**Title:** The Winter’s Tale: Jealousy, Magic, and Second Chances in 15 Minutes

**Cast:** 5 Actors (ages 12–14)

**Doubling Roles:**

* **Actor 1:** Leontes / Narrator
* **Actor 2:** Hermione / Perdita
* **Actor 3:** Polixenes / Autolycus
* **Actor 4:** Camillo / Shepherd
* **Actor 5:** Paulina / Florizel

**Setting:** Courts of Sicilia and Bohemia. Use a scarf, crown, flowers, baby bundle, and a painted statue or veil. Light changes to show time jump.

**[Prologue – Narrator center stage with scarf and crown.]**

**NARRATOR (A1):**
A winter’s tale, both dark and fair,
Of jealous wrath and love’s repair.
One kingdom cold, one bright with bloom—
And time shall turn both grief and gloom.

**Scene 1: Jealousy in Sicilia**

**LEONTES (A1):**
My queen Hermione smiles too sweetly on Polixenes! She betrays me!

**CAMILLO (A4):**
My king, she is true!

**LEONTES:**
She must die. And this child? Not mine!

**PAULINA (A5):**
You wrong her, sire. She is noble and true!

**HERMIONE (A2):**
I am innocent!

**NARRATOR:**
Hermione collapses. Their baby, Perdita, is cast out—left in Bohemia.

**Scene 2: Time Passes and Joy Grows**

**NARRATOR:** *(holding hourglass)*
Sixteen years pass. Perdita grows among shepherds, with no knowledge of her birth.

**FLORIZEL (A5):**
I love you, Perdita, though I am a prince.

**PERDITA (A2):**
And I, a shepherdess. Still, love knows no title.

**POLIXENES (A3):** *(in disguise)*
You dare to marry beneath your rank?

**FLORIZEL:**
I dare to love her truly.

**CAMILLO:**
Let’s flee to Sicilia. There, truths may bloom.

**Scene 3: Reunion and Redemption**

**PAULINA (A5):**
Your daughter returns, O King.

**LEONTES:**
Can it be? The child I cast away?

**PERDITA:**
I forgive you, father.

**HERMIONE (A2):** *(revealed as statue)*
And I live still—if you have learned.

**LEONTES:**
Forgiveness! A second chance.

**NARRATOR:**
Love lost is love restored. The winter ends. The heart is warmed.

**[Epilogue – Narrator center stage.]**

**NARRATOR (A1):**
Though time may steal what once seemed sure,
Love’s quiet grace will still endure.
So let this tale remind us all—
That spring may rise when shadows fall.

**[Lights fade. Curtain.]**