

Excerpt terms and conditions



This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

You may view, print and download any of our excerpts for perusal purposes.

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest reading the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.

Dramatic Publishing

A Comedy in Three Acts
by
FRANCES HOMER

The *Sleeping Beauty*
of Loreland



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

*** NOTICE ***

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty fees are given in our current catalogue and are subject to change without notice. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed anytime it is acted before an audience. All inquiries concerning amateur and stock rights should be addressed to:

DRAMATIC PUBLISHING

P. O. Box 129., Woodstock, Illinois 60098

COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES. This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including but not limited to the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication, and reading are reserved. *On all programs this notice should appear:*

"Produced by special arrangement with
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY of Woodstock, Illinois"

©MCMXXXV by
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
©Renewed MCMLXII by
FRANCES HOMER
Printed in the United States of America
All Rights Reserved
(THE SLEEPING BEAUTY OF LORELAND)

ISBN 0-87129-233-5

To
the magic greater than death
that shall wake us all after we
sleep long years. . . .

The Sleeping Beauty of Loreland

A Comedy in Three Acts

FOR TWELVE FEMALES AND SIX MALES AND EXTRAS IF DESIRED

As originally produced at The New Century Drawing Rooms, Philadelphia, by The Philadelphia School of Expression and Dramatic Art, under the direction of the author, with the following cast:

THE QUEEN	Edith Grigg
THE KING	Marion Dowler
BUMPS	Elizabeth McCarty
NANNY	Constance Della Cioppa
THE VIOLET FAIRY	Dorothy Slingluff
THE INDIGO FAIRY	Josephine Stelwagon
THE BLUE FAIRY	Ruth Parsons
THE GREEN FAIRY	Sylvia Rosenfeld
THE YELLOW FAIRY	Ellen Gibb
THE ORANGE FAIRY	Clara Jennings
THE RED FAIRY	Henrietta Byron
THE BLACK FAIRY	Margaret Mary McGee
THE SUNLIGHT FAIRY	Pearl Leaf
BEAUTY	Helen Moss
RUPERT	Catharine Slocum
TUFFY	Rachel Fittler
PRINCE DELMAR	Lore Kessemeyer
THE CARETAKER	Clara Jennings
A PEASANT CHILD	Elizabeth Lavender Price
COOKS, PEASANT CHILDREN, FLOWER GIRLS, and LACKIES, as desired.	

PLACE: *The Main Hall of the Palace, and before the gate of the Palace.*

TIME: *Once upon a time, and a hundred years later.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT ONE: *The Main Hall of the Palace. Once upon a time.*

ACT TWO: *The same. Fifteen years later.*

ACT THREE: *Scene One: Before the gate of the Palace. One hundred years later.*

Scene Two: The Main Hall of the Palace. A short time later.

Act One

SCENE: *The Main Hall of the Palace. The scene may be played in curtains. There are high French windows U C, opening out on to a flower garden. Below these windows there is, preferably, a platform, wider than the windows, and extending down stage for about a third of the width of the stage, with one or two steps leading to the main part of the stage. There are four archways, or openings, through the curtains: two in the right wall and two in the left wall. The arch U R leads to the interior of the Palace, and the arch D R leads to the main dining-hall; the arch U L leads to the entrance of the Palace, and the arch D L leads to the chapel. There is a small door U R C which leads to the tower room. D R C is a high-backed chair, facing L. D C is a cradle. There is a small chair at the upper left-hand end of the cradle. U L C, left of the French windows, is another high-backed chair.]*

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: *The QUEEN is D C, seated, rocking the cradle, and murmuring to the baby. She is a tall, handsome woman of thirty, impatient, ambitious, and high-handed in carrying out her desires. She is quite charming, even in her impatience and petulance. She wears a handsome, rich gown. The KING stands R C, a silver plate in his hand, frowning thoughtfully. He is a tall, slim, rather quiet man in his thirties. He is quietly humorous in his manner, and sometimes filled with loving despair over his wife's high-handed notions. He has the patience of resignation. BUMPS stands right of the KING, stiffly at attention. He is a tall, fat, red-faced, solemn, pompous butler of forty. His customary expression is one of complete blankness. His words are delivered in a*

weightily solemn manner. Two COOKS or LACKEYS stand near BUMPS, at attention, holding ten golden plates, each holding a stack of five. The KING counts the golden plates, beginning at the bottom of the stack.]

KING [*motioning as he counts*]. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Hmm. [*He shakes his head, looks at the silver plate in his hand, and then looks anxiously toward the QUEEN, but she is intent on the cradle.*] Ten. Hmmmm. [*Again he counts the plates.*] One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. [*He looks at the QUEEN anxiously, and clears his throat.*] Ahem! [*There is no response. He stacks the silver plate on one of the stacks of golden plates.*] There we are! Eleven! [*He smiles triumphantly.*]

[*The QUEEN turns and looks at the KING in silent disapproval. The KING stops smiling and eyes her warily, with a sidelong glance, and then removes the silver plate from the golden plates. The QUEEN again turns her attention to the cradle.*]

BUMPS. Shall I lay eleven places, Your Highness?

[*Again the KING looks at the QUEEN, and at the silver plate, and sighs.*]

BUMPS. Or shall I leave the table as it is? With ten places?

[*The KING looks off through the arch D R.*]

KING. Ten. Hmm. [*He crosses left a few steps thoughtfully, and then turns on BUMPS.*] You're sure you couldn't find another one of those gold plates?

BUMPS. There are only ten, Your Majesty.

KING [*appealing to the QUEEN who is happily rocking the cradle*]. My dear, if you'd only use this silver plate . . .

QUEEN. A silver plate when all the rest are gold! It wouldn't match!

KING. That doesn't matter.

QUEEN. Matter! At our darling baby's christening party!

KING. If we added the silver plate we could send an invitation immediately to the Black Fairy.

QUEEN. I should be delighted to have the Black Fairy. But she will make eleven, and there are only ten gold plates.

KING. But with a silver plate . . .

QUEEN [*interrupting*]. It would look dreadful!

KING. Better offend the eye than the heart. [*He goes U C to the windows and looks out, the silver plate in his hand.*]

BUMPS. Anything else, Your Majesty?

KING [*sighing*]. That will be all.

BUMPS. Just ten places?

KING. Ten.

BUMPS. The silver plate?

KING [*disconsolately*]. Put it away, Bumps. [*He holds the silver plate out.*]

[*BUMPS marches pompously U C, gets the silver plate from the KING, and marches D R. BUMPS and the COOKS go out D R. The QUEEN rises, and crosses toward the KING.*]

QUEEN. How you do worry when all our worries are ended. We have a baby. Think of all the long, lonely years we've waited for a baby.

KING. If the Black Fairy isn't invited to our party . . .

QUEEN. She may never hear about it. Think of all the parties there are that you never hear about.

KING. Somehow, you always hear about the ones that you aren't invited to. My dear, please let the silver plate be added!

QUEEN. There shall be gold and only gold for my baby's party. [*She crosses D C and stands over the cradle.*] Look at her! Gold is the color of her hair!

KING [*crossing D C, to left of the QUEEN, looking over her shoulder*]. Matter of fact, I can't see her hair!

QUEEN. Now you're insulting her! She's got more than you have.

KING [*smiling*]. That's not saying much. If it weren't for my crown . . .

QUEEN [*still examining the baby*]. Can't you see all that gold?
KING. It's a blessing there's more in the treasury.

[*There is a knock off U R C. The KING strolls a step or two L.*]

KING. There's Nanny. [*He calls.*] Come!

[*NANNY enters U R C, carrying the christening robe. She is a little old lady, dressed in a gray dress with long sleeves, a tight waist, and a long, full skirt. She is past fifty and her hair is very gray. She comes D C, right of the QUEEN.*]

QUEEN. Nanny will defend her charge. [*To NANNY.*] Nanny, His Majesty is making fun of her hair!

NANNY. Her hair! Ah, some day it will chain the hearts of all her subjects!

KING [*smiling down on NANNY*]. I'll take your word for it!

NANNY. Look . . . [*She spreads out the christening robe.*]
Her christening robe.

QUEEN. Lovely! Look, dear!

KING [*noncommittally*]. Hmm.

QUEEN. Is that all you can say!

KING [*bewildered, as man always is before the display of women's garments*]. There's a lot of it. Don't let it smother her.

NANNY [*proudly*]. Every stitch with my own fingers.

QUEEN. You're a wonder, Nanny.

NANNY. There's no joy in the world like making things for those you love. [*Gently, as she smiles down on the cradle.*]
She'll find that out some day. I'll teach her first to sew her dolly's clothes—

KING [*doubtfully*]. A Princess sew?

NANNY [*firmly*]. It's one of the things that can make you feel like a Queen.

KING [*whimsically*]. What about it, my dear? Have you ever sewed?

QUEEN. Of course! Didn't I make her a little sack?

KING [*winking at NANNY*]. You did?

QUEEN. Yes, and if I hadn't cut the arms so small, she could have worn it.

[*The KING laughs.*]

NANNY [*assuring them hastily*]. This lamb shall be taught to sew right.

QUEEN. Let's dress her up now, Nanny. She'll be the sweetest baby in the world.

[*NANNY and the QUEEN kneel above the cradle to put the robe on the baby.*]

QUEEN. Such a lovely robe! Oh, it's going to be the most beautiful christening!

KING [*crossing D L*]. If only the Black Fairy had been invited!

NANNY [*looking up fearfully, and rising slowly*]. Magic preserve us! [*She crosses right a step or two.*] You don't mean to tell me you left out the Black Fairy?

QUEEN [*carelessly, bending over the cradle*]. We had to leave one of the Fairies out. There were only ten gold plates.

NANNY [*turning back toward the QUEEN*]. What's that got to do with it?

QUEEN [*unconcerned*]. I wanted to use the gold plates.

NANNY [*turning to the KING again, pleading*]. But the Black Fairy! Her temper! She will——

QUEEN. Well, I'm going to use the gold plates, even though she cries her eyes out.

NANNY [*very seriously*]. The Black Fairy won't cry. She'll make someone else cry her eyes out. [*Wringing her hands, pleadingly.*] Oh, my dear and gracious lady, I beg you, invite the Black Fairy!

QUEEN. How can I?

NANNY. Put on a silver plate.

QUEEN. They wouldn't match.

NANNY. Folks never notice that things don't match when things are being shared.

KING [*nodding*]. Exactly. My dear, Nanny is right.

NANNY. Please, won't you——

QUEEN [*rising*]. Dress the baby, Nanny. You're her nurse—— not my social advisor.

NANNY. Yes, my lady. [*She bends over the cradle, and shakes her head sadly, and catches her breath with a sob.*] Poor lamb, poor little lamb! [*She kneels and begins to dress the baby.*]

QUEEN. And stop that sniveling.

NANNY. You don't know fairies like I do.

[*BUMPS enters D R, and stands stiffly above the door.*]

QUEEN. I hardly know them at all. That's why I'm not going to show my ignorance by putting on a silver plate with ten gold ones.

NANNY. They have dread power.

QUEEN. Tish! They're pretty, harmless little things!

NANNY. Until one angers them. Unkindness whips about them like a winter wind and changes them to a biting flame.

QUEEN [*disregarding NANNY and crossing toward BUMPS to R C, looking off R.*]. The feast table looks lovely. Serve the roast peacock first. [*She pats her hair, adjusts her gown, and crosses to the window U C.*] Ah, the guests are approaching. [*To the KING.*] Come, my dear, you must stand beside me to receive them. [*She crosses to the KING.*]

[*Church bells begin to ring off stage L. BUMPS crosses D C, takes the chair from above the cradle and solemnly places it against the wall L. Then he stands above the door U L.*]

QUEEN. Hurry, Nanny! The service is ready to begin.

KING. What are you going to name her, my dear?

QUEEN. I haven't decided, have I?

KING. You remember we sat up until twelve o'clock last night . . .

QUEEN. And what was the last name I thought of?

KING. It was Dorothy—or Mary.

QUEEN. They're both nice names.

KING. You should decide.

QUEEN. I'm so thankful to have a baby that "Baby" is as far as I seem able to go.

KING. But she has to have a name to be christened. [*He crosses to the cradle.*] Of course, you want a name that suits her. [*Smiling down.*] She's such a pretty little thing.

NANNY [*restoring the baby to the cradle and rising*]. Pretty? She's a beauty!

QUEEN. A beauty? [*She crosses quickly to the cradle.*] I know! Let's call her that! "Beauty"!

NANNY [*nodding*]. Might as well call a spade a spade.

QUEEN. Here come the Fairies. Stand with us, Nanny, so that little Beauty may receive her Godmothers and their gifts.

KING. May they be generous.

[*The KING and QUEEN stand R C. NANNY stands right and a bit below them. BUMPS flings open the doors U L and stands above them.*]

BUMPS [*announcing*]. The Violet Fairy, the Indigo Fairy, the Blue Fairy, the Green Fairy, the Yellow Fairy, the Orange Fairy, and the Red Fairy!

[*The FAIRIES enter U L in the order in which they are announced. They wear dresses the color of their names. They group themselves L C.*]

QUEEN. The Rainbow Family. They always come together.

KING. They look best together.

QUEEN. Seven. Only seven. I invited eight fairies. Who is it who has not come?

KING. Perhaps you miscounted, my dear. Let's send an invitation right away to——

QUEEN [*cutting in hastily*]. I know! The Sunshine Fairy! [*To the FAIRIES.*] Where is the Sunshine Fairy?

RED FAIRY. She stopped a moment, Your Majesty, to——

QUEEN. What! After I sent her an invitation! Of all ways to treat my baby!

KING. My dear——

QUEEN. If I had have known she was going to spurn my invitation, I would have sent it to the Black Fairy! If this isn't a pretty how-do-you-do!

[*The FAIRIES at L C, bow to the KING and QUEEN, and cross to C and look into the cradle.*]

VIOLET FAIRY. Congratulations, Your Majesties! And the little one!

RED FAIRY [*smiling down at the cradle*]. It's nice to see her again.

KING. Again?

INDIGO FAIRY. Of course we knew her in Fairyland before she was sent to you.

QUEEN. Then you know what a prize she is.

KING. Next to a fairy the most exciting sort of person is a baby.

[*The FAIRIES laugh, very much pleased.*]

ORANGE FAIRY. You flatter us, Your Majesty.

GREEN FAIRY. And now, for certain, we shall give your little one valuable gifts.

[*The church bells off L stop.*]

BLUE FAIRY [*reaching her hands to the FAIRIES on either side of her*]. Come, Sisters, let us see what she may need.

[*The FAIRIES form a semi-circle above the cradle.*]

NANNY. Dear Magic Ones, be generous to her!

QUEEN. She already has what a girl needs most of all.

YELLOW FAIRY. What do you mean, Your Majesty?

QUEEN. She has beauty.

VIOLET FAIRY. Outward beauty.

QUEEN. "Beauty" is to be her name.

YELLOW FAIRY [*to the other FAIRIES*]. Then, Sisters, let's make sure that her beauty will last for all her life by giving her those inner gifts that will keep her outward beauty.

[Soft dance music begins off stage.]

QUEEN [*to the KING*]. What do they mean?

KING. Shhh!

[The FAIRIES join hands and circle around the cradle. When the YELLOW FAIRY is above the cradle, the VIOLET FAIRY and the INDIGO FAIRY break hands, and step back, forming a semi-circle with the YELLOW FAIRY C. The YELLOW FAIRY steps forward, scatters yellow petals over the cradle, and pronounces the spell of her gift. As the YELLOW FAIRY stops speaking, the FAIRIES again join hands, and circle the cradle. Then the RED FAIRY and the ORANGE FAIRY break hands, forming a semi-circle with the BLUE FAIRY center. The movement is repeated with each spell of the gifts.]

[The YELLOW FAIRY comes forward as the VIOLET FAIRY and INDIGO FAIRY break hands; she scatters yellow petals over the cradle.]

YELLOW FAIRY [*as she scatters the petals*].

Beauty cannot live in frowns,
Pouts and scowls and doleful sighs;
I shall give you laughter, dear—
Smiling lips and dancing eyes.

[Again the FAIRIES join hands and circle the cradle. Then the RED FAIRY and the ORANGE FAIRY break hands and step back, forming a semi-circle with the BLUE FAIRY center. The BLUE FAIRY steps forward, scatters blue petals over the cradle, and speaks.]

BLUE FAIRY [*as she scatters the petals*].

Tinsel fortune shall not lure you—
Will-o'-wisps on mischief bent—
Nor shall any troubles fright you;
For I give to you content.

[*Again the FAIRIES join hands and circle the cradle. Then the BLUE FAIRY and the GREEN FAIRY break hands, forming a semi-circle with the RED FAIRY center. The RED FAIRY steps forward, scatters red petals over the cradle, and speaks.*]

RED FAIRY [*as she scatters the petals*].

You shall be a gallant maiden,
Brave as one who is a King,
For I give with these, my blessings,
Courage, that your heart may sing.

[*Again the FAIRIES join hands and circle the cradle. Then the YELLOW FAIRY and the GREEN FAIRY break hands, and step back, forming a semi-circle, with the VIOLET FAIRY center. The VIOLET FAIRY steps forward, scatters violet petals over the cradle, and speaks.*]

VIOLET FAIRY [*as she scatters the petals*].

You shall be so very kind
Unto folk in every place,
For by kindness you shall keep
That sweet beauty in your face.

[*Again the FAIRIES join hands and circle the cradle. Then the INDIGO FAIRY and the BLUE FAIRY break hands and step back, forming a semi-circle, with the ORANGE FAIRY center. The ORANGE FAIRY steps forward, scatters orange petals over the cradle, and speaks.*]

ORANGE FAIRY [*as she scatters the petals*].

This my blessing—you shall give
Of your joy and of your gold;
So your beauty shall live long—
Even when you have grown old.

[*Again the FAIRIES join hands and circle the cradle. Then the YELLOW FAIRY and the ORANGE FAIRY break hands and step back, forming a semi-circle with the INDIGO FAIRY center. The INDIGO FAIRY steps forward, scatters indigo petals, and speaks.*]

INDIGO FAIRY [*as she scatters the petals*].

Patience is my gift to you—
Patience that can wait and smile
Through the gray days and the storms—
Keeping faith with Afterwhile.

[*Again the FAIRIES join hands and circle the cradle. Then the RED FAIRY and the VIOLET FAIRY break hands and step back, forming a semi-circle with the GREEN FAIRY center. The GREEN FAIRY steps forward, scatters green petals, and speaks.*]

GREEN FAIRY [*as she scatters the petals*].

Fair in all ways you shall be,
Fair in face and wisdom, too;
Then you shall be loved of people
Who have joy because of you.

[*The FAIRIES group about the cradle in a semi-circle again.*]

QUEEN [*to the KING*]. What strange gifts!

KING [*softly*]. Shhh!

QUEEN. I don't see why it was so important to have them attend.

KING. They will hear you!

[*The music off stage stops.*]

QUEEN. If the Black Fairy's curse is no more important than these blessings—

KING [*shaking his head*]. I wish we had asked the Black Fairy.

QUEEN. So do I—if the Sunlight Fairy won't deign to attend the party. [*To the FAIRIES.*] Where is the Sunlight Fairy?

GREEN FAIRY. She stopped inside the window of a little crippled boy to smile on him.

QUEEN [*indignantly*]. When my baby is being christened!

VIOLET FAIRY. She had to stop.

QUEEN. For just a crippled boy?

RED FAIRY. He was singing.

QUEEN. She isn't what I'd call a loyal subject.

KING [*laughing*]. Now, now! You know Sunlight, popping in and out, here and there. She'll be here soon. With a gift so lovely that you'll end by being glad she was late.

QUEEN [*with a sniff*]. You always were partial to her. Sometimes, I think it pays to be an unreliable woman.

YELLOW FAIRY. If you're as bright as Sunlight.

[*A lilting melody is heard off U C.*]

VIOLET FAIRY. Listen! There she comes! Sunlight's coming!

[*The FAIRIES flutter to U C in a group and look out.*]

QUEEN. And high time! As soon as she gets here the christening can take place.

KING. And the feast.

[*The lilting music is drowned in a sudden crash of thunder which continues in low, ominous rumbles for a few moments. The FAIRIES stand huddled in a group U C, tense and alert.*]

BLUE FAIRY. Listen!

ORANGE FAIRY. The Black Fairy!

KING. The Black Fairy! Oh, my dear——

QUEEN. Bumps! Bar the way! [*She crosses to the cradle, protectingly.*]

[*BUMPS closes the doors U L, or bars the doorway if an arch is used. The RAINBOW FAIRIES rush D L and huddle together.*]