

Yellowbrick Publications

Present

# Rumpel Stiltskin

A Musical Play 1 Act

by David Barrett

Script

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## Dramatis Personae

5 Narrators

Albert Pride, the miller

Prudence, the miller's wife

Melinda, the miller's daughter

Jack, the miller's son

Villagers:

Herbert, Alfred, Ethel, Harold, Mabel

At the Court:

The Lord Chancellor

Jezz the Jester

Julian the Jailor

Aerial Persilia

The Four Musketeers; Pierre, Gaston, Claude and Jean

The King's Messenger

The Goblins:

Ozone, the goblin king

Rumpelstiltskin, Grumble-Grimkin, Horble-Wimpkin,

Bulbous-Blobkin, Bluebelle-Slimthing

Figit and Migit, the pixies

Chorus of Villagers, Chorus of Courtiers, Chorus of Pixies

Chorus of Toys in the Nursery

# Rumpel Stiltskin by David Barrett

## SCENE 1, The Village Green

Song 1

*All freeze after the dance.*

NARR 1 Hello, everybody and welcome to our little village of Sodwick in the Kingdom of Sublimia. Allow me to introduce you to some of the important players in this little story. Here we have Percy and Melinda, two sweethearts who are not allowed to marry. Melinda is the Miller's daughter. Albert Pride, the Miller is detested by the villagers for his arrogance and boasting. He will not allow Melinda to marry anyone but a rich man. However, as you will soon see, his boasting will be his downfall and will cause much pain for his family and for young Percy. But enough. I shall not give away the plot. Listen for yourselves and all will be revealed.

PERCY I say Melinda! What fun these new fangled dances are, don't you think?

MELINDA Oh, Percy, you are such a hoot. You're so old-fashioned, but I do love you.

PERCY Then marry me, Melinda, and we shall run away to a secluded kingdom on some distant shore and raise a family.

MELINDA But Percy you know my father would never allow it. We cannot marry without his permission. *(Other villagers begin to crowd around)*

PERCY And now who's being old-fashioned? Why can't we make our own minds up? We're not children. Besides, I **have** asked your father for your hand in marriage and he has not actually refused has he?

JACK Give up your dreaming, Percy. Father wishes Melinda to marry a rich man! You're just a poor wheelwright.

PERCY Always the over-protective brother, Jack. And Melinda is just a Miller's daughter. What rich man would wish to marry her.

HERBERT She is the prettiest girl in Sublimia. That must count for something.

ALFRED I would certainly marry Melinda if she would allow me....

HAROLD And I ....

ETHEL Stop it! Just face the facts, all of you. The Miller is too proud to let any of you marry Melinda. She is destined to die a spinster. After all the Miller would wish to boast of her riches. He could never allow her to marry a poor man.

MABEL Why not marry me, Percy? I'm available! *(She gives a coy smile and a curtsy. Laughter from the villagers)*

MELINDA Why, oh why did I ever have to have such an arrogant, boastful man for a father. My life is ruined. I'm so miserable. *(She sobs)*

HAROLD There, there, Melinda, cheer up. We can't choose our fathers can we now.

MABEL Anyone with a name like Albert Pride has got to have a problem, don't you think? *(Enter the Miller with wife, Prudence in hot pursuit)*

MILLER Steady now, Prudence. One day you'll crack my skull with that thing.

PRUDENCE And not a day too soon, I say!

MILLER Just a moment. Hold, hold. *(Jack grabs the rolling pin and restrains Prudence just as she is about to bring it crashing down on Albert's*

head). Before you act as judge, jury and executioner, you could at least tell me what my crime is.

VILLAGERS *Murmuring and remarks of approval.*

PRUDENCE *(Breaking free from Jack's grasp and menacing the crowd)* Just you mind your own business all of you.

MABEL If you want us to mind our own business, you should bash him at home, not on the village green.

VILLAGERS *(Shouts of approval. She is about to bash Mabel but thinks better of it)*

PRUDENCE All right, all right...I'll tell you what this lazy good for nothing so-called Miller did yesterday. It was market day and he was supposed to load fourteen sacks of flower on the cart to sell at market. He was gone all day and half the night too. *(Laughter throughout from villagers)* And do you know where he was all day? Certainly not at market.

HAROLD I saw him, Mistress, he was in the Nag's Head all day. *(Miller glares at Harold)*

MILLER Why you...you...

PRUDENCE You're too right he was. Boasting, showing off and telling tall stories, he was. *(She bonks him once for each word..)* Boasting, showing off and telling stories.

JACK He put the sacks behind the mill, Ma. I saw them there this morning.

PRUDENCE And now the chickens have pecked the sacks and the flour has spilled out all over the floor ...and YOU are going to scrape it all up with this. *(She produces a spoon)* Starting NOW, NOW! *(Hits him again. Miller falls over cowering and covering his face with his hands. She freezes over him glowering at him)*

HERBERT I've heard it said that if you want to know what a girl will be like in twenty years you should look at her mother.

PERCY *(Aside)* I think I could be persuaded **not** to marry Melinda. *(A trumpet blast fills the air)*

ALFRED Hark! A messenger.

ETHEL How do you know that?

ALFRED Come on! You've been in pantomimes before haven't you? *(Enter the messenger with trumpet, handbell and handkerchief. He weeps loudly)*

JACK Why, what on earth is the matter, my good man? Is the King dead?

MESSENGER *(Aside)* I wish he jolly well were.

*(To the crowd)* You recognise me, don't you? I'm the town crier!

*(All groan at the poor joke)*

Look at my poor feet. *(Gasps of horror as he shows worn out shoes)*

Sunday in London, Monday in York, Tuesday in Winchester and here I am on Wednesday in *(name of town)*. Who would want to be the royal messenger? I would give it up tomorrow if I could get a pension.

*(Ethel sobs in sympathy. All turn to see who is weeping)*

Hey! That's pretty good. If you ever want a job as town crier I could give you a reference.

ETHEL I'm sorry. It was just the sight of your poor sore feet.....What you need is a wife who would look after you and mend your shoes.

MESSENGER I'm always happy to negotiate. *(He starts to lead her away)*

JACK Hey, wait a minute! What about the message?

MESSENGER Have you a message for me, how exciting.  
JACK No. surely you have a message for us or why else did you come here?  
MESSENGER Why, of course. How silly of me. The King is out hunting and he is coming this way. He may require refreshment.  
MILLER *(Still on the floor, looking dazed)* The....King....is....coming.  
PRUDENCE The King is coming.....here?  
MESSENGER Yes....HERE!

*(The following lines crescendo and increase in pace as they rush around tidying and cleaning)*

HAROLD The King is coming....  
MABEL The King is coming.....  
HERBERT The King is coming .....

Song 2 Long Live the King

*(During the song Albert finally gets up off the floor but is pursued around the stage by Prudence with rolling pin. Ethel and the Messenger become preoccupied with one another and eventually exit, pausing only to leave a message for the King on the front of the stage. The King enters just at the end of the song when the cast are frozen.)*

JULIAN *(Strutting around the stage)* Bow, bow all of you miserable peasants. Bow to the King. Bow, bow. *(They bow and remain prostrate)*  
KING Good morrow loyal subjects of Sublimia. *(Silence)*  
JULIAN The King says 'good morrow'. You may return his greeting.  
VILLAGERS Good morrow Your Majesty.  
MABEL What does it mean good morrow?  
HERBERT It means hello in old English you fool.  
JULIAN Stop that whispering. How dare you whisper in the presence of the King! *(Hovers over them threateningly)*  
HERBERT Sor-ry, mate!  
KING I wish for some refreshment!  
JULIAN The King wishes for some refreshment, do you hear!  
KING Oh do shut up, Julian! Of course they can hear me.  
JULIAN Then why do they not move, your majesty.  
KING Because you told them to bow. O.K. everyone, you can stop bowing now. *(Pandemonium as they all rush to provide food and drink. The King takes an ale jug and drinks deeply. All hold breath as he looks uncertain then a sigh of relief as he smiles. He walks around the green inspecting buildings etc and villagers back away from him whenever he approaches. Julian follows him, smiling at everything he smiles at and frowning disapproval whenever the King does so.)*  
Villagers. I would compliment you on the tidiness and homeliness of your village... and your ale is most excellent. And now I shall continue the hunt.  
MILLER Your majesty, we thank you most humbly for your generous compliments. I am the Miller and the spokesman for this village. *(Murmurs of disagreement)*. The ale you tasted is brewed from my own hops.  
PRUDENCE Shut up, Albert!

MILLER And my daughter is the fairest maid in all the land...

JACK Shut up, Father!

KING Good day to you, Miller. *(The word Miller spoken with contempt as he begins to exit)*

MILLER *(In desperation)* She is so clever....she can...can....even spin straw into gold. *(All gasp at this ridiculous boast. The King freezes as he exits. He turns.)*

MELINDA Father, no!

KING Come here, little girl! *(She approaches him gingerly)*  
Why, certainly she is pretty...*(takes her hands)* ...and she has fair hands. But are they clever enough hands to spin straw into gold?  
*(Briskly now)* We shall see. Bring her with us Julian...and if she really can spin gold....then I shall marry her. *(Gasps of horror from villagers)*

MILLER But, but my Lord! I...I...

KING Good day, subjects..... *(King exits. Silence reigns)*

JULIAN Say 'good day' to the King.

VILLAGERS *(Dejected)* Good day, Your Majesty. *(Julian drags Melinda off, struggling)*

PRUDENCE *(Slowly at first, rising in volume and pitch)*  
You...stupid...stupid...old...man. I cannot believe I married such a complete fool.

VILLAGERS *(Calling insults at Miller)*

MILLER But, Prudence, our daughter could become Queen.

PRUDENCE She can only become Queen if she spins straw into gold... and how do you suppose she will do that you old fool. *(She approaches him with the rolling pin and he backs away).* When I have finished with you no-one will recognise you. *(She chases him off)* Take that! And that! *(Villagers are sullen and silent)*

HERBERT Oh woe!

ALFRED Oh horror!

JACK Melinda is doomed to a life in the King's dungeon.

ALFRED Even if she could spin gold, we have lost her....

HERBERT For ever!

PERCY Not if I can help it, she isn't! I'm not giving up that easily. I'm off to the palace to see if I can rescue her. *(Sees the note from the messenger)*  
Just a minute; what's this? *(Unrolling the scroll)* Dear King, I've had enough of being treated like a scivvy. Get yourself another messenger - I resign. Yours truly, The Former Royal Messenger. Aha! I'll take this note to the King, in disguise.

MABEL Ooh, Percy. You're so brave.

ALFRED Or perhaps foolhardy.

PERCY Fear not, dear Melinda. You shall not become a slave to the King. Not as long as I live. *(Exits. All freeze)*

NARR 1 Well, there it is folks. Not such a happy and contented bunch of yokels after all. This story just shows what a lot of trouble can be caused by arrogance and boastfulness. Now what is poor Melinda going to do. Just stay there and don't go away. All will be revealed in the next few scenes.