

Snow White and the Seven Schmuks

A Christmas pantomime starring the Exec, by kind permission of Ealing Studios, Hammer House of horror and H.M.Prison, Dartmoor.

Adviser to Exec - ex president Galtieri who cocked-up another pantomime. Entries for the "Guess Who" competition should be forwarded to:

The J.M.C. (Joint Mafia Committee - formerly J.O.C.) P.O. Box 999

Peoples Republic of China (because we don't have an extradition treaty with them)

Competition Names

Bossy
Smiley
Dodgy
Windy
Jumpy
Smokey
Happy

Once upon a time in the forest of York lived a queen who played with her silcoloid welly and wondered how long it would be before the JMC remembered the windows. She gazed into her mirror and muttered "VDU on the stand, who is the fairest in the Land?" 'Tis Snow White, the pure maiden who lives in

the glass room and plays with her ding dong". The queen was furious and tiptoed into the glass room with a bowl of canteen custard. "Goodness me, what mysterious morsel is this" (or words to that effect) said Snow White and ate a few lumps. Suddenly she clutched her throat, screamed "everyone to a national" and fell forward onto her magic plug and socket talking machine.

Meanwhile the Exec were trying to make their minds up as to whether they were indecisive (or not) and thinking about the milling throngs thronging the mills. "Lets give our trusty, dilligent and hardworking (?) servants a jar each of York Woad, so they can paint themselves" cried Les Skywalker. "Marvellous" said Terry Lemming and started to sing the Company song. "Hey ho, hey ho, its off to work we go, with a shovel and a pick, and a twis...."

"Now, now," said Baron de Gee, " we don't want to lower the standard of the TASS newsletter". Just then they heard Snow White's strangled call and rushed to the glass room to discover her prostrate form. A terrible scream rang out. "What's that?" said Becky. "It's me foot, you've just trod on it" cried Pete McCrafty, the court jester. "I didn't know your feet could talk"

said Riggles admiringly. "We must lay her on the table" said Melancholy Kodge, at which a slow smile spread across Snow White's face. "Be careful what you're saying" said Baron de Gee, " or the JMC will misunderstand us again."

They gently lifted Snow White and placed her in a glass coffin, because they wanted to see her corpse rot slowly, and wandered off disconsolately. When the queen heard the news from a shop steward who had asked for political asylum, she was delighted. "VDU on the stand, who is the fairest in the land" she crooned. "Stupid pillock, I've told you, its Snow White, she's just having

a kip" said the machine, whose programme had been written by the Test Development section in their normal haphazard style.

The queen was very cross this time as she'd just discovered she'd come to work with her dress tucked in the back of her panty hose and no-one had

told her. Stapling her top lip to her nose, which was the nearest she could get to a smile, the

queen crept into the crypt, cackled (you thought I was going to write something else, didn't you) and produced a poisoned apple.

Gently the queen lifted Snow White up, who opened her eyes sleepily and muttered "I hope the bloody car will start this morning", took a bite from the apple and said "Oh dear, what a foolish girl I am" (or words to that effect) then fell back with eyes closed.

Hearing Snow White cry out, the Exec rushed back. "What are you smiling for?" said McCrafty looking at Skywalker. "I'm not smiling, its wind, I put bran on my prunes this morning" he replied. The 3 wise men, Plantoid, Barnyard and Joyboy were gazing at Snow White. "Push Off" shouted Terry Lemming,

"You had your turn in the tea trolley hi-jack, we're running this pantomime." "You said it" came a loud shout from the shopfloor, and the wise men disappeared in a cloud of expense forms. "Do something" cried Becky, "I think I already have" said Skywalker, and disappeared into the bog.

Just then, the Vestal Virgins appeared, "Here" said Annockers, "is a message I have typed, to be sent around the kingdom.

Wanted

Handsome% Prince Charming £ to awaker

fnow White xx / from her () flumber?

"By the way", said Lady Di, demurely "her typewriters knackered."

Despatch my Hit Men to search for someone to save us" ordered the Baron.

"He's giving orders now" whispered the JMC, 'What devilish new tactic is this?' And so the hit men went forth, Vic Needless, Robber Booth, Dave Magoo, John Grudge and Harry Cockybill, plus Fred Leaky, who went fifth. And they

came to John Trance, the man of tomorrow (gerrof me back) who was fantasising over a picture of a nude railway engine. They dragged PVC (sorry, JVC,

damned plastic gets everywhere these days) back to the glass house. John Trance gazed at Snow White. "Oi, ow about a jar at the York," he said.

Snow White sat bolt upright, wide awake. A loud explosion exploded. "My ears have just popped" said Skywalker, while Snow White started to play happily with her ding dong. The Exec rushed off to look for a bang that had gone off and found the queen sitting in the remains of her office with her head in her hands, eyes tightly closed.

"Sorry" said the queen, "When I found out Snow White was alive, I lost my temper". "Never mind", said Becky "We'll get you a new one, and lifting the queens head out of her hands, put it gently back on her shoulders. "I always thought something was a bit loose there" thought Riggles, and Melancholy smiled, which made a noise like backing strip being peeled off draught excluder.

The Exec returned to Snow White and cheered, and all the loudspeakers cheered as well because Snow White had at last slipped up and left the microphone switched on which delighted the milling throngs who had been waiting for that to happen for years.

So they all lived happily ever after except the Author who is worried in case the Exec ever find out who wrote this.

Happy Christmas!