SAMPLE OF SCRIPT FROM THE SNOW QUEEN

**Act 1**

*Narrators enter.*

N 1 Listen! We are beginning our story!

N 2 When we arrive at the end of it we shall, it is to be hoped, know more than we do now.

N 3 We hope you are wrapped up warmly, because it’s going to get very cold in here when she arrives. I am talking of course about her majesty…

N’s The Snow Queen.

N 2 Although, truth be told this story is not really about her.

N 3 What are you doing?

N 1 Of course it’s about her. That’s what the posters say.

N 3 Her name is the title of the show.

N 2 True, but it’s really a story about friendship, love and determination which to be honest, aren’t traits she really possesses.

N 1 Don’t let her hear you say that.

N 2 Well, it’s true.

N 3 So you don’t think this story is about her?

N 2 I didn’t say that exactly. She is in it.

N 1 In fact, if she wasn’t in it, then the story wouldn’t exist at all.

N 3 Exactly.

N 2 Well….

N 1 Well what?

N 2 You could argue that there is another responsible for what happened.

N 1 Which is?

N 2 The Magician.

N 3 Ah. Ok. I see your point.

N 1 Yes, but the audience don’t, so why don’t we stop arguing and let them decide for themselves by telling them the story they paid to come and see.

N 2 Alright, but it has to start with the Magician.

N 1 Fine. If you insist, then you tell them about the magician.

N 2 Ok. I will.

*Lights change. N 2 walks to spotlight on stage. Magician and followers enter behind and tell out the story (may be done by video).*

N 2 Once, a long time ago, there was a very evil magician. He used his dark magic to cause trouble and suffering all over the land, but he was most proud of his greatest invention. A mirror.

Now this was no ordinary mirror. It possessed a dark power. Anything that was good and beautiful, when reflected in it, would seem to shrink into nothingness. The most beautiful landscapes appeared burnt and ugly. Handsome men seemed to be distorted so all their features were upside down and unrecognisable and beautiful women would appear covered in blotches and freckles so strong they covered their entire faces. The other magicians in the land praised him and declared that it should be taken so that everyone in the world could see what they really looked like.

Soon the mirror had been taken from place to place and there was not a person or a land that had not been misrepresented in it, but the magician’s followers wanted more. They wanted to take it up to the heavens to see how much fun they could have with it up there and so they began to fly up into the sky, but the higher they flew the more wrinkled the mirror became. It had been used so much it had begun to weaken the bond that held it together. As they flew higher and higher it began to tremble and it escaped from their hands and fell to the earth breaking into millions and trillions of pieces.

At first they thought the magician would be angry, but he could see that it would now cause even more trouble, for tiny shards of the mirror were now flying about in the air. People who got them in their eyes saw things the wrong way or only looked for dark and evil things, but there was a worse fate. A few were unlucky enough to receive a splinter to the heart. It would make their hearts cold and hard, like a lump of ice and they would become just as cold a person, no longer seeing the good, or caring for others. After time most pieces of the mirror had been lost, but a few tiny shards still flew around in the air and that is where our story really begins.

N 1 Many years later, in a small town, there lived two poor children. In this town there were so many people that there was not enough room for everyone to have a garden of their own, and so many had to make do with just a couple of pots, and so every day the two small children would meet and sit under the roses in their garden and read or play.

N 3 Kay and Gerda were not brother and sister, though they seemed so close that passers-by assumed they were, they were neighbours and their houses were so small that their attic windows were so close you could step between the two and this they often did to visit one another.

N 1 Kay lived with his parents and Gerda with her grandmother, but they were always happiest together. Even in winter when it was too cold to go out into the garden they would still spend every hour they could together listening to Gerda’s grandmother’s stories.

*Kay and Gerda enter with Grandmother. Kay runs over to the window and looks out of it.*

Kay The snow is falling really fast now.

Gran Those are the white bees swarming there.

Kay Have they got a queen bee?

Gran They have. She flies where they fly the thickest.

Gerda I can see where she must be. Which one is she?

Gran The largest one of all. She never stays on the earth, but flies up again into the black cloud. Sometimes, at night she flies through the town and breathes her icy breath on to the windows so that in the morning they are covered with patterns like trees.

Gerda There were patterns like that on my windows this morning.

Kay Mine too.

Gerda Then she must have been in the town last night.

Gran Perhaps she was.

Gerda Grandmother, can the Snow Queen come in here?

Kay If she does, I’ll put her on the warm stove and she’ll melt. Then she can’t bother us anymore and we can go back into the garden to play.

Gran The Snow Queen is not one to trifle with, Kay. Many men have been lost because of her.

Kay I’m not afraid of her.

Gerda I am. Suppose she turned you into a frozen statue, then what would you do?

Kay She’d have to catch me first.

*He and Gerda chase around, laughing.*

Gran I don’t rate her chances very high Kay if you keep running like that.

Kay Good. See Gerda, you don’t have to be afraid of her.

Gerda I’ve seen what snow can do. Last year two people fell through the ice on the lake and drowned and another family were lost in a snow storm. Do you think she took them?

Gran I don’t know, Gerda. Maybe. All I know is that I would stay in where it is safe and warm when she’s about.

Gerda Where does she come from?

Gran I don’t know. My mother never told me where, only that she came to bring the snow and ice and cold to our town and that she will always come, but that spring will send her away and the ice will melt and we will have warmth again.

Kay I hope so. I miss our roses.

Gerda Me too.

Gran Gracious, look at the time. Kay, you had best be heading home or your mother will be cross with me, it’s well past your bed time.

*Kay starts to exit.*

Kay Thank you for supper and the stories.

Gran You’re welcome.

Kay I’ll see you tomorrow Gerda.

Gerda See you tomorrow.

*Kay exits, Grandmother and Gerda exit too. As Kay crosses the stage, the Snow Queen enters. She stands and holds out her hand to him. Kay hesitates, then runs off stage.*

N 3 And so their lives continued, their days filled with games and fun. The seasons changed and years passed, but still Kay and Gerda remained close friends.

*Kay and Gerda enter and sit beneath the roses. Gerda lies on the floor sunning herself and Kay is reading a book.*

Gerda The flowers are so beautiful this summer, especially the roses.

Kay They’ve always been your favourite.

Gerda Yours too.

Kay Yes. You’re right.

Gerda What are you reading?

Kay A book on mathematics and mechanics. My father thought I might find it interesting.

Gerda Do you?

Kay I think. It’s a bit difficult to understand in places, but I’m trying.

Gerda You’ll get it Kay. You’re so clever. You always work things out in the end.

Kay I try.

Gerda I wish I was as clever as you, but I don’t understand anything in this book.

Kay I’m good at school, but you’ve got the best imagination. No one tells stories like you, except your grandmother.

Gerda I’ve known you tell stories too. Like the time you said you saw the Snow Queen.

Kay That wasn’t a story it was true! She stood right over there.

Gerda Now who’s got a good imagination!

Kay Fine, don’t believe me, but I know what I saw.

*Gerda sits next to him and looks at the roses.*

Gerda Next you’ll be telling me that flowers can talk.

Kay Now that is a story! Flowers are very pretty, but I can’t imagine having a conversation with one.

*Gerda laughs. Kay suddenly screams out in pain and grabs his chest.*

Gerda Kay! What’s wrong?

Kay I had a stabbing pain in my heart, but it’s gone now.

Gerda Are you sure? Maybe I should get grandmother.

Kay Ow! Now there’s something in my eye.

Gerda Let me see.

Kay No. It’s gone. Stop fussing!

Gerda Kay? Are you alright? I still think…

Kay I’m fine! Why are you being so annoying!

Gerda I didn’t mean to be I’m just worried about you.

Kay You’ll be crying next! Don’t. what ever you do. You’re always so ugly when you cry!

Gerda Kay?

Kay And look at these horrible flowers. They’ve got insects in them. Ugly things!

*Kay rips up the roses. Gerda tries to stop him but he pushes her to the floor.*

Gerda Kay, what are you doing?

Kay There. Now those ugly things won’t bother me again. Now, go away. I don’t want to spend my time with a snivelling crying girl!

*Kay exits. Gerda picks up the roses.*

Gerda Kay? What’s wrong with you?

N 2 It had made no sense to Gerda that Kay should rip up their flowers and change so quickly. He had seemed like another person and of course he was, for it had been a splinter from the mirror that had pierced his heart and turned it cold and hard like ice. Another had landed in his eye, making things that had before seemed beautiful to him, now appear to be ugly. His whole personality changed and soon he was nothing like the boy Gerda had known before.

N 3 He became mean, imitating the most awkward traits each person had in the village for fun. He would make the other boys laugh by copying the way the poor old woman with the hunched back walked, or the way the baker stammered when he was nervous. Kay didn’t seem to care whose feelings he hurt.

N 1 Even Gerda was not spared from his harsh words. He would tease his former friend and call her a baby and make fun of her in front of the other children, but through all of this Gerda never changed her loyalty to him. She was sure there was something wrong with him, she just didn’t know what.

*Scene changes to the Snow Queen’s palace. She sits on a white throne. A snowflake soldier enters.*

S Q It is time we headed south again.

Sflake So soon. It is still early my queen.

S Q Yes, but I sense something. Something in a village far from here.

Sflake What is it my queen?

S Q A heart as cold as ice. There is finally one who can stand by my side. We will move earlier. I am tired of waiting all alone.

Sflake Yes, my queen.

S Q Get the others. We leave tonight. And ready my sleigh.

Sflake Of course, your highness.

*Snowflake exits.*

S Q Finally I will have an equal. One to call my own true love and he will never be able to leave me.