

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

Adapted for By Stage Felicia Pfluger

Based on *Politically Correct Bedtime Stories* By James Gardner

Roles:

Narrator:

Miller:

Esmeralda:

Rumpelstiltskin:

Prince:

Peasants/Castle Guards All

Props:

Spinning Wheel

Costumes Notes:

At Rise: *Narrator is Stage Right. The Miller is stage Center in surrender – sad and grieving. Esmeralda comes on stage at her name mention Stage Left looking the gorgeous, tormented heroine.*

Narrator: Long ago... in a kingdom far, far away... there lived a miller who was very “economically disadvantaged”. This miller shared his humble dwelling with his only daughter, an independent young “wommon”, named Esmeralda. Now, the miller was very ashamed of his poverty, rather than angry at the economic system that had marginalized him and was always searching for a way to get rich quick.

Miller: If only I could get my daughter to marry a rich man, she’ll be fulfilled, and I’ll never have to work another day in my life. I got it! I’ll start a rumor that she can

spin common barnyard straw into pure gold. With this untruth, I can marry her off to any rich man in the kingdom.

The Miller starts the rumor and looks back pleased with his handiwork. He calls people over to him. Semi circle him and listen attentively as he begins his con.

Miller: Hey! Guess what MY daughter can do!

The rest of the cast grab the gossip bait and pass the message miming “telephone style” to each other. Pair action with words below.

Peasants: Oooooo! Ahhhhhh! Way to go Esmeralda!

Esmeralda: *(Completely innocent)* Huh?

Narrator: The rumor spread through the kingdom in a manner that just happened to be like wildfire and soon reached the Prince.

Esmeralda is brought SR to the Prince and curtsies low in front of him. The Prince motions for Esmeralda to pivot in a circle and he looks her over. Then, the Prince nods that she is acceptable for a princess.

Narrator: As greedy and gullible as most men of his station, he believed the rumor and invited Esmeralda to his castle for a May Day festival. But after she arrived...

Prince: *(To himself)* She is pretty – and she will make my kingdom RICH... She just needs a little “encouragement”. *(To Esmeralda)* Let’s get started, you can be my Queen if you prove your worth. Now, off to the dungeons with you!

Esmeralda is forced by the castle guards into the “mimed” dungeon Stage Left.

Narrator: The Prince had Esmeralda thrown into a dungeon filled with straw and ordered her to spin it into gold.

She holds imaginary bar and bangs the other imaginary prison bar.

Esmeralda: *(An aside to the audience)* Seriously, folks, this is a classic case of misrepresentation based on a male dominated society preying on expansionist notions...

Narrator: Locked in the dungeon, fearing for her life, Esmeralda sat on the floor and wept. Never had the exploitative-ness of the patriarchy been made so apparent to her. As she cried, a diminutive man in a funny hat appeared in the dungeon.

(Rumpelstiltskin appears Back center stage from betwixt the curtains. _

Rumpelstiltskin: Why are you crying, my dear?

(Rumple crosses to Esmeralda)

Esmeralda: The prince has ordered me to spin **all** this into gold.

Rumpelstiltskin: But... why are you crying?

Esmeralda: Because it can't be done. Straw into Gold? There is no way for me to accomplish this feat! What are you, “specially abled” or something?

Rumplestiltskin semicircles Esmeralda from behind – sizing her up and choosing his angle.

Rumpelstiltskin: (*Laughing*) Dearie, you are thinking too much with the “left side” of your brain, you are. You are in quite a predicament. But, you are in luck, I will show you how to perform this task – yes, I will – but first you must promise to give me what I want in return.

Narrator: With no other recourse, Esmeralda agreed in a verbal contract.

Esmeralda: (*Sighing, taking this as her last option*) O... ok.

Mime out below.

Narrator: With Esmeralda’s acceptance of this verbal contract, Rumpelstiltskin showed a secret door hidden in the wall to make ready the plans and have guarantee Esmeralda’s assent up the social ladder – and off the chopping block.

Esmeralda and Rumpel sneak off stage left. Narrator moves DSC.

Narrator: Rumpelstiltskin and Esmeralda snuck out and took the straw to a nearby farmer’s cooperative, where it was used to thatch an old roof.

With a drier home, the farmers became healthier and more productive, and they brought forth a record harvest of wheat for local consumption.

Noises off stage of children and families saying,

Peasants: THANK YOU, Thank you!

Narrator: The children of the kingdom grew strong and tall, went to cooperative schools, and gradually turned the

kingdom into a model democracy with no economic or sexual injustice and low infant mortality rates.

Peasants: HURRAY!!! Hurray!

Narrator: For his part, the Prince was captured by an angry mob
Noises off stage of a Mutiny. The Prince is surrounded by Peasants as he is dragged on stage.

Peasants: **FREEDOM!** Liberty! **REVENGE!**

Narrator: And stabbed repeatedly with vegetarian food delivery devices outside the palace.

The Prince falls to the ground theatrically and slowly as he melts into the ground! As he lays limp, the Peasants drag him off Stage Left!

Prince: **Noooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!**

The Peasants come back on SL carrying boxes/trunks of Gold and surround Esmeralda and Rumpelstiltskin with them! The peasants sit around on stage in pleasant conversation.

Narrator: As new investment money poured in from all over the world, the farmers remembered Esmeralda's generous gift of straw and rewarded her with numerous chests of gold.

Rumpelstiltskin: Well now, THAT is how you turn straw into gold.

Esmeralda: As well you did! Kudos to you!

Rumpelstiltskin: Now that I have done my work, you must fulfill your part of the bargain.

Esmeralda nods in acceptance

Rumpelstiltskin: You must give me your firstborn child!

The villager's react in shock...Esmeralda gasps in shock, draws herself up to her full height and takes a stand!

Esmeralda: I DON'T have to negotiate with ANYONE who would interfere with my reproductive rights!

Rumpelstiltskin: Fair enough, Dearie. I'll let you out of the bargain if you can guess what my name is... MWhahahahaha!

Esmeralda feigns shock, agrees, then takes it for the win! All act out everything in advance!

Esmeralda: Ohhhh, Noooooooooooooo...

All right. Would your name be, oh, I don't know, maybe... RUMPELSTILTSKIN???

Rumpelstiltskin: AHHH! But, how did you know?

Esmeralda: You are still wearing your name badge from the Little People's Empowerment Seminar. I double verified with Linked In, FaceBook, and Twitter. This IS the GOLDEN AGE of INFORMATION!

Narrator: Rumpelstiltskin screamed in anger and stamped his foot, at which point the villagers were so vexed with Rumpelstiltskin's explosive outbursts - that he used to portray himself the victim that one peasant told him...

Peasant: Enough, Already!

Rumpelstiltskin: You dare talk to me that way, you ignorant buffoon?

All the peasants stand and glower at Rumpelstiltskin. It is the calm before the storm.

Esmeralda: Whether peasant or princess, all have equal opportunity, what say you, my wonderful, capable Villagers?

Peasants: Let's get rid of this emotional baggage! Let's take out the trash!

The peasants rush Rumpelstiltskin and carry him off stage shouting...

Peasants: FREEDOM!

Narrator: With her gold, Esmeralda brought in a New Era of Free Will, Self Actualization, and Empowerment. She encouraged others to not be victims of arranged marriages – or magical mages. She encouraged all to ordain their own life courses for themselves.

She showed other womyn how not to be enslaved by the male centered society. She lived to the end of her days as a fulfilled, dedicated single person, and became an Image of Purity and Enlightenment for all Peoples.

~ The End ~