

**Dialogue Sample from SLEEPING BEAUTY: THE HUNDRED YEAR ADVENTURE**

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*[The FAIRIES arrive unexpectedly at the banquet to bestow gifts upon the baby princess BEAUTY. As the FAIRIES pick up and hold the baby, the KING, QUEEN and nursemaid ALTHEA nervously look on.]*

**KING**

(Babbling nervously)  
Ah, yes, well, as I was saying ... welcome, eat, enjoy ... delightful to have your presences in our humble castle. Eat what you will ... eat everything ... eat it all!

(QUEEN pulls KING away. FAIRIES eat ravenously. QUEEN, KING and ALTHEA whisper among themselves.)

**QUEEN**

The baby! They have my Beauty!

**KING**

Not to worry. Tricks and tempers they may have, but I've never heard of a human harmed by fairies.

**ALTHEA**

Is it always thus with fairies? Eating so?

**KING**

Not a morsel will remain. What can't be eaten will fly away in a pocket.

**QUEEN**

Have they forgotten why they came?

**KING**

Never. A banquet consumed is a contract signed!

**GIVER OF BEAUTY**

Fine table laid! Now ... on to business. Invited here for gifts, we were. And gifts we'll give. A girl, is it?

**KING**

Oh, yes, a girl, our precious Beauty.

**GIVER OF BEAUTY**

Now that's a tip. Beauty you call her. So many beautiful babies grow to womanhood thus named but crooked teeth and stringy hair, warts and bunions, skin all red, make such a name a comedy.

**KING**

(Distressed)

'Tis true. Perhaps another name?

**GIVER OF BEAUTY**

Leave it to me. I bestow my gift, baby girl. I give the gift of beauty. Leave nothing to chance. Rich, ripe, blooming beauty to take the breath away, bring a tear to the eye, a prince to his knees. I give the gift of beauty! How's that? I'm done.

**KING**

We thank you more than we can say.

**GIVER OF BEAUTY**

(Looking to GIVER OF WIT)

And now, you're next.

**GIVER OF WIT**

Oh, oh, oh ... I can't decide ...

**GIVER OF BEAUTY**

We've not all night.

**GIVER OF WIT**

First, it's this and then it's that and then perhaps ... Oh, my, what gift? It's always thus with me ... oh, oh, oh! I can't make up my mind. If I were clever and full of wit ... Ah, that's it!

**KING**

It is? What's it?

**GIVER OF WIT**

A clever wit! That's it! My gift! I give the gift of wit.

**QUEEN**

A lovely gift. We thank you. I believe you are the cleverest of fairies.

**ALL FAIRIES (EXCEPT GIVER OF WIT)**

(Irritated)

Indeed?

**QUEEN**

I meant the compliment for all.

**GIVER OF BEAUTY**

Proceed.

**GIVER OF CHARM**

(Chewing and slowly talking)

I ... give ... her ... good digestion.

**ALL FAIRIES (EXCEPT GIVER OF CHARM)**

What?

**GIVER OF BEAUTY**

That's no proper gift!

**GIVER OF CHARM**

That's a gift I'd like myself and that's the best of presents.

**GIVER OF BEAUTY**

Perhaps for you, but not for the babe. Try again.

**GIVER OF CHARM**

(Chewing)

Um ... good teeth?

**GIVER OF BEAUTY**

I've covered that already! Will you be serious?

**GIVER OF CHARM**

(Chewing again)

Oh, I'll give what I always give - charm. The mothers like it.

**QUEEN**

Oh, I do indeed.

**GIVER OF CHARM**

You see. "What a charming girl," they'll say. Am I done?

**GIVER OF BEAUTY**

Done. Who's next?

**GIVER OF GRACE**

(Awkwardly raises hand, smacking GIVER OF CHARM)

I am! Oh, dear ...

(GIVER OF GRACE moves across table to GIVER OF BEAUTY, tripping, knocking things off

table, stepping on other FAIRIES' hands and toes and nearly landing on the BABY, producing cries from the KING and QUEEN.)

**GIVER OF GRACE (Continued)**

Oh, sorry, forgive, excuse, oh dear ...

**GIVER OF BEAUTY**

And what's your gift - before we've flattened the baby?

**GIVER OF GRACE**

Dear Princess Beauty, I bestow upon you the gift of grace!

(GIVER OF GRACE bows to BABY and falls off the table.)

**GIVER OF BEAUTY**

Grace! A well thought out bestowal.

(Addressing GIVER OF CONFIDENCE who is at end of table with back to audience)

**GIVER OF BEAUTY (Continued)**

And you. Come now and tell your gift.

(GIVER OF CONFIDENCE hesitates and must be coaxed.)

**GIVER OF BEAUTY (Continued)**

Come closer. Closer ... closer still.

(GIVER OF CONFIDENCE whispers in GIVER OF BEAUTY's ear.)

**GIVER OF BEAUTY (Continued)**

Confidence! The gift of confidence. That's well received.

(to GIVER OF CARING HEART)

And you.

(GIVER OF BEAUTY points to GIVER OF CARING HEART who bursts into tears.)

**GIVER OF CARING HEART**

(Weeping)

I ... I ... bestow ... I bestow ... I bestow ...

(GIVER OF CARING HEART breaks down, crying. GIVER OF BEAUTY dries the tears with a handkerchief.)

**GIVER OF CARING HEART (Continued)**

Thank you ... so much. I give this ... darling baby ... oh ... oh ...

(Breaking down again)

... it's too much ...

**GIVER OF BEAUTY**

Please, it's nearly dawn.

**GIVER OF CARING HEART**

I give thee, dear thing --

(Struggling through tears)

-- a sensitive ... loving ... caring ... heart.

**GIVER OF BEAUTY**

At last! Beauty, wit, charm, grace, confidence and a caring heart! So far so good. And only one to go - but where's the last?

(ALL FAIRIES lean their heads to listen and hear snoring under the table where GIVER OF SLEEP is asleep.)

**GIVER OF BEAUTY (Continued)**

As expected, with a young one - to sup and nap.

**GIVER OF CHARM**

Wake her. It's nearly dawn and gifts take best in darkness.

(The mood changes.)

**GIVER OF BEAUTY**

Hold now!

**GIVER OF CARING HEART**

Does it seem cold?

**GIVER OF CONFIDENCE**

A sudden breeze.

**GIVER OF CHARM**

A chill quite through.

**GIVER OF BEAUTY**

There's more to come.

**ALL FAIRIES (EXCEPT GIVER OF BEAUTY)**

More to come?

**GIVER OF BEAUTY**

(Stating the bad news)

Fairy late.

**GIVER OF CARING HEART**

(Starting to cry)

Fairy forgotten!

**QUEEN**

Forgotten?

**KING**

But all were invited.

**ALL FAIRIES**

All?

**KING**

All seven.

**GIVER OF BEAUTY**

That's fine. Seven is all. Correct. It's been thus for centuries.

**GIVER OF CARING HEART**

But why the wind?

**GIVER OF GRACE**

And the cold?

**GIVER OF CONFIDENCE**

The sweating palms?

**GIVER OF WIT**

The rocking stomachs?

**GIVER OF CARING HEART**

The trembling knees?

**GIVER OF BEAUTY**

Hold on! A typhoon of temper - a bolt of bad humor. Hold fast ... a fairy forgotten approaches!