

SNOW WHITE: STORY OF A HIP-HOP DIVA

A One Act Readers Theatre Comedy

by

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As this was written as a reader's theatre, blocking, sets, costumes, and action are left to the creativity of the director. Though there are some stage directions here, it's very minimal, and leaves much room for ingenuity. All Players should remain on stage the entire time, with movement designed to showcase the Players currently acting.

NARRATOR: Once upon a time there lived a sweet, beautiful, young lady named Snow White.

SNOW WHITE: Yo, dawg! You can call me S.W.

MIRROR: On a scale from 1-10, I give Snow White a 32,468...but then I'm the resident Mirror, so I'm a bit biased.

SNOW WHITE: *(hip-hop, dancing around a bit; on each rhyming verse, rap is intended, but verses may be sung, if desired)* I make music with my feet, 'cuz this chick grew up on the street.

NARRATOR: Snow White lived with her evil Stepmother.

STEPMOTHER: How do you know so much? You a cop?

NARRATOR: And her three ugly Stepsisters.

STEPMOTHER: Ugly but misunderstood.

NARRATOR: Um...what?

STEPMOTHER: Don't ya' know nothin' 'bout motherin'? You gotta create excuses for your kids' failures. Check this out: *(sweetly, to STEPSISTERS)* Girls, it's all society's fault.

ALL STEPSISTERS: Dumb society!

SPITATCHA: So that means it's not really us who are ugly...it's our society. Right, Mom?

STEPMOTHER: Oh, yes. You bet'cha. Right. *(beat, to NARRATOR)* See what I mean?

NARRATOR: There was Spitatcha.

SPITATCHA: Hi. I'm Spitatcha. Okay, so I have active saliva glands? Try sitting in the front row of a Miley Cyrus concert.

NARRATOR: There was Flirtwicha.

FLIRTWICHA: *(blows kiss; concealed)* Well, you know, I *do* have a number of boyfriends.

SPITATCHA: What's that number up to now, Sis? Oh, that's right. *(gestures)* Zero.

NARRATOR: And finally, there was Gambelita.

GAMBELITA: Leave me alone. These hot little dice are going to mean a fortune for lil' ole' Gambelita. Come o-o-on, let's roll a seven, baby.

STEPMOTHER: *(strictly)* You know how I feel about gambling in this house!

GAMBELITA: Yeah, yeah. I remember.

ALL STEPSISTERS: *(bored)* You go out with the trash if Mama don't see some cash.

STEPMOTHER: *(beat)* But if you *do* win that big jackpot, remember, Mama loves you.

GAMBELITA: If I *do* win the big jackpot, Mama, I don't even know you.

NARRATOR: Meanwhile, Snow White was horribly mistreated by her evil stepmother.

STEPMOTHER: You sure you ain't a cop.

NARRATOR: ...and her ugly...

STEPMOTHER: ...but misunderstood...

NARRATOR: But misunderstood step-sisters.

SPITATCHA: Do you really think we're misunderstood, Mom?

STEPMOTHER: *(sweetly)* Of course, darling. *(turns to NARRATOR, sweetness disappears)* See what I mean? Kids will buy any lie you tell them.

ALL STEPSISTERS: We can hear you, Mom.

STEPMOTHER: *(defensively)* Hey...I ain't exactly Mother Goose. And that's another thing. You're all adopted.

ALL STEPSISTERS: What!?!

STEPMOTHER: It's true. My sister's your real mom. I'm really just your aunt. Sorry to spring it on you so suddenly, but you've got to grow up sometime.

SPITATCHA: So we're just your nieces? I'm devastated!

STEPMOTHER: Think how I feel. I'm related to you goobers.

NARRATOR: One day, Snow White went on a walk through the forest.

COACH WHITE: Finally! Just what this plot needs...a brisk walk. Hope you brought some workout clothes, honey.

SNOW WHITE: Who are you?

COACH WHITE: Coach White, of course. This is my show: Coach White and the Seven Basketball All-Stars. Appreciate all you folks performing just to play second banana to me.

NARRATOR: You must be confused. This is the story of Snow White.

COACH WHITE: You're kidding? No way this chick is star material. Look at those pale cheeks. Does the girl ever eat? And word on the street is, she plays with all the little animals in the forest. How weird is that?

SNOW WHITE: You dissin' me, man?

COACH WHITE: Just stating the obvious, honey. You're not the kind of player I can build my team around.

SNOW WHITE: Player? Say what?

COACH WHITE: You know? Basketball. I'm starting a team.

SNOW WHITE: *(hip-hop)* I ain't getting' what you say. Silly ball games I don't play.

FLIRTWICHA: *(slowly, with attitude)* I'm a Playa. I date 'em then I drop 'em.

SPITATCHA: Watching videos with your Ken dolls and smashing them afterwards doesn't make you a playa.

NARRATOR: You're ruining my story, Coach. We're performing a play here...a play!

COACH WHITE: Never fear. That's what coaches do. I'm an expert. As Coach, I call the play, and the rest of you get open.

SNOW WHITE: Yo! Look my way, Coach. I'm open! I'm open!

COACH WHITE: No, you're not.

SNOW WHITE: Fine. I'm closed. I'm closed.

STEPMOTHER: Pass the ball! I'm wide open! *(beat, more relaxed...to the audience)* 'Course I'm always open. Someone guards me, I'll turn them into a bullfrog.

GAMBELITA: What's the point spread. I've got fifty smackers that say your team is goin' down.

FLIRTWICHA: You're kind of cute...for a coach.

SPITATCHA: Can I be on your team, Coach White? I love basketball. Can I? Huh? Huh?

COACH WHITE: Uh oh! It's raining. Let's head for the locker room, team.

FLIRTWICHA: Relax. It's always rainy season with Spitatcha around.

GAMBELITA: Turn down the jets a little, Sis. Wet dice are never lucky.

SNOW WHITE: Is this *my* story or should we all put on uniforms and knee pads?

NARRATOR: I'm getting there.

MIRROR: So far, you're striking out.

COACH WHITE: Wrong sport, ole' girl.

MIRROR: Don't "*ole' girl*" me. I'm simply the reflection of anyone who looks my way. Incidentally, Coach, you're getting a little bald up top.

SNOW WHITE: This is *my* story. The rest of you should just stand there and try not to look so pathetic.

STEPMOTHER: *(annoyed)* Pathetic? I'll show you pathetic! *(too nice)* Want a nice, shiny apple, Snow White?

NARRATOR: Nice touch, but a little early.

SNOW WHITE: *(hip-hop)* Snow White, she is all the rage, so please will you get off my stage?

STEPMOTHER: *You'll* depart this stage *and* this life when I'm finished with you.

NARRATOR: Oh...that reminds me. Snow White was in the forest because she was running away from her evil Stepmother?

COACH WHITE: Just as long as she's running. *(claps)* Come on. Let's have a little hustle out there. *(claps)* Faster! Faster! You fairy tale bums wouldn't last a minute if the Big Bad Wolf was right behind you.

FLIRTWICHA: The Big Bad Wolf!?!

ALL: Oh, no! Save us! Save us!

GAMBELITA: Relax. Wolf is here at the casino playing slots and eating a bacon, lettuce, and tomato sandwich. *(beat)* Must have had a rough night, though. The ugly mutt is wearing Granny pajamas.

COACH WHITE: Say, Stepmom. You wanna spring for some shorts and tennis shoes for the snot-nosed brat here? That little princess outfit will be embarrassing on a basketball court.

STEPMOTHER: Evil Stepmothers cast spells and cause mischief and mayhem. They do not dabble in the mystic art of sports.

NARRATOR: The whole problem started one day when the evil Stepmother was watching Snow White speak to her Mirror.

SNOW WHITE: *Mirror, Mirror, down the hall.*

Who's the cutest chick of all?

If it's anyone but me,

I'll smash your fat glass on a tree.

NARRATOR: As usual, the Mirror ignored the insult.

MIRROR: *(either reciting or singing these verses works)*

You're the cutest chick around.

You're everybody's hero.

For Miss Congeniality,

You'd rate below a zero.

SNOW WHITE: Yo! Top that, Stepmom.

STEPMOTHER: Piece a' cake. It's all in what you ask this idiotic, cracked piece of glass.

MIRROR: Way to butter me up, Mama-kins.

NARRATOR: So the Evil One looked deeply into the mirror.

STEPMOTHER: *Rate my beauty one to ten*

I'm cuter than my nieces

If my score is less than 12

You'll be in tiny pieces.

NARRATOR: The mirror was not amused by the queen's verbal attack.

STEPMOTHER: Whatever! It's a lousy hunk of wood with a flimsy piece of glass ingrained. Who cares whether it's amused or not?

MIRROR: *As your piece of furniture*

I tell you things you like

But since I'm being threatened

I hereby go on strike.

NARRATOR: Wait! You can't do that. I have to tell this story and you're screwing it up. You're supposed to tell her how gorgeous Snow

White looks, and how *she* should be eating large cans of Alpo.

STEPMOTHER: Cans of Alpo? *Moi?* (*threatening NARRATOR*) Wanna' try narrating from the edge of a swamp? You can hop around in a slimy green outfit while you tell the story.

MIRROR: (*gestures "talk to the hand"*) I've been insulted for the last time. From this moment on, no one may look at me. I'm officially on strike.

COACH WHITE: Did someone call *strike*? I thought the pitch was a bit outside myself.

NARRATOR: What do I do now?

PRINCE CHARMING: Improvise. In short, wing it!

NARRATOR: Who are you?

PRINCE CHARMING: Prince charming...at your service. I'm here to save the sweet and beautiful...(*dramatically*)... Coach White.

COACH WHITE: (*excited*) Hey...great! You must be my new point guard. At last! I hope you have a smooth outside shot?

NARRATOR: Idiot. You're here to rescue Snow White, not Coach White.

COACH WHITE: Says who? I'm the one trying to field some talent here. I'm the one with a team full of knock-kneed sisters, a clueless narrator, and a loud, mouthy Stepmother.

STEPMOTHER: Think you got problems now? Keep talking, Coach Green.

COACH WHITE: I'm Coach White...not Coach Green.

STEPMOTHER: Trust me...one more comment like that, and you'll be Coach Green. Slimy, wart-infested, insect-lovin' Coach Green.

ALL: Oooh! Busted!

MIRROR: You didn't mention me, Coach. I'm pretty good...for a mirror, that is.

COACH WHITE: How's your hook shot?

MIRROR: My specialty is making opposing players feel self-conscious. People never like seeing themselves for what they really are.

SNOW WHITE: Yo...Mirror. Thought you were on strike.

COACH WHITE: Oooh! St-r-ike! Right down the middle of the plate! What a beauty.

NARRATOR: Could someone get this guy out of my story?

SNOW WHITE: *Your* story? *I'm* Snow White.

PRINCE CHARMING: I used to shoot a few hoops back at the castle.

COACH WHITE: Amateurs. All amateurs. Next thing you'll tell me is a pack of dwarves wants to try out.

DWARVES: (*singing*) *Hi-de-ho, hi-de-ho, to the employment line we go.*

COACH WHITE: (*throws hands up*) Yep. That's just about my luck.

NARRATOR: That wasn't your cue, Dwarves.

MUNCHA CRUNCHA: We have to enter sometime. Why not now?

NARRATOR: (*sarcastically*) Can't argue with that logic...considering there *is* no logic in this story.

SNOW WHITE: You can say that again, G.

NARRATOR: So the three Dwarves entered.

MUNCHA CRUNCHA: There used to be seven of us, but four of the Dwarves moved in with some pig down the street. Nice house, actually...made entirely of straw.

NARRATOR: There was Muncha Cruncha.

MUNCHA CRUNCHA: What time is chow served? I'm starving.

NARRATOR: And there was Couch Potato.

COUCH POTATO: (*yawns*) Call me when the food's ready. I'll be on the sofa watching the Lakers' game.

NARRATOR: And finally, there was Sporty.

SPORTY: Anyone up for a game?

COACH WHITE: (*with relief*) Sporty? Finally! At least I found one starter out of this pathetic bunch. Say, how's your rebounding?

SPORTY: (*snobby*) I'm an artist. I loath athletics of any kind. (*beat*) Anyone up for a brisk game of Pictionary?

MIRROR: You're an artist? I'll pose for a portrait. Everyone that sees me says I'm a vision of loveliness.

STEPMOTHER: Thought you were on strike?

COACH WHITE: That's it! St-r-ike three! You're outta' there, batter.

STEPMOTHER: I'm what?! I'm what?!?

COACH WHITE: (*scared*) Uh...I mean, ball four. Take your base, Ma'am.

STEPMOTHER: That's much better.

NARRATOR: So Snow White met up with the dwarves, who pledged to help and protect her.

MUNCH CRUNCH: You're our new cook. And you'd better be good. Oh, and I hope you have your own money for grocery shopping.

COUCH POTATO: I'll give you a list of the chores I have to do. They're all yours now. Just a little house-warming gift from me to you.

SPORTY: After you pose, I'll need you to clean my paint brushes and sharpen my pencils. Meanwhile, can I see a little less profile? Your nose is awfully long for a fairy tale character.

SNOW WHITE: Are you trippin'? I say, are you trippin'. Cook...clean... do chores...pose for Smelly?

SPORTY: Sporty.

SNOW WHITE: Exactly. I'll be a virtual prisoner. *(hip-hop)* You Dwarves can cook and clean the floor, 'cuz I don't wanna work no more.

NARRATOR: It's either the Dwarves or your evil Stepmom. The choice seems obvious, since your Stepmother wants you dead.

STEPMOTHER: Don't believe a word of that nonsense...dear. *(laughs evilly)* heheheheheh!

SNOW WHITE: Can I sign up for Coach White's basketball team? Maybe there's an international league where I can play in Europe.

COACH WHITE: We'll see what we can do? Are you ready for your physical, Miss White?

SNOW WHITE: Physical? You hittin' on me, man?

FLIRTWICHA: You can hit on me...*(flirtatiously)*...Coach.

COACH WHITE: We'll start with some jumping jacks. One-two-three-four!

SNOW WHITE: Jumping jacks? In this outfit? You gone and lost your mind, dude. *(hip-hop)* Snow White's gonna talk some smack, 'cuz this chick don't do jumping jacks!

COUCH POTATO: Jumping jacks? N-o-o-o thanks. Dwarves and exercise don't mix.

COACH WHITE: How do you stay in shape?

COUCH POTATO: I watch a lot of ESPN.

COACH WHITE: Okay, Miss White. I'm going to pass you the ball and you take it down the court.

GAMBELITA: A dollar says she breaks a nail.

COACH WHITE: Here we go. Let's play some ball. *(mimes throwing ball)*

SNOW WHITE: OUCH! *(wings hand)* Darn ball.

GAMBELITA: Ka-ching! Ka-ching!

FLIRTWICHA: I'll play, Coach.

COACH WHITE: Well, okay. It's worth a shot. You can start by running down the court.

FLIRTWICHA: I'd rather just stand here and hold hands with you. *(sighs)* Isn't this romantic...baby?

COACH WHITE: Uh...no.

SNOW WHITE: Look! I'm open! I'm open!

COACH WHITE: No, you're not.

SNOW WHITE: Fine. I'm closed! I'm closed!

COACH WHITE: Get down the court so I can pass you the ball.

FLIRTWICHA: You're going to make a pass... *(outraged)*...at my Stepsister!?! How sick is that?

COACH WHITE: It's just...I mean...

STEPMOTHER: Hit me, Coach. I'm open. I'm wide, wide open. *(looks around, aggressively)* And I'd better stay that way. *Capise?*

ALL: *Capise.*

FLIRTWICHA: Getting open is sooo over-rated. I just want to be guarded by a big, hulking brute. *(sighs)* Someone brave...someone charming.

PRINCE CHARMING: At your service, Miss. I'm the latest thing in charming.

COACH WHITE: Sure, but can you sink a three-pointer?

FLIRTWICHA: *(to PRINCE CHARMING)* Ooooh! Where have you been all my life, baby? I'm going to teach you some new kissing games, and they don't include a silly basketball.

PRINCE CHARMING: *(to FLIRTWICHA; repulsed)* I know we're deep in the woods where all the weird hillbillies and rednecks live, but...um... Ma'am...are you even a human female?

FLIRTWICHA: That's *not* an appropriate response to my flirtations!

MIRROR: I've tried to tell her. *(aside)* With a face like hers, she ought to stick to the circus...and cable TV for those long, lonely Saturday nights.

SPITATCHA: Flirtwicha and I usually chat every Saturday night...just the two of us. Girl-talk, you know.

FLIRTWICHA: That's one night I don't need a shower.

SPITATCHA: Pass me the ball, Coach. No one's within 20 feet of me!

FLIRTWICHA: 'Course not. You're standing in a flood zone.

NARRATOR: Meanwhile, the wicked Stepmother sent for the strong, but soft-hearted Woodsman, so he could kill Snow White.

KING HENRY VIII: Actually, the Woodsman no longer works here. He left the fairy tale business...went to audition for American Idol. *(or substitute any reality show)* I took his place. *(bows)* King Henry VIII, prepared to do your bidding.

STEPMOTHER: *(sarcastically)* Oh, perfect. I've just hired a delusional psychopath to kill Snow White. This is terrible. *(pause, thinking)* Wait a minute. I've just hired a delusional psychopath to kill Snow White. This is great!!!

KING HENRY VIII: Off with their heads!

STEPMOTHER: I want you to find and kill Snow White.

KING HENRY VIII: Off with her head! Oh, how I love the sound of a freshly chopped head.

NARRATOR: So off King Henry VIII went, chopping the air, anticipating a headless Snow White.

KING HENRY VIII: Or a headless anyone, for that matter. I just like heads. I enjoy studying them. Each of my wives had interesting noggins.

NARRATOR: He traveled a great distance through the dark, dark forest in search of his prey.

COACH WHITE: Sorry. They won't let us pray anymore...separation of church and state, you know. So we'll just proceed with the coin toss.

GAMBELITA: Toss me that coin, will you? I want to try the slot machine.

KING HENRY VIII: *(quickly and rhythmically)* I call heads...always heads. Slice 'em or dice 'em, yellow or red. You'll be sorry when I chop your head.

COACH WHITE: Congratulations! You're on my team. You've made the cut.

KING HENRY VIII: *(makes chopping motion)* Trust me. I *always* make the cut. *(beat)* I've never played this game before. What do I do?

COACH WHITE: Just take that ax and start chasing our players around the court. *(to others)* Bet you'll show some hustle out there now!

GAMBELITA: I'll take that bet and double down.

KING HENRY VIII: Just remember. If we lose, heads will roll!

COUCH POTATO: Now *that's* some serious motivation!

KING HENRY VIII: Of course, if we win...um...heads will still roll.

COACH WHITE: Forget the loss of one puny head. Think of the glory... the accomplishment...the satisfaction.

COUCH POTATO: I'll think of retirement. I quit this team.

ALL OTHERS: Ditto!

KING HENRY VIII: I remember when Anne Boleyn quit giving me back rubs. I *hate* quitters!

COUCH POTATO: Uh...sorry...your Highness.

KING HENRY VIII: Heads will roll for this.

NARRATOR: So then the Woodsman...

KING HENRY VIII: That's King Henry VIII.

NARRATOR: So then King Henry VIII felt pity for Snow White, and he killed a pig and brought the evil Stepmother its heart so that Snow White could live.

KING HENRY VIII: You talkin' to me? *(beat)* Are you talkin' to me? U-u-h...that don't sound like me.

NARRATOR: Sure it does. You can turn over a new leaf...right here... right now. Think of the good traits you'll be cultivating; love, compassion, tender-heartedness...helping a friendly Narrator get this story back on track. Who knows what other positive traits you could develop?

GAMBELITA: I can help you develop some positive gambling skills. Want to start with Poker or Black Jack?

KING HENRY VIII: I want to whack off a head – clean off the neck so it rolls around like a bowling ball.

COACH WHITE: Chop about six and we can start a bowling team.

NARRATOR: Sorry, your Highness. You've become kind and good-hearted. You've decided to let Snow White keep her head.

KING HENRY VIII: You sure?

NARRATOR: I'm the Narrator. I should know.

KING HENRY VIII: *(scratches head)* Well, I'll be darned. I never woulda' think it.

NARRATOR: Naturally, we're all proud of you, King Henry.

SNOW WHITE: Especially me. You might say I came out...*ahead*.

ALL: *(responding to bad pun)* Ooooh!

GAMBELITA: I *was* ahead. I was up 300 smackers until you folks started bothering me. Now I'm down 100, and the only hot guy who's offered to walk me home is the Big Bad Wolf.

STEPMOTHER: All guys are wolves, honey. Take it from me.

SNOW WHITE: Hey, where's my necklace? It's gone!

NARRATOR: How should I know.

SNOW WHITE: You're the Narrator. Do something. Arrest somebody.

STEPMOTHER: I knew you were a cop.

GAMBELITA: Easy, your snowiness. I borrowed your necklace.

SNOW WHITE: How come?

GAMBELITA: I hocked it for cash. Relax. I'll win it back. I'm starting to feel lucky. *(mimes rolling dice)* Come on, baby. Mama needs a five!

STEPMOTHER: I do? Really.

GAMBELITA: No. Not you.

STEPMOTHER: Oh.

NARRATOR: When King Henry VIII...

KING HENRY VIII: It's Hank to my wives. *(looks around)* Say, anyone want to get married? We could hop a flight to Vegas. I'm a very considerate husband. All my wives used to say that.

ALL FEMALES: I'll pass.

NARRATOR: When King Henry VIII failed to kill Snow White, the evil Stepmother took matters into her own hands.

STEPMOTHER: First off, your Highness, I do not like being disappointed. Is that clear?

KING HENRY VIII: Oh, blow it out your broomstick, lady. Kings outrank witches.

STEPMOTHER: Oh, dear. Perhaps I wasn't quite clear. *(thinking)* How can I put this? I detest being disappointed. And you, dear fellow, sorely disappointed me. Do you understand now?

KING HENRY VIII: Ribbit!

STEPMOTHER: Perfect! I'm glad we comprehend each other. Now hop on down to the swamp while I take care of this Snow White matter.

KING HENRY VIII: Ribbit!

NARRATOR: So the evil Stepmother began her journey to find and kill Snow White.

DWARVES: We'll protect you, Snow White.

MUNCHA CRUNCHA: I'll make a big bowl of nachos to eat while I'm guarding you. Better yet, you can make them yourself...extra cheese, please.

COUCH POTATO: I'm here for you, Snow White. Disregard all those rumors you hear about me falling asleep on the job. Let me pull the couch and TV up to the window, and I'll keep a good watch.

SPORTY: I'm behind you all the way, Snow White.

SNOW WHITE: I appreciate you saying that, Sporty.

SPORTY: No, seriously...I'm behind you. I can't see your face to paint. If you don't turn around, my portrait will feature the back of your head.

FLIRTWICHA: Eew! Don't protect our Stepsister!

ALL STEPSISTERS: We hate Snow White!

FLIRTWICHA: The mirror is forever saying Snow White's the fairest in the land and I'm not.

MIRROR: That's *not* exactly the way I put it.

FLIRTWICHA: I demand a re-count!

MIRROR: Fine. You're one, and Snow White's one. That's two. There's your recount. *(beat)* Satisfied?

FLIRTWICHA: *(hatefully)* You were *not* purchased for your math skills! I meant I'd like a second opinion.

MIRROR: *If you weren't spoiled and stupid
I'd probably change my mind
Your face could stop a freight train
And so could your behind.*

FLIRTWICHA: *(pauses; happily)* Wow! That's a lot nicer than what you said last time.

STEPMOTHER: You're pathetic. No wonder I boycott family reunions.

COUCH POTATO: This is a crisis, men. We have a duty to help Snow White.

OTHER DWARVES: Right!

COUCH POTATO: She's our friend.

OTHER DWARVES: Right!

COUCH POTATO: Her very life may rest in our hands.

OTHER DWARVES: Right!

COUCH POTATO: *(to SNOW WHITE)* There's a quick Paris Hilton movie marathon on TV. Catch me after.

MUNCHA CRUNCHA: I'd love to help you, but I just discovered Mexican food. I can't stop eating those chimi-chungas!

SPORTY: When your Stepmother comes to kill you, can you put your hands to your cheeks like that kid did in the movie *Home Alone*? I always wanted to capture that expression on canvas.

FLIRTWICHA: Hmm...just a thought. There are three of you and three of us. *(beat)* Are you guys thinking what I'm thinking? We could all go on...

DWARVES AND STEPSISTERS: ... a triple date!

SPITATCHA: It's a natural! What an original idea!

COACH WHITE: I was thinking more in the line of 3-on-3 basketball drills.

MIRROR: Or maybe a group pact to flee the country and never return.

GAMBELITA: I'm up for a night out. And I know the perfect casino. Hope you guys have lots of cash.

MUNCHA CRUNCHA: Do casinos serve Mexican food?

COUCH POTATO: I can carry my portable TV, right?

SPORTY: I spotted a beautiful field of dandelions. I can paint a group portrait. I'll call it "*Step-Dwarves in a dandelion field.*"

GAMBELITA: I hate the great outdoors. If it's windy, your cards blow away.

FLIRTWICHA: It's going to rain, anyway.

SPORTY: *(looking up)* You're crazy...not a cloud in the sky.

FLIRTWICHA: Trust me on this. If Spitatcha goes on this date, there's 100% chance of precipitation.

SPITATCHA: That's not fair. You're exaggerating, Sis. I have a small...SMALL problem! It's not fair for you to always bring it up!

SPORTY: *(looks up, puts hand out)* Well, raise my rent and call me Goldilocks. You must be psychic. It *is* raining! Grab your umbrellas, guys.

MUNCHA CRUNCHA: Let's go. I'm hungry.

FLIRTWICHA: You'd lose your appetite if you knew where that rain was coming from.

SNOW WHITE: Let me get this straight, fool. That Stepmother of mine is on her way here to kill me, and you want to go out with my ugly...

ALL STEPSISTERS: ...but misunderstood...

SNOW WHITE: ...Stepsisters? You rattling my chain, sucka'?

SPORTY: Friendship and honor are a Dwarf's trademark.

ALL DWARVES: *(pause)* But a date...is a date.

NARRATOR: So the Dwarves and Snow White's Stepsisters went out on their big triple date.

ALL DWARVES: *(singing)* *Hi-de-ho, hi-de-ho, a datin' we shall go.*

FLIRTWICHA: I need to check myself in the Mirror before we leave.

MIRROR: What a coincidence! I came up with a new limerick, just for you, Flirtwicha. Shall I share it with your date?

FLIRTWICHA: Uh...forget the Mirror. I'll take my chances.

GAMBELITA: You can join us, Snow White, if you have some more jewelry we can pawn for cash.

SNOW WHITE: *(hip-hop)* *Parker Brothers, Fisher Price; I don't play no games with dice.*

NARRATOR: So while the others enjoyed their big date, Snow White sat at home, all alone, facing an eminent, horrible, and excruciatingly painful death.

SNOW WHITE: You gotta be so graphic?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Never fear. Your Fairy Godmother is here.

NARRATOR: Wrong story, sister.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Seems like a good fit to me. Let's see, shall we? Is your heroine in peril?

NARRATOR: Well...yes.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Is she beautiful?

NARRATOR: That's what the Mirror says.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Does she live with a hateful, obnoxious Stepmother?

NARRATOR: Um...yeah.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Great. It all checks out. Where do I put my suitcase? Can you bring in my other bags?

NARRATOR: What?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Well, naturally...I'm moving in.

NARRATOR: Absolutely not.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Feel a little threatened, honey?

NARRATOR: Well, I never!

FAIRY GODMOTHER: And this little beauty *must* be Snow White.

SNOW WHITE: Yeah...I must be. So? What of it?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Congratulations! I'm your Fairy Godmother.

SNOW WHITE: Come again? My what?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Your Fairy Godmother. I'm here to save you.

SNOW WHITE: Thank goodness! My Stepmother wants to kill me, the Dwarves abandoned me, and this Narrator is absolutely useless.

NARRATOR: Excuse me?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Well, you can relax now. I'm here to ensure you don't miss the big dance.

SNOW WHITE: Dance? What dance? We're in the middle of a dark, dark forest.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: And with my magical powers, I've designed a beautiful new dress for you to wear.

SNOW WHITE: Who wants a dress? I need protection. Can you conjure up some FBI agents?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: I'm not programmed for that. You'd better get going, young lady. Your coach is waiting.

COACH WHITE: Yep! Here I am! I didn't even know we were dating. You're over 18, right?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Remember to be back by midnight.

SNOW WHITE: I didn't know we were going anywhere.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Silly! You're attending a Ball.

COACH WHITE: A Ball? Now you're talking! That's my kind of date. What kind of Ball, Fairy Godmother? Basketball? Baseball? Football? Soccer?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: A *Royal* Ball!

SNOW WHITE and COACH: Huh?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: You know? Music. Dancing. Presenting yourself to the Prince.

COACH WHITE: Why would I want to present myself to the Prince? Hey! Ya' think he might wanna sponsor my team this season?

FAIRY GODMOTHER: *(to SNOW WHITE)* I suggest you ditch this idiot, or the Prince will never go near you. Now you'd better hurry. Your coach is waiting outside.

COACH WHITE: Ya' blind, lady? I'm right here beside you.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Keep an eye on the clock. Your coach will turn into a pumpkin when the clock strikes twelve.

SNOW WHITE: *(looks at COACH WHITE)* Hmp! Must be midnight already.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: I'll meet you back here right after the stroke of twelve. And don't forget to wear the beautiful glass slippers I made you. *(beat)* Well...I'm off!

SNOW WHITE and COACH: You sure are!

SNOW WHITE: What a psycho!

COACH WHITE: So...what time are we going on our date?

SNOW WHITE: You *must* be trippin'! *(hip-hop)* Torture – danger – fear encroach. *But I ain't datin' some ole' Coach.*

COACH WHITE: *(pause, annoyed)* Fine. I'll just go wait in that horse and carriage that's sitting outside. Wonder what that's for?

NARRATOR: So Snow White's Fairy Godmother left the building. And dressed as an old woman, her Stepmother entered.

STEPMOTHER: Hi. I'm an elderly old woman.

SNOW WHITE: Is there another kind? Say, you look just like my evil Stepmother.

STEPMOTHER: *(yelling)* Well, I'm not! *(remembering; soft and sweet)* I mean, I'm not...dear.

SNOW WHITE: Well, in that case...

STEPMOTHER: *(to SNOW WHITE)* Ya' hungry there, sweetie?

COACH WHITE: Now wait a minute. I'll buy *her* dinner, but I'm not paying for *yours*.

SNOW WHITE and STEPMOTHER: Wait outside in the coach, Coach!!!

COACH WHITE: You're not making much sense.

STEPMOTHER: I have a beautiful, shiny red apple here...just for you, Snow White.

SNOW WHITE: How did you know my name?

STEPMOTHER: Lucky guess. It's a pretty common name.

NARRATOR: So Snow White gently took the apple in her hands.

MUNCHA CRUNCHA: How about sharing some of that with me?

NARRATOR: You're on a date...remember?

MUNCHA CRUNCHA: Then why aren't we eating yet? This is a rotten date.

STEPMOTHER: Come on, dear. Make an old woman happy. Eat the apple. Eat the apple.

ALL EXCEPT COACH AND SNOW WHITE: Eat the apple! Eat the apple! Eat the apple!

SNOW WHITE: Okay...okay. Chill out!

COACH WHITE: If you'd cheer that enthusiastically from the stands, maybe we could win a game once in awhile.

NARRATOR: So Snow White took one bite of the apple and fell into a deep, deep sleep.

SNOW WHITE: *(yawns)* Good night.

MUNCHA CRUNCHA: Say...anybody gonna eat the rest of that apple?

NARRATOR: It's poisonous.

MUNCHA CRUNCHA: What if I just ate the peeling? *(beat... defensively, looking at OTHERS)* Hey, I'm hungry here, okay?

NARRATOR: Alas, everyone thought Snow White was dead rather than asleep.

STEPMOTHER: Oh, yes!

ALL: Oh, no!

GAMBELITA: Oh, Mama! Ka-ching! Ka-ching! I'm winning big now. This is the best date ever. *(to DWARVES)* Let's see some more of that cash, ya' three stooges! Come on, baby! Mama's on a roll!

STEPMOTHER: I am?

GAMBELITA: Not you.

STEPMOTHER: Oh.

NARRATOR: So they had a beautiful funeral for Snow White.

FLIRTWICHA: At least I have a *date* for the funeral.

COUCH POTATO: Yup. You bet.

GAMBELITA: Bet? Sure. I'm laying \$100 on red. I'll be there in a minute. I'm on a roll here. *(beat)* Let it ride! Mama's in the driver's seat now!

STEPMOTHER: I am?

GAMBELITA: Not you.

STEPMOTHER: Oh.

COACH WHITE: I'm making all the arrangements for the service. *(sniffs, almost crying)* Snow White and I almost went on a date. I'd like you to know that this young lady was far and away the best player I ever coached. She was a natural. She...she...

GAMBELITA: ... *(annoyed)* ... broke her nail when you passed her the ball.

COACH WHITE: *(sniffs; fondly)* Yeah...that too. *(grandly)* Snow White will enter the Coach White Hall of Fame. *(beat)* And now, I'd like to introduce the speaker for today's funeral.

NARRATOR: Sadly, but bravely, Prince Charming stepped up to the podium.

PRINCE CHARMING: Finally...about time. Here I'm supposed to be the male lead, but even that crusty old Mirror has more lines than me. What's up with that?

MIRROR: *(with attitude)* I'll give you a line, jughead! Just ask me how you look tonight. Go ahead. I dare you. Let's see if you're man enough to take what Mirror, Mirror on the Wall has to dish out! *(beat; chuckles derisively)* Yeah, thought so. This piece of glass don't mess around.

COACH WHITE: No. No! You've got it all wrong. Prince Charming is not our speaker. I did better than that! I personally chose the wise and verbose...Dr. Jill, Sports Psychologist.

DR JILL: *(deep Southern accent)* Hey! How y'all doin', Cowboys and Cowgals. Happy to have all a' y'all here tonight. Let me start with a joke.

PRINCE CHARMING: What am I supposed to do with all my speaking notes?

DR JILL: What'cha call 100 rabbits in a line hopping backward?

PRINCE CHARMING: When am I going to kiss Snow White? My lips have been puckering and unpuckering all day. They're exhausted.

DR JILL: A receding hare line. *(pause, then laughs at her joke)* Get it? Rabbits...backward...receding hare line? *(laughs obnoxiously)*

MIRROR: Almost makes you wish King Henry was still swinging that ax.

KING HENRY VIII: Ribbit!

DR JILL: *(motivational)* It's all about team work, y'all. And it all starts with that feeling that you...and you alone...are part of somethin' greater. When you're alone in the night, dribblin' an' a droolin' all over the court...ya' got no power! Ya' got no cooperation! Ya' got no motivation! And why? 'Cuz ya' ain't got no team!

MIRROR: *(to OTHERS)* Do you think she even knows this is a funeral?

DR JILL: Today...right this doggone second...I want us to come together. Oh yeah, I know y'all are all different from each other. Ya' got your strengths. Ya' got your weaknesses. But if we can bridge this here divide and come together as one, we'll be stronger...

COACH WHITE: You tell 'em, Dr. Jill!

DR JILL: You'll be mightier!

ALL: *(clap)* Yay!

DR JILL: You'll be a winner!

ALL: *(louder, more enthusiastic)* Yay!!

DR JILL: You'll be...unbeatable!

ALL: *(even louder)* YAY!!!

DR JILL: As a team, you Dwarves won't have to feel so short and stupid. You're part of the whole.

SPORTY: I didn't feel short or stupid...until now.

DR JILL: And you Stepsisters. You might be uglier than King Kong and E.T. combined, but as part of a team, that don't really matter. *(beat)* Though ya' should invest in a few pounds a' Botox.

SPITATCHA: Is this supposed to be motivational? I'm not feeling the love.

DR JILL: I'll hurry with my remarks, as I feel a few sprinkles coming this way.

SPITATCHA: That's not funny, Dr. Jill!

STEPMOTHER: If Dr. Jill tries to motivate *me*, you'll have a new frog joining you in the swamp, your Highness.

KING HENRY VIII: Ribbit!

DR JILL: Now Prince Charming, with the support of...*(gestures)*...your team: You're gonna save this lil' ole' fancy pants gal named Snow White.

PRINCE CHARMING: Actually, I was looking for the girl whose foot fit this glass slipper. But ah...who cares about that. Let me at her!

DR JILL: As part of this team, I want you to move close to Snow White.

PRINCE CHARMING: Yippee! I'm on it!

DR JILL: I want you to take her in your arms.

PRINCE CHARMING: All right! *(beat)* I'm on it!

DR JILL: A-a-a-a-n-d...

PRINCE CHARMING: Come on...I can hardly wait!

DR JILL: Run in place for one minute!

PRINCE CHARMING: I'm...I'm...*(looks at DR. JILL, confused)*...Do what?

DR JILL: This here "savin' the beautiful gal" business ain't no joke. Ya' gotta be in tip-top shape. O-o-o-kay?

PRINCE CHARMING: O-o-h, brother.

DR JILL: Run in place. And lift those legs high. Ready...begin. One-two-three-four! One-two-three-four!

PRINCE CHARMING: One-two-three-four. One-two-three-four.

DR JILL: Everybody! One-two-three-four! One-two-three-four!

ALL: One-two-three-four! One-two-three-four!

COUCH POTATO: I haven't been this tired since my midget wrestling days.

DR JILL: That's it. Ya' got yourself warmed up and ready for victory, son.

PRINCE CHARMING: Whatever. *(beat)* Let's just do it!

DR JILL: It'll be a team victory. Let's go out and win one for Dr. Jill! Ya' ready, Son?

PRINCE CHARMING: *(rubbing hands together)* Oh, yeah!

DR JILL: Are ya' set?

PRINCE CHARMING: I'm hyped! I'm pumped! I'm dying with anticipation! My lips are set in high gear!

DR JILL: Okay, here's your big moment! *(pauses, dramatically)* Shake Snow White's hand.

PRINCE CHARMING: I'm...I'm...*(looks at DR. JILL, confused)*...Do what?

DR JILL: Shake her hand.

PRINCE CHARMING: But that's not very romantic.

DR JILL: It's appropriate.

PRINCE CHARMING: What about my puckering lips?

DR JILL: Tell them to take a long break. This is like a first date. A handshake's the norm.

FLIRTWICHA: You obviously didn't grow up in the hood.

SPITATCHA: Neither did you.

FLIRTWICHA: When you talk, folks climb *under* the hood.

PRINCE CHARMING: What do you mean I can't kiss Snow White?

DR JILL: You don't know her well enough.

PRINCE CHARMING: This isn't a date. The girl's dead!

DR JILL: Oh, I see. So you think it's perfectly normal to make out with a rotting corpse? Is that it?

PRINCE CHARMING: Hmmm. I see your point.

DR JILL: Okay, your Highness. Let's do this handshake right. Grip that hand like you mean it.

PRINCE CHARMING: I'm on it.

DR JILL: No, not like that. Always use a firm grip when you shake hands. It's the first impression a person gets.

FLIRTWICHA: Or in Snow White's case, the last.

DR JILL: Now shake that hand...shake it harder! *(beat)* Harder! *(beat)* Yank that there arm! Pull it out of the socket! Use those muscles!

PRINCE CHARMING: I'm shaking! I'm shaking! I'm...

COACH WHITE: Wait! You yanked her so hard that a small object flew out of her mouth!

GAMBELITA: Hey...you're right. Look guys! It's a poker chip!

PRINCE CHARMING: *(pauses, looks carefully)* I think it's...a piece of an apple.

MIRROR: She's starting to come alive!

STEPMOTHER: Rats!

PRINCE CHARMING: I've saved Snow White!

STEPMOTHER: Double rats!

ALL EXCEPT STEPMOTHER: Yay! Woo-hoo!

SNOW WHITE: Ouch! Who tried to pull my arm off?

FLIRTWICHA: Prince Charming did it.

SNOW WHITE: You got a problem, fool?

PRINCE CHARMING: I saved you. I thought you'd want to marry me.

SNOW WHITE: Marry you? I'm gonna sue you...for medical expenses ...plus pain and suffering.

END OF FREE PREVIEW