

**George M. Grow**



# **The Road to Urtopia**

**Awaken, You Sleeping Beauty  
Honey Fungus  
The Beggars' Banquet**



**Three plays for fun and study**

From the series Books of Life®

[www.georgegrow.com](http://www.georgegrow.com)

Save your soul!

**George M. Grow**

# **Awaken, You Sleeping Beauty**

**Save  
your  
soul!**

*With 6 new  
songs by  
Roland M*

**A play for fun and study  
in three acts**

**Based on the fairy tale by the Brothers Grimm**

Coyright ©

2011-15 GEORGE M GROW AKA  
GEORG PFANDLER A-1210

Vienna, Austria Reprint, copy and sending elec-  
tronically prohibited. **Warning!** Copy-hunter, wa-  
ter-stamp, Scout-Finder etc. worldwide!

[Online Shop](#)

# Characters

## THE HOSTS:

Tamara Stadnikow, 70+, impresario, actress and author; first in private wardrobe, later, again and again, in a Sleeping Beauty outfit: white dress, fair-haired wig, little gold crown.

Jack Gildersleeve, 37, postmaster, obstetrician; first in everyday dress, later, again and again, in the costume of the prince: black knee breeches, white tie-shirt, green cape, black beret.

Roland Mueller, 49, musician, raconteur, entertainer; occasionally with a flesh-colored mask or with a red clown's nose.

## THE AUDIENCE:

approximately 35 visitors, among them:

Lynnette, 70+, thick lenses, hairnet:

William, her humble husband;

Young Man, student of architecture; green hair, big hole in his trousers;

Young Lady, student at a fashion school; chewing pink bubble gum;

Commissioner with pen and piece of paper;

Old Janosh, 71, man of the world, retiree on a quest and Colonial Officer of the Pannonian Guards ret.

Doctor Sick, psychologist.

## THE CREW:

Jimmy, cameraman

Thomas, sound recording, a little tipsy

Steven, light management and special effects

---

*Awaken, You Sleeping Beauty*  
also in Spanish and German  
Discover 8 [Books of Life®](#) more  
Probably one of the best books ever  
written

---

## Awaken, You Sleeping Beauty **FIRST ACT**

*(Scene: We are in the spacious anteroom of an exclusive apartment in Nob Hill, San Francisco. Opposite the Flamingo Bar. We look at flowered wallpaper, red wall-to-wall carpet, a wall clock without hands and the word "Now". In the center, a platform with white garden furniture made of steel; backstage, a wallpaper depicting a castle garden and a terrace, covering half the stage. The black walls are abstract surfaces. On the wings, as extension of the theater audience, there are per four rows of seats where the visitors will take seat. On the right side, a digital holographer will transmit inserts and live pictures via camera. To the right side on the platform, we see an armchair against which a guitar and an accordion are leaning. On the periphery there are cold spotlights on tripods as well the cameraman and the sound engineer at their equipment. With her refined affability, Mrs. Stadnikow is welcoming the guest with a glass of orange juice choice with or without champagne and assigning seats by height.)*

*Extract 1, page 45*

MRS. STADNIKOW. Okay, ladies and

gentlemen, before the inspector definitely discharges his duties, we hand over to the officer, who has dropped the book twice from his impatient hands. Well, Sir! The last minutes are yours.

OLD JANOSH (reads). "After long years a lad came again into the land, and heard talking about the thorn-hedge, and that a castle was said to stand behind it in which a wonderfully beautiful princess had been asleep, and that the whole court were likewise asleep."

MRS. STADNIKOW. And next?

OLD JANOSH. And this lad, that was me.

LYNNETTE. You??

Let me bring the story to a close. I saw the many corpses in the hedge. Among them were several knights, yogis, shamans, lamas, energetics and spiritual healers, even a number of therapists, psychiatrists and cardinals were offering a horrific scene. I summoned all my courage and tried it myself, but the more nearly and deeply I advanced, the more tightly I got stuck.

LYNNETTE. No surprise with that paunch.

OLD JANOSH. Finally, I had to accept that I wasn't ready to break through the hedge. No matter which reasons I put forth, whatever I shouted to the beauty through the hedge, she didn't listen. She contradicted me, had a terse answer to every argument and yes, she finally cursed me and chased me away.

MRS. STADNIKOW. It's getting clear that the hedge stands for the intellect and the innumerable branches, leaves and thorns for the know-

ledge that brings up thousands of new questions with every new discovery.

OLD JANOSH. Since I couldn't reach her with my knowledge, I intended to thoroughly prepare myself to awake her from sleep. Thought-fully, I descended the hill on which the castle stood down into the valley and took up quarters in the village at the foot of the hill.

MRS. STADNIKOW. And what did your plan consist of?

LYNNETTE. The officer was chasing after women in the village to practice kissing, that's what I think. Eh? But in the fairytale it is said...

OLD JANOSH. Let me finish the story and you will understand perfectly well. This was my plan: If I present her irrefutable arguments, the princess will see that she is sleeping and will want to wake up. Over many years, I searched and studied from morning till night. I acquired books and writings from all over the world, conferred with professors, scholars and sages in West and East and built up a comprehensive library of awakening. I grew cleverer but also older. And because princes and knights came to the country year for years to test themselves at the hedge, I passed all my knowledge to them. I myself had become an old man by then, and because the prophecy had said that a young prince would wake up the girl, I stayed down in the valley. And when bold princes came along way who hadn't still heard of the sleeping princess, I enticed them with the thought of saving the Beauty. I taught hundreds of them

what I had collected about the sleep, the hedge, the curse, the castle and everything else. But when the day came to test themselves at the hedge, most of them ran away, gave up early or they died of thorns covered in scratches.

MRS. STADNIKOW. And all the knowledge in the world didn't help against the curse?

OLD JANOSH. Many years came and went until I saw that my knight school was not a salvation but a deathtrap. The intellect didn't offer a way to fetch back the sleeping girl into life. No, the mind didn't go through the hedge. And when other princes and knights came into the village, I chased them away. Then, however, the solution became clear: I couldn't delegate her rescue to others, no, I myself had to rescue her, and so it was me who aroused her from the sleep, me, the old Janosh!

WILLIAM. You? Is this why you are wearing stars, stripes and tinsel so lavishly?

YOUNG LADY. But the fairytale tells us it would be a young man who wakes up the princess.

LYNNETTE. Exactly!

OLD JANOSH. Listen how it is written! (He reads.) "After long, long years a king's son came again to that land, and heard an old man talking about the thorn hedge, and that a castle was said to stand behind it in which a wonderfully beautiful princess had been asleep. The youth said, 'I am not afraid, I will go and see the beautiful Briar Rose.' The good old man might try to dissuade him, but

he did not listen to his words”, and so he died too, caught by the tendrils. But the old man, that was me.

DOCTOR SICK. And you say you are the prince who kissed awake the Sleeping Beauty? (He quizzically looks at the hostess.)

MRS. STADNIKOW. I can't remember.

OLD JANOSH. It is but a fable that a young man must awake the girl. I was wise and old when I succeeded.

YOUNG LADY. And how?

---

*Extract 2, page 64*

ROLAND. Till We Ain't Strangers Anymore.

OLD JANOSH (reads). “And then the marriage of the king's son with Briar Rose was celebrated with all splendor, and they lived contentedly to the end of their days.”

MRS. STADNIKOW. And if they haven't died yet, they are all living happily ever after.

YOUNG LADY. And what shall we do now?

MRS. STADNIKOW. This, ladies and gentlemen, we are going to practice now. On the basis of Mr. Gildersleeve's order, we will see that our awakening is far simpler than the mass of words indicate. But before we start out, we like to hold on to this great moment. To this, let us hear fabulous Roland Mueller! Applause! (Overhead off.)

ROLAND (spot on; sings and plays Ways of Amity).

Today, I feel like you,  
the pain of the world, it asks for me.  
It let me understand the way it

works,  
it's up to us, we should flee.  
Ways of amity, ways of love,  
untread ways but not alone.

This day we like to spike,  
we do everything we like.  
Even if some is tough,  
it's up to us where we go.  
(Mrs. Stadnikow and Mr. Gildersleeve are swaying; a burning lighter.)

Today, I feel like you,  
the pain of the world, it asks for me.  
It let me understand the way it works,  
it's up to us, we should flee.  
Ways of amity, ways of love,  
no one went with many half.  
Ways of amity, ways of love,  
untread ways but not alone.

(Great rumbling. The backdrop, the wallpaper with the picture of a garden and a terrace has collapsed onto Mrs. Stadnikow and Mr. Gildersleeve. Darkness. A loud smooch is heard. Overhead on. Mrs. Stadnikow and Mr. Gildersleeve in everyday clothing).

MR. GILDERSLEEVE. Wahoo, Mrs. Stadnikow, you have escaped from the fairy world!

OLD JANOSH. Welcome to the club.

LYNNETTE (shocks William awake). It has happened!

WILLIAM (opens his eyes). What has happened?

LYNNETTE. Oaf, you missed it. He has kissed her awake!

WILLIAM (stoically). Well so. (He stretches his limbs.) Let us go.

MRS. STADNIKOW (looks around with gaping eyes). Indeed. (She looks at Mr. Gildersleeve top down.) Oh, we

are no longer a prince (she looks at herself) and we are no princess.

MR. GILDERSLEEVE. Not that you ever were one but now you know for sure.

MRS. STADNIKOW (stunned). It has seized us briefly. We still can feel it all around us ... love it. Yes, even you, Mr. Gildersleeve.

MR. GILDERSLEEVE. Although you are still wearing the little crown.

MRS. STADNIKOW. Oh, really! (She takes it off.) Of course, I haven't completely woken up yet. How shall I say?

OLD JANOSH. Dharmatime.

LYNNETTE. Come on!

DOCTOR SICK. Pah!

THOMAS AND STEVEN (rolling up the fallen backdrop wallpaper).

LYNNETTE. Gee, what a rotten trick.

MRS. STADNIKOW. We are not in Hollywood!

DOCTOR SICK. But in Bollywood. Thanks and goodbye!

A VOICE. Love, peace and harmony. Yuck! (Off.)

AUDIENCE. Boo!

LYNNETTE (to William). Let's go! (They get up and march out of the door.)

MRS. STADNIKOW. But we haven't yet...

MR. GILDERSLEEVE. They must go.

OLD JANOSH. Harharhar!

AUDIENCE EXEPT FOR OLD JANOSH, THE COMMISSIONER AND THE YOUNG LADY (leaves the room).

JIMMY AT THE CAMERA. Cut off?

MRS. STADNIKOW. No, we'll skip the practical part and ask Mr. Janosh how he will deal with the knowledge and conscience for having consigned so many princes to their fate.

OLD JANOSH. Mrs. Stadnikow, don't you get it? These princes were me, my failed attempts redeeming myself on my own.

MRS. STADNIKOW. O, dear, we neither want to claim to have fully understood everything, but we still have this feeling (he looks around with astonished eyes) as if the sky has kissed us awake.

OLD JANOSH (reads). "She opened her eyes and awoke, and looked at him quite sweetly. Then they went down together, and the king awoke, and the queen and the whole court, and looked at each other in great astonishment. And the horses in the court-yard stood up and shook themselves; the hounds jumped up and wagged their tails; the pigeons upon the roof pulled out their heads from under their wings, looked round, and flew into the open country; the flies on the wall crept again; the fire in the kitchen burned up and flickered and cooked the meat; the joint began to turn and sizzle again, and the cook gave the boy such a box on the ear that he screamed, and the maid plucked the fowl ready for the spit."

MR. GILDERSLEEVE. Until then, an aeon will pass.

MRS. STADNIKOW. Until when will an aeon pass?

MR. GILDERSLEEVE. Till they realize that every curse is a curse of the consciousness. Till the Cult in Culture have become a commonplace and people pick and choose from the embarrassment of riches.

MRS. STADNIKOW (looks around wonderingly). Yes, so alive. And this

was just the initial trick? (She glances at her watch.) Oh! (She shoots up, to the remaining guests.) Señorías, the time has come. Our hospitality is at an end, the play is over. We say thank you for coming and hope we will see you all next week again. Quite a number of secrets are waiting to be revealed. We would be happy, if we could walk still another part of the way together. (Overhead off, spot on.)

ROLAND (sings and plays Let Us Go a Part of the Way).

Come, brother, let us go  
together a part of the way.  
Let us face the world  
with several eyes and show...  
come, come, let us go!

Come, sister, let us go  
together a part of the way.  
Let us face the world  
with two sets of eyes and show...  
come, come, let us go!

Come, mother, let us go  
together a part of the way.  
Let us face the world  
with two sets of eyes and me,  
come, come, let us see!

Come, father, let us see,  
go,  
understand,  
together a part of the way.  
Let us face the world  
with two sets of eyes and me,  
come, come, let us see!

(Applause, spot off.)

MRS. STADNIKOW (headlight on). This, señorías, we call a worthy ending. But before we disperse - and with this we don't mean a figurative

problem - we like to thank Mr. Gildersleeve, who prepared this evening and yet has come undone in another spot. A thank-you to Roland Mueller, who has cheered us greatly with his music, and many thanks to our audience that so numerously came by and has been remaining at its heart.

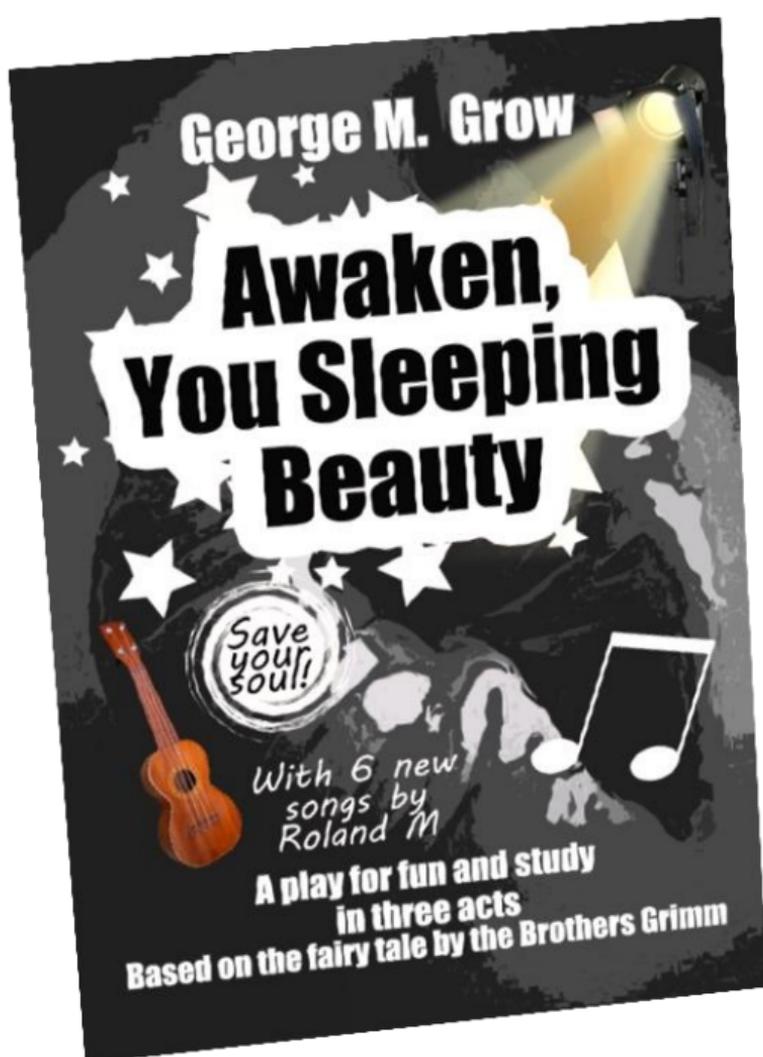
COMMISSIONER. Ho, ho, a truly different story!

ROLAND (plays club music while the remaining guests, Mrs. Stadnikow and the team clink glasses of champagne).

---

End of extracts

From the comedy *Awaken, You Sleeping Beauty* by George M Grow



All rights reserved but you can send this pamphlet form as often you like to please you friends and family.

---

*Awaken, You Sleeping Beauty*  
also in Spanish and German

[Online Shop](#)

---

Discover 8 [Books of Life®](#) more  
Probably one of the best books ever  
written

[Online Shop](#)

---

SAVE YOUR SOUL

With you donation, you probably can  
get real karma-points just [here!](#)



---

There is no greater adventurer

Text & pictures copyright © 2011-15 by

GEORGE M GROW AKA

GEORG PFANDLER

A-1210 Vienna

All rights reserved

---

Books of Life® up from 6 € / \$

[Online Shop](#)