

Sleeping Beauty

A full-length adaptation

by

Mickey Coburn

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Published by HaveScripts

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About the Playwright: Mickey Coburn is playwright, poet and stage director. A BFA graduate of Carnegie Institute of Technology theatre program, Mickey studied in the graduate programs at the New School in New York City, the Shakespeare Institute in Stratford, England and the University of Pittsburgh. Her plays have been produced by the Acting Place, Inc. in Massachusetts, the Boston Children's Theatre, the New Ehrlich Theatre in Boston and have been given numerous readings in New York and elsewhere. Mickey conducts workshops at schools and universities and works as a stage director and acting coach. She is a member of the Dramatists Guild.

Sleeping Beauty

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Sleeping Beauty

CHARACTERS

Prank, the Jester

The Cook

Scullions/Attendants (2)

King Pompous

Queen Imagine

Nurse Hopestill

The Faerie Primrose

The Faerie Thistle

Hemlock

Grunt, the Troll

The Faerie Mistletoe

The Faerie Court (4)

Allura, as a child

Princess Allura

Prince Gallant

Tripp, Valet to the Prince

SCENES

ACT I

Scene 1: The palace of **King Pompous**

Scene 2: The same; 16 years later

ACT II

Scene 1: A wood, 100 years later

Scene 2: The palace

ACT I Scene 1

(Palace of King Pompous: The throne room Two thrones are on a level stage right; a window is up center; a stairway is up stage left; a banquet table stands stage left. Two candelabra stand above the thrones on either side of the window, a door is at the top of the stairs; a scrim – appearing as a wall – masks what is at top of stairs. It is all very elegant and regal.

*Music; the house is brought to half curtain. The house and music go out as a light is brought up on the front curtain. A loud crash is heard off stage: crockery breaking. **Cook**'s voice is heard shouting:)*

Cook: Where is he? Where'd he go? Wait till I get my hands on him!

*(**Prank** pokes his head through the curtain and with a big laugh reveals a huge turkey leg. He takes a bite out of it and makes sounds of triumphant pleasure.)*

Prank: *(shouting)* All right then! Take it away!!

*(The curtain opens. The servants enter led by the large "mama" **Cook** in mini-procession. They carry two trays with food: a pig with apple in its mouth & another with pheasant or equally comic arrangement.)*

Cook: *(in the lead)* Hurry along now – nice and easy – *(the servants slow down)*. Watch your step! *(they look down at their feet)* Look up! Look up! *(they look up)* Face front! *(they face each other. **Cook** is at the table)* Over here! Care-ful-ly!*

*(While above is happening, **Prank** gives broad wink to the audience *and trips both servants who roll with the trays. **Cook** chases **Prank** away; grabs the drumstick & hits him over the head with it.)*

Cook: You stop your shenanigans, you fool! You don't understand how important today is – we have work to do! Now go away – dummy!
(**Cook** goes back to setting up the table with the servants. **Prank** approaches the audience)

Prank: They think I'm really dumb. In fact, they think I'm really dumb – or rather mute. They think I can't talk. But I talk as well as anyone around here. Better than anyone. Of course, I can only talk to you – but that's the fun of it – as you'll soon find out. I know everything that goes on around here. If you want to know the news – I'm the one to ask. And I'll tell you the big news – the baby has been born! To the King and Queen! A baby girl – the Princess!! Whoops – watch this!!

(While **Prank** speaks, **Cook** goes off and returns carrying a tray with 3 small plates holding little cakes. The **Servants** line up to receive the plates; **Prank** gets in between them. **Cook** hands a plate to servant 1, who unknowingly hands it to **Prank** who removes the goody, handing the plate to Servant 2 who puts it on the table. They do this 3 times. **Cook** goes to the table, sees the empty plates; bops servant 2 on the head with the tray; Servant 2 jabs **Prank** with her elbow; **Prank** falls into servant 1. All 3 turn to grab **Prank** who slips down stage and the 3 bump into each other. They argue and continue to set up through the next speech.)

Prank: (laughing and eating) I couldn't resist that! They're setting up a banquet to celebrate the christening of Princess Allura. King Pompous and Queen Imagine are so happy – Queen Imagine wished and wished for a baby – for years and (sees servant lighting the candelabra) – don't go away....

(**Prank** runs over the candelabra and blows it out; the servant has lighted the second one; sees the first has gone out; goes back to light it as **Prank** blows out The second one. **Cook** sees what's happening; SERVANT goes to relight the second one, Totally confused; prank goes to blow out the first one. **Cook** grabs him and tosses him downstage; he tumbles to audience.)

Cook: (while tossing Prank) I got you – you silly fool! Now get out of

here! (**Cook** improvises orders to servants; “arrange the gifts; straighten the napkins” etc., and exits for the cake)

Prank: (*laughing*) That was fun! Now where was I – oh, yes! Queen Imagine wished for a baby for years and years! And now Princess Allura – that’s her name, Allura – has arrived and there’s to be a grand party. Why even the faerie queens were sent invitations and named the godmothers –

(**Cook** enters with the cake which **Prank** sees)

Prank: ----oooooooo!!! – (**Prank** slithers toward the **Cook** who is walking slowly with the cake; the servants move in ready to prevent mischief)

Cook: (as **Prank** gets menacingly close) You! Don’t ;you – don’t you – better not –

Prank: (with huge gesture that makes all three gasp, whips off some frosting and says) Ahhhhh! (The three sigh; fanfare; servants scurry about; **Cook** puts cake on the table while **Prank** runs downstage and looks)

Prank: (looking out across audience) Oh here they come! The Grand Party begins!

(Music in. The procession appears down the theatre aisle. **King, Queen**, four **Pages** carrying a baby sedan chair, Followed by **Nurse Hopestill**. They arrive on stage. **Queen** proceeds to her throne. **Nurse** takes baby from sedan chair which the **Pages** then remove. She shows the baby to the servants, **Cook** and **Prank** who make appropriate sounds of delight. She takes her place near the throne. The music stops. Fanfare. The **King** is at the banquet table picking at the food.

Queen: (stage whisper) Pompous! Pompous! Everyone’s waiting.

King: Just a moment, my dear. Mmmmm -- everything looks delicious --

Queen: Pompous!

King: I thought I might just have a bite –

Queen: It isn’t time to eat yet – Pompous – please –

King: Well, all right. (he goes to his throne and sits)

Queen: (jabbing him) Pompous –

King: Hmmmm?

Queen: Everyone's waiting – up! Up!

King: Oh, yes. (*rising*) Royal subjects! This is indeed a happy day.
Queen Imagine and I invite you all to celebrate the birth of our
daughter, Princess Allura –

Queen: They know all that, Pompous –

King: They do?

Queen: Of course they do.

(All smile, whisper, nod)

King: Well, then – (*he sits*)

Queen: Well, then – go on – go on –

King: (*rising*) Well then – (*to Queen*) Well, then – what?

Queen: Tell them to proceed –

King: Of course. I knew that. Proceed! (*he sits*)

(Attendants alter their stage positions. Prank tumbles forward)

Prank: (*not speaking; using mime and sign language*) Not yet your
majesties – no!

King: What's the matter with him?

Queen: What is it, Prank? Time for the gifts perhaps?

King: Attendants! The gifts –

(The attendants begin to gather up the gifts to bring to the Queen; Prank stops them)

Prank: (*silently*) no – no – your majesty – gifts – no –

Queen: Well, then –

King: The dinner! I'm starved –

(Cook starts for the tray with the pig. The attendants go for the other platters; the King heads for the table. Prank stops them)

Prank; *(silently)* No – dinner – not yet.

(Everyone puts all back, disgruntled)

Prank: *(to audience aloud)* I get so tired doing this!

Queen: Spell it out, Prank. What is the matter?

Prank: *(using Charades)* You forgot the faeries!

(Guessing game ensues; Prank acts out each word; All onstage participate, trying to guess & laughing too much. Prank comes to audience periodically making disgruntled & Impatient sounds; “can you believe this?”, etc., finally, with all on stage laughing and charade very clear, Prank comes to audience)

Prank: *(to audience – speaking)* Help! Please tell them what I’m saying!

AUDIENCE: *(prompted by musicians perhaps)* You forgot the faeries!

All: *(all on stage stop laughing)* Whoops!

Hopestill: Oh, I hope you won’t start without the faeries, your majesties. They’re to be the Godmothers. Oh – I do hope you won’t leave them out. My goodness, that would be really awful. I hope you will conjure them your majesty.

King: And quickly, too, my dear. I’m starved.

Queen: We can’t rush these things, my dear. *(she rises then sits again quickly)* My magic club has only had 5 or 6 sessions in conjuring. I haven’t had much time to practice lately.

King: Oh, you have a natural talent for it, Imagine. Everyone says so.

Queen: Do they?

King: Why, yes. Of course they do.

Queen: Really?

King: Please? I’m starved!

Queen: Well, then. All right.

(The Queen comes down. The attendants have brought in a tripod from which hangs a small cauldron. Prank helps the Queen to her position)

& brings her a basket of rose petals, thistle, mistletoe and a small flask of liquid.)

Queen: Dear me – I haven’t done this in so long – I’m afraid I’ve forgotten how – (**Prank** produces the basket) Oh, yes – I will conjure the faeries according to their element. Now, we must do this right – (**Prank** hands her the flask *She titters.*) Yes – yes – I remember now!!

*(She pours the contents of the flask into the cauldron producing smoke. All on stage react. Then **Prank** gives her the petals)*

Queen: With the petals of roses I conjure the faerie Primrose! *(She lets the petals flutter down into the cauldron. **Prank** sighs romantically. Spotlight on window. **Primrose** flitters in sighing, arriving the way she was called. All applaud; oo-ing and ah-ing, etc.)*

Queen: *(applauding herself with delight)* Isn’t this exciting? Who’s next? Who’s next? (**Prank** hands her a spray of thistle; she waves the thistle in **Prank**’s face) With this spray of thistle – I conjure the faerie – Thistle!!

*(As she drops it into the cauldron **Prank** sneezes wildly Spotlight on window; **Thistle** “blows” in as if produced by the sneeze; all applaud; The **Queen** feigns exhaustion and stumbles back to her throne)*

King: Wonderful my dear – just wonderful! Your club ladies will be so proud of you! Come, rest awhile –

Queen: I haven’t called the faerie Mistletoe yet. This is exhausting work – *(collapses on throne)*

*(The **Faeries** have composed themselves and approach the throne)*

Prank: *(to audience)* Aren’t they pretty? Let’s see what gifts they’ve brought the Princess. Shhh –

Primrose: Dear King and Queen, you’re blessed with child.
I bring the gifts of manners mild,
Of lilting voice and silken hair –

And beauty to whom none compare!

(she blows glitter dust toward the baby. All react)

Queen: Thank you, Primrose – it is most kind and generous of you.

Hopestill: Oh, I hope it comes true – I hope it truly does!

Thistle: And to enrich this outward glow

The gift of wisdom I bestow:

A spirit generous and kind

And all the riches of the mind!

(she blows glitter toward the baby; all applaud)

Hopestill: Oh, isn't that wonderful? Oh, I hope it comes true; I hope it truly does come true!

King: Our thanks, dear Thistle, for a most generous gift. And now – we may proceed – I'm starved –

(Prank becomes suddenly alarmed and lets out a wail. all on stage react: "what?" "what's he up to now?" "isn't he ridiculous?" etc., Prank scurries to audience)

Prank: *(to audience)* We're in for it now!!

*(Prank does a charade about **Faerie Hemlock** not being invited. The group doesn't understand; they think he's being funny. He makes horrible noises in imitation of **Hemlock**; takes invitations from the other two faeries & shows them to **TheKing** making more noises. They laugh.)*

Prank: *(to audience)* They didn't invite her – she's going to be awful mad! *(Prank grabs hem of an attendant's dress then pulls her hair; he does the same to the other attendant. They are all hysterical with laughter. He speaks to the audience)* They didn't invite her – there's going to be trouble – *(One more attempt at the charade; smoke begins to creep onto the stage. They laugh, choke and cough)*

King: What is that stench? Did your cauldron boil over, Imagine? What's going on?

(We hear a terrible offstage laugh; all on stage stop & look stage left as Prank points; all back away murmuring: "Hemlock! Hemlock!")

Queen: *(practically fainting)* We forgot to invite Hemlock!

Prank: *(to audience)* Told ya!

*(The Troll, **Grunt**, grunts in pulling the chariot on which stands the dark apparition: the wicked faerie **Hemlock** cackling and cracking her whip)*

Hemlock: Mush! Mush!

Prank: *(to audience)* This faerie Hemlock is rude, crude and socially unacceptable. That's why no one ever invites her to their parties. *(he sniffs her way, grimaces and says)* Whew!!

Hemlock: It took, pretty shabby manners, Kingy, not to invite me to this shindig –

Queen: Pompous! Why didn't you invite her?

Hemlock : You, too, Queenie – you left me off your guest list and out of your silly conjuring –

King: Imagine! Why didn't you invite her -- ???

Hemlock: But I'm a good sport – I brought your precious princess a gift anyway! **Grunt!!** Help me off this thing – hurry up you lazy – ugly – CAREFUL!! Don't wreck my manicure!

*(She knocks him over on her way off the coach; **Hopestill** hides with the baby; everyone cringes as hemlock approaches the cauldron)*

Prank: *(to audience)* I don't think I like this at all!

Hemlock: *(to **Primrose** and **Thistle**)* Are you two here? *(she sneezes and coughs)* You always get my hay fever started – achhhhh! I suppose you gave her beauty, right? That old chestnut! And you – Thistle – the wisdom thing, right? You haven't had a new one in 500 years. *(Both look deflated)*

Hemlock: Well, stand back! Neither of you could top this! Grunt! Give me my spell! *(he can't find it)* Hurry up! You're spoiling my timing here! Come on – come on – *(He brings her a flask with black liquid in it.)* It's about time! Is everyone ready?

(They all shake their heads “no.” She pours it in the cauldron; It apparently

smells really bad from reactions of all on stage)

Hemlock: On the Princess Allura's 16th birthday, she will prick her finger on a spindle – and die!!

*(All on stage begin crying & wailing as **Prank** approaches audience)*

Prank: Whoa – how'd she think all that up? A spindle? Gad zooks – she's bad!

Hopestill: *(wailing & crying)* Oh, we can't let this happen – Oh I hope it doesn't happen – oh, your majesty – we have to destroy all the spindles in the kingdom – we have to collect them all – right now – today! Oh, the poor princess – my little one – (etc.) *(All have been watching **Hopestill** fascinated; the **Queen** nodding and sobbing)*

Queen: Primrose – Thistle – isn't there anything you can do?

Primrose: Although we're angry

Thistle: Sad –

Primrose: And miffed –

Thistle: We can't erase this faerie's gift –

Primrose: We've 16 years to find a way –

Thistle: We'll think about it every day.

Prank: Big help – huh?

Hemlock: Aren't they cute – so pretty – so sweet – yuck!! But none of you have the power I have – *(She laughs; **Troll** grunts)*

Prank: Power – wait! There's still Mistletoe! She has the power!

*(He grabs the basket; throws the spray of mistletoe into the cauldron. Glitter or snow blows in the window. All turn; 4 tiny **Faeries** appear and run in; **Mistletoe** appears in the window)*

Mistletoe: I'm not late, am I?

Prank: *(to audience)* Just in time – if you ask me!

(All on stage gasp)

Hemlock: Aw – get out of here Mistletoe – nobody called for you –

Mistletoe: (*showing her the invitation*) You’re the one nobody called for, Hemlock. Still up to your old tricks are you? How dare you make trouble here in my domain!

Hemlock: Yeah? So what are ya gonna do about it?

Mistletoe: You’ll see. I haven’t presented my gift yet, your majesties.

Hemlock: Well, it’s too late, toots. I got here first..

Mistletoe: I can’t erase this wicked spell, your majesties, but I can change it.

Hemlock: To what? Just try it!

Mistletoe: Where is the princess?

(*The **Faerie Court** brings **Hopestill** to her with the baby*)

Mistletoe: When you are 16, Allura, you will indeed prick your finger on a spindle – but you will not die! You will fall into a deep sleep, which will last for 100 years – (*All gasp*) ...when you will be awakened by the kiss of a handsome prince. (*All ahhhhh*)

Prank: (*to audience*) How do they think these things up? One hundred years? A Prince?

Hemlock: Okay, Twinkletoes –

Mistletoe: Mistletoe, thank you –

Hemlock: Whatever! I’m not done with you yet – with any of you!

Mistletoe: You’re done for now, Hemlock. Now leave before I lose my temper.

Hemlock: Oooo—I’m scared! I’m scared! Listen, majestics, don’t bother to invite me to the princess’s 16th birthday party – I wouldn’t miss that one for anything! But Allura might miss it – (*she laughs*) She might miss it all! Temper – temper – missytoe!

(**Hemlock** makes a big exit with **Grunt** grunting; whip lashing; shouting: “mush! mush!”)

Grunt: (*as he pulls her off stage*) I’m mushing! I’m mushing!

Hopestill: Oh, Mistletoe – what can we do now? Hemlock won’t let Allura even reach her 16th birthday –

Mistletoe: I’ll leave the Princess in the care of my faerie court. They’ll

protect her against whatever schemes Hemlock might think up. A bad faerie has little power against a good one. *(All applaud)* There is only one warning, however. You must keep my faeries away from all confections – candy drops, taffy, sugarplums – they love sweets to distraction and when distracted they'll forget their responsibilities and the princess will not be safe!

Queen: Thank you, Mistletoe. We'll be sure to keep all candies away from the faerie court.

*(The **Faerie** COURT circles **Hopetill** and **Allura**; **Mistletoe** kisses the baby as does **Primrose** and **Thistle**. They exit through the window with all waving and watching)*

King: Come everyone, we will not rest until we find and destroy every spindle in my kingdom –

*(Fanfare. All in procession off as **Prank** turns to audience)*

Prank: I hope this works! What does a spindle look like anyway? Never mind! I'll collect all the candy and sweets in the palace so the faeries won't be tempted! Mmmmm!

*(**Prank** runs off)*

ACT I Scene 2

(Music in; Elizabethan tune or similar aire –harpsichord perhaps; lights change. Pool of light in center of stage. “growing up ballet” The **Faeries** come into the pool of light with the baby; passing her, dancing with her, etc. **Hopestill** comes in & takes part the dance; They give her the baby and all dance off. The **Faeries** return giggling; **Allura** the child enters playing with The **Faeries**. **TheQueen** enters; **Allura** runs to her; dance, embrace, etc. The **Faeries** lead them off. **Princess Allura** runs in, dressed in white; The **Faeries** follow – put her in her wedding costume, Head dress, etc. as part of the dance.)

(Lights come up on 16th birthday. Music out.)

Hopestill: *(calling then entering)* Allura! Princess! Little darling! *(entering)* Oh, there you are. Don’t you look gorgeous. You look so beautiful I could weep. Sixteen years old – about to be married – where has the time gone?

Allura: It is a lovely dress, isn’t it? *(Faeries giggle)* But I don’t understand why I have to get married. I am only sixteen; and I’ve never met this Prince And I don’t want to go away from my home, my friends *(Faeries gather around her)* or from you , dear nurse.

Hopestill: *(embracing her)* There’s no help for it, my little one. Your parents want you to be safe. And this Prince is very wealthy and his kingdom is far away and very well protected.

Allura: Safe from what? I don’t understand. No harm has ever come to me here.

Hopestill: Some day you’ll understand. In the meantime, it’s best to obey their majesties.

Allura: But nurse – how can I marry someone I don’t even know? It’s 1601, for goodness sake!

Hopestill: Most marriages are arranged by one’s parents, my dear. Especially royal marriages.

Allura: But I want to wait until I meet someone I love. I’ve plenty of time. And I’m perfectly safe here in the palace with the faerie court to

protect me, although I can't imagine from what! There's so much I haven't done yet – so much to learn before I take such an important step. Oh dear Hopestill, please –speak to my father for me

(FANFARE)

Hopestill: There – the Prince must have arrived. (*She goes to the window*)

Oh, there he is! Hurry, now, and finish getting ready. I'll be back for you in a moment. The wedding is within the hour. You must leave the kingdom today.

(she gives Allura a hug) It will all be for the best. Someday you'll understand –

(*Hopestill exits. Allura goes to the window*)

Allura: Oh, that can't be him. Oh dear – he looks like a giraffe! A skinny, conceited, stuffy giraffe! Oh dear – I can't marry him – what am I going to do?

(*While she's at the window, Grunt appears & drops candies which The Faeries pick up and follow him out as he lures them offstage*)

Allura: (*turning around to find all gone*) We must think of something before this terrible wedding – oh – where did they go? (*she looks around for them*) If there were only someplace for me to hide –

(*The little room at the top of the stairs is revealed through the scrim. Light shines out of it as the door opens with a squeak. An old lady is spinning at a spinning wheel and singing*)

Allura: What's that? What could be up there? Well, maybe I'd better not – (*Fanfare. Allura runs to the window, then starts for the stairs*) Oh now, they're getting ready to come in –

Prank: (*entering – to audience*) Oh no! we can't let the Princess go up there – I just now it's part of Hemlock's plot – that door has never

opened before –

(He runs to her; does a charade to warn her – falling down dead, etc)

Allura: What is it, Prank? This is no time to be silly. I don't want to marry that gawky prince. I have to hide. Yes, I do have to hide. *(laughing)* Oh, you're too funny Prank – but I really must hide. You wouldn't want me to marry that foolish prince and leave the kingdom? It's a fate worse than death – yes, it is. We'll play later – all right? Now be my good friend and don't tell them where I am – *(She continues up the stairs)*

Prank: I've got to get help! Gad zooks! I wish I could speak to these people!

(He runs off music in; .the lights dim except for the little room; Allura enters the little room; the old woman keeps spinning)

Hemlock: *(disguised as the old woman)* Good day, my dear. How nice of you to pay a visit to a poor old woman on our wedding day.

Allura: Who are you? I've never seen you before. I didn't know this room was here. What are you doing?

Hemlock: Spinning thread, my dear. Have you never seen anyone spin thread?

Allura: No – no I haven't. I never knew how it was done.

Hemlock: My, my – your education has been sorely lacking.

Allura: Yes, I suppose it has. Oh, how wonderful. May I try?

Hemlock: Oh, this is old woman's work, my dear. You don't want to trouble yourself with it – on your wedding day –

Allura: Oh, please – I love to learn new things. Please? Show me how –

Hemlock: Well, all right – if you insist. Take the spindle in this hand – and now –

Allura: *(takes the spindle; sticks her finger; drops the spindle)* Oh, dear –

Hemlock: Poor little thing – did you prick your finger? Let me see –

Allura: It's nothing really. I didn't know it was sharp – Oh, I feel so – strange – so sleepy – I don't know what's happening –

Hemlock: Just lie down here – poor little thing –

Allura: Thank you – you've been so –

(Allura drops onto the little bed and is asleep)

Hemlock: So kind! Yes, I have been so kind; and so clever. Shall I sing you a lullaby, dear Princess – “Toor a lura lura Toor a lura lie – Toor a lura lura –” *(She laughs her wicked laugh and pulls off her disguise)* Just a little joke. A hundred years is a long time to sleep, Princess. And if no one wakes you up – Well – *(laughs and descends the stairs)* Grunt! Grunt! *(the Troll enters)* A job well done – you ugly little monster. Now – let’s get out of here –

(They exit as Prank leads in attendants carrying wedding flowers; Cook, Nurse, King & Queen. He points to stairway with great agitation)

Prank (to audience) They finally understood. I hope we’re not too late.

(TheKing and Queen ascend stairs as company murmurs and whispers. Queen lets out a scream; TheFaerie Court enters, abashed and ashamed. TheQueen cries at Allura’s bedside)

King: We are too late. The Princess has pricked her finger on a spindle. All is lost – Send away the bridegroom.

(He stumbles to the throne. An attendant goes out. Hopestill goes to the Queen; covers Allura and brings the Queen away. All are crying including the little Faeries)

Prank: (during scene above; to audience) This is so sad. I feel as though it were my fault. I should never have let her go up those stairs. And now it’s too late. No one can do anything about it.

(Mistletoe appears at the window. All look up)

Prank: Oh look – it’s Mistletoe....

Mistletoe: So, Hemlock has managed her evil after all. *(The Faeries run to her crying)* It’s all right, little ones. She’s only asleep. Truly she will

awaken –

Queen: But when she does we will all be gone. One hundred years will have passed. Strangers will be here. How frightened she'll be! My poor darling Allura .

Prank: *(to audience)* Unless –

Mistletoe: Unless – unless the entire kingdom joins her in her sleep. Then you'll all be together 100 years from now – *(She lifts her hand and waves her wand; snow falls. All yawn And fall asleep in a tableau.)*

Prank: Uh oh – I was afraid of this – *(He yawns as he speaks and falls down, asleep)*

Mistletoe: There – now you'll all be safe and together when the right prince comes to awaken Allura. Come little ones, we'll begin our journey to find the prince -

*(They run to the window; **Hemlock** appears in the window)*

Hemlock: No you don't, Mistletoe! No prince is gonna get through to this palace.

*(She stalks **Mistletoe** downstage; **Grunt** grabs the little **Faeries** and drags them downstage)*

Hemlock: I've conjured a bramble forest so thick and so poisonous that anyone touching the brambles will fall down dead. And there's nothing you or your goody two shoes faeries can do about it because it's already done! *(She laughs; holds her hands up high; thunder crashes; bramble scrim comes in. to Grunt)* You! Stand guard!! *(to **Mistletoe**)* Try to get past that why don't you? Try to get past him why don't you?!

(She exits laughing)

Mistletoe: *(with her faeries, trying to find a way through)* What can we do? We must find a way! There must be a way!

*(Music in; spot on **Allura** in her bed as the stage darkens. Then lights out)*

END ACT I

ACT II Scene 1

*Music in. House to half. Curtain . 100 years later. Somewhere in the woods. Leaf projections convert the scrim. A river bank down left. **Tripp** is discovered asleep; his cap over his eyes He is snoring; **Gallant** enters*

Gallant: It looks like we can cross the river further down stream. There appear to be narrows farther along. Let's go. *(no response)* Trap – hey! *(looks under Tripp's cap)* Are you in there?

Tripp: *(not moving)* How much farther?

Gallant: About a day's ride.

Tripp: *(groaning)* I'll wait here.

Gallant: *(pulling him to his feet)* No way. On your feet.

Tripp: Do you realize how crazy this is, your highness? We've been wandering around this country for weeks and weeks searching for a kingdom that doesn't exist.

Gallant: Of course it exists, and I know we're almost there. I can feel it.

Tripp: Gallant, you're looking for a hundred year old sleeping princess. It's a legend. It's a fantasy. It's insane!

Gallant: *(walking away from him)* Are you coming with me or not?
(silence) Deserter!

Tripp: When you swam the channel, who carried your towel?

Gallant: You did.

Tripp: I did. When you scaled the entire mountain range in Italy, who carried the ropes?

Gallant: You did.

Tripp: I did! When you searched for the lost Pyramid, who drove the camels? *(Gallant points to Tripp)* Right again! I've worn out six pairs of boots a year for the past five years. I've gone without sleep, without food, so you could prove how brave you are. It's enough already!

Gallant: This is the last adventure. I promise. After this, I'll settle down; take over my father's kingdom. *(Tripp looks at him disbelieving)* I'll stay home. We'll play chess.

Tripp: I've heard this before.

Gallant: This is different.

Tripp: Right.

Gallant: There's never been a challenge like this before, Tripp. For 100 years princes have gone off in search of the lost kingdom and the sleeping beauty. Not one has ever come back.

Tripp: See? See?

Gallant: I'm going to be the one who does. I'm going to find the kingdom and the palace. I'm going to awaken the princess with a kiss –

Tripp: And marry a 100 year old woman. This is too weird!

Gallant: Who said I have to marry her? I thought I only had to wake her up and break the spell.

Tripp: You just don't understand this legend business. I'll bet you didn't even read the fine print.

Gallant: You know what I think? I think you're afraid! I think you're a coward!

Tripp: And I think you're crazy. So – we're even. Pick me up on your way back. *(sits down again)* I'll wait two days. Then I'll go and tell your younger brother he's the next king.

Gallant: Thanks.

Tripp: *(pulling his cap over his eyes)* You're welcome.

Gallant: All right then. The greatest adventure of all – and you're going to sleep through it. Well, all right – but you'll be –

*(A little boat glides to the bank with **Mistletoe** standing on it asleep)*

Gallant: Oh, my bless-ed eyes.... *(with hushed voice)* Tripp – Tripp – look at this-

Tripp: *(not looking)* What is it now?

Gallant: A boat – a tiny boat with a – a—a—faerie on board –

Tripp: *(not looking)* A faerie.

Gallant: Yes. With little wings –

Tripp: *(not looking)* Wings? And a wand, no doubt.

Gallant: And a wand.

Tripp: *(not looking)* Heaven's above – do you need help!

Gallant: Tripp – look at her – *(shakes him)* Look –

Tripp: *(looking)* Oh my – nah – she's not really there – she couldn't be – there's no such thing as faeries –

(Mistletoe wakes up with a start)

Mistletoe: Oh! Where am I? I must have dozed off. It's been such a long trip. Oh, I recognize this place – I'm almost home. Well, what have we here? You're a Prince, aren't you? *(She puts out her hand and Gallant helps her off the boat)*

Gallant: Here, let me help you.

Mistletoe: What's your name?

Gallant: Prince Gallant. *(he bows)* This is my valet, Tripp.

Tripp: We're crazy. We're really crazy. We can't be talking to a – a – faerie!

Mistletoe: But you are. I'm Mistletoe, the faerie Queen. I'm from the Kingdom of King Pompous and Queen Imagine. The sleeping kingdom.

Gallant: I've been looking for that kingdom for weeks and weeks –

Mistletoe: I thought I'd never find you. I've been searching for the right prince for 100 years.

Tripp: One hundred years – but you're – you're –

Mistletoe: *(laughing)* Faeries don't get any older. Not really. That takes thousands of years.

Tripp: This is really crazy. I can't believe this –

Gallant: How do you know I'm the right prince?

Mistletoe: The hundred years is up today. And there you are. It's been a difficult trip, to say the least. Hemlock thwarted me at every turn, and finally sent my boat adrift. I've been wandering for decades.

Tripp: Hemlock?

Mistletoe: The evil faerie whose spells I've been struggling against. Good faeries are really more powerful, but when I get tired, my powers diminish. She was counting on that. Hemlock never gets tired..

Tripp: Gallant, I think this is a little beyond us here –

Mistletoe: Well, there are some dangers. But the right prince can conquer them.

Gallant: *(his interest sparked even more)* What sort of dangers?

Mistletoe: Oh, you like adventure, do you? Well, the palace is guarded only by Hemlock's Troll – Grunt; he paces before it with a club.

Tripp: And when he hits you over the head with it, you're dead.

Mistletoe: Then there's the bramble woods which Hemlock put around the palace to keep us out.

Tripp: Yeah; you get stuck by one of those brambles and it's all over.

Mistletoe: After that, there's only Hemlock herself and whatever surprises she can come up with.

Tripp: And obviously , she's been batting a thousand for 100 years.

Mistletoe: I know you can succeed, Prince Gallant. And I can help you – I'm not tired anymore. Come – I'll take you to the kingdom.

Tripp: Wait, your highness. This Hemlock has a sure thing here. I mean, this is all magic and sorcery. We don't know anything about that. It can't be worth it to awaken a hundred year old princess – all wrinkled and mildewed and who knows what –

Gallant: You may be right, Tripp.

Tripp: Of course I'm right. Listen – there's this cavern I heard about that grows crystal gardens and the walls are said to be studded with precious jewels. No one's ever gone there either. How about it? Diamonds don't mildew!

Gallant: My apologies, Queen Mistletoe. I don't think I am your special prince. I don't think I'm worthy of this task.

Mistletoe: The dangers are worth the prize, I assure you.

Gallant: We can't know that.

Mistletoe: Yes, you can. Watch –

(Mistletoe waves her wand. music in; lights change; Allura appears behind the scrim with her Faerie COURT as on her wedding day)

Gallant: Is that – is that –

Mistletoe: That's the Princess Allura – the sleeping beauty. She and her kingdom have been frozen in time. When she awakens, she'll appear as she does in this vision –

(Gallant starts toward the vision; it vanishes)

Mistletoe: Enough! If you want to see Allura again, then come with me!

Gallant: Yes – I will go with you. We'd better hurry –

(They start for the boat)

Tripp: But – wait – it could be a trick – are you going to risk everything for

a pretty face?

Gallant: I'm meant to do this Tripp – I know it now. This is my quest –

(Gallant and Mistletoe go on the boat, which goes off as...)

Tripp: Hey – wait for me – *(he leaps and falls into the water; splash is heard)* Wait for me!

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