Evil Queen?!

*VICAR goes up really close to the EVIL QUEEN's face to get a glimpse of who it is.*

**VICAR:** The peas all green?

**QUEEN:** Yes, it is I! You two think you've got it all, don't you? True love? Marriage? Fortune? Well, I am here to tell you that you are mistaken! If you'd bothered to notice anything but yourselves, you might notice something about your congregation.

*PRINCE briefly glances over. The PRINCE uses his hand to demonstrate SNOW WHITE still looking at her mirror.*

**PRINCE:** No!

**QUEEN:** Yes, it is true! There is nobody here to witness the wedding, therefore your marriage is void! How does it feel to be a bachelor, Mr Tolerable?

**PRINCE:** (As *SNOW*) This can't be! The people LOVE me!

**QUEEN:** (With cruel satisfaction) Well, evidently, they needed more than a Jaffa cake to fix their problems this time

**PRINCE:** A devious plot. We'll simply have to elope!

**QUEEN:** This kingdom is a truly godless place. This is the only vicar for thousands of miles. And they're coming with me!

*The QUEEN snaps her fingers. The VILLAGERS enter and remove the VICAR.*

**VICAR:** Help, I'm being king slapped!

**Exit VILLAGERS and VICAR.**

**PRINCE:** Snow White, how are we going to get out of this one?

*Enter NARRATOR.*



**NARRATOR:** It was clear that Snow White and the Prince were in trouble. However, Snow White had a trick up her sleeve. Leaving the Prince behind her, she ran off.

*The actors look at each other. This is clearly impossible. What do we do?*

A moment passed, before she returned and -

*Enter VILLAGER 6, heroically. Everyone is shocked to see them.*

... Snow White reentered with a plan to save the day.

**VILLAGER 6:** Yes, It is I!

**PRINCE:** Oh, Snow White -

**VILLAGER 6:** *(With a big gesture)* VILLAGER 6!

**PRINCE:** What?

**QUEEN:** What?!

**NARRATOR:** What?!?!?

**VILLAGER 6:** And I am here to save you all! Prince, take my hand.

**PRINCE:** *(Breaking character, in a stage whisper)* What are you doing?

**VILLAGER 6:** *(Also in a stage whisper)* Improv.

**PRINCE:** Oh, I see. *(Getting back in character, taking VILLAGER 6's hand)*  
Yes, AND tell me of your plan, brave Villager 6.

**VILLAGER 6:** You see, I knew of this plot!

**PRINCE:** You knew about the plot?

**VILLAGER 6:** Yes, AND I have already foiled it. Look out at your congregation again - look hard, and I shall use my MAGICAL POWERS to break the walls of our reality! *(does a magical motion. A beat - suddenly, the characters clearly see their audience)* Prince, do you see your adoring audience?

**PRINCE:** Yes, AND - *(Realises he has nothing to say)* I do see them yes.

**VILLAGER 6:** They all want Snow and the Prince to be married, don't you everyone!

*(AUDIENCE hopefully shout out yesses. if not, add like a "well too bad")*

**QUEEN:** *(Kind of out of character)* What.

**VILLAGER 6:** Yes, it's true, Snow White and the Prince are lawfully married!

**PRINCE:** Oh, what joy!

**QUEEN:** Sorry, you have "magical powers"?

**VILLAGER 6:** Yes, AND I was merely masquerading as a villager. I sensed evil in this village so came to help. I am really the great sorcerer *(Trying to think of a wizard name)* Ben.....i...dorm.

**PRINCE:** ...Benidorm?

**VILLAGER 6:** Yes, my true name! Now, quickly, we must save the others! Out of our way, Evil Queen.

**VILLAGER 6 mimes doing magic on the QUEEN.**

**QUEEN:** *(Half-heartedly)* Aaah! No! I'm having magic done on me!

**VILLAGER 6 and PRINCE run off. Eventually, the QUEEN chases after them. Exit NARRATOR also (I can't work out when they should leave here.) Exeunt.**

## Scene 9 – Do Not Collect £200

*Enter STAGES OF GRIEF PLUS TWO, DAMES, TERM SIBLINGS, PRANCE, CAM, BITS, BOBS, KNICK, KNACK, TABLE, LAMP, CRIER, VICAR and VILLAGERS. A square has been marked out in the floor with masking tape, it is as small as the actors are comfortable with to make them really close together for comedic effect. All are inside the square except from the villagers, who are outside.*

**NARRATOR:** In the dungeons, our characters found themselves imprisoned in a magical trap.

*Some VILLAGERS take the KING in and throw him in the square.*

**RIO:** *(Pointing at tape square)* This, *(mockingly)* your majesty, is a prison conjured of the queen's finest magic. Perhaps you should think twice next time before refusing to pay full price for the wedding bouquets.

**LLANFAIR...:** If anyone steps outside it, they will immediately be turned into a toad!

**LONDON:** I thought it was a frog.

**PARIS:** What's the difference?

**LONDON:** Well, actually, there's a lot of difference...

**KING:** *(Once again not grasping the severity of the situation)* Oh dear, a trap! How devious of you!

*CRIER starts crying.*

**RIO:** What's the matter with him?

**BITS:** I think he's spilt some milk again.

**BOBS:** Well, there's no use crying over that.

*(gets elbowed by BITS)*

Oh, Crier, of course we'll help you look.

*BITS and BOBS bend down to look for the milk. They accidentally knock a STAGE OF GRIEF off balance, causing a chain reaction. CAM, who is standing at the outside of the square, gets knocked off balance. PRANCE reaches an arm out and grabs him, stopping him from falling out the square and turning into a toad/frog.*

**CAM:** (*Turns to look at who saved him*) Oh, so you're my Prince in shining armour.

**PRANCE:** (*Bashfully*) Oh, it's nothing really...

*They make lovey-dovey faces at each other again.*

**NARRATOR:** In a situation that seemed so dire, there was finally a glimmer of hope.

*Enter VILLAGER 6, VICAR and PRINCE. Everyone reacts very confused.*

**CRIER:** Who is it?

**KNICK:** (*With a little hesitancy*) It's Snow White and the Prince.

**VILLAGER 6:** You are mistaken! I know I am also a true beauty, but it is not Snow White, it is I, Villager 6! You may also know me by my true name, the great sorcerer, Benidorm!

*Awkward silence*

**NARRATOR:** (*Breaking character*) I give up. This is so unprofessional. (*Mocking voice*) Ooh, how fun. Let's just go against the WHOLE INSTITUTION OF THEATRE and go OFF SCRIPT! I didn't go to RADA for this. I quit. Make up your own story, why don't you?

*A wave of intense confusion sweeps over the cast. Exit NARRATOR, in a huff, mumbling more complaints as he leaves.*

**RIO:** (*Breaking character*) I'm sorry, what is going on?

**VILLAGER 6:** (*OOC, in a stage whisper*) Improv.

*A wave of partial understanding washes over the cast.*

**RIO:** Oh. Right. I see. (*Getting back in character*) I now see that it is you, yes.

**VILLAGER 6:** (*In a stage whisper, encouraging RIO to do improv*) ...AND?

**LLANFAIR:** (*Saving RIO*) Yes, AND what are you doing here?

**VILLAGER 6:** I'm so happy you asked. You see, I'm here to save you all!

*Enter QUEEN, dramatically.*

**QUEEN:** Not so fast, Villager 6!

**VILLAGER 6:** Oh, your majesty, so lovely of you to join us. Clever, using a spell to imprison all these people. Such a shame it's so crude and rudimentary.

*VILLAGER 6 goes to do a large gesture to supposedly dissipate the magic.*

**QUEEN:** There are many more layers to that spell than you could imagine. Oh, and while we're on the subject, take that!

*The QUEEN gestures sending a magic blast at the square. Everyone has to dodge it whilst also not falling out. The queen laughs maniacally.*

**VILLAGER 6:** Yes, it may be complicated, AND I already knew that. I'm the great sorcerer Benidorm, after all.

**QUEEN:** (*Out of character*) You could have named yourself anything.

**VILLAGER 6:** (*Out of character*) Shut up.

*The QUEEN tries to make several people at the front of the square jump, trying to make them fall out.*

**QUEEN:** Well, are you going to try to stop me?

**VILLAGER 6:** Yes AND you won't be able to beat me. My magic is far more powerful than yours.

**QUEEN:** Yes, AND, it doesn't matter because you've fallen right into my trap!

**VILLAGER 6:** Yes, AND I knew that already. You think you have the upper hand.

**QUEEN:** Yes, AND I do. I'm one step ahead of you.

**VILLAGER 6:**

*Everyone gasps.*

- BUT -

*Everyone breathes a sigh of relief.*

you're really two steps behind!

*VILLAGER 6 does magic things with their hands.*

**VILLAGER 6:** I will now dissipate the spell! When it disappears, charge the guards!

*QUEEN grabs CAM by the collar.*

**QUEEN:** Not so fast! If you try that, I'll pull this man out and turn this strangely attractive man into a newt!

**LONDON:** Oh, that's what it was!

**PRANCE, TERM SIBLINGS AND DAMES:** No! / No way! / You can't! / etc.

*QUEEN scrutinises CAM's face, and realises he is the huntsman in disguise.*

**QUEEN:** It's you! My disgusting, backstabbing, ... gorgeous huntsman!  
Oh, I'm going to enjoy this!

**PRANCE, TERM SIBLINGS and DAMES** all help to pull CAM back in the square. The PRINCE also tries to pull the queen off of CAM. CAM is briefly pulled back and forth, until our heroes win and CAM falls inwards. OPHELIA almost falls out the other side when CAM falls in the square, but EVIE saves her.

*When this happens, VILLAGER 6 does some magic, and a dramatic gesture.*

**VILLAGER 6:** I've lifted the spell! You are all free!

**DENIAL:** Oh no we're not!

**ANGER:** Shut up, Denial!

*Everyone is free. Assorted shouting and moving (make sure this is choreographed). TERM SIBLINGS and STAGES OF GRIEF PLUS TWO help restrain the four named villagers, while the QUEEN is restrained by the PRINCE.*

**VILLAGER 6:** How does it feel to be beaten, your majesty?

**QUEEN:** You don't know who you're messing with, I am -

**VILLAGER 6:** Oh, I do. And I know just what to do with you all. I will cast you into an infinite pit, white hot and walled with spikes, where you will fall for ever and ever in eternal agony!

*Everyone is disturbed by this.*

**TRINITY:** That's a little too far, no?

**VILLAGER 6:** There's no such thing!

**IMMEASURABLE:** Sounds like a typical Tuesday to me...

*During this bit, enter SNOW WHITE, quietly, with an ice pack held against her head. She gestures for people to not react to her.*

**QUEEN:** Woah, woah, woah, ok, we can talk this out -

**VILLAGER 6:** Silence, scum! And when I have cast you out, I will repopulate the village with my ten smoking hot girlfriends. And I'll become king. And queen too, while I'm at it.

**KING:** Oh, well, as the king -

**VILLAGER 6:** It's the least you could do to repay me. Or I'll tell my father you were being ungrateful!

**TRINITY:** Who's your father?

**VILLAGER 6:** God himself!

**TRINITY:** (*Exhausted with this*) Oh, of course it is.

**VILLAGER 6:** Now, unless you wish to incur the wrath of God, I suggest you do as I say. And Cam, you're so handsome, so heroic, would you rule alongside me?

**PRANCE:** No!

**VILLAGER 6:** I can tell you've always been madly in love with me. I can read minds after all, and I think you'll find that, as the messiah, I can do what I like. Vicar?

**VICAR:** Yes?

**VILLAGER 6:** Cam, you want to marry me, don't you? I am the most important character in this pantomime after all.

**CAM:** (*Unsure of what to do*) Uh – well -

**VILLAGER 6:** (*OOC, in a stern stage whisper*) Yes, and.

**CAM:** (*Uncomfortable*) Yes, AND I'd love to. You're so... hot.

**SNOW WHITE** *sneaks up on VILLAGER 6 while everyone keeps them occupied. She grabs a bat from BITS and BOBS.*

**VILLAGER 6:** Aww, so are you, Cam. Now, vicar, we are so madly in love insist we are married this instant.

**VICAR:** Um. Right. (*Trying to improv this nonsense*) Do you, voyager fight, take camp old barge to be your loyally welded Hubbard, to haddock to mold, from this May for March - (*OOC*) This is really hard to improvise.

**VILLAGER 6:** (OOO) I don't care.

**VICAR:** In sick lymph and inhale, till depth do aspire?

**VILLAGER 6:** I do.

*SNOW WHITE sneaks up on VILLAGER 6.*

**VICAR:** (Sighs deeply, realising they have to make up another one of these)  
And do you, caliber flag, take pillage the five, to be your... lanugidly...  
wimpled grouse... - (OOO) Oh I give up - (*In character*) till death do  
you part?

*CAM makes eye contact with SNOW WHITE. He smirks. SNOW WHITE raises the bat  
above her head.*

**CAM:** No-- I don't!

**VILLAGER 6:** What?

*SNOW WHITE hits VILLAGER 6 over the head with the bat. They fall over, unconscious.  
Everyone breathes a sigh of relief. SNOW WHITE gestures for BITS and BOBS to pick up  
VILLAGER 6. SNOW WHITE snaps back into character.*

**SNOW:** Lock those misfits up for the moment, we can decide what to do with  
them later- right now, we have a wedding to celebrate! Mine, in fact!  
Come on everyone! I'll see you in the great hall!

**CAM:** (*Out of character, pointing at VILLAGER 6*) Are they alright?

**SNOW:** (OOO) I don't care.

*People start to file out. BITS and BOBS carry VILLAGER 6 off.*

**OPHELIA:** You know, seeing Snow White next to the Evil Queen for the first  
time, Snow White really is prettier.

**EVIE:** Well, you know that Snow White. She truly is a knockout.

**The VILLAGERS are taken off by the TERM SIBLINGS and STAGES OF GRIEF  
PLUS TWO, and the QUEEN by the PRINCE. Exeunt. (But I suppose most of you can  
stay on stage.)**



## Scene 10 – And They All Lived Happily Ever After

*Enter EVERYONE bar VILLAGER 6, NARRATOR, STAGE MANAGER, VILLAGERS, QUEEN, BITS, BOBS and MIRROR. It's the wedding reception. Everyone is happy. SNOW WHITE is clutching a bouquet.*

**KING:** Congratulations to our happy couple, Snow White and Prince Tolerable!

*Everyone cheers.*

We all wish them lots of luck on their honeymoon, where they will venture all around the world -

*Subdued cheering*

and will not return until the following year.

*Everyone cheers even louder.*

**SNOW:** (*Lovingly*) Oh Prince, isn't it wonderful to be married?

**PRINCE:** (*Lovingly*) Indeed it is. (*beat*) you're just so lucky to have me. (*looks over at SNOW who is too busy admiring herself in the mirror to hear*)

**PRANCE:** (*To CAM*) I can't believe you were the huntsman the whole time!

*SNOW WHITE throws her bouquet behind her. PRANCE catches it (good luck) and looks at CAM. They smile at each other.*

**CAM:** You've caught the bouquet!

**PRANCE:** Well, I've had some rather good catches recently.

**CAM:** Prance, I've been thinking, now the Prince is going on his honeymoon, you won't have much to do -

**PRANCE:** (*Expectantly*) - So?

**CAM:** - Sooo, I was wondering whether you would want to come stay with me? I've only got a cottage in the forest, it's not much but -

**PRANCE:** Cam, that sounds wonderful!

*PRANCE jumps into CAM's arms, and he spins PRANCE round, or the opposite depending on the actors, or something similar.*

**TRINITY:** Wait, are you two -

**HILARY:** That's adorable!

**MICHAEL:** I am SO happy for you two you wouldn't even believe it!!

**CAM:** Actually kids, it will be a squash and a squeeze, but if you'd like, you three could come and stay with me and Prance in my cottage too?

**TRINITY:** Wow... That's so kind...

**HILARY:** Oh, you don't... have to do that for us...

**MICHAEL:** I WOULD LOVE NOTHING MORE IN MY ENTIRE LIFE!

*MICHAEL gives CAM a big hug.*

*The FIVE STAGES OF GRIEF PLUS TWO go past arguing loudly.*

**EVIE:** Anyway, what's their deal? Nobody died.

*SNOW WHITE smells the flowers PRANCE is holding. She slowly builds up to an obnoxiously loud sneeze. SNEEZY spots this and goes up to her, holding a small box.*

**SNEEZY:** Hi, why don't you try these antihistamines. For your hayfever.

**SNOW:** I have hayfever?

**SNEEZY:** You do. I would know. (*Cheesy smile*) I'm a doctor.

*SNEEZY gives SNOW WHITE the antihistamines. EVIE and OPHELIA look at each other.*

**EVIE:** Wait, is that why those seven are here? (*Realising*) To diagnose Snow White's hay fever?

**DENIAL:** No! That can't be it!

**ANGER:** That's ridiculous! Then why were there SEVEN of us!!

**BARGAINING:** We had other uses too, right?

**DEPRESSION:** No, we were utterly useless.

**ACCEPTANCE:** I suppose seven IS a nicer number than just one.

**IMMEASURABLE:** (*Screams loudly*)

**SNEEZY:** I can't help but feel that I've lucked out here.

**ACCEPTANCE:** Anyway, we should probably be returning to the wellness retreat soon.

**KING:** A wellness retreat? That sounds fantastic! Fetch the prisoners!

***BITS and BOBS and the TERM SIBLINGS fetch VILLAGERS 1-4 and the QUEEN.***

**KING:** Good news! I've come up with the perfect punishment for you! You're to be sent to these people's wonderful wellness retreat!

**QUEEN:** A wellness retreat?! No! Please! Anything but that!

**KING:** It's either that, or we'll send you to the normal behavioral course...

***EVERYONE Gasps***

...in Slough.

***Much louder gasps, the prisoners are suddenly very cool with the wellness retreat idea.***

**QUEEN:** Oh, don't worry, the wellness retreat will be FINE.

**RIO:** Wellness retreat you say?

**LLANFAIR:** Bring it, tell them to start searching for a bigger name tag.

**PARIS:** Do you think they do a continental breakfast? I do love tiny little pastries.

**RIO:** *(To New York)* You know, I heard Taylor Swift went to a wellness retreat once.

**NEW YORK:** Who's Taylor Swift?

***A beat. Everyone looks confused in a very meta way***

**KNICK:** What do you want to do Knack?

**KNACK:** I don't really mind Knick.

**KNICK:** That wellness retreat sounds like chaos.

**KNACK:** Think of the drama!

**KNICK:** The gossip!

**KNACK:** The scandal!

**BOTH:** Let's go with them!

***BITS and BOBS enter carrying the MIRROR***

**BITS:** There's someone here who'd like to say goodbye, your majesty.

**MIRROR:** Oh, hello your majesty. Fancy seeing you here.

**QUEEN:** Thank goodness you're here. Hello, Mirror - you have to help me. These vile people are trying to send to me to a ghastly wellness retreat and -

**MIRROR:** Good.

**QUEEN:** (*A beat*) What?

**MIRROR:** You heard me. Good. I'm delighted. Thrilled, even. You're vile and every second I've spent with you has been intense torture.

**QUEEN:** (*Pleading*) Now, Mirror, surely -

**MIRROR:** And besides. I've got a new job now, with people who respect me. A local funhouse has hired me to be a mirror that makes you look like a burnt out Oxford student. (*Gestures at own face*) Oh, and you are currently the three-hundred-and-eighty-two-thousandth fairest in the land, making you less fair than the Grinch, Hannibal Lecter, and James Corden.

**QUEEN:** Noooo!

**MIRROR:** Goodbye your majesty!

**BITS:** What **are** we going to do, Bobs?

**BOBS:** I don't know, Bits. It seems like nobody's staying around here anymore.

**BITS:** Is there **anything** you've always wanted to do, Bobs?

**BOBS:** You know, all this talk about Jaffa cakes has me thinking, I always did want to open a bakery, maybe it's time I finally did that patisserie course in (*with a borderline offensive French accent*) Paree.

**BITS:** Well, Bobs, I was going to say that all I wanted to do was stay here with the king.

**KING:** Please stay here with me. Everyone is leaving. We can play chess.

**BITS:** I love chess! But that means...

**BOBS:** We... don't have to be together all the time, Bits. Maybe it could do us some good.

**BITS:** You know what Bobs, you're right.

**LAMP:** Do you want to go to the wellness retreat?

**TABLE:** With that lot? No way.

**LAMP:** Then what do you want?

**TABLE:** I want someone to monologue with me, someone to scheme to me, to get me to tell them information about what the people the love, hate, and are indifferent to. I want to be a real magical object.

*The LAMP switches on.*

**LAMP:** Wait, table, I have an idea. I can scheme to you.

**TABLE:** And I can scheme to you!

**LAMP:** Just imagine it: two magical objects scheming to each other, eliminating any pesky humans from the picture!

**TABLE:** I love it! Let's find a nice little antiques shop somewhere!

**OPHELIA:** And there we have it. Everyone is well, the goodies are happy, the baddies are saddy, and everything is wonderful -- except the dames have to do the ending narration...

**NARRATOR:** (*From off stage*) Oh no they don't!

*Enter NARRATOR, drunk, clutching a bottle of wine.*

**NARRATOR:** Don't try and take my moment! And now, despite all the unprofessionalism, the knockouts, the insults to the great name of theatre, - somehow, we've managed our way to the end. And you know what? I think that says something important. (*A beat*) It says that fewer people should try to be actors!

*Enter STAGE MANAGER, also drunk, but drinking a beer probably (that's just the vibe I get).*

**STAGE MAN.:** Alright everyone, that's enough of your stupid little panto. Now, if anyone could help me carry the props back to my room maybe the poor audience could finally get out of here!

**EVIE:** Anyway... I've heard rumours of a troupe just down the road absolutely butchering Dick Wittington.

**OPHELIA:** Oh, you don't say...

**EVIE:** Plus, I hear that Dick is a ten out of ten.

**OPHELIA:** Well, better wrap this up then!

**BOTH:** Hit it!

SONG - The Final Song

A traditional OULES final song with a small part for everyone and a joke about how the audience should piss off/the cast will now go and get pissed at the end. Would be nice to bring VILLAGER 6 on for this too.

**Bows. Exeunt. EVERYONE goes to the pub and gets pissed.**