

SLEEPING BEAUTY and the Z's

By Bill Van Horn

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PUBLISHED BY

ELDRIDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY

www.histage.com

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STORY OF THE PLAY

Despite the efforts of the Zs, a group of good fairies (Zabrina, Zanth, Zinda, Zaria, Zelda, Zoe, and Zellie), Princess Tara falls prey to a curse from the wicked fairy, Xenia. The curse is that when she turns 16 she will prick her finger and she and everyone in the whole castle will sleep for a hundred years. So determined that no one ever wake Tara, the Xenia conjures up a horrible ogre, enlists the aid of her terrible trolls and exploits a two-headed spider.

A hundred years later, greedy Prince Egbert and lazy Prince Smedley, accompanied by their hard-working page, Jason, attempt to reach the princess. Smedley and Egbert cannot awaken her, but Jason's hesitant kiss does. In fact, a few other kisses turn some other unsavory characters into beautiful people!

Just when the story should end happily, however, the Xenia appears and the nightmare begins again - but not for long!

Lots of humor, interesting plot twists and turns, and a large, flexible cast make this version of the beloved fairy tale ideal for junior high students to perform.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(12 m, 18 w, 7 flexible. Much doubling possible.)

KING HAROLD: Princess Tara's father.

QUEEN ANNE: Princess Tara's mother.

GERIATRICUS: An old wizard.

ELOISE: A lady-in-waiting.

OLIVIA: A lady-in-waiting.

HORATIO: A palace guard.

BLUB: Troll.

DRUB: Troll.

FLUB: Troll.

GLUB: Troll.

XENIA: The bad fairy.

ARACHNIA: A two-headed spider (two actresses divide lines)

TOWN CRIER: Announces the princess' birth.

FAIRIES (The Zs):

ZABRINA

ZANTH

ZINDA

ZARIA

ZELDA

ZOE

ZELLIE (the youngest fairy)

LITTLE PRINCESS TARA: Four or five years old.

LITTLE LIZABETH: Four or five years old.

PRINCESS TARA: At sixteen.

LIZABETH: At sixteen.

KING RICHARD: Father of Jason and Brock.

QUEEN ELAINE: Mother of Jason and Brock.

YOUNG PRINCE JASON: Four or five years old.

YOUNG PRINCE BROCK: Four or five years old.

KING MIDRAS: Father of Egbert and Smedley.

QUEEN THEODORA: Mother of Egbert and Smedley.

JASON: Slave to King Midras.

PRINCE EGBERT: Lazy son of King Midras.

PRINCE SMEDLEY: Egbert's equally lazy brother.

ERIK: The Viking.

THE COOK: Works in King Midras' palace.

ODIUM: The Ogre (Prince Brock).

LORDS AND LADIES: As needed.

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TIME: Once upon a -

PLACE: Land of Far Away

SYNOPSIS OF THE PLAY

ACT I

Scene 1: Throne room of King Harold and Queen Anne.

Scene 2: Xenia's lair.

Scene 3: Three days later in the throne room.

Scene 4: Four years later in the throne room.

Scene 5: Twelve years later. Throne room and Xenia's lair.

ACT II

Scene 1: Eighty years later. In the forest.

Scene 2: Twenty years later. Palace of Midras and
Theodora.

Scene 3: A few hours later, outside of King Harold's palace.

Scene 4: Minutes later inside the palace.

PRODUCTION NOTES

Odium should be as large as possible. The two actresses in the role of Arachnia should speak in sync. Lizabeth's "potato head" could be a drawstring hood made of muslin which covers her hair and is quickly removed. The hedge can be easily made by tying some chairs together and covering them with burlap or brown paper.

STAGING

Area SR for briar patch and hedge. Area CS for throne rooms. Area SL for Xenia's lair.

SOUND EFFECTS

Baby's cry; blare of trumpets; explosions; loud splash; thunder; sinister music; sound of bells drums, trumpets; lightning, grand entrance music, baby laughter, ballet music, frog croaks, rooster crow, rushing wind, soft music, roar, sound of splintering wood.

ACT I
Scene 1

(AT RISE: Interior of KING HAROLD'S palace. He sits on throne motionless. LORDS and LADIES are standing. Attitudes suggest dozing.)

KING: *(Rising from throne.)* How much longer? *(ALL rouse. ELOISE fans KING with a very large fan.)*

GERIATRICUS: Soon, Your Majesty, soon.

KING: What can I do? What do you suggest, Geriatricus?

GERIATRICUS: Pacing is recommended and acceptable, sire.

KING: So be it. *(Steps down from dais, paces. GERIATRICUS follows him. KING stops abruptly.)* Did you hear anything?

GERIATRICUS: No, sire. Nothing. *(Pacing resumes. KING stops.)*

KING: I thought I heard something. Did I, Geriatricus?

GERIATRICUS: No, sire.

KING: *(To assemblage.)* Did I hear something?

ALL: No, sire.

KING: WHAT?

ALL: NO, SIRE! *(Pacing continues.)*

(A BABY'S cry is heard. ALL smile and murmur.)

GERIATRICUS: Did you hear, your majesty?

KING: No --

GERIATRICUS: *(To OTHERS.)* Did you? Did you?

ALL: Yes. Yes! *(BABY'S cry is louder. KING clutches chest.)*

KING: Is it? IS IT? What is it?

GERIATRICUS: Your baby, sire. Yes, sire, that's your baby.

KING: What?

ALL: YES, SIRE, THAT'S YOUR BABY!

KING: Oh, zooks! *(Collapses. Louder BABY cry.)*

ELOISE: Oh, the poor king. Alack-a-day!

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OLIVIA: Well, do something!

GERIATRICUS: What?

OLIVIA: Men! Humph. *(Takes fan from ELOISE and taps KING with it. He stirs.)*

KING: What has happened?

OLIVIA: You have become a father.

KING: *(Rising.)* Well. *(Clears throat.)* Cheers!

(ELOISE exits, SL.)

ALL: Long live the king! Long live the queen! Long live the...

GERIATRICUS: Whatever!

ALL: Long live the whatever!

KING: And what is this whatever?

(HORATIO hurries in SR. Salutes.)

HORATIO: Ze pink banner flies high over ze castle.

KING: Pink banner?

HORATIO: Oui, oui, majesty. You haff ze new daughter. Sugar and spice.

OLIVIA: Long live the princess!

ALL: Long live the princess!

GERIATRICUS: Congratulations, sire. *(KING pumps HIS and HORATIO'S hands.)* Long live the king!

KING: Well - *(Struts.)*

OLIVIA: Men! Ha! Long live the queen! Long live the queen!

KING: Oh, yes. Of course. *(Sings with GERIATRICUS.)*
For she's a jolly good fellow, for she's a jolly good fellow,
for she's a jolly good fellow -

OLIVIA: Please!

KING: Oh, I'm so happy, I could leap for joy! *(HE does.)*

GERIATRICUS: And we are happy! *(ALL leap.)*

OLIVIA: The king leapeth well.

GERIATRICUS: Indeed. He was once a frog prince.

OLIVIA: And you are still a toad.

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GERIATRICUS: It takes one to know one. (*THEY glare at one another.*)

KING: I must leap off to see my wife. (*Leaps SR.*)

GERIATRICUS: You leap well, sire, but you are bound the wrong way ... the royal bed chamber is that way. (*Points SL.*)

(*KING hops off to SL meeting ELOISE who hops in from SL.*)

KING: And how is the new mother?

ELOISE: Fine, sire.

KING: And my daughter?

ELOISE: Beautiful. (*Very loud BABY'S cry.*) And she hath a lovely voice.

KING: And so strong. See to it that she begins singing lessons on the morrow ... and, Geriatricus, proclaim today a holiday. And the next day ... and have the royal baker prepare a gigantic birthday cake ... strawberry cake with pink icing ... everyone is to have all the ice cream they can eat. And, every sunrise and sunset is to be pink! Color my world pink! (*Exits.*)

ELOISE: Color his world pink? How, Geriatricus, how?

GERIATRICUS: Simple. (*Takes a pair of pink spectacles from pocket. Holds them up.*) I shall have the king wear these.

ELOISE: (*Puts on glasses.*) Oh, how beautiful everything is. You are truly a great wizard, Geriatricus. (*Returns glasses to HIM.*)

GERIATRICUS: Thank you. Now let us celebrate! Let there be singing! (*ALL sing a chorus or two of "Rock-a-Bye, Baby."*) Let there be laughter! (*ALL laugh.*) Let there be trumpets! (*Blare of TRUMPETS.*) Let there be cannon! (*HORATIO salutes and runs off SR.*)

HORATIO: (*Offstage.*) Une, deux, trois! (*LOUD EXPLOSION. THOSE in throne room rock back and forth, LIGHTS blink, pieces of wall "fall down," etc. HORATIO enters.*) Pardon, monsieur, I did not know ze gun was loaded. Eh, eh, eh ...

GERIATRICUS: Fire the cannon over the moat!

End of Freeview

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