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Dramatic Publishing

A Participation Musical

a tale of sleeping beauty

Book and lyrics
by
Steve and Kathy Hotchner

Music
by
Bill Roser



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Book and Lyrics
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(A TALE OF SLEEPING BEAUTY)

ISBN 1-58342-109-2

Our special thanks to Jay Levitt and
Denver' s A Company of Players
for giving this play life

A TALE OF SLEEPING BEAUTY
A Participation Musical
For Three Men and Four Women

C H A R A C T E R S

MAYOR

KING

QUEEN

BEAUTY

GLENDIA

PRINCE

GIANT

PLACE: The Kingdom of Sleeping Beauty.

TIME: Many years ago.

Scene 1

The MAYOR enters, holding many colored notes.

MAYOR (talking to children). Notes. Notes everywhere.
On doorsteps, windows, stuck inside cookie jars,
beneath pillows, under beds, between teddy bears.
(Reads the notes in her hands.) "Dear Mayor, we
don't want to sleep forever. The evil fairy came
and warned us in our sleep. Get out while you can!
We heard a terrible voice and we don't want to hear
that voice again. We don't care if it is Beauty's
wedding day. We're leaving! The voice said:
Beauty will prick her finger and fall asleep forever.
And the whole kingdom of Sleeping Beauty will sleep
forever. This kingdom is too dangerous." Get
yourself another baker? No one. No one left. No
one to serve breakfast. Bake cakes. No waiters,
no doctor, no nurse. No one even said good-bye.

NO ONE EVEN SAID GOOD-BYE SONG

MAYOR.

No one even said good-bye.
No one even said good-bye.
And it's really kind of sad.
It makes you kind of mad when
No one even said good-bye.

They rolled out of town at six in the morning.
They took all the dishes and left the king snoring.
It kind of makes you cry
When friends don't say good-bye.

So Long,
We'll miss you.
Have a nice day.
We're sorry but we had to go away.

(KING, QUEEN, BEAUTY and GLENDA enter singing.)

ALL.

No one even said good-bye.
No one even said good-bye.
And it's really kind of sad.
It makes you kind of mad when
No one even said good-bye.

KING.

They could have had the decency.

QUEEN.

They could have had the manners

BEAUTY and GLENDA.

They really hurt our feelings.

MAYOR.

They really hurt our feelings.

ALL.

But no one
I mean no one
No one even said good-bye.

KING. Oh, sigh. Doomsday has come. Doldrums.
Disaster.

QUEEN. Will you do something and stop muttering about
disasters. First we must cancel the wedding!

BEAUTY. I will not cancel the wedding!

QUEEN. Secondly, we must hide Beauty. She must not
touch anything or anyone today. She must not prick
her finger.

BEAUTY. I will not cancel the wedding!

QUEEN. Third, third. Oh, where is the prince? Why
is he so late? Why did the townspeople desert?

Where's my doctor, my nurse? Oh, I feel faint.

BEAUTY. And I feel angry. If I can't have my prince,
I might as well sleep . . . a hundred years.

QUEEN. How sad.

KING. If we're going to sleep forever, why not start
now? (Falls over on bench or throne and starts
snoring.)

QUEEN. Will you stop that! Beauty, please listen to
your mother. The prince is late. The townspeople
have deserted. This is the day you're supposed to
prick your finger. Please don't go on with the wedding.

BEAUTY. No! I won't hide! I'm not going to prick my finger! I don't believe in that evil fairy. I want my wedding and I want my prince.

QUEEN. And I want my pills. Where's my doctor, my nurse? I wish I had a husband who said something besides "doomsday" and "doodlebugs."

KING (cheerfully; he is always quite cheerful about his gloomy remarks). Took the words right out of my mouth.

MAYOR. Beauty, you must believe in the evil fairy. The situation is terrible, terrible!

BEAUTY. You're all so wrong. (Comes to audience.) The prince is going to come. I know it. Would you stop the most wonderful day of your life because an evil fairy you never saw said you were going to prick your finger on your sixteenth birthday? (Children respond.)

GLENDIA. Children, I'll protect Beauty. I'm her most loyal servant. I didn't desert with the rest of the townspeople because I love her too much. If I make sure no one ever gets near her with a rose, then she'll never prick her finger and the kingdom is safe. Then, then don't you think the wedding should go on? (Children respond.)

BEAUTY. There! You see, mother? The children think the wedding should go on.

QUEEN (to KING). Oh, say something, do something. Don't just sit there. Should we have the wedding or shouldn't we?

KING. What a disaster. What a dreadful dud of a day.

QUEEN. Is that all you can say? Oh, I'm feeling faint.

My heart, my legs, my lungs. (Begins to fall.

QUEEN stretches out hands to catch her, then

QUEEN revives to complain again.) This is all too

much. The kingdom has deserted. The prince is late.

Beauty won't listen to me. My doctor and my nurse

are gone. Nasty notes everywhere. Oh, my poor head.

(Faints elegantly.)

MAYOR. A doctor, a nurse -- a nurse, a doctor. (MAYOR picks a child in the audience.) Will you be the doctor?

Now, doctor, let's pick out a nurse. (MAYOR picks

out a nurse.) Now we'll get the doctor's bag. (They

get the doctor's bag, which had been preset on stage.)

KING. Let her sleep. She's going to fall asleep forever

anyway.

BEAUTY. Father, look on the bright side for once.

KING. What's the use? I know a disaster when I see one.

MAYOR. Doctor -- (She has led them both downstage to QUEEN.) -- here is what you must do. Reach into that bag and find the smelling salts. (MAYOR guides doctor's hand to smelling salts.) Now. When I say "apply the smelling salts!" hold them right up to her nose.

BEAUTY (to nurse). Mother needs a very good nurse. She's not a calm person. Are you good at holding a mother's hand and calming her down? (Nurse responds.) Good. When the Queen wakes you must reach into that bag and give her these pills. (Shows nurse a small bottle.) They're for her nerves. And be sure and pat her hand. She'll need someone to hold and pat her hand.

MAYOR. Ready, doctor? Apply the smelling salts! (Doctor will usually hold the bottle far from the Queen's nose the first time. QUEEN shudders and snuffles but doesn't wake up.) Better try again, doctor. Hold them right up to her nose. (The doctor applies the smelling salts. QUEEN gives out an enormous sneeze. Then she opens her eyes and immediately sees the doctor and the nurse.)

QUEEN. My doctor, my nurse. Oh, what a comfort. (Embraces them both, or tries to.) Nurse, do you have my pills? (Nurse gives QUEEN her pills. QUEEN gulps down two.) Thank you, nurse. (To KING.) This is all your fault. If you'd invited that fairy to Beauty's naming day sixteen years ago, she wouldn't have lost her temper and pronounced this curse.

KING. She had an unpleasant personality. I'm glad I didn't invite her.

QUEEN. Beauty, don't go on with this wedding. Something terrible is going to happen. I just know it. The townspeople have deserted. The prince is late. Oh, nurse, please hold my hand. Doctor, take my pulse. I feel faint again.

MAYOR. We can't go on with the wedding. Who is going to build the wedding arbor? Or bake the cakes? What's going to happen if someone gets thirsty? Or hungry?

KING. I've lost my appetite myself.

QUEEN. We don't need your gloomy remarks. Oh, you drive me crazy. Oh, you make me mad. Ever since I've known you, you always give up! (Introduction to "Worry and Gloom Song" begins. The MAYOR puts pills back into doctor's bag, gives doctor his bag and leads doctor and nurse upstage, standing beside them while QUEEN prepares to attack with her song.)

KING. I always prepare for the worst, my dear.

WORRY AND GLOOM SONG

ALL, EXCEPT KING.

Worry and gloom, worry and gloom,
Doom, doom, doom. Doom, doom, doom,
Worry and gloom, worry and gloom,
Doom, doom, doom. Doom, doom, doom.

KING.

Words that make me happy,
Words that make me glad.

QUEEN.

Oh, you drive me crazy.
Oh, you make me mad.

If we're riding on a horse
Through a dark and scary trail
And we suddenly hear a terrible awful wail,
What will you do to save us without fail?

KING.

I know, I'll turn tail!

(ALL repeat Chorus.)

QUEEN.

If we're cruising on a lake and the boat begins to
tip
And my heart begins to skip . . .
What will you do when the waves begin to hit?

KING.

I'll shout, "Abandon Ship!"

QUEEN.

If we're outside on the lawn and we're starting to
play
And the sun suddenly goes away . . .
I know exactly what you'll say.

KING.

Oh, what a dud of a day!
(ALL repeat Chorus.)

KING. But, my dear . . .

QUEEN. What, you ninny?

KING. It is a gloomy day.

QUEEN. I knew that's what you'd say.

BEAUTY (to children). I know. You can help us.

Now, first, for the cakes. All of you who can make especially good cakes, start baking. (As BEAUTY sends out her plea for bakers, GLENDA and MAYOR go to other parts of audience and approach children to bake cakes.) I need all sorts of cakes. Lemon meringue, marble, chocolate. Any kind of icing you like. Please, get busy. (BEAUTY must wait until enough children have baked their cakes, then go to next piece of participation.) Now we need to put up the wedding arbor. Glenda, help me. And you, Mayor. Mother, father, please help us put up the wedding arbor.

QUEEN (who has been baking cakes with doctor and nurse).

Doctor, nurse, do you think I should? (Doctor and nurse respond.) Very well. I trust my doctor and nurse. Doctor, I want you to make me a promise. No matter what happens, take care of the doctor's bag. You're the only doctor and nurse we've got. Do you promise? (Doctor responds.) Oh, thank you. You're such a comfort. Now you two go back to your seats and remember, no matter what happens, take care of the doctor's bag. (The children return to their seats, the doctor with his bag. QUEEN turns to KING.) All right, you sack of doom, get off that seat and do something!

KING. The arbor will probably collapse, but I'll help.
(Sighs.) Oh, what a dud of a day.

BEAUTY. We need good strong hands. Each of you --
(This is to QUEEN, KING, MAYOR, GLENDA.) -- pick two children to help. (She picks two.) You and you.

GLENDA (picking two). You and you.

MAYOR (also choosing). Yes, yes, you two.

QUEEN (indicating her choices). Yes, yes, come along.

I hope you've had some experience at this. I've never built an arbor before.

BEAUTY. Bakers, you help us by saying one, two, three, pull when we pull down on these ropes. Timing is very important.

KING (as he reluctantly goes to the arbor, stage R). Watch out for falling ceilings! (QUEEN, GLENDA, MAYOR, KING and BEAUTY have each positioned themselves at a corner of the arbor with two or three children.)

BEAUTY. When I say pull, we pull. Is everyone ready? (All respond.)

KING. What does it matter? Why don't we all just hit ourselves over the heads. That's one way of falling asleep.

QUEEN. Oh, you get me so angry.

KING. Sorry, but it is an unpleasant day.

BEAUTY. Oh, father, sometimes you . . . Never mind. Ready, bakers? Say this with me. One, two, three, pull. Pull on the ropes in front of you.

MAYOR. This is such hard work. (The arbor is up, a collection of colored flowers all over it. BEAUTY and the MAYOR applaud the children.)

BEAUTY. We've done it. What a beautiful place to have a wedding.

MAYOR. Yes, yes -- beautiful. Thank you, builders.

Glenda, take them back to their seats. Hurry. There's so much more to do. (Goes into audience.) Are the cakes ready? What kind is yours? And yours? (Asks until she finds a cake that is chocolate, then:)

Chocolate? (Dips her finger in the icing.) My favorite!

QUEEN. I think it needs something.

KING. The prince, perhaps? Sorry, but the wedding will never take place, my dear. Face up to it. (KING goes to throne or bench and sits. QUEEN follows him and sits down next to him.)

QUEEN. Quiet! If I've agreed to let the wedding go on, then the wedding goes on. And we don't need your gloomy remarks.

GLENDA. A wedding bouquet, that's what we need. (Goes to QUEEN.) Your majesty, let me go into the meadow and gather roses for a wedding bouquet.

QUEEN. Go. Quickly. Before the prince arrives. (GLENDA exits. BEAUTY comes forward under the arbor. Lights

darken on all but BEAUTY. Introduction to "Rain Song" begins.)

BEAUTY. Oh, where is the prince? Where is he?

RAIN SONG

BEAUTY.

Rain, don't fall today.
Wind, go home to stay.
My Prince is far away.
My Prince is far away.

Clouds, don't block the sun.
Storm, your work is done.
My Prince, please come, please come.
My Prince, please come.

(Lights darken on stage on frozen tableau: BEAUTY under arbor, KING, QUEEN, MAYOR seated on benches with heads bowed. GLENDA enters, goes directly to audience.)

GLENDA. Flowers. What a wonderful meadow. Do you feel the breeze? Sway, children, sway. (Leads them in swaying.) You're slender flowers with delicate stems. (Goes to another section of audience.) And you're busy bees looking for honey. Buzz, bees, buzz. (Turns to another part of audience.) And you're birds making nests. Chirp. Chirp. I don't hear the bees. Or the birds. Now I hear them. Now I'm in a meadow.

(Introduction to "Roses Song" begins. While the KING, QUEEN, BEAUTY and MAYOR sing the "Roses Song" in the background, GLENDA goes into audience and picks roses from the children. After the second line, "dark and pretty roses," she turns slowly away from the audience, bends over, assuming the attitude of the older witch Glenda, places hood over head and, as the song fades out, turns around to the audience, her change to Glenda the evil fairy complete. The actress need only deepen her voice and change her body attitude. The witch cackle is not necessary until exit of Glenda at the end of the first scene.)

ROSES SONG

BEAUTY, KING, QUEEN, MAYOR.

Roses, roses, dark and pretty roses
Roses, roses, dark and pretty roses
Roses, roses, who has seen my roses?

GLEND A. Roses, roses, sharp and thorny for Beauty to prick her finger on. Years -- waited for years. No one invited me to Beauty's naming day sixteen years ago. Insulted. Now I get my revenge. Roses, roses, pretty roses. (Reaches out to child.) Like to prick your finger on them? No, I didn't think so. Don't be frightened. It's not you I want to put to sleep. But whatever you do, don't warn Beauty. (Turns around again, away from audience, removes hood, stands up and goes to BEAUTY.) Here is your wedding bouquet. With all my love. (One of the flowers should stand out as the flower with the thorn that BEAUTY will prick her finger on.)

BEAUTY (taking flowers). Thank you. (If there is a warning from children, BEAUTY will deny that Glenda could harm her. BEAUTY touches the roses, draws finger back quickly.) Ouch! They're sharp. They're -- (Yawns.) -- so -- (Yawns.) -- sharp. (QUEEN, KING, MAYOR immediately begin yawning and stretching sleepily.)

QUEEN. I knew it. I knew I never should have trusted that girl. (Starts advancing on GLEND A. GLEND A stretches out palm and stops her.) If only . . . the prince had come. (She collapses onto floor.)

BEAUTY. Mother, I'm so sorry. (Yawns.) I should have listened to you. (Falls a few feet away from QUEEN on floor.) Glenda, how could you do this? (BEAUTY falls asleep.)

MAYOR (advancing angrily on GLEND A, as GLEND A stretches out palm and stops her). Should have known. What -- (Yawns.) -- will we do -- (Yawns and falls on top of QUEEN.) -- with all those delicious cakes? (Falls asleep across QUEEN.)

KING. Never did like you. Don't regret -- (Yawns.) -- not inviting you to Beauty's naming day. (Yawns.) Always did have -- (Yawns.) -- an unpleasant

personality. (Starts to sleep, then raises head and says:) Oh, what a dud of a day. (Now falls asleep.)
GLEND A. Children, hide under your seats. Don't interfere. Justice has triumphed. And don't think the Prince is coming to wake up Beauty with a kiss. The Prince is in a faraway land guarded by a dreadfully fierce giant. There is nothing anyone can do to wake up the Kingdom of Sleeping Beauty. I am revenged. (Takes a rose from BEAUTY, exits cackling.) Roses, roses, who wants my pretty roses?

BLACKOUT

END OF SCENE