

Snow White, Wendell & The Dwarves

He leans in like he's going to kiss her, but as he does, the same lights dimming and low thrumming sound occurs, and everything slows down as if in slow motion. Wendell moves backward, surprised, in slow motion. He bumps the next dwarf, who bumps the next, and so on down the line, creating a chain reaction until finally, Snow's coffin is tilted up and she is flung out of it. She mimes choking and the piece of poison apple she's eaten is suddenly dislodged from her throat just as real time snaps back.

The dwarves cheer. Snow White looks at them, horrified.

FLUFFERNUTTER

Hey look, apple.

Fluffernutter picks the piece of apple up and dusts it off, putting it in his pocket for later.

SNOW WHITE

(shaking her head) No. This can't be.

RED

It's okay. Not exactly how it was written, but hey. We saved you. Look, it's your Prince.

Prince Charming is standing off to the side, petting his bike as though it were a horse.

PRINCE CHARMING

(talking to the bike) Who's a good horse? You are, yes, you are. *Yes, you are!*

SNOW WHITE

(horrified, panicked, rushes over to Red) Put me back.

RED

I don't understand.

SNOW WHITE

(she's already at her wit's end) Find that poison apple and put me back to sleep.

FROG PRINCE

You don't want to be alive?

SNOW WHITE

I want to be *asleep!* Do you know what it's like living with them?

BARKY

Hey! We ain't so bad. *(belches)*

GROUCHY

Good one.

LUMPY

We made you a fair deal.

SNOW WHITE

A fair deal? I am a princess—not a doormat! The mirror said I’m the fairest of them all, and yet because of you I’m aging at rapid speed! No woman in her right mind would agree to taking care of eight men!

RED

Eight? There should be seven dwarves, right?

SNOW WHITE

Yeah, I wish. Roll call!

The dwarves line up in some kind of pre-determined order.

STUFFY

Stuffy!

GROUCHY

Grouchy!

SNARKY

Snarky!

BARKY

Barky!

LUMPY

Lumpy!

FLUFFERNUTTER

Fluffernutter!

MIME

(stomps a ta-da)

RED

He doesn’t have a name?

GROUCHY

That’s Mime. Mime, speak up!

Mime stomps his “ta-da” several times, each one increasingly more frantic than the last. The Dwarves all laugh.

GROUCHY

Ha ha, that never get old...

WENDELL

And I’m Wendell. The eighth dwarf...

RED

Did you say the *eighth* dwarf?

SNOW WHITE

We honestly don't know if he qualifies as a dwarf. *(she glances at Wendell)* He's too tall, and he's super awkward, so he...

RED

(realizing a kindred spirit) ...doesn't fit in. Huh.

SNOW WHITE

We just kind of pretend he's not here.

Wendell smiles sadly at Red – he's in love with Snow White.

BARKY

Hey, Snow White, now that you're back, can you hem my pants?

FLUFFERNUTTER

Can you make me dinner?

LUMPY

Can you rub my belly?

SNOW WHITE

Yes! I have an awesome life.