

Fairy Tale Reader's Theater: **Snow White**

Reader Roles: **Narrator**, **Queen**, **Snow White**, **Mirror**, **Huntsman**,
Dwarf 1, **Dwarf 2**, **Dwarf 3**, **Prince**



Narrator: Once upon a time, there was a sweet and kind-hearted princess named Snow White. Her mother died when she was born and her father soon married another woman. Snow White's new stepmother was very beautiful, but also very wicked, and she hated her pretty stepdaughter, Snow White because everyone else in the kingdom loved her so much.

Queen: *(talking to herself)* Why does everyone like her? She is not as beautiful as me. I hate her!

Narrator: The Queen believed that if she was the most beautiful person in the kingdom, then the people and the king would love her forever, more than they loved Snow White. She had a magic mirror, and every day, she asked it the same question.

Queen: Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the fairest of them all?

Narrator: Every day, the mirror answered ...

Mirror: Your beauty astounds me, I swear it's true. The fairest in all of the land is you.

Narrator: And so the Queen was satisfied. But one day the mirror's answer changed.

Queen: Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the fairest of them all?

Mirror: You, my Queen, have beauty rare, but young Snow White is twice as fair.

Queen: *(screaming)* No! I will ask you again. Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the fairest of them all?

Narrator: But the mirror's answer did not change, and the Queen was very angry.

Queen: Clearly, there is only one thing to be done. Snow White must be eliminated. Huntsman!

Huntsman: Yes, your Majesty.

Queen: I order you to take Snow White deep into the forest and kill her! Bring me her heart so I know you have done what I asked.

Huntsman: Yes, your Majesty.

Narrator: The next day, the Huntsman took Snow White deep into the forest. When they were far from anyone who could help, he took out a knife. Snow White began to weep.

Snow White: Oh, please, Huntsman! Don't hurt me!

Huntsman: I'm sorry, princess, but the wicked Queen has ordered me to kill you, and I must obey.

Snow White: *(crying)* But why? I've never done anything to her!

Huntsman: She is jealous of your beauty, Snow White.

Narrator: Then the Huntsman made a decision. He put his knife away.

Huntsman: You must run far, far away. I will tell the Queen I have killed you, and then maybe you will be safe.

Snow White: Oh, thank you! Thank you for letting me go.

Narrator: The Huntsman killed a wild boar and brought its heart to the evil Queen, who believed he had killed Snow White. Snow White walked far into the woods.

Snow White: I'm so tired. I need a place to rest.

Narrator: Snow White soon came upon a small cottage. It was empty, but there were seven small beds inside. Snow White waited to see if anyone would return who she could ask for shelter, but she was so tired, she fell asleep. When she woke up, she found seven dwarfs surrounding her!

Snow White: Oh! Is this your house? I'm so sorry I came in without asking, I just wanted to take a rest.

Dwarf 1: Who are you?

Dwarf 2: Where did you come from?

Dwarf 3: Why are you here?

Snow White: I'm Snow White. My stepmother, the Queen, wants to kill me. I ran away and when I was so tired of running I saw your house and thought it would be a safe place to rest.

Dwarf 1: What a horrible Queen!

Dwarf 2: Oh, heavens! You can stay with us, Snow White!

Dwarf 3: Yes, please stay with us, Snow White! You'll be safe here.

Narrator: The next day, the Queen once again asked her magic mirror her question.

Queen: Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the fairest of them all?

Mirror: My Queen, your beauty is rare, it's true. But Snow White is twice as beautiful as you.

Queen: (*shouting*) What? The Huntsman betrayed me! I'll destroy him!

Narrator: The Queen was furious. She demanded that the mirror show her Snow White. It revealed the small cottage in the woods, and the dwarfs

heading off for the day, leaving Snow White alone.

Queen: If you want something done right, do it yourself. Snow White will pay for running away from me!

Narrator: The Queen dressed as an old lady selling ribbons and made her way to the dwarfs' cottage.

Queen: Hello, young lady. Try these new laces for your bodice!

Snow White: Oh, they are beautiful. Will you help me try them on?

Narrator: As soon as the laces were on, the Queen began to pull them as tight as she could.

Snow White: Oh, no! They're too tight! Help!

Narrator: Snow White fainted. The Queen, believing she was dead, crowed with laughter and ran back to the castle. When the dwarfs came home and saw Snow White, they undid the laces and soon Snow White was well again.

Snow White: Thank you! The old lady pulled the laces so tight.

Dwarf 1: She must be your stepmother, the Queen.

Dwarf 2: She must have found out you're still alive!

Dwarf 3: She may come again. You must be very careful, Snow White, and not let anyone in.

Narrator: The next day, the Queen stood in front of her mirror again.

Queen: Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the fairest of them all?

Mirror: My Queen, you're beautiful, as well you know. But the fairest in the land is still that girl named Snow.

Queen: That's impossible!

Narrator: In a rage, she concocted a new plan, disguised herself again, and went back to the dwarfs' cottage. But Snow White remembered the dwarfs' words and did not let her in.

Snow White: Who is it?

Queen: Don't be afraid young lady. I am just an old woman. You're so beautiful, here's a pretty comb for your hair!

Snow White: Oh, how wonderful! Thank you, how kind!

Narrator: But the Queen had dipped the tips of the comb in poison, and when it touched Snow White's head, she fell down as if dead. The Queen ran away in triumph. When the dwarfs returned home, then quickly took the comb out. After a few minutes, Snow White woke up.

Dwarf 1: She's all right!

Dwarf 2: Snow White, that was the second time the Queen has come here to kill you. She will try again.

Dwarf 3: You must promise us that you will not let anyone into the house!

Snow White: I promise.

Narrator: The next day when the Queen stood before her mirror again, it told her...

Mirror: My Queen, I know it's hard to hear, but Snow White's the fairest. That's pretty clear.

Narrator: The Queen flew into such a rage, she almost smashed the mirror there and then.

Queen: All right. No more Miss Nice Queen.

Narrator: The Queen's final plan was the cruelest yet. She disguised herself once more and headed to the dwarfs' cottage.

Queen: Good morning, beautiful girl. Would you like to share my apple?

Snow White: It looks delicious! But, no, I can't. Someone is trying to hurt me, so I shouldn't be talking to strangers.

Queen: You're wise to be so cautious. What if we *share* an apple. If I'm eating from it, too, you know it's safe. And I'll pass it through the window.

Snow White: That should be all right. Thank you, kind lady.

Narrator: But what Snow White didn't know was that the Queen had poisoned only half the apple. When Snow White took a bite, she fell down as if dead.

Queen: Finally, she's dead! *(laughs evilly)*

Dwarf 1: Oh, no! Snow White!

Dwarf 2: I can't wake her!

Dwarf 3: The Queen has finally killed Snow White.

Narrator: The dwarfs were so sad. They put Snow White in a glass coffin because she was so beautiful and stayed that way even in death. They visited her each day with flowers. One day a prince rode by and saw the strange scene.

Prince: What a beautiful girl! Why is she in this glass coffin? Does she need help?

Dwarf 1: Her name is Snow White.

Dwarf 2: She was poisoned by an evil queen.

Dwarf 3: We don't know if she's dead, but we haven't been able to wake her.

Prince: My doctors are the best in the kingdom. Let's take her down the mountain and get help.

Narrator: As the coffin was moved down the mountainside, the piece of poisoned apple fell out of Snow White's mouth and she woke up.

Dwarves 1-3: Snow White!

Prince: Are you okay?

Snow White: I'm fine now. Thank you for saving me.

Prince: You must be a wonderful person if these dwarves care for you so much. Your beauty is unrivaled! Will you be my Princess?

Snow White: Thank you! Yes, I will!

Narrator: The Prince and Snow White got married and lived happily ever after!

THE END