

Through the mirror

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This is a twist on a story that has been retold too many times. Snow White and the seven dwarfs is a story about a lonely princess who is on the run for her life because of a fit of petty jealousy. Her evil stepmother hunts her for her beauty but in the end, goodness prevails.

This script is a twist on the familiar fairytale where Snow white is a girl sidelined and hurt. Overcome by jealousy, she takes a step into the antagonist's shoe. She attempts to assassinate Queen Grimhilde who has just tried to be with her throughout the difficult ordeal Snow white's life was.

DARK CASTLE HALLWAY- LATE EVENING

Whispers can be heard throughout the dark hallways of the castle. They grow louder on reaching the slightly ajar tall doors.

A White, porcelain face that would otherwise have been beautiful appears between the door crack. Half the face is dimly lit by the warm light coming from the room.

They stop talking abruptly.

THE MIRROR
I think someone is outside.

QUEEN GRIMHILDE
Guard? Mila? who is it?

The face in the hallway is trying to look for the people talking but only sees the queen's chambers.

The queen is in her vanity corner, she starts to walk towards the door.

SNOW WHITE runs away from the door into the dark hallway.

CUT TO:

SNOW WHITE'S CHAMBERS

The room is dimly lit by the moonlight pouring in from the windows.

SNOW WHITE bursts into the room, breathing heavily because of anger. She looks at her sleeping bunny BERRY and kicks its cage, jolting it awake.

SNOW WHITE
Who does that witch keeps talking to?

BERRY looks at her with big eyes.

SNOW WHITE moves to light a candle. She watches as the flames of the match almost lick her finger's before putting it out.

SNOW WHITE
They all have forgotten me. The people, the queen, even my goddamn

rabbit. Ever since he died, it's been so lonely.

A tear runs down SNOW WHITES CHEEK. She looks at BERRY who's sleepy yet terrified.

SNOW WHITE curiously walks toward her table where a book, wrapped in brown paper and tied with a note is kept.

She picks up the note. It says- "Dear Princess, This belonged to your mother. I found it in my room. I thought you'd want to have it. PS: Don't worry I haven't read it-

SNOW WHITE
(growing angrier by the second)
With Love, Grimhilde? With love? The only person she loves is the man she sneaks into her room when the guards and chambermaids are gone.

SNOW WHITE sits on the bed, furiously unwrapping her mother's book.

SNOW WHITE
What happened to honour father's memory. Oh. She needs to be taught a lesson. They all do. The heir to the throne demands it. My father's memory commands it.

SNOW WHITE gets up and grabs the dark powder kept in a bowl on the mantle and whispers something into her fist.

She then throws it into her unlit fireplace which instantly erupts in green fire, casting the entire room in its light.

Suddenly, her room seems to come to life. The crystals and jars kept around the room glowed red and chartreuse green.

SNOW WHITE picks up a cauldron and puts it in the flame. She grabs various jars filled with liquids and dried herbs and manically starts making a potion.

She is muttering incantations that sound like she is humming a song.

The potion starts bubbling. SNOW WHITE is giddy looking at it and she starts laughing. The green light makes her beautiful face look evil.

She turns towards her table and starts rummaging through the mess. She pulls out an old, almost rotten apple and smiles at it.

With the help of tongs, SNOW WHITE dips the apple in the potion. And when she takes it out, it looks fresh extremely succulent.

She laughs again. BERRY looks at her in horror.

SNOW WHITE
(sarcastically)
A gift for my queen.

She places the apple on top of the mantel, sighs, jumps on her bed and lies down.

SNOW WHITE
Get some sleep BERRY. I am going to become a queen tomorrow.