Rumplestiltskin

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CHARACTERS

GREGOR	*A cobbler*
VIOLA	*Gregor's daughter*
RIQUITA	*A squirrel*
RUMPLESTILTSKIN	*A mysterious little green man*
KING	*The greedy ruler of the land*
HERBERT	*Gregor's assistant*
HAROLD	*Gregor's assistant*

PRODUCTION NOTES

Notes for flexible casting

- RIQUITA and RUMPLESTILTISKIN do not have assigned genders (the script arbitrarily uses female pronouns for RIQUITA and male ones for RUMPLESTILTSKIN). The characters could be played by performers of either gender, with simple changes to any gender references ("man" to "woman" or "she" to "he").
- HAROLD could be changed to HESTER and performed by a female
- Suggested doubling for a five performer cast: HERBERT/KING and HAROLD/RUMPLESTILTSKIN

SETTING

The story is set in a non-specific Kingdom in a non-specific time; therefore the set can be as realistic or fantastic as desired.

The main locations are at or outside Gregor's shoe-shop, a cold castle tower, and the castle throne room.

SCENE 1: THE NEWS AT THE SHOE-SHOP

(The Shoe-Shop. GREGOR enters, carrying a basket of shoe pieces, tools, and an empty basket. He sets up shop for the day while singing.)

GREGOR:

THIS IS THE WAY WE MAKE THE SHOES, MAKE THE SHOES, MAKE THE SHOES.
THIS IS THE WAY WE MAKE THE SHOES, SO EARLY IN THE MORNING.

(GREGOR picks up a shoe and a small hammer.)

(Looking around, disappointed.) Where are those two? They know I, uh, cannot open the shop without them.

(HERBERT and HAROLD enter, talking and moving frantically.)

Um, Herbert…Harold, um, you two…

(HERBERT and HAROLD walk straight past GREGOR, not acknowledging him.)

Uh…Herbert?…Harold?…um…hello…

(HERBERT and HAROLD keep chatting with great energy.)

GREGOR: *(Louder.)* Uh…Um…um…*(Even louder.)* Herbert…Harold.

HERBERT: Yes?

HAROLD: You called us?

GREGOR: Uh…well, yes…it's just that…um…it is five minutes past eight o'clock in the morning.

HERBERT: *(Checks pocket watch.)* Indeed it is.

HAROLD: What's your point, Gregor?

GREGOR: Um…you two are supposed to commence working at...well, exactly eight o'clock in the morning…so, you are both, um…well…late for work again.

HERBERT: Sorry, Gregor.

HAROLD: My apologies.

(GREGOR, HERBERT, and HAROLD form an assembly line, with GREGOR tapping the shoes with a little hammer and passing them to HERBERT who plays with the laces and passes them to HAROLD who pairs shoes together and places them in the basket.)

ALL:

THIS IS THE WAY WE MAKE THE SHOES, MAKE THE SHOES, MAKE THE SHOES.
THIS IS THE WAY WE MAKE THE SHOES, SO EARLY IN THE MORNING.
THIS IS THE WAY WE LACE THE SHOES, LACE THE SHOES, LACE THE SHOES.
THIS IS THE WAY WE LACE THE SHOES, SO EARLY IN THE MORNING.

(HERBERT and HAROLD stop singing and start whispering to one another. They sneak out of the assembly line and chatter frantically a few feet away. GREGOR does not notice and continues singing while passing the shoes over to no one. The shoes hit the ground and make a pile.)

GREGOR: *(Turns and notices a large pile of shoes next to him instead of his workers.)* Wait a minute, uh, this pile shouldn't be here…there should be a Herbert here, passing the shoes.

(GREGOR slowly walks behind HEBERT and HAROLD.)

HERBERT: Harold, can you believe it?

HAROLD: No Herbert, can you believe it?

HERBERT: Nope. I nearly fell over when I heard!

HAROLD: When I heard, I did fall over. Then, I got up…and fell over again!

HERBERT: When I heard, my face went like this *(illustrates with vivid expression)* and then my arms went like this *(illustrates with wild pose)* and I bounced up and down like this *(demonstrates, causing the two of them to laugh.)*

HAROLD: So…can you really, truly, absolutely believe it?

GREGOR: What is, um, so exciting that neither of you two can believe it?

(HERBERT and HAROLD fall apart laughing.)

HAROLD: You mean you haven't heard?

GREGOR: Heard what?

HERBERT: Well, we have a king…

GREGOR: Yes, we have a king. We, um, live in a *king*dom after all. That news is hardly worth all that excitement.

HERBERT: As I was saying, the king announced the news—

HAROLD: that his son, Prince Reginald is preparing for marriage.

GREGOR: Wonderful! Prince Reginald will, um, find a kind princess to marry. Now, let us make like turkeys and cobble, cobble.

HERBERT: Prince Reginald is preparing for marriage—

HAROLD: but there are no princesses who live close enough to marry.

HERBERT: So the King declared—

HAROLD: that the Prince will marry—

HERBERT: the most kind—

HAROLD: the most fun—

HERBERT: the most intelligent—

HAROLD: of all—

HERBERT: the daughters—

HAROLD: in this—

HERBERT: kingdom!

HAROLD: Like *my* daughter!

HERBERT: But likely *my* daughter!

BOTH: *(With wry smiles)* Or maybe even…your daughter. *(Dry laughter.)*

GREGOR: Well, I will be a feathered giraffe. That is quite the news. But it will not, um, help us get all these shoes finished…we really should…um…get back to work. Please.

HERBERT: But…

BOTH: YOUR DAUGHTER COULD MARRY A PRINCE!

GREGOR: But the King always seems so, uh, grumpy when he comes in here for new shoes. I would not want my daughter to marry the, um, son of a grumpy king. Prince Reginald is probably just as grumpy.

HAROLD: But…

BOTH: YOU'D BE RICH!

(Pause.)

HERBERT: Well, technically you *could* be rich. But everyone knows that the King will choose *my* daughter. She has hair so blonde it looks like rays of sunshine. The whole kingdom is jealous.

HAROLD: Everyone is jealous…but of *my* daughter. She has eyes that sparkle like the stars.

(HERBERT and HAROLD turn to look at GREGOR.)

GREGOR: Um…well…my daughter Viola, has, um, a birthmark on her leg that looks like a butterfly.

HERBERT: Oh yeah, well when my daughter sings, the songbirds all come to take a lesson.

HAROLD: That's nice, but my daughter can slam dunk a basketball, with her eyes closed—and her arms tied behind her back.

GREGOR: *(Frustrated.)* Well, um…my daughter Viola can touch her tongue to the end of her nose.

HERBERT: Oh yeah, well when my daughter steps outside on a rainy day, the clouds part and the sun comes out to say hello.

HAROLD: That's nothing. My daughter can fly up into the air by flapping her arms and then float back down to the ground.

GREGOR: MY DAUGHTER VIOLA CAN WEAVE STRAW INTO GOLD!

(Pause.)

BOTH: Show-off! *(They storm off, talking wildly.)*

GREGOR: Oh, what have I done? I never should have, um, pretended Viola can turn straw into gold. What if Herbert and Harold tell someone? Well, I am sure my silly story is safe with them.

(Lights fade.)