

## SNAW WHITE

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A play in six short Acts, suitable for Second Level. The play has 25 parts but pupils can play multiple roles or roles can be shared depending on class or group size. The first act on its own would be an ideal extract for performance.

The play could be useful preparation or extension for reading the story of *Snaw White* published in a [Wee Book o Fairy Tales in Scots](#).

### Roles

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Queen  
Snaw White  
Mirror  
Prince

Greetie  
Luggie  
Nebbie  
Crabbit  
Glaikit  
Minger  
Big Heid

First Narrator  
Second Narrator  
Third Narrator

First Skivvy  
Second Skivvy  
Third Skivvy

First Mirror Cairrier  
Second Mirror Cairrier

First Sodger  
Second Sodger  
Third Sodger  
Fourth Sodger

Crabbit Wolf  
Carnaptious Bear

**ACT I**  
**In the Queen's Palace**

FIRST NARRATOR: Lang lang syne...

SECOND NARRATOR: ...and wance upon a time...

THIRD NARRATOR: There wis this queen and she wis aye greetin and grumphin at her three Skivvies...

Enter QUEEN wi three SKIVVIES:

QUEEN: Whaw's the Queen? Whaw's the Queen? (*tae First Skivvy*) Are you the Queen? Nut. (*tae Second Skivvy*) Are you the Queen? Nut. (*tae Third Skivvy*) Whit about you? Are you the Queen? Ah dinnae think sae.

FIRST SKIVVY (*behind Queen's back*): Whit a meanie!

SECOND SKIVVY: An Auntie Beanie!

THIRD SKIVVY: Aye, a richt greetin-teenie.

QUEEN: Whit are yous cawin me?

FIRST SKIVVY (*in a panic*): Eh, 'Queenie'. We cawed ye 'Queenie'.

SECOND SKIVVY: Aye, oor Queenie. That's whit we said.

THIRD SKIVVY: Oor best brawest very ain Queenie. Oh, whit a guid Queenie ye are.

QUEEN: Queenie, ye say? Och, that's nice. Jist caw me Queen though. Because that's whit ah am. The Queen. And dinnae ever forget it. Noo oot! Oot!! Oot!!!

(Exit the three SKIVVIES)

QUEEN: Guid, that's them Oot! Oot!! Oot!!!. Noo doon tae business. Where's ma keekin-gless? Mirror Cairriers? Cairryin in ma Mirror!

(Enter twa MIRROR CAIRRIERS, carefully cairryin in MIRROR)

FIRST MIRROR CAIRRIER: Aye, Queen, yer Mejesty. Where dae ye want it?

SECOND MIRROR CAIRRIER: C'mon, we'll pap it doon ower here.

(The MIRROR CAIRRIERS set the MIRROR doon in front o the QUEEN)

QUEEN: Mirror, Mirror, on the waw.  
Whaw's the bonniest o them aw?

MIRROR: (*tae the CAIRRIERS*) Here we go again. (*Tae the QUEEN*) Oh, Queen, I cannae tell a lee. The bonniest o them aw is ye.

QUEEN: Mirror, mirror, you're ma pal. Tell me whaw's the brawest gal.

MIRROR: (*tae the CAIRRIERS*) It's aw she ever spiers me. (*Tae the QUEEN*) Queen, whit I hae tae say is true. The bonniest lass o aw is you.

QUEEN: Mirror, gonnae tell us wance again.

MIRROR: (*tae the CAIRRIERS*) Doesnae gie up, does she? (*tae the QUEEN*) Queen, you're a stoater. Ten oot o ten!

FIRST NARRATOR: Aw day and every day....

SECOND NARRATOR: ...the Queen spiered whaw wis the maist beautiful.....

THIRD NARRATOR: ...and the keekin-gless aye answered that it wis her.

FIRST MIRROR CAIRRIER: But wan mornin the Queen got oot o bed and spiered the mirror her favourite question.

QUEEN: Mirror, mirror, whit dae ye say? Whaw's the bonniest lass the day?

SECOND MIRROR CAIRRIER: But this mornin the keekin-gless held its wheesht.

QUEEN: Come on, wauk up! Rise and shine. Tell me ah'm the bonnie quine.

(Enter four SODGERS escortin SNAW WHITE. They lead SNAW WHITE to a chair on the stage. SNAW WHITE sits and brushes her hair.)

FIRST SODGER: But the mirror didna say a word.

SECOND SODGER: (*imitating the QUEEN*) Whit's goin on? This isnae fair.

THIRD SODGER: (*imitating the QUEEN*) Am ah no the bonniest ony mair?

FOURTH SODGER: The Queen's face turned aw peeliewally. She wis feart whit the mirror wid say.

QUEEN: Ah wis the bonniest. You telt me last night.

MIRROR: But the bonniest this mornin is young Snaw White.

QUEEN: That wee midden? Ah'm no haein this. Ah kent that Snaw White wis nae guid. Guairds, tak her and leave her in Babbarty Widd.

The SODGERS mairch SNAW WHITE around the stage a few times. EXIT AW, except SNAW WHITE.

## ACT II In the Babbarty Widd

FIRST NARRATOR: Babbarty Widd wis a muckle dark place foo o crabbit wolves...

SECOND NARRATOR: ...and a dottled bear.

(Enter CRABBIT WOLF and CARNAPTIOUS BEAR)

CRABBIT WOLF: Ah'm a crabbit wolf. (Tae AUDIENCE) Whit are yous lookin at?

CARNAPTIOUS BEAR: Aye, and ah'm a carnaptious bear. That means ah'm even mair crabbit than him. (Nods at the CRABBIT WOLF) Keep oot o oor widd, if ye ken whit's guid for ye.

(Exit WOLF and BEAR)

THIRD NARRATOR: Snaw White wis left aw alane in the middle o the terrible widd.

SNAW WHITE: Ah'm awfy awfy feart. Ah dinnae ken whit ah've done tae mak the Queen sae angry. She wis bealin. Ah've been runnin for oors and ma feet are aw sair. Oyah!

(She notices a wee hoose)

SNAW WHITE: Whit's that ower there? A hoose? Wonder whaw bides in that wee place? They'll mibbe no mind if ah hae a neb roond.

(As SNAW WHITE goes ben, seeven DWARVES enter the other side of the stage and start tae howk wi imaginary picks and shovels)

SNAW WHITE: Look, seeven wee cups o juice. Ah'm haein some o that.

(She drinks)

GREETIE: (*tae LUGGIE*) Thirsty work this, eh, Brither Luggie, aw this howkin for gowd?

LUGGIE: (*tae GREETIE*) Ye're no kiddin, Brither Greetie. Ah cannae wait tae hae a guid lang drink at that juice that's waitin for us at hame.

SNAW WHITE: Breid and tawties? Braw. (She eats)

NEBBIE: (*tae CRABBIT*) Here, ah'm stervin, Brither Crabbit.

CRABBIT: (*tae NEBBIE*) Dinnae worry, Brither Nebbie. There's breid and tawties waitin for us on the table at hame. Ah cannae wait tae sink ma gnashers intae them.

SNAW WHITE: (*yawning*) Aw, ah'm awfy tired. Think ah'll lie doon.

(She tries a bed) Och, yon's too wee. (She tries anither bed) Yon's too wee as weel. Sae's that yin. And that yin. And that yin. And that yin. But this yin's jist richt. (She lies doon) Nicht, nicht.

GLAIKIT: Haw, Brither Minger. Ah'm sae wabbit ah can haurdly keep ma een open.

MINGER: Aye, Brither Glaikit. Ah'm no hauf lookin forward tae haein a guid lang sleep in ma neat wee bed.

FIRST NARRATOR: That evenin when it wis dark, the owners o the hoose returned...

AW SEEVEN DWARVES: (chantin) Hi ho, hi-ho, it's back fae work we go.

Hi-hay, hi-hay, we've done enough the day.

Back tae oor hoose, we're gaun tae hae some juice.

SECOND NARRATOR: But when they lit their caundles, they kent something wis wrang....

GREETIE: Hey, whit eejit's been at ma tea?

LUGGIE: Tellin ye noo, it wisnae me.

NEBBIE: Somebody else has been in oor hoose.

CRABBIT: And that somebody's stolen ma juice.

GLAIKIT: And aw the tawties and the breid.

MINGER: That somebody will soon be deid!

BIG HEID: Dinnae panic lads, dinnae fear. See, oor wee guest is sleepin here.

GREETIE: Get oot o ma bed. Thon's no fair.

AW SIX DWARVES: Haud your wheesht. You sleep on the flair.

BIG HEID: She's such a sad bonnie wee craitur. She'll bide wi us until she feels better.

SNAW WHITE: (*wakin up for jist a second*) And the seeven dwarves let me stey wi them in their braw wee hoose. (*Draps doon back tae sleep*)

**ACT III**  
**In the Palace**

FIRST NARRATOR: Meanwhile, back at the palace...

FIRST SKIVVY: Poor Snaw White. She hasnae come hame.

SECOND SKIVVY: It's a sin. It's a crime. It's an awfy awfy shame.

THIRD SKIVVY: Ah doot she's been killed by that auld hackit dame.

(Enter QUEEN. The three SKIVVIES run oot)

QUEEN: (singing) Violets are blue, roses are reid.  
Ah'm noo the bonniest 'cause Snaw White is deid. (Tae the MIRROR CAIRRIERS) Come on, boys, bring me in ma magic Mirror.

FIRST MIRROR CAIRRIER: Imagine daein that wee lassie in.

SECOND MIRROR CAIRRIER: Aye, whit an auld horror this Queen o oors is!

QUEEN: Shut it and get oot. (Tae the MIRROR) Oh, ma braw wee lookin glass. Tell me whaw's the brawest lass.

MIRROR: Roses are reid, violets are blue. Ah'll tell ye whit, hen - it isnae you.

QUEEN: Whit? Mirror, are you feelin awright?

MIRROR: No bad, thanks for askin. But the bonniest lass is still Snaw White.

QUEEN: But she's deid. She's lyin deid in the glen.

MIRROR: Naw, she's lyin fast asleep in the dwarves' but n ben.

QUEEN: Oh, ah'm no haein this. Skivvy! Bring me ma jaiket!

(FIRST SKIVVY gives QUEEN a jacket.)

QUEEN: Bring me a bunnet!

(SECOND SKIVVY gives QUEEN a hat.)

QUEEN: (tae THIRD SKIVVY) And you. Bring me an aipple. But dook it in a bucket o poison first! Ah'm gonnae pey bonnie young Snaw White a visit.

**ACT IV**  
**In the Babbarty Widd**

QUEEN (disguised as an auld woman): This must be the hoose belangin thae seeven dwarves.  
Whit a cowp!

(DWARVES open door o the hoose and walk oot on their way tae work)

AW THE DWARVES: (singing)

Hi-ho, hi-ho, it's aff tae work we go.

Hi-hey, hi-hey, there's loads o work the day.

Hey-haw, hey-haw, we're gaun tae shoot the craw.

(DWARVES and QUEEN walk past each other on the path)

GREETIE: Mornin, missus.

QUEEN: (in an auld woman's voice) Mornin, ma dears.

LUGGIE: Whit a strange lookin wifie.

NEBBIE: Ye dinnae see that every day.

CRABBIT: Aye, Galoshins must be early this year.

(Exit DWARVES)

(QUEEN chaps on door o the wee hoose and SNAW WHITE opens it)

QUEEN: Would ye mind, my dear, if ah come oot o the rain?

SNAW WHITE: Naw, Grannie. Come in and dry oot. Ah'm here aw alane.

QUEEN: Aw alane? Whit a shame. Here, this will mak ye feel braw.  
Jist tak this ridd aipple and gie it a chaw.

FIRST NARRATOR: And the Queen gied Snaw White the aipple...

SECOND NARRATOR: ...and Snaw White took yin bite oot o it...

(SNAW WHITE faws doon)

THIRD NARRATOR: ...and immediately the lass drapped doon ontae the flair.

QUEEN: (singing) Snaw White chawed the aipple. Snaw White chawed the aipple.  
(Exit QUEEN)

**ACT V**  
**In the Dwarves' Hoose**

(Enter DWARVES)

GREETIE: Whit has happened tae Snaw White fair?

LUGGIE: Why is lyin doon there on the flair?

NEBBIE: Her een are closed. Her ridd lips are still.

CRABBIT: She doesnae look weel. She looks awfy ill.

GLAIKIT: Ma hert is foo o a terrible dreid.

MINGER: Mine too. For Snaw White is deid!

(The DWARVES pick SNAW WHITE up and cairry her the middle o the stage where they lay her doon.)

BIG HEID: We must tak her oot tae the auld birk tree  
And bury her there wi dignity.

FIRST NARRATOR: Jist then, a prince frae anither land came ridin by on a braw white cuddie.

(Enter PRINCE)

PRINCE: Hellawrerr. Here, she's no bad lookin. In fact, she is braw. Whit a bonnie lassie! Ah think ah'm in love.

(PRINCE climbs doon fae the cuddie and kisses SNAW WHITE on the lips.)

BIG HEID: Whit are ye playin at?

GREETIE: Aye, dinnae you slaiver on oor Snaw White!

LUGGIE: Whaw dae ye think ye are?

CRABBIT: Ye cannae jist come in here and start kissin folk.

(SNAW WHITE coughs and comes back tae life.)

GLAIKIT: Look, he's cured .

MINGER: Och, we'll hae tae let him aff then.

PRINCE: Bonnie lassie that's jist boaked up an aipple aw ower me. Whit is your name?

SNAW WHITE: Snaw White. They caw me Snaw White.

PRINCE: Snaw White, will ye mairry me?

SNAW WHITE: Aye.

(AW THE DWARVES cheer.)

## ACT VI In the Queen's Palace

FIRST NARRATOR: When she wis weel again, Snaw White telt the Prince about the sleekit Queen.

(QUEEN is sitting brushing her hair in front o the MIRROR. PRINCE leads the DWARVES ontae the stage.)

SECOND NARRATOR: Wi the seeven dwarves as his sodgers, the prince battered doon the palace door and took it away fae her sae she couldnae get up tae ony mair mischief.

(PRINCE and DWARVES cairry the MIRROR aff the stage. MINGER ruffles the QUEEN'S hair on his way oot as she starts tae greet.)

QUEEN: No fair.

(SNAW WHITE and the PRINCE stand together in the middle o the stage. BIG HEID stands in front o them wi a bible)

THIRD NARRATOR: Snaw White and the Prince were mairried and the seeven dwarves mind that's...

GREETIE: Greetie!

LUGGIE: Luggie!

NEBBIE: Nebbie!

CRABBIT: Crabbit!

GLAIKIT: Glaikit!

MINGER: Minger!

BIG HEID: And Big Heid! And ah noo pronoonce ye man and wife!

THIRD NARRATOR: ...the seeven dwarves were the best men on Snaw White's royal weddin day.