

Fairy Tale Reader's Theater: **Sleeping Beauty**

Reader Roles: **Narrator**, **Queen**, **King**, **Wicked fairy**, **Good fairy**, **Princess**, **Prince**



Scene 1 (*in the castle*)

Narrator: Once upon a time, a beautiful princess was born.

Queen: Why don't we celebrate our daughter's birth with the whole kingdom?

King: That is a great idea! Let's have a big party!

Narrator: The happy King and Queen gave a feast. They invited all the good fairies in the land.

King: Hello, fairies. You are all very welcome.

Queen: Thank you for coming.

Narrator: One by one, each fairy gave the baby princess a gift. One gave her beauty, one gave her grace, and on and on. Finally, the last good fairy approached the cradle.

Good fairy: For her final gift, I give the princess the gift of—

Wicked fairy: (*flying in with evil laugh*) Hello, everyone! What a lovely party. I would have loved to attend, but it seems my invitation got lost in the mail!

King: We are so sorry! We didn't know you still lived in the area. Please, let us—

Wicked fairy: It is too late for apologies! Now, I have a gift to give the little princess as well. On her sixteenth birthday, she will prick her finger on the spindle of a spinning wheel and die!

Queen: (*crying*) No! Please, not my baby!

King: I'm very sorry we didn't invite you... Please break your spell.

Wicked fairy: (*flying away*) It's too late. Reap the rewards of your rudeness.

Queen: Can you break the spell, Good fairy? (*crying*) Please save my daughter!

Narrator: The good fairy carefully examined the curse.

Good fairy: I cannot break the spell, but I can make it better. When she pricks her finger on her sixteenth birthday, she will not die. She will only sleep, for a hundred years.

Queen: (*crying*) A hundred years? No!

King: I have a better idea! If there are no spindles, she cannot prick her finger. Burn all the spindles in the land!

Good fairy: My good king, that will not—

King: Begone from here! We will keep our daughter safe, since you cannot!

Scene 2 (*in the tower*)

Narrator: Sixteen years passed. On her sixteenth birthday, the princess climbed up a tower she had never visited before.

Princess: I have never seen this tower before. I wonder what's inside.

Narrator: Inside, an old lady was spinning on a spinning wheel that had, by magic, been overlooked.

Wicked fairy: Oh, come on in, Princess.

Princess: Hello. What are you doing?

Wicked fairy: I am spinning.

Princess: Please, let me try.

Wicked fairy: Of course, young lady. Come closer.

Narrator: But when she reached for the spindle . . .

Princess: OW! I pricked my finger!

Narrator: The princess fell into a deep sleep as the wicked fairy disappeared with a cackle. The good fairy, who had secretly watched over the kingdom for sixteen years, appeared to offer what protections she could.

Good fairy: I will send the whole palace and her parents to sleep with her, so that when she wakes, she will have loving family by her side. And I will cover this castle in a thorny hedge to protect it from harm. And I will make sure they know, in a hundred years, that something lies behind the thorns.

Narrator: After a hundred years, a prince came to the castle. He had heard a story of a cursed princess and had come to see if he could help. The thorns parted in his path, allowing him to pass.

Prince: The stories were true! There is a castle behind these thorns, and that must mean a princess needs help!

Narrator: The prince went into the courtyard, through the hall, and up to the tower. All the inhabitants of the castle were asleep. At the top of the tallest tower, he found the sleeping princess.

Prince: I wonder what will wake her? (*blow kiss at Princess*)

Princess: (*yawning and waking up*) Oh my! You saved me. Thank you.

Prince: The pleasure is all mine, princess. You are beautiful.

Princess: Thank you!

Narrator: With the princess awake, the good fairy's spell of sleep lifted from the rest of the castle.

Queen: Princess! You are awake.

King: You are back!

Princess: This prince woke me up with true love's kiss!

King: Thank you, Prince. The good fairy's spell worked. I am sorry I sent her away.

Prince: I'm glad to have helped, your Majesty: because of this I've met my true love!

Narrator: The prince and the princess were married. And they lived happily ever after.

THE END

