Cast In Order Of Appearance:

Narrator
King
Rumpelstiltskin
Girl
Messenger

NARRATOR : Once upon a time, there was a miller who boasted that his pretty daughter could spin straw into gold. The king heard about this and demanded that this girl be brought to him.

The king took her to a room full of straw and gave her a spinning wheel.

KING : Now get to work. If by morning, you have not spun this straw into gold — you shall die!

NARRATOR : He then locked the door and left. The poor girl sat there and had no idea what to do. Eventually, she began to weep.

Then suddenly, the door opened and a little man came in.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN : Good evening. Why are you crying?

GIRL : The king says I must spin straw into gold or I must die, and I don't know how to spin straw into gold.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN : What will you give me if I do it for you?

NARRATOR : The girl gave him her necklace. The little man sat down and spun and spun and spun all through the night. In the morning, all the straw was gone and only reels of gold remained.

The king was delighted, but his heart became more greedy. He took the girl to a much larger room filled with straw.

KING : If by morning, you have not spun this straw into gold — you shall die.

NARRATOR : Once more, the poor girl sat and had no idea what to do. She was weeping when the door opened and again, the little man came in.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN : What will you give me this time?

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NARRATOR : The girl gave him the ring on her finger and in the morning, all the straw was gone and only reels of gold remained.

The king rejoiced, but wanted even more gold. He took the girl to an even larger room filled with straw.

KING : If by morning, you have spun this straw into gold — you shall be my wife.

NARRATOR : When the girl was alone, the door opened again.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN : And what will you give me this time?

GIRL : I have nothing left to give.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN : Then you must promise me your first child, should you become queen.

NARRATOR : The girl, not knowing what else to do, promised she would. And so the straw was spun into gold and the king married the miller's pretty daughter and she became queen.

A year later, the queen gave birth to a beautiful child. She never thought about the little man until suddenly, he came into her room.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN : Now you must give me what you promised.

GIRL : Please! I'll give you all the riches in the kingdom if you leave me my child.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN : No. Something that is alive is more dear to me than treasures.

NARRATOR : The queen began crying and cried so much that the little man took pity on her.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN : I will give you three days to find out my name. If you fail, I shall keep your child.

NARRATOR : So, for the entire night the queen thought of all the names she had ever heard. She sent a messenger to go far and wide into the country and gather some more.

The next day, the little man returned.

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GIRL : Caspar?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN : That is not my name.

GIRL : Melchior?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN : That is not my name.

GIRL : Balthazar?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN : That is not my name.

GIRL : Well, so much for the names of the three wise men bearing gifts in the New Testament.

NARRATOR : And the queen continued to say all the names she knew, and with each name, the little man replied—

RUMPELSTILTSKIN : That is not my name.

NARRATOR : On the second day, she repeated the most uncommon and curious names that she had learned from inquiring in the neighborhood.

GIRL : Shortribs?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN : That is not my name.

GIRL : Sheepshanks?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN : That is not my name.

GIRL : Laceleg?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN : That is not my name.

NARRATOR : On the third day, her messenger returned.

MESSENGER : I was unable to find any new names, but on the way back I did find a little house, high on top of a mountain. Inside, there was a little man hopping around a fire on one leg and shouting.

GIRL : What did he say?

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MESSENGER : Today I bake,
tomorrow I brew.
The next I'll have the young queen's child.
Ha! Glad am I,
that no one knew,
that Rumpelstiltskin I am styled.

NARRATOR : Just then, the little man came in.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN : Now, my young queen, what is my name?

GIRL : Is your name Conrad?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN : No.

GIRL : Is it Harry?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN : No.

GIRL : Then, perhaps your name is…Rumpelstiltskin?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN : Nnn—the devil told you that! The devil told you that!

NARRATOR : And in his anger, he plunged his right foot so hard that he cracked the ground and his entire leg fell in. With both hands, he then pulled his left leg so hard that he tore himself in two.

The end.

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