

# SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN PSYCHOSES

By Jerry Rabushka

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ISBN: 978-1-60003-770-2

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*A Ten Minute Comedy Duet*

**By Jerry Rabushka**

**SYNOPSIS:** How would you feel if your stepmother kicked you out of the house for being too pretty – and your father let her? No wonder Snow White needs psychiatric help! With her childhood and teen years gone horribly wrong, she is finally married to that handsome prince, but it turns out that Rapunzel is the “apple” of his eye. Snow unburdens herself to her psychiatrist in the hopes that “happily ever after” will make its way to her castle before Rapunzel does.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(1 female, 1 either; gender flexible)*

SNOW WHITE (f) .....A young adult who has been through a lot and is prone to angry and sarcastic outbursts. *(42 lines)*

HER PSYCHOLOGIST (m/f).....Appointed by the court to analyze her, but tends to push buttons. *(44 lines)*

**SETTING:** Can be done on bare stage, or simple set as a psychiatrist’s office with some chairs, couch, etc.

**COSTUME:** One costume idea is to have the PSYCH dressed up modern day while SNOW WHITE looks like royalty from another century. Or, dress her up like a “rebellious modern girl” and play it that way.

**AT RISE:** *As the session gets started, SNOW WHITE is settling in on a chair or couch....*

**PSYCH:** *(Sympathetic, and perhaps with pad and paper ready to take notes.)* Miss White...

**SNOW WHITE:** *(Rebellious, like the "good girl" who is caught smoking but doesn't care.)* Call me Snow.

**PSYCH:** Such an unusual name.

**SNOW WHITE:** My parents were celebrities. The King and the Queen. *(Sarcastic.)* Maybe you've heard of them. Mom died, dad remarried, downhill from there.

**PSYCH:** *(Clinical.)* And in fact, it's problems with your *stepmother* that bring you here today.

**SNOW WHITE:** *(Bolting up, changing attitude.)* That nasty witch!

**PSYCH:** *(Empathetic, trying to draw SNOW WHITE into a conversation)* A witch? That's so harsh!

**SNOW WHITE:** She is a witch. That's why I had to leave. I flunked "spelling." Get it? *(Settling back down.)* Old witch joke of which I'm very tired.

**PSYCH:** So that old witch, as you call her, drove you out of the house?

**SNOW WHITE:** Me and step mama didn't get on. Father looked the other way... *(Finds this hard to believe.)* I was kicked out in a fight over a talking mirror and I wound up living in the woods keeping house for a gang of dwarfs. *(Makes motions of doing housework.)* Cook, clean, wash, iron... off to work they go.

**PSYCH:** So what seems to be the problem?

**SNOW WHITE:** Seriously?

**PSYCH:** We both know that the authorities remanded you here under a court order. *(As a JUDGE.)* "Please see to Miss White's state of mind, as she tried to poison her stepmother with a fruit salad."

**SNOW WHITE:** My stepmother – *(In disbelief.)* the queen – put me out of commission with a poison apple, so I returned the favor with a full-fledged fruity frappé. Now I'm "livin' the life" with a handsome prince, but I still suffer from Post Traumatic Apple Anxiety.

**PSYCH:** *(Looking for a solution.)* Let's do some role play. You be the queen, and I'll be you. We can explore some different ways of dealing with her.

**SNOW WHITE:** *(Not convinced.)* OK. *(Getting into her STEPMOTHER'S character, loud and mean. She gets off the couch and lets it fly!)* Get out of bed and out of this house!

**PSYCH:** *(Trying to start a constructive dialogue.)* Mom, when you talk like that it hurts my feelings.

**SNOW WHITE:** I'm not your mother, and I notice you haven't found the door yet. *(Trying to move PSYCH out the imaginary door.)* Let me help!

**PSYCH:** But...father is the King of Klaufenschapen! Surely he doesn't want to exile his own daughter!

**SNOW WHITE:** He signed the papers. Now *(Loud and aggressive.)* get up and get out!

**PSYCH:** *(Trying to stay composed, but can't.)* Again, you're being hurtful.

**SNOW WHITE:** *(More conciliatory.)* Sorry, Snow. Here, have an apple. *(Happily evil and foreboding.)* You'll need it for the road.

**PSYCH:** *(Psycho-babbly.)* Perhaps this apple will lead to a reconciliation.

**SNOW WHITE:** *(High handed.)* And take out the trash on your way out, Snow. *(This ends the role play, SNOW WHITE is now back as herself, plunking down on the couch, with a condescending attitude.)* You don't get it, doctor. Eat the apple and you're toast. You have to wait for a handsome prince to come along and shake you silly to dislodge the apple from your throat. Meanwhile, the dwarfs are all hissy and fussy because you've spoiled them rotten and none of them are smart enough to either wash their own underwear or shake you back into consciousness.

*As DWARFS, spoiled and gossipy, with screechy silly voices.*

**PSYCH:** Where is she this time?

**SNOW WHITE:** Did she eat one of those apples again?

**PSYCH:** That prince. He keeps eyeing her. *(Disgusted.)* Like he's going to marry her.

**SNOW WHITE:** Who's going to iron my clothes?

**PSYCH:** Who's going to cook my breakfast?

**SNOW WHITE:** Who's going to sing me to sleep?

**PSYCH:** We need to stop her from marrying that ugly prince!

**SNOW WHITE:** (*As HERSELF.*) So, as they say... I'm not out of the woods yet.

**PSYCH:** (*As SELF.*) Sounds like you should stay out of the woods.

**SNOW WHITE:** Meanwhile, my husband, the prince, is going through the same thing with *his* stepmother. She wants *her* children to inherit the throne. (*As STEPMOTHER, sweetly evil.*) Here, Franz, have some pineapple. (*As FRANZ, i.e. the prince, sweetly in return.*) No thanks, stepmother dear. But if the venison isn't poisoned, I'll have that. (*As HERSELF, to PSYCH.*) You commoners don't know how good you have it.

**PSYCH:** So...let's role play things as they are now. You be the prince, and I'll be you.

**SNOW WHITE:** (*As PRINCE, chauvinistic and royal.*) Snow? Snow? (*Claps hands.*) Fetch my slippers?

**PSYCH:** (*As SNOW WHITE, sweetly.*) I'll get them, Franz.

**SNOW WHITE:** Please call me majesty-in-training.

**PSYCH:** (*More combative.*) But you're my husband.

**SNOW WHITE:** (*Offhand.*) Slippers please.

**PSYCH:** (*Over it.*) When you become my fairy tale husband, I'll be your fairy tale wife.

**SNOW WHITE:** (*Louder.*) Do as I say or my duchy will declare war on your duchy.

**PSYCH:** Such touchy duchies.

**SNOW WHITE:** Uh... (*Smug.*) slippers.

**PSYCH:** They're wooden, but... ok. (*This ends the role play.*)

**SNOW WHITE:** (*As HERSELF, frustrated.*) I don't understand a country where first wives die in childbirth, consistently; stepmothers take their place, consistently; they abuse their stepchildren, consistently; fathers don't care, consistently, and then we wind up in marriages to handsome yet selfish men, consistently.

**PSYCH:** Well, it keeps me busy.

**SNOW WHITE:** You know who I envy? Rapunzel. In a tower. Great hair. Doesn't have to deal with day to day.

**PSYCH:** (*Thinking it over.*) Isn't there a prince that keeps crawling up her hair...

**SNOW WHITE:** (*Seething with rage.*) Ooohhhhhh that explains it!

**PSYCH:** (*Giggling.*) Oops! Did I spill some beans?

**SNOW WHITE:** If your husband is gone three nights a week, comes home with 18 foot long hairs on his armor, and tells you he's at a jousting tournament, what do you think is really going on?

**PSYCH:** (*Happily scandalized!*) He's seeing Rapunzel!

**SNOW WHITE:** (*Scheming.*) I sense a blueberry torte coming on.

**PSYCH:** Now don't do anything hurtful!

**SNOW WHITE:** How come I'm the only one who can't do anything hurtful? What kind of *opfer-frau* [trans: German for victim-wife] do you think I am?

**PSYCH:** Again with the language.

**SNOW WHITE:** That's German. It's my first language. And my third.

**PSYCH:** And your second is?

**SNOW WHITE:** Dwarfish! I was indispensable on the set of *Lord of the Rings*.

**PSYCH:** Really? Speak some Dwarf.

**SNOW WHITE:** (*Short pause and sigh.*) *Frognatham conver stratupa zexnonium.*

**PSYCH:** What does that mean?

**SNOW WHITE:** It means "Harry Potter's here with his pet cobra."

*Knock on the door, or if no knock, they BOTH react as if they heard or saw something.*

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