

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

Ken Pickering

In the Forest the gloomy light gradually reveals a small cottage with tiny furniture and a table showing the remains of a meal. It is all rather untidy.

Enter Snow White as if she is still following the nymphs in a dream. She stops and gazes at the cottage.

Snow White: What is this? Who can live in this dear little house? It's so tiny, so cute...this little door...I can't believe it...I wonder if there's anyone at home. Hello! Hello! Is there anyone there? Doesn't seem to be! I wonder where they are! Perhaps I could try the door...it's not locked (*opens the door and enters cautiously*). They must be very trusting people. (*Calling*) Excuse me... is there anybody there? Strange, they obviously went out in a great hurry ...it's rather untidy...I would never be allowed to leave my room this untidy! I just wonder who they can be. The chairs are too small for me...well, perhaps this one is a bit better (*sits in it*). Some of these people must be so tiny...I think I'll sit on this stool...it's much more comfortable. (*she does so*) I'm hungry...I must eat something...it looks as though they have been preparing a meal...or have just finished one...I can't tell...there must be a clean plate somewhere..ah here's one...and some bread and vegetables...now where's a knife and fork...(starting to eat) mmm...I'm absolutely starving. I'm sure they won't mind sharing the food with me! I'll explain when they come back..whoever they are...I must drink something...all that running in the forest has made me so thirsty (*she takes a cup and pours herself a drink*). That's better. (*she gets up from the table*) There must be quite a lot of these little people living here. (*counting the chairs and stools*) one..two..three..four...five...six..seven! Seven small people in one small house...they are not all quite the same size...look at these beds...they make me feel sleepy just looking at them..perhaps I could try one (*she lies on one of the beds*).. Oh that's too short...there's no room for my legs...let me try this one (*she moves to another bed*). Oh that's much too hard...there must be a better one (*she moves and feels another bed with her hands*)..ah this one feels good (*she lies on it*), it IS good... mmm...it's so comfortable here. I must just have a sleep...then I must try to find my way home (*as if in a dream*) Oh no. I can't really go home. The wicked queen will try to kill me..I don't know where I can go...but I don't really care now...I'm so sleeeeeeepy (*yawning and settling down to sleep*).

The stage grows dark and then we hear the sounds of the seven dwarfs approaching singing a work song as they return from a day in the mines.