

Snow White

Excerpt

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EXODUS: HEIGH-HO

Jane and Snow White enter from opposite sides of the stage and slowly cross towards one another.

JANE

(giving Snow white a 'vodka Gibson on the rocks')

Drink this. It will make you feel better.

SNOW WHITE

I don't feel bad physically. Emotionally is another story of course.

JANE

Go on. Go on drink it.

SNOW WHITE

No I won't drink it now. Perhaps later. Although something warns me not to drink it at all. Something suggests to me that it is a bad scene, this drink you proffer. Something whispers to me that there is something wrong with it.

JANE

Well that's possible. I didn't grow the grain myself, and reap it myself, and make the mash myself. I am not a member of the Cinzano Vermouth Company. They don't tell me everything. I didn't harvest the onion. I didn't purify the water that went into these rocks. I am not responsible for everything. All I can say is that to the best of my knowledge, this is an ordinary vodka Gibson on the rocks. Just like any other. Further than that I will not go.

SNOW WHITE

Oh well then. It must be all right if it is ordinary. If it is as ordinary as you say. In that case, I shall drink it.

Paul enters suddenly and intercepts Jane's handing the 'Gibson' to Snow White. He immediately drinks it.

PAUL

This drink is vaguely exciting, like a film by Leopoldo Torre Nilsson.

It is a good thing I have taken it away from you, Snow White. It is too exciting for you. If you had drunk it, something bad would probably have happened to your stomach. But because I am a man, and because men have strong stomachs for the business of life, and the pleasure of life too, nothing will happen to me. Lucky that I sensed you about to drink it, and sensed that it was too exciting for you, on my sensing machine in my underground installation, and was able to arrive in time to wrest it from your grasp, just as it was about to touch your lips. Those lips that I have deeply admired, first through the window, and then from my underground installation. Those lips that--

Paul and Snow White are about to kiss, when everything and everyone freezes. There is total stillness and silence, except Mother.

MOTHER

Once, in midwinter, while, the snowflakes were falling from the sky like feathers, a queen was sitting, and sewing by a window that had a frame of black ebony. And as she was sewing, she looked up at the snow and pricked her fingers with the needle; and three drops of blood fell onto the snow. And because the red blood looked so pretty against the white snow, she thought to herself: 'I wish I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the wood of the frame.' Shortly thereafter she had a daughter who was white as snow and as red as blood, with hair as black as ebony, and who was thus called Snow White. And when the child was born, I died.

Stillness and silence abruptly ends. Paul falls backwards onto Snow White's bed, dropping the 'Gibson' cup on the ground. Jane sneaks away unnoticed.

SNOW WHITE

Look how he has fallen to the ground Jane! And look at all the green foam coming out of his face! And look at those convulsions he is having! Why it resembles nothing else but a death agony, the whole scene! I wonder if there was something wrong with that drink after all? Jane? Jane?

Snow White tends to dead Paul.
Kevin enters, resolute. He
addresses the audience.

KEVIN

All right everyone this is what we want with you. Your mission is this: to go out into the world and pull down as those election posters. We have decided to stop voting, so pull down the posters. Let's get all those ugly faces off our streets and out of our elective offices. We are not going to vote any more, no matter how often they come around with their sound trucks and statesmanlike gestures. Pull down the sound trucks. Pull down the outstretched arms. To hell with the whole business. Voting has turned out to be a damned impertinence. They never do what we want them to do anyhow. And when they do what we don't want them to do, they don't do it well. To hell with them. We are going to save up all our votes for the next twenty years and spend them all at once time. Maybe by that day there will be some Rabelaisian figure worth spending them on. And so, raw youth, with your tentative air, go out and work our will on the physical world. We are going to go whole hog on this program, to a certain extent, and you are our chosen instrument. We are not particularly proud of you, but you exist, in some rough way, and that is enough, for our purposes.

Kevin meets Snow White at the chess table. He puts on his wig, which is as white as snow. He and Snow White play chess. Meanwhile, the other men drag Bill, who is tied up with a long black rope, on stage.

BILL

Mark my words, there's trouble a-brewin'. There's dirty work afoot. Don't touch it, you fools! Might be poison. See? It's witch's brew. Ya crazy fool! Fine time ya picked to sneeze! Quiet, you fool. Want to get us all killed? Hit it now, Let's attack. Off with its head. Chop it to pieces Let's kill it before it wakes up. Angel, hah! She's a female! And all females is poison! They're full of wicked wiles! She don't belong here nohow! Quack, Fearful, Droopy, Sleazy, Frumpy, Cranky, & Sappy! Hah! We know who we are. Ask her who she is and what she's a-doin here! We're mad as hornets! She's an old witch! I'm warnin' ya!

She can even make herself invisible. Hah! Knew there's a catch to it! Hah, women! Her wiles are beginnin' to work. But I'm warnin' ya, you give 'em an inch, and they'll walk all over ha! Bunch of old nanny goats. Ya make me sick. Next thing ya know she'll be tyin' your beards up in pink ribbons and smellin' ya up with that stuff called, uh, perfoom. Hah! A fine bunch of water lillies you turned out to be. I'd like to see anybody make me wash, if I didn't wanna.

The men tackle Bill and force him into the bath tub. They bathe him against his will and then drown him in the bathtub. His funeral begins before he's dead. The song about Emily Dickinson is his funeral song.

BILL

Hey! Let go of me! Let me loose, you fools! Let me loose!
You'll pay dearly for this!

(gasping for air)

One thing I've learned, and dying I will tell you: It makes no sense to say there's something deep inside you that won't come out! Can you think of *anything* that has no consequences? I, for instance, have done nothing. For nothing, however good it looks, should be termed good unless it really helps, and nothing counted honorable but what irrevocably changes the world, which is in need of change. I was just what the oppressors wanted! Oh inconsequential goodness! Oh negligible virtue! I changed nothing. Soon to vanish fruitlessly from this world I say to you: take care that when you leave the world you have not merely been good, but are leaving a better world.

/ For there is a gulf between top and bottom, wider than between the high Himalaya and the sea and what goes on at the top is not known at the bottom nor on top what goes on at the bottom. And top and bottom have two languages and two standards of measurement. Both bear human faces but have ceased to know each other. Those at the bottom are kept at the bottom so that those on top may stay on top. And the baseness of those on top is beyond measure. And even if they got better, it wouldn't help, for the system they have created is flawless: exploitation and disorder, bestial and therefore incomprehensible.

So anyone down here who says there's a God and that even if no one can see Him He can, invisibly, help us all the same should have his head bashed against the sidewalk until he croaks. And those preachers who tell the people they can rise in spirit even if their bodies are stuck in the mud, they too should have their heads bashed against the sidewalk. The truth is that where forces rules only for can help and in the human world only humans can help.

Bill dies in the bathtub.

HUBERT

(Bill's eulogy, overlapping
with the chess game)

Bill has been hanged. We regret that. He is the first of us ever to be hanged. We regret it. But that was the verdict. We had a hard time hanging him. We had never hanged anyone before. But fortunately we had Hogo to help us. Bill was hanged because he was guilty, and if you are guilty, then you must be hanged. He was guilty of vatricide and failure. He leaped about on the platform quite a bit. It was evident that he didn't wish to be hanged. It was a fearsome amount of trouble, the whole thing. But luckily Hogo was there with his quirt. That expedited things. Now there is a certain degree of equanimity. We prize equanimity. It means things are going well. Bill's friend Dan is the new leader. We have decided to let Hogo live in the house. He is a brute perhaps but an efficient brute. He is good at tending the vats. Dan has taken charge with a fine aggressiveness. Snow White continues to cast chrysanthemums on Paul's grave, although there is nothing in it for her, that grave. I think she realizes that. But she was fond of his blood, while he was alive. She was not fond of him but of the abstract notion that, to her, meant 'him.' I am not sure that that is the best idea.

SNOW WHITE

Black King Castle

KEVIN

White Knight to D8

SNOW WHITE

Black Bishop to F2

KEVIN

White King to H3

Black D7 to D6 SNOW WHITE

White E5 to E6 KEVIN

Black Knight to F4 SNOW WHITE

White King to G4 KEVIN

Black Knight to E6 SNOW WHITE

White King to G5 KEVIN

Black Rook to F5 SNOW WHITE

White King to G4 KEVIN

Black Rook to F3 SNOW WHITE

Checkmate KEVIN

Bill sits up suddenly.

BILL
Anathematization of the world is not an adequate response to the world.

Everyone instantly moves into a recreation of Leonardo Da Vinci's *The Last Supper*. The Stage Manager and Director, wearing their backstage headsets, join the image, so every figure is accounted for. Kevin and Snow White let go of Bill's noose. Snow White swiftly clears the chess board in one fell swoop.

ALL

(in 'last supper' image, but
looking at the audience;
Snow White is Jesus, of
course)

The failure of Snow White's arse

Revirginization of Snow White

Apotheosis of Snow White

Snow White rises into the sky

The heroes depart in search of a new principle
(the each change their focus
to match the 'last supper'
figure they're imitating)

Heigh-Ho

FIN