

Rumplestilskin

adapted by Mathew Needleman

Narrator #1-4 King Daughter
Boastful Man Rumplestilskin

Narrator 1: Once upon a time there lived a boastful man.

Boastful Man: Yeah, I can jump farther than anyone else in all of Santa Monica.

Narrator 2: He could not stop bragging.

Boastful Man: Yeah, my daughter is the prettiest girl you've ever seen. She's beautiful. I mean really Beautiful! And she can do anything...she speaks three languages...she can even spin straw into gold.

Narrator 3: It just so happened that the king was passing by that day in a glorious procession.

King: Why sir did you just say straw into gold?

Narrator 4: The king loved his gold!

Boastful Man: Why yes. My beautiful daughter can spin straw into gold. And she speaks Chinese.

King: Amazing. Why if she is as good as you saw I shall marry her and make her my wife.

Narrator 1: The next day the beautiful girl was taken to the castle.

Daughter: But I can't spin straw into gold. I don't even know how to toast bread.

Boastful Man: See you later sweetie.

Narrator 2: The king put the beautiful girl in tiny closet filled with straw.

King: You will spin this straw into gold by morning or I shall kill you and cut off your head. Have a good night.

Narrator 3: The beautiful girl began to cry.

Narrator 4: She did not know how to spin straw into gold.

Narrator 1: And she liked her head.

Narrator 2: Suddenly, a strange little man appeared.

Daughter: Who are you?

Rumplestilskin: When first I appear I seem mysterious but when you get to know me I'm really quite delirious.

Daughter: What are you talking about little man?

Rumplestilskin: Who are you calling little man? And why are you so sad?

Narrator 3: The beautiful girl told the little man of her predicament.

Rumplestilskin: And what will you give me if I spin this straw into gold for you?

Daughter: Why I'd give you my necklace. It's all I have.

Rumplestilskin: I'll take it.

Narrator 4: And he began to spin the straw into gold.

Narrator 1: By morning the room was full of gold.

Narrator 2: The king was so excited when he saw the gold that he almost fell in love.

Narrator 3: But the next night he put her in a bigger closet filled with straw.

King: Spin this into gold by morning or I shall kill you and cut off your nose. Sleep well.

Narrator 4: The girl began to cry again.

Rumplestilskin: Why so glum young lady?

Narrator 4: This time the beautiful girl offered the strange little man her toe ring if she would help him.

Daughter: It's all I have.

Rumplestilkin: I do love jewelry.

Narrator 1: The next morning the king was almost satisfied.

King: This is great. Tonight you will spin a castle full of straw into gold or I shall kill you and cut off your toes. But if you can spin that straw into gold I will marry you and you will be queen.

Daughter: Well that sounds nice.

Narrator 2: But she knew she would need the help of the little man.

Narrator 3: And she had nothing left to give.

Narrator 4: He did not want her nose ring.

Rumplestilskin: You will give me your first-born child and I will spin this straw into gold for you.

Daughter: All right.

Narrator 1: And the next day she was married to the king.

Narrator 2: Nine months later the strange little man appeared.

Rumplestilskin: A promise is a promise. You will give me your child.

Daughter: No! But I love this child. How about my second born?

Rumplestilskin: Give it to me now.

Daughter: No!

Narrator 3: And she began to cry.

Rumplestilskin: All right I'll tell you what I'll do. If you can guess my name, you can keep your little baby.

Daughter: Is it Big Head? Is it Twinkle Toes? Is it José?

Rumplestilskin: No, no, no. I'll give you until tomorrow. If you can't guess it than I'll take the baby. Have a good night.

Narrator 4: That night the king told his beautiful queen a great story.

King: So I was walking along and there was a strange little man singing a strange little song.

Daughter: What did he sing?

King: Let me think...

Rumplestilskin: My name is Rumplestilskin, playing with the pigskin, I'm going to get a baby and I don't mean maybe. My name is Rumplestilskin.

Narrator 1: The next day he returned.

Daughter: Is your name Johnny Rockets? Is it Colonel Sanders? Is it George?

Rumplestilskin: No, no, no, no! You'll never guess it. Never! Never!

Daughter: Is it Rumpelstilskin?

Rumpelstilskin: What? What did you say?

Daughter: Is it Rumpelstilskin?

Rumpelstilskin: Yes. Yes it is. But it's Mr. Stilskin to you.

Narrator 2: But with that he stomped his foot and began to sink into the floor.

Rumpelstilskin: I'm melting. I'm melting!

Narrator 3: And he was never heard from again.

Narrator 4: The king and queen lived happily ever after with their newborn baby.

Narrator 1: And she even brought her father along.

Boastful Man: Did I ever tell you about my grandson? He can throw farther than any other baby ever born. I ought to show you sometime.