

RUMPELSTILTSKIN, THE GAME OF THE NAME

A full-length musical
Book & Lyrics by Catherine Hurd
Music by Vatreana King

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

RUMPELSTILTSKIN, a magical imp, any gender, must be short.

JANE, the miller's daughter.

ROB, the miller.

FERCHOW, the landlord/lady, owns Rob the miller's store, any gender. Productions may update the character's pronouns and title (Mr. or Mrs.) accordingly.

PRINCE ALFRED, the prince.

KING OWEN, the king.

QUEEN MATHILDA, the queen.

KING'S MESSENGER, any gender, any age (may be double cast as Townsperson).

2 TEENAGE GIRLS

2 TEENAGE BOYS

2 TOWNSPEOPLE

2 GUARDS/SOLDIERS, King's soldiers/guards, any gender (may be double cast from Townspeople/Teenagers).

3 ELEPHANT MONSTERS, any gender (may be double cast from Townspeople).

OPTIONAL TOWNSPEOPLE, including additional adults, teenage boys and teenage girls.

SETTINGS

A small kingdom's castle, its town square and various areas surrounding them.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Tell Me the Story	Ferchow
Elephant Song	Jane, Rob, Ferchow
Daughter Jane	Rob, Jane
Our Story Begins	Rumpelstiltskin
Wonder What It's Like	Teenage Girls, Teenage Boys, Townspeople
Straw Into Gold	Rob, Ferchow, Teenage Boys, Teenage Girls, Townspeople
A Clever Little Trap's Been Laid	Rumpelstiltskin
I Dream	Jane
Something About	Jane, Prince Alfred
Reprise – Straw Into Gold	Ferchow, King Owen, Townspeople, Rob
Reprise – I Dream	Jane
The Fee	Rumpelstiltskin, Jane
Reprise 2 – Straw Into Gold	King Owen, Prince Alfred, Rob, Soldiers
Happily Ever After	King Owen, Prince Alfred, Jane, Rob, Queen Mathilda, Townspeople
My Beautiful Bride	Prince Alfred, Jane
We Do	Jane, Prince Alfred
Rumpel's Child	Rumpelstiltskin, Jane
Mercy in Your Heart	Jane
Game of the Name	King Owen, Queen Mathilda, Townspeople,

	Soldiers, Ferchow, Jane, Prince Alfred
You Will Never Guess My Name	Rumpelstiltskin
Intro – I Was a Boy	Prince Alfred
I Was a Boy	Prince Alfred
Rumpelstiltskin Is My Name	Rumpelstiltskin
I Do Lullaby	Jane
Name Game	Rumpelstiltskin, Jane
Reprise – Happily Ever After	Rob, King Owen, Queen Mathilda, Prince Alfred, Jane, Rob, Townspeople, Soldiers

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Rumpelstiltskin, The Game of the Name premiered at the Woodland Opera House (Woodland, CA) on May 3, 2019, under the direction and musical direction of James Glica-Hernandez, with choreography by Emily Jo Shepherd, set and light design by Joey Vincent and costume design by Taylor Bailey.

The cast was as follows:

RUMPELSTILTSKIN.....Marcia Gollober
 ROB.....Eddie Voyce
 JANE.....Emily Jo Shepherd
 KING OWEN.....Steve Cairns
 QUEEN MATHILDA.....Nancy Agee
 PRINCE ALFRED.....Barrett Shepherd
 LANDLORD/LADY.....Ania Mieszowska
 MESSENGER.....Kate Loscutoff
 GUARDS/TOWNSPEOPLE.....Pat Aukes, Briana Barba,
 Will Loscutoff, Jennifer Goldman, Emelyn Hernandez, Kate
 Loscutoff, Jeff Nauer, Lori Olvera, Anna Walton

ACT I

SCENE 1: Town Square

0. Opening

(Center stage – The town square, an ancient oak tree with a wooden bench beneath, surrounded by quaint Elizabethan storefronts: a butcher shop, a general goods store, a pub and, stage left, the miller's shop.)

(TEENAGE GIRLS [around 17] and TEENAGE BOYS of the same age are engaged in quiet conversation. TWO OLDER TOWNSPEOPLE window shop. FERCHOW, the landlord/lady, well dressed, walks purposefully through the square and stands just outside the miller's shop.)

(Stage right – a darkened cliff with a gnarled, leafless tree overlooks the town square. A shadowy figure can barely be seen.)

(Stage left – the miller's store is a hoarder's disheveled delight, walls piled high with bags of grain, knick-knacks, bolts of fabric, everything but the kitchen sink. The sign "ROB'S MILLERY" is old with the paint peeling.)

(A spinning wheel sits in the right corner of the shop. A young woman spins at the wheel.)

(This is JANE, the miller's daughter. She stands, turns around and stretches. Her hair is braided, with errant brown strands hanging in her face.)

(ROB, the miller, searches through the mess on the shelves.)

ROB: Now where did I put my pipe?

(Ferchow approaches the door and knocks. Rob discontinues the quest for his pipe, tiptoes over to the window and peeks through the ratty curtains. When he sees Ferchow, he quickly closes the drapes, turns off the lights, grabs his daughter and pulls her down

into a pile of straw in the corner of the room. He attempts to cover both his daughter and himself with the straw. Jane struggles.)

JANE: What in the world!

ROB: Shh! Quiet!

(Rob points to the door, and covers Jane with straw).

FERCHOW: I know you're in there, Miller!

(Ferchow knocks louder and wiggles the doorknob.)

No use hiding. I saw you through the window. I do have a key, you know!

(Ferchow gets out a key and places it in the lock.)

(Rob is frantic. He's too big to fit under the straw and looks for another place to hide. He finds a flour sack, pulls it over his head and stands totally still in the corner. Ferchow lets himself in and stares at Rob under the flour sack, then shakes his head. He pulls the sack off of Rob, who tries a little smile.)

ROB: Ah, Mr. Ferchow — what a pleasant surprise! What brings you out this fine day?

FERCHOW: Five days late with the rent and he asks me why I'm here? Why else would I visit this flea-infested pile of clutter? Where's your daughter?

(Jane's head pops out of the straw. She attempts to get up, but falls back, and her skirt goes up around her head. She quickly pushes it back down, then smiles at Ferchow. There is straw in her hair.)

JANE: Good afternoon, Mr. Ferchow.

FERCHOW: The rent, Miller?

ROB: Ah, the rent! Funny thing about that. Ah, actually... Jane, help me out here. Tell Mr. Ferchow what happened to the *rent*.

JANE: Me?!

ROB: You know, the story about the thing that happened on the way to this house, with the *rent*.

JANE: Oh! The story about the *rent*.

1. Tell Me The Story

FERCHOW: YES, TELL ME THE STORY.
I'M JUST DYING TO HEAR
YOUR TALES ENTERTAIN
WHEN YOU TRY TO EXPLAIN,
SO DO NOT REFRAIN
FROM SPINNING A GOOD ONE
FOR YOUR FATHER, *JANE*.

JANE: Oh, I think Father's a much better storyteller.

ROB: Me? Oh, I think Mr. Ferchow would enjoy hearing it much more from a nice girl like you.

JANE: But you were carrying the bag of money, Father – don't you remember?

ROB: But you were the one –

FERCHOW: Would someone please just tell me the story?! Wait. No. I must be crazy for asking.

(Jane and her father look at one another, and Jane steps up.)

JANE: OK. I'll tell you.

(She thinks for a moment.)

FERCHOW: This I gotta hear.

JANE: The problem with the rent was...

ROB: Elephants!

(Jane looks at her father in shock but tries to go with it.)

FERCHOW: Elephants?

ROB: That's what I said...elephants.

FERCHOW: A classic, this one, if I've ever heard one, and I've heard a lot!

JANE: Like Father said, elephants.

2. Elephant Song

IT WASN'T THAT THE ELEPHANTS
WERE WILD OR MAD THAT DAY.
WE KNOW THAT ELEPHANTS ARE BIG.
THEY'RE FUNNY AND THEY'RE GRAY?
BUT WE NEVER EXPECTED THEM
TO ACT QUITE THAT WAY.

(Elephants as life-sized puppets appear on stage right and move about swaying back and forth.)

FERCHOW: And what way, pray tell, was that?

ROB: Oh. Crazy! Totally crazy. And they had riders!

(The elephant puppets go a little crazy in their movements.)

FERCHOW: *(Amused:)* Riders?

ROB: Absolutely!

JANE: Ahem. Getting back to the elephants.

WHO KNEW THAT THEY'D ATTACK?
WELL, IT WASN'T JUST THE ELEPHANTS
BUT THE PEOPLE ON THEIR BACKS!

ROB: People! I would hardly call them people. More like...
Monsters! With big yellow eyes. And a horn right here. And
they were purple!

(Purple monster heads with yellow eyes and horns appear on top of the elephants, like they are riding them.)

JANE: OH I'M SURE IT WAS THE LIGHT

THAT MADE THEM SEEM THAT HUE.
THE LANDLORD HERE MIGHT THINK THE THINGS
WE'RE SAYING AREN'T TRUE!

FERCHOW: *(Sarcastically:)* Now why would I ever think that?

ROB: Nevertheless!

THEY CARRIED SWORDS
AND TRIED TO RUN US THROUGH!

(The purple riders pull out swords. Rob battles them with his broom.)

JANE: BUT MY FATHER SAVED THE DAY!
DIDN'T YOU?
IT WAS NOT BY ACCIDENT.
HE THREW THAT BAG OF MONEY
AND HE SAVED US WITH THE RENT!

(As Jane describes the scene, Rob grabs the bag of rent money and throws it at the purple monsters and elephants.)

FERCHOW: Do tell!

ROB: THE BIGGEST, FIERCEST MONSTER,
PURPLE AS COULD BE!
HE GRABBED THAT BAG OF MONEY,
THEN TURNED AROUND TO FLEE!

I HAD TO LET HIM GO.
I'M NOT INCLINED TO RANT,
BUT I FACED A PURPLE MONSTER
RIDING ON AN ELE-FANT!

(One monster grabs the bag of money, and they all run offstage with the money.)

JANE: SO YOU SEE...
WE'RE LUCKY JUST TO BE HERE,
STANDING IN THIS ROOM.

IF NOT FOR THAT BAG OF RENT

ROB & JANE: WE'D SURE HAVE MET OUR DOOM!

FERCHOW: I gotta give it to ya, you can surely keep a person entertained.

ROB: So, you're gonna give us some time to get the rent money together?

FERCHOW: Tell you what. For providing me with a little amusement, I'll give you until...*tomorrow at sunset!* And I'd better get my money, or you can find another shop to rent.

(Ferchow storms out, slams the door.)

ROB: Greedy fellow will take the clothes off your back if you give him half a chance.

JANE: Papa, why do you make up such stories?

ROB: I do it for you, dear girl, to buy us a little more time. Now, where was my pipe? After all that excitement I could use a smoke.

JANE: Smoking's bad for you.

ROB: I don't know where you get these ideas. Tobacco is natural. It's a leaf, like lettuce!

JANE: Yeah? And poison ivy is a leaf too. Anyway, tobacco stinks, and it's really bad for you.

ROB: Jane, you didn't hide my pipe, did you?

JANE: I don't remember.

ROB: Where did you put it?

(Jane folds her arms defiantly. Rob looks at Jane and watches her intently. She glances at an old vase on the table. Rob sees what she's looking at and gets an "aha!" look on his face. He runs over

to the vase. Jane tries to intercept, but he beats her to it and picks it up.)

JANE: No, Father! Don't do it!

(Rob takes the pipe out of the vase and lights it up. Blows out smoke, and Jane coughs. Feel free to have Rob only pretend to light the pipe, pretend to smoke it or a similar solution.)

That habit will be the death of you!

3. Daughter Jane

(Jane pouts and begins spinning thread on her spinning wheel.)

ROB: Ah, Jane. You sound just like your mother, God rest her soul. She was an amazing woman in many ways, but she could be a little bit of a nag... But what I wouldn't give to have her nag me just one more time.

(Rob picks up a picture of Jane's mother.)

YOUR MOTHER WAS A MARVEL.
I'M JUST A SCATTERBRAIN.
I MISS HER VERY BADLY,
BUT REALLY CAN'T COMPLAIN
FOR ALL HER MOST ENDEARING TRAITS
ARE STILL ALIVE IN JANE.
MY DAUGHTER, JANE. MY SPECIAL JANE.
TALENTED, CHARMING AND BEAUTIFUL.

JANE: I'M NOT BEAUTIFUL.

ROB: MY DAUGHTER, JANE.
MY SPECIAL JANE.
BRILLIANT AND FUNNY AND DUTIFUL.

JANE: MAYBE DUTIFUL.

ROB: YOU HAVE SO MANY TALENTS
AND YET YOU'RE NEVER VAIN.

FORGIVE ME IF I BRAG
IT'S A HARDSHIP TO REFRAIN
FROM SINGING ALL THE PRAISES
OF MY LOVELY DAUGHTER, JANE.
MY DAUGHTER JANE, MY SPECIAL JANE,
BRILLIANT AND FUNNY AND DUTIFUL.

JANE: ALWAYS DUTIFUL.

ROB: MY DAUGHTER JANE,
MY SPECIAL JANE,
TALENTED, CHARMING AND BEAUTIFUL.

JANE: I'M NOT BEAUTIFUL.

ROB: YOU'RE ALWAYS BEAUTIFUL TO ME.

Ah, Jane, how am I to come up with 20 shillings before tomorrow at sunset?

(Jane straightens up the shop, waving her hand in front of her nose to blow away her father's pipe smoke.)

JANE: Don't worry, Papa. You always think of something.

3A. Trumpet Announcement

(Their conversation is interrupted by the sound of trumpets. They turn to the town square and gaze out the window. Lights come up on the town square. The TOWNSPEOPLE turn to face the trumpet sound)

(At the same time, lights come up dimly on the cliff on the opposite side of the stage, and a backlit figure, who up until now has remained unseen, rises and looks toward the goings-on in the square.)

(In the well-lit town square, THE KING'S MESSENGER, blowing a trumpet and followed by ROYAL GUARDS, makes an announcement from a large scroll.)

KING'S MESSENGER: Hear ye! Hear ye! The Good King Owen has decreed that his son, Prince Alfred, is in search of a bride. All eligible young ladies will have the opportunity to meet the prince tomorrow at noon in the town square. Hear ye! Hear ye....

(A spotlight comes up on the backlit figure on the cliff, while the lights on the town square dim. The Townspeople, Jane and Rob freeze in place.)

3B. Our Story Begins

(In the spotlight, the formerly mysterious figure is a funny little man, dressed in green, with a feather in his cap. He rises from the cliff and addresses the audience directly. It is RUMPELSTILTSKIN. He holds a small fiddle and fiddles his song, then turns to the town square.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: OUR STORY BEGINS WITH A
TRUMPETER'S TUNE,
FESTIVITIES PLANNED FOR TOMORROW AT NOON.
LIKE MOST GOOD STORIES
IT HAS LOVE AND CONCEIT,
A SPRINKLE OF GREED
AND A BIT OF DECEIT.
MIX IT TOGETHER AND SCORE WITH A FIDDLE,
THEN SERVE IT ALL UP
WRAPPED TIGHT IN A RIDDLE.

(Rumpelstiltskin laughs, and as his spotlight fades, the lights brighten in the town square, and the Townspeople resume their movement. The King's Messenger and royal guards exit.)

(PRETTY GIRLS, HANDSOME BOYS, Townspeople and Ferchow curiously crowd around and discuss the announcement.)

GIRL #1: How exciting! Could I really be a princess?

GIRL #2: Or me? How wonderful it would be to wear a pretty crown and sit on a throne!

GIRL #3: And have people adore me for my beauty.

BOY #1: Pretty boring sitting on a throne all day.

BOY #2: A heavy crown putting kinks in your neck.

BOY #3: Like a bird in a golden cage.

GIRL #1: Better to be doing housework, I suppose!

GIRL #2: Picking up your dirty clothes.

GIRL #3: Sweeping up your dusty old house.

4. Wonder What It's Like

(The girls group together and separate from the boys.)

GIRL #1: I WONDER WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE A PRINCESS;

GIRL #2: A CROWN OF SPARKLING DIAMONDS ON MY HEAD,

GIRL #3: FOLLOWED ALL DAY LONG BY FAITHFUL SERVANTS,

GIRL #1: EATING CAVIAR INSTEAD OF BREAD.

BOY #1: I WONDER WHAT IT'S LIKE TO LOSE YOUR FREEDOM?

BOY #2: IT SEEMS A POORLY TRADE FOR YOUR NEW WAGE.

BOY #3: NO MORE FRIENDS AND FAMILY TO CONFIDE IN;

ALL BOYS: IMPRISONED IN A PRETTY GOLDEN CAGE.

ALL GIRLS: I THINK IT WILL BE GREAT TO BE A PRINCESS. MY FRIENDS WILL ALL ADMIRE ME, YOU'LL SEE! MY FAMILY WILL PROFIT FROM MY FORTUNE.

ALL BOYS: EXCUSE US IF WE TEND TO DISAGREE.

(Musical interlude, with Boys and Girls dancing together. Townspeople join in.)

GIRLS, BOYS & TOWNSPEOPLE: WE WONDER WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE A PRINCESS

GIRLS & WOMEN: LIVING IN A PALACE FANCY FREE.

BOYS & MEN: LEAVING ALL YOUR DEAREST FRIENDS AND FAMILY...

GIRLS: OUR FAMILY WILL BE THE MONARCHY.

GIRLS & WOMEN: I WONDER, WONDER, WONDER, WONDER WHAT IT'S LIKE...

BOYS & MEN: WONDER, WONDER, WONDER WHAT IT'S LIKE...

GIRLS & WOMEN:	I	BOYS & MEN:	WONDER,
WONDER,	WONDER,	WONDER	WHAT IT'S
WONDER,	WONDER	LIKE!	
WHAT IT'S LIKE!			

(Repeat the whole ending.)

(In Rob's shop, Rob becomes excited)

ROB: Jane! This is the answer to our prayers! If you marry the prince, we will be rich beyond our dreams.

(Rob runs out of the shop toward the others. Jane follows.)

JANE: But Papa, I don't want to marry the prince.

ROB: The prince will choose his bride tomorrow. There's not much time. We have to get you ready.

GIRL #1: Jane, a princess? You have got to be kidding.

JANE: I don't want to be a princess.

GIRL #1: She's never even been on a date!

ROB: You don't know my Jane. She has special talents.

GIRL #3: Like a prince really needs a girl who can spin yarn and fix spinning wheels.

(The Townspeople all laugh and concur.)

JANE: Please, Papa, let's go home.

ROB: You laugh at us now, but just you wait. She can do more, a lot more than that!

FERCHOW: Yeah? Like what? *(Aside to audience:)* This is gonna be good!

5. Straw Into Gold

(Rob looks around at the group of townspeople as if he's thinking. Suddenly he gets an idea. He dashes into his shop, picks up a handful of straw and shows it to the town folk.)

ROB: OBSERVE THIS COMMON STRAW, BEHOLD!
FOR WHEN MY DAUGHTER SPINS IT,
IT TURNS TO PUREST GOLD.

(Sounds of disbelief from the crowd.)

JANE: Oh, Papa, no.

FERCHOW: Another of your tall tales, Miller. Ha! This takes the cake. The man can't pay his rent, and yet he claims his daughter can spin straw into gold.

ROB: ALTHOUGH IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE TO YOU,
I ABSOLUTELY SWEAR THAT IT IS TRUE.
FOR NOBLE MOTIVATION DID I VOW
TO KEEP MY DAUGHTER'S SECRET UNTIL NOW.
STRAW INTO GOLD, STRAW INTO GOLD.
A SECRET ONCE QUITE BEAUTIFUL NOW TOLD.
STRAW INTO GOLD, STRAW INTO GOLD.
MY DAUGHTER SPINS STRAW INTO GOLD.

ALTHOUGH JANE IS QUITE MODEST IN HER AIRS,
AND SIMPLE IN THE CLOTHING THAT SHE WEARS,
SHE HIDES A TALENT WONDROUS TO BEHOLD,
SPINNING COMMON STRAW INTO PURE GOLD.

STRAW INTO GOLD, STRAW INTO GOLD.
MY DAUGHTER SPINS STRAW INTO GOLD.

FERCHOW: YOUR STORIES ARE AMUSING I MUST ADMIT.
THEY EVEN SHOW A CERTAIN BIT OF WIT,
BUT IF YOU STRETCH THE TRUTH ENOUGH YOU'LL SEE
DECEPTION SOON WILL LEAD TO TRAGEDY.

FERCHOW & TOWNSPEOPLE: STRAW INTO GOLD,
STRAW INTO GOLD,
A STORY QUITE IMPOSSIBLE HE'S TOLD.

MEN: NOBODY SPINS...

FERCHOW & TOWNSPEOPLE: STRAW INTO GOLD,
STRAW INTO GOLD
NOBODY SPINS STRAW INTO GOLD.
STRAW INTO GOLD, STRAW INTO GOLD,
A STORY QUITE IMPOSSIBLE HE'S TOLD.

MEN: NOBODY SPINS...

FERCHOW & TOWNSPEOPLE: STRAW INTO GOLD,
STRAW INTO GOLD
NOBODY SPINS STRAW INTO GOLD.

ROB: You'll see. All of you. Just wait until tomorrow. Come on,
Jane.

(Rob and an embarrassed Jane retreat to his shop.)

(Rumpelstiltskin's cliff is lit. Rumpelstiltskin stares down at the town. The town square dims, and Townspeople freeze as he sings.)

5A. A Clever Little Trap's Been Laid

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RUMPELSTITSKIN: THE SCENE IS SET.
THE GRAND CHARADE!
A CLEVER LITTLE TRAP'S BEEN LAID.

(Townspeople slowly leave the stage.)

(Rob paces about the shop. Jane watches him, clearly upset.)

JANE: Now look at what you've done, Papa. You've embarrassed us both in front of the whole town with your tall tales.

ROB: If you marry the prince, I can keep my shop. Maybe even buy it from that greedy crook. You are by far the most beautiful girl in town. We just need to fix you up a little.

(Rob drapes oddly patterned pieces of fabric on Jane, like he's creating a new dress. The fabric hangs lopsided on her head. It looks ridiculous. She pushes it away.)

JANE: Even if the prince did choose me, which he won't, why would I want to leave my home and go live with some guy I've never even met? He's probably a big bore.

ROB: This won't be your home much longer if I don't pay the rent.

JANE: Sorry, Papa. I'm just not interested in being a princess.

ROB: You are a stubborn girl, Jane. What's wrong with you? You don't show interest in any of the young men in town. You just sit all day in this shop, spinning, reading and daydreaming. Dreaming of what? Nothing that will ever happen to you if you don't make it happen! It's not healthy.

JANE: It is they who show no interest in me. Look at me. I am a plain Jane.

ROB: Because you choose to be. It was difficult enough raising you without a mother. Are you going to be a burden on me forever?

(Jane looks shocked at her father. Tears fill her eyes.)

JANE: A burden? That's what you think of me?

6. I Dream

(Jane runs from the room, out the door to the now-deserted town square. Rob looks very sorry for what he said. The lights dim on Rob's store as a spotlight comes up on Jane.)

I am a burden. Papa's right. The world just passes me by. I live in my dreams, not in the real world.

I DREAM OF DAYS I NEVER KNEW.

I DREAM OF SONGS I'VE NEVER DANCED TO.

I DREAM OF CHANCES NEVER MISSED;

OF BOYS WHOSE LIPS I NEVER KISSED.

BUT AS I WAKE UP FROM THIS FANTASY

I LOOK AROUND. THERE'S ONLY ME.

HOW CAN MY LIFE BE MORE EXCITING THAN IT SEEMS?

HOW CAN I BE THAT PERSON IN MY DREAMS?

I DREAM OF FRIENDS I NEVER KNEW.

I DREAM OF PARTIES I'VE NOT BEEN TO.

I DREAM OF WORDS I'VE NEVER SAID,

AND PRINCES I WILL NEVER WED.

BUT AS I WAKE UP FROM THIS FANTASY,

I LOOK AROUND. THERE'S ONLY ME.

HOW CAN MY LIFE BE MORE EXCITING THAN IT SEEMS?

HOW CAN I BE THAT PERSON IN MY DREAMS?

HOW CAN I BE THAT PERSON IN MY DREAMS?

I DREAM OF SIGHTS I WILL NOT SEE,

I DREAM OF POEMS THAT NO ONE WROTE ME.

I DREAM THAT I AM NOT ALONE,

AND OF A LOVE I'VE NEVER KNOWN.

NOW I MUST WAKE UP FROM THIS FANTASY.

MY DREAMS ARE GONE. THERE'S ONLY ME.
 HOW CAN MY LIFE BE MORE EXCITING THAN IT SEEMS?
 HOW CAN I BE THAT PERSON IN MY DREAMS?
 HOW CAN I BE THAT PERSON IN MY DREAMS?
 HOW CAN I BE THAT PERSON IN MY DREAMS?

(Rob listens in the shadows and then approaches Jane.)

ROB: Jane, I'm sorry for what I said. I love you. You could never be a burden to me.

(Jane looks up at him, wipes her tears away, and rises.)

JANE: I'll do it, Papa. The prince may not choose me. But at least I'll try.

ROB: That's wonderful! Don't worry, Jane. Everything will be just fine. You can trust me.

(Rob hugs her. Jane looks a bit worried but hugs him back.)

(Blackout.)

SCENE 2: Town Square

6A. Sound of Trumpets

(Sound of trumpets. The lights come up on an excited town square. Young Girls are dressed to the nines, strutting their stuff. Boys hang back and watch with amusement and a bit of jealousy.)

(Music is an instrumental version of "I Wonder What It's Like to Be a Princess.")

(On the dimly lit cliff, a spotlight shines on Rumpelstiltskin as he watches.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: It's showtime!

(The spotlight dims on Rumpelstiltskin.)

(The King's Messenger enters, blows a trumpet and reads from a scroll.)

KING'S MESSENGER: His Royal Majesty, the most excellent, highly wonderful, incredibly magnificent, Prince Alfred, has blessed this town with his presence and is about to further honor it by selecting from among its young maidens...his future bride.

6B. Prince's Entrance

(Cheers and approval from the crowd. MOTHERS [female Townspeople] put last minute touch-ups on their DAUGHTERS' [Teenage Girls] hair and dresses. PRINCE ALFRED, actually quite handsome, enters decked out in princely garb. KING OWEN and QUEEN MATHILDA are close behind, followed by two Royal Guards. Jane and Rob are not present. Prince Alfred looks like he does not look forward to this event. He is pouting.)

PRINCE ALFRED: *(To the King:)* Dad, do I have to do this? I'm too young to get married!

KING OWEN: *(To Prince Alfred:)* Stop acting spoiled and act like a prince. I was married when I was 15.

QUEEN MATHILDA: And you see how well that turned out.

(King Owen and Queen Mathilda glance at one another, smiling, then give Prince Alfred a stern look, and he reluctantly approaches the girls. A TOWN MOTHER whispers to a TOWN FATHER:)

TOWN MOTHER: I hear that all of the available princesses are pretty ugly.

(Prince Alfred, a little shy, walks down the line of girls, glancing at each young maiden. They all flirt with him, but he shows no interest.)

(There is a bit of a distraction, as Rob's shop door opens, and Jane stumbles out, tripping on her gown, which looks only half complete. She catches her balance at the last second, then hides behind her father.)

(Curious, Prince Alfred looks toward her. Jane peeks out from behind her father. Her hair is softer around her face, and despite the half-complete gown, she looks pretty.)

(Prince Alfred approaches, and Jane whispers to her father.)

JANE: I'm sorry, Papa. I just can't go through with this.

(Jane tries to retreat, sneaking in an obvious way back to the miller's shop.)

ROB: Nonsense!

(Rob grabs Jane by her hem and pulls. She trips and falls but doesn't give up. She tries to crawl along the ground back to her house, but Rob pulls her toward Prince Alfred. Finally, Rob grabs Jane and carries her over his shoulder toward Prince Alfred. Prince Alfred views Jane's actions with a bit of amusement, the first thing of interest in a very stressful day. He watches Rob and Jane.)

PRINCE ALFRED: And who is this?

(Jane looks up at Prince Alfred. Rob lets go of her gown and she falls down, tries to get up and trips over the gown again before managing to scramble to her feet. All the other Girls laugh.)

JANE: Jane, Your Highness.

(Prince Alfred looks from the beautifully adorned girls nearby to Jane, who is totally disheveled. Prince Alfred ignores the tittering from the other Girls and focuses on Jane.)

PRINCE ALFRED: And tell me, Jane, why do you think I should consider you for my bride?

JANE: I wouldn't know, Your Majesty. Maybe you shouldn't.

(More tittering. Prince Alfred looks at Jane with curiosity, and something more.)

PRINCE ALFRED: An honest answer. An honest face. You don't want to be here, do you?

JANE: No, Your Majesty. I mean, I don't think I do.

PRINCE ALFRED: Then we have something in common. So then why are you here, Jane?

JANE: Well, my father...

(Jane glances back at her father. Alfred glances back at the King.)

PRINCE ALFRED: Ha ha. And my father.

(Jane understands him, and also laughs. They gaze at one another. There is a moment between them, then the whole town freezes, and lights dim on everyone but Prince Alfred.)

I feel so strange. What's happening to me?

(Prince Alfred walks to downstage right. A light comes up on him.)

7. Something About

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS GIRL,
SOMETHING I CAN'T EXPLAIN.
SHE'S NOT LIKE ANY OTHER GIRL I'VE EVER KNOWN.
SHE'S SIMPLE, HONEST, FUNNY;
SOME MIGHT SAY "HOMEGROWN."
I THINK I REALLY LIKE THIS GIRL CALLED "JANE,"
THIS GIRL CALLED "JANE."

(Prince Alfred turns to look at Jane, then freezes as the light dims on him and comes up on Jane, who steps up to downstage left.)

JANE: I feel so strange. What's happening to me?

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS PRINCE,
HE SAID MY NAME AND I'VE BEEN SMILING EVER SINCE.
HE'S NOT LIKE ANY OTHER GUY I'VE EVER KNOWN.
I THOUGHT HE'D BE STUFFY AND A BORE,
BUT HE'S DOWN TO EARTH AND FUNNY.
FURTHERMORE,

I THINK I REALLY LIKE THIS HANDSOME PRINCE,
THIS HANDSOME PRINCE.

(The spotlight dims on Jane, who turns to look at Prince Alfred. As they look at one another, the lights fade back up on the town. Time starts moving again. Jane blushing looks away. Rob runs up to Prince Alfred and breaks the spell.)

PRINCE ALFRED: Jane—

ROB: If I may, Your Majesty...

PRINCE ALFRED: And who are you?

ROB: Your Highness, I am Rob, the town miller and Jane's father.

(The King approaches.)

KING OWEN: Can Jane not speak for herself?

ROB: She is modest, my Lord.

(Ferchow is in the crowd and leans forward and shouts.)

FERCHOW: *(Sarcastically:)* Why not tell His Majesty about Jane's special talent!

(The King looks interested.)

KING OWEN: What sort of special talent?

ROB: Oh. It's nothing, Your Highness.

KING OWEN: If my son is considering her, I want to know! Speak up.

8. Reprise - Straw Into Gold

(Rob stutters and tries to figure a way out as Ferchow steps up.)

FERCHOW: YOUR MAJESTY,
I JUST ASSUMED YOU'D HAVE BEEN TOLD.
THE MILLER CLAIMS HIS DAUGHTER
SPINS STRAW TO PUREST GOLD.

KING OWEN: Is this true, Miller?

ROB: Well, she is quite a remarkable girl, but...

(Rob hems and haws.)

FERCHOW: Oh, don't you remember?

JUST YESTERDAY BY YOU WE WERE TOLD
YOUR DAUGHTER JANE SPINS STRAW INTO GOLD.

ROB: Well, yes, but what I meant was—

KING OWEN: I NEED TO KNOW THE TRUTH.
I DON'T NEED TO BE CAJOLED.

TOWNSPEOPLE: WE ALL HEARD HIM QUITE CLEARLY
SAY SHE SPUN THE STRAW TO GOLD.

ROB: But Your Majesty—

QUEEN MATHILDA: His Majesty requires a simple answer.

*(Rob looks trapped. Jane is terrified and looks at her father,
pleadingly.)*

We don't have all day, Miller. Can she or can't she?

*(The Townspeople hold their breath. A couple of beats go by,
then...)*

ROB: She *can*!

(A collective, shocked expulsion of air. Jane is ready to faint.)

KING OWEN: Do you know the penalty for lying to the King?
If what you say is not true, I will have you thrown into prison
for this...or worse.

(Jane looks alarmed. Prince Alfred also looks concerned.)

JANE: Oh, Papa...

ROB: *(Nervously.)* ALTHOUGH IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE TO
YOU,

I ABSOLUTELY SWEAR THAT IT IS TRUE.
FOR NOBLE MOTIVATION DID I VOW
TO KEEP MY DAUGHTER'S SECRET UNTIL NOW.

STRAW INTO GOLD, STRAW INTO GOLD:
A SECRET ONCE QUITE BEAUTIFUL NOW TOLD.
STRAW INTO GOLD, STRAW INTO GOLD.
MY DAUGHTER SPINS STRAW INTO GOLD!

TOWNSPEOPLE: STRAW INTO GOLD, STRAW INTO
GOLD:

A SECRET SO WONDERFUL HE'S TOLD.
STRAW INTO GOLD, STRAW INTO GOLD.
HIS DAUGHTER SPINS STRAW INTO GOLD!

KING OWEN: That is indeed an impressive talent. But I am not fool enough to take your word for it, Miller. Tonight, your daughter will be locked in a tower in the castle with three piles of straw and a spinning wheel. On the third day I will look in on her, and if I see three piles of straw, both you and your daughter will be sorry that you made such a claim. If, on the other hand, I enter the tower and come upon three piles of gold, your daughter shall have the prince's hand in marriage.

(Jane looks at her father with true horror as the two guards take her away. Prince Alfred watches, concerned.)

PRINCE ALFRED: You had better be telling the truth, Miller.

(Rob looks worried, sweating. He smiles and bows, over-polite.)

(On his cliff, Rumpelstiltskin jumps up and down with glee.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: The deception is complete. The trap well planned. My grand entrance is at hand.

8A. Reprise - Straw Into Gold Playoff

(Blackout.)

SCENE 3: Castle Prison

(Lights comes up to reveal Jane sitting alone in the palace prison next to her spinning wheel and three large piles of straw. There are bars on the windows, and the only light is that which filters through the bars. Jane is crying softly.)

JANE: Oh, Papa, what have you done to us? What am I to do? My dreams have turned into a nightmare, and that nightmare is real. I fear your tall tales have doomed us.

9. Reprise - I Dream

I FEAR THE FUTURE I FORESEE,
THREE DAYS PASS BY AND NO ONE SAVES ME.
I FEAR THAT I AM NOW ALONE,
AND I WILL NEVER GO BACK HOME.

AND NOW MY FANTASY'S A TRAGEDY.
MY HOPE IS GONE, THERE'S ONLY ME.
MY LIFE FEELS MUCH MORE FRIGHTENING
THAN IT SEEMED.

I WISH THIS LIFE WAS ONLY IN MY DREAMS.
I WISH THIS LIFE WAS ONLY IN MY DREAMS.
I WISH THIS LIFE WAS ONLY IN MY DREAMS.

(Jane continues crying. There is a sound and a rustling from one pile of straw.)

Who is it? Is someone here? Hello?

(The straw pile moves, and from within it pops up Rumpelstiltskin. Jane jumps back to the furthest corner of the room.)

Who are you? Have you come to punish me for my papa's deception?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: I have come to save you, poor girl, from your papa's stupidity.

JANE: How did you get in here? There was no one here when they brought the straw?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: I have my ways.

JANE: And how can you possibly save me? The windows are barred, and I have no talent that allows me to turn straw to gold.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: You don't. But I do.

10. The Fee

JANE: Who are you? What is your name?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: MY NAME, MY NAME?
I'M SURE YOU'D REALLY LIKE IT IF I TOLD.

JANE: I DOUBT YOU CAN DO MAGIC,
AND YET YOU SEEM QUITE BOLD.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: (*Turns to leave, singing:*) YOU DOUBT?
OH VERY WELL,
PERHAPS IN THIS PRISON YOU'LL GROW OLD.

JANE: No wait!

CAN I TRUST YOU?
CAN I TRUST THAT YOU CAN
SPIN THIS STRAW INTO GOLD?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: YOU EITHER TRUST ME OR YOU
DON'T.
THE CHOICE IS UP TO YOU.
I REALLY DO NOT CARE
IF YOU DON'T OR IF YOU DO.

JANE: THEN I WILL TRUST THAT WHAT
YOU'RE TELLING ME IS TRUE.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: I ASSUME YOU WISH TO HIRE ME.
I DO NOT WORK FOR FREE.

JANE: I AM A POOR GIRL, PLEASE.
I HOPE THAT I CAN PAY YOUR FEE.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: I'LL SPIN ONE PILE OF STRAW
TONIGHT
TO SATISFY THE KING,
BUT FOR MY EFFORTS YOU MUST
PAY ME WITH YOUR SILVER RING.

(Jane takes her ring off and looks at it fondly.)

JANE: MY FATHER GAVE THIS RING TO ME
WHEN I WAS TEN AND TWO,
BUT IF YOU SPIN THIS STRAW INTO GOLD
I'LL GLADLY GIVE IT TO YOU.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Excellent! To seal our deal, you must
shake my hand.

(Jane reluctantly reaches for Rumpelstiltskin's hand, but when she touches it, she falls into a deep slumber.)

(Blackout.)

SCENE 4: Castle Prison

(Reprise – Instrumental of song, "Straw Into Gold.")

(Jane wakes up to see Rumpelstiltskin standing beside two piles of straw and one pile of shiny gold. She is delighted and dances around in excitement.)

JANE: I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
YOU ARE MAGICAL INDEED!
HERE'S MY RING.
YOU HAVE EARNED IT FOR A MOST AMAZING DEED!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER PILES?
THE KING REQUIRES ALL THREE.
WITHOUT THREE PILES OF GOLD
IN TWO MORE DAYS I WON'T BE FREE.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: For another pile of gold, you must give me something more in trade.

JANE: I don't know what else I have that you could want.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: FIRST TRADE: YOUR RING.
YOUR NECKLACE IS THE OTHER.

(Jane clutches the necklace at her throat.)

JANE: THIS NECKLACE IS OF LITTLE WORTH,
BUT IT IS FROM MY MOTHER.
PLEASE SIR, IT'S ALL I HAVE OF HER.
IT'S SUCH A SACRIFICE!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: NEVERTHELESS, FOR SPINNING
GOLD
THAT NECKLACE IS MY PRICE.

JANE: Very well. For your work I will give you my necklace.

(Rumpelstiltskin reaches out his hand to shake. Jane reluctantly takes it, and when her hand touches Rumpelstiltskin's hand she falls into a deep sleep.)

(Blackout.)

SCENE 5: Castle Prison

(Instrumental of "Straw Into Gold.")

(Lights fade up, and sunlight filters through the window, waking Jane, who is asleep on the last pile of straw. The second pile of straw has been turned to gold. Rumpelstiltskin sits atop the newest pile of gold, fiddling on a fiddle. Jane stretches and yawns.)

JANE: You are indeed a remarkable fellow. Two-thirds of the task has been accomplished. There is but one pile of straw left. But I fear I have nothing left to trade. All that I owned of value was the necklace and the ring.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Then I will do no more work.

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(Rumpelstiltskin turns to leave.)

JANE: Wait! Surely there is something I might give you, perhaps in the future, when I am married to the prince.

WHEN I BECOME A PRINCESS
I'LL HAVE THE FINEST THINGS:
DIAMONDS, GOLD AND SILVER,
CROWNS FOR NOBLE KINGS.
CHOOSE FROM MY NEW TREASURES.
I WILL GIVE YOU ANYTHING
WORTH MORE THAN MOTHER'S NECKLACE
OR MY FATHER'S SILVER RING.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: WHAT USE HAVE I FOR GOLD
WHICH I BY MAGIC MAY ACQUIRE?
THE VALUE OF MY TRADES
ARE THOSE THINGS WHICH YOU DESIRE.

JANE: THERE'S NOTHING I DESIRE
THAT COMES CLOSE TO AN OBSESSION.
THE ONLY THINGS I CARE ABOUT
ARE NOW IN YOUR POSSESSION.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: ALTHOUGH MY NEW REQUEST
MAY SEEM
TO YOU TO BE QUITE VILE,
FOR ONE MORE NIGHT OF MAGIC
I WILL TAKE YOUR FIRST-BORN CHILD.

(Jane falls back speechless. She cannot believe what she hears.)

JANE: What?! What you ask for is impossible. I could never promise that.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: It is my price.

JANE: I will give you anything, but not that. Your price is too high.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Then I will leave you now. And when the soldiers come and take you and your foolish father away, for whatever fate the king deems appropriate for lying to a monarch, just remember this chance I gave you.

(Rumpelstiltskin turns away from Jane.)

JANE: No, wait. I will make your bargain. If I don't, I fear I will never have a child, and I will be imprisoned in this castle forever, or worse.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Good. Now we shake on it. And once shaken upon, it cannot be undone.

(Jane reluctantly puts her hand out, and as she touches his, she falls asleep.)

Sleep well, Jane. In the morning, all will be well.

10A. Straw Into Gold Instrumental

(Blackout.)

SCENE 6: Castle Prison

11. Reprise 2 - Straw Into Gold

(Jane wakes up alone in the tower room. The room is bright with three piles of spun gold. No more straw remains. Rumpelstiltskin is gone.)

(Jane looks around with amazement, then sits down at her spinning wheel.)

(A sound of soldiers at the door. The door opens and SOLDIERS and the King enter, followed by Prince Alfred and Rob, who looks terrified.)

(The King and Prince are astounded by all the gold surrounding Jane. Rob, who has entered with fear, now looks dumbfounded at what he sees. He dabs the profuse sweat off his brow.)

KING OWEN: By God, the old miller was right! Jane, you are a treasure indeed. You shall become my son's bride as soon as it can be arranged.

STRAW INTO GOLD, STRAW INTO GOLD.
A SECRET ONCE QUITE BEAUTIFUL I'M TOLD.
STRAW INTO GOLD, STRAW INTO GOLD.
HIS DAUGHTER SPINS STRAW INTO GOLD.
ALTHOUGH IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE TO DO,
I ABSOLUTELY SEE THAT IT IS TRUE.

ROB: ALTHOUGH JANE IS QUITE MODEST IN HER AIRS
AND SIMPLE IN THE CLOTHING THAT SHE WEARS,

PRINCE ALFRED: SHE HIDES A TALENT WONDROUS TO
BEHOLD
SPINNING COMMON STRAW TO PUREST GOLD!

SOLDIERS, ROB, PRINCE & KING STRAW INTO GOLD,
STRAW INTO GOLD,
A SECRET ONCE QUITE BEAUTIFUL I'M TOLD.
STRAW INTO GOLD, STRAW INTO GOLD,
MY (HIS) DAUGHTER SPINS STRAW INTO GOLD.

11A. Reprise 2 – Straw Into Gold Playoff

(Blackout.)

(Intermission.)

ACT II

SCENE 1: Castle

(Lights come up on a barren stage with scrim of the inside of a castle.)

12. Happily Ever After

(The King and Queen enter from either side of the stage. Each wears a long train with crowns upon their heads. They slowly march in step with one another and meet in the middle, then turn and face the audience. Behind the King and Queen, the people of the town, dressed in their best clothes, form a line.)

(Prince Alfred enters and stands to the right of the King in a pool of golden light. He is dressed in princely wedding attire.)

(Jane enters from the opposite side of the stage, beautiful with a long white dress. She is escorted by her father, dressed to the nines. Rob gives Jane to Prince Alfred, then moves away. Prince Alfred and Jane stand before the King and Queen, facing one another. The King and Queen smile.)

KING OWEN: ALFRED? DO YOU?

PRINCE ALFRED: I DO.

KING OWEN: AND JANE? DO YOU?

JANE: I DO.

JANE & PRINCE: WE DO.

KING OWEN: IT IS MY JOY TO MARRY YOU.
AND WISH YOU A HAPPY LIFE,
I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU "MAN AND WIFE."

QUEEN MATHILDA: IT IS, I'D SAY, A HAPPILY EVER
AFTER KIND OF DAY.

KING OWEN: IT IS, I'D SAY, A HAPPILY EVER AFTER KIND
OF DAY.

(Everyone freezes except Jane and Prince Alfred. They sing to one another.)

JANE: *(To Prince:)* I FEAR I MUST BE DREAMING;
TRY TO PINCH MY HAND.
I CLOSE MY EYES AND OPEN THEM.
YET HERE YOU STAND.

PRINCE ALFRED: *(To Jane:)* THE MOMENT THAT I SAW
YOU,
WATCHING FROM AFAR,
I KNEW YOU WERE THE ONE FOR ME,
AND HERE YOU ARE.

(Freeze ends.)

JANE: IT IS, I'D SAY, A HAPPILY EVER AFTER KIND OF
DAY.

PRINCE ALFRED: IT IS, I'D SAY, A HAPPILY EVER AFTER
KIND OF DAY.

KING OWEN: IT SEEMS LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY
I BOUNCED YOU ON MY KNEE,
AND HELD YOU UP WITH PRIDE FOR ALL
THE WORLD TO SEE.

QUEEN MATHILDA: I LOOK AT YOU AS ONCE YOU WERE
WHEN YOUR LIFE BEGAN,
BUT TIME HAS WORKED ITS MAGIC, AND NOW
MY BOY'S A MAN.

ROB: I TOLD THEM JANE WAS SPECIAL,
SPOKE OF HER WITH PRIDE,
NOW EVERYONE WILL SEE MY JANE'S
A PRINCE'S BRIDE.

JANE: IT IS, I'D SAY, A HAPPILY EVER AFTER KIND OF
DAY.

PRINCE ALFRED: IT IS, I'D SAY...

ROB: ...HAPPILY EVER AFTER...

KING & QUEEN: HAPPILY EVER AFTER...

KING, QUEEN, PRINCE, JANE & ROB: HAPPILY EVER AFTER KIND OF DAY!

(Music continues with dance.)

(Lights on the King and Queen fade, and they exit. Prince Alfred and Jane kiss, then dance across the stage in a spotlight to the "Happily Ever After" music. As Prince Alfred and the princess dance off the stage, the scrim rises.)

SCENE 2: Town Square

(Scrim rises on the town square, decorated and festive. Townspeople, dressed to the nines, continue the dancing. Tables of food are set with all kinds of goodies. People eat, drink, party.)

(The miller shop sports a brand-new sign and looks more upscale. The inside shelves are laden with colorful odds and ends. Rob struts his stuff through the town square, toasting everyone in sight, dressed in his dapper new clothes. Townspeople shake hands with Rob like he's a celeb.)

(Townspeople ad lib "Good day!" One at first, then others until all overlap.)

TOWNSPEOPLE: Good day!

TOWNSPEOPLE GROUP 1: IT'S A LOVELY DAY. GOOD DAY. GOOD DAY.

IT'S A LOVELY DAY. GOOD DAY, GOOD DAY.

IT'S A LOVELY DAY. GOOD DAY. GOOD DAY.

IT'S A LOVELY DAY.

GOOD DAY, GOOD DAY.

HAPPILY EVER AFTER, HAPPILY EVER AFTER,

HAPPILY EVER AFTER KIND OF DAY.

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TOWNSPEOPLE GROUP 2: IT'S A LOVELY...
GOOD DAY, GOOD DAY, GOOD DAY
IT'S A LOVELY HAPPILY EVER AFTER KIND OF DAY,
IT'S A LOVELY...
HAPPILY EVER AFTER KIND OF DAY.
HAPPILY EVER AFTER, HAPPILY EVER AFTER
HAPPILY EVER AFTER, HAPPILY EVER AFTER
KIND OF DAY.

TOWNSPEOPLE GROUP 3: HAPPILY EVER AFTER KIND
OF DAY,
GOOD DAY, GOOD DAY,
HAPPILY EVER AFTER KIND OF DAY,
GOOD DAY, GOOD DAY,
HAPPILY EVER AFTER, HAPPILY EVER AFTER
HAPPILY EVER AFTER, HAPPILY EVER AFTER
KIND OF DAY!

12A. Happily Ever After Playoff

(Blackout.)

SCENE 3: Castle Nursery

13. My Beautiful Bride

*(Jane, now pregnant, sits sewing baby clothes in the new nursery.
The nursery is decorated in a manner befitting a new prince.
Prince Alfred enters, then bends over and kisses Jane.)*

PRINCE ALFRED: You don't have to sew, you know. We can have the royal seamstress do that.

JANE: But I would go crazy with nothing to do.

PRINCE ALFRED: *(Teasing:)* Perhaps you could make some more gold for us. We could build our own castle.

JANE: (*Nervous:*) You know your father has forbidden it. He fears too much gold will decrease its worth.

PRINCE ALFRED: As long as he has it all! But you know, Jane, even if you did not have such a talent, I would feel the same. I loved you the first moment I saw you with that silly homemade dress, trying to crawl away, your father pulling you back by the hem.

JANE: And you looking so bored, so not wanting to be there.

(Prince Alfred and Jane laugh.)

Who'd have thought you would ever choose a plain, clumsy girl like me.

PRINCE ALFRED: You're beautiful! And yet, I sense a sadness in you.

JANE: I am truly happy, Alfred! I have all that I could ever want.

PRINCE ALFRED: SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT.
I FEEL IT.

JANE: I am very happy.

PRINCE ALFRED: I KNOW THAT YOU ARE HAPPY,
BUT AT TIMES I SENSE A SADNESS
DEEP INSIDE.

MY BEAUTIFUL BRIDE.
I SEE YOU LOOKING DISTANT
AND SLIGHTLY MISTY-EYED.
I WISH THAT YOU WOULD TRUST ME
TO CONFIDE
MY BEAUTIFUL BRIDE.

JANE: ALFRED YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU.
THIS YOU MUST BELIEVE.
IT'S NEVER MY INTENTION TO DECEIVE.

NO MATTER HOW MUCH FEELING
TO EACH OTHER WE REVEAL
THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING SMALL
WE CONCEAL.

PRINCE ALFRED: I have concealed nothing from you.

JANE: Do not press me on this, Alfred. I know you will not like where it leads.

PRINCE ALFRED: There is nothing that you can't tell me.

JANE: I fear there is.

PRINCE ALFRED: I want to share your sadness as well as your joy.

JANE: It's too terrible to speak.

PRINCE ALFRED: Then I command you as your prince and implore you as your husband, Jane: Tell me what's wrong.

(She sighs, stands up and takes his hands.)

JANE: Very well, Alfred. It will become clear soon enough. *(She looks at her belly.)* It started with a terrible deception.

(Fade out.)

SCENE 4: Castle Nursery

14. We Do

(Lights come up on Jane and Prince Alfred sitting beside the crib. On the windows are now metal bars. Two Guards stand at the door. Sound of a baby from the crib. Jane picks the baby up and cuddles him.)

JANE: My sweet little Prince Ian.

(Prince Alfred puts his arm around Jane.)

I NEVER EVER THOUGHT IT COULD BE TRUE

THAT I COULD LOVE A CHILD AS MUCH AS YOU,
BUT I DO, I DO.

(To Alfred:) I CANNOT LIVE MUCH LONGER WITH THIS
FEAR;
THAT AWFUL LITTLE MAN IS LURKING NEAR.
ALFRED, OH ALFRED, MY DEAR.

PRINCE ALFRED: I UNDERSTAND THE TERROR THAT
YOU FEEL,
BUT I WILL NEVER LET HIM CLOSE HIS DEAL.
I WILL NOT.

(Spoken:) I won't!

WE'LL BOTH WATCH OVER IAN DAY AND NIGHT.
WE'LL NEVER LET OUR BABY OUT OF SIGHT.
NEVER. NOT EVER.

JANE & PRINCE: SLEEP IN PEACE, LITTLE ONE. SAFE AND
WARM.

WE PROMISE YOU'LL NEVER COME TO HARM.

JANE: NEVER, NOT EVER, LITTLE ONE.

PRINCE ALFRED: We won't.

NEVER, EVER, NOT EVER, MY DEAR.

PRINCE & JANE: NEVER, EVER THOUGHT IT COULD BE
TRUE

THAT WE COULD LOVE A CHILD AS MUCH AS YOU.
BUT WE DO, WE DO.

PRINCE ALFRED: No one can get into this room, not even
your magical little man. And one of us will be with Ian at all
times.

JANE: I am so sorry. It's all my fault.

PRINCE ALFRED: It wasn't you who told that story.

JANE: My father means no harm. He is just a foolish old man.

PRINCE ALFRED: He bragged about his daughter. He just went a little far.

(He kisses her on the forehead.)

I must go now, Jane. Guards, keep your post at the door and make sure no one enters or exits this room except for me.

GUARDS: Yes, Your Highness.

(Prince Alfred exits.)

(Jane puts Prince Ian in his crib and rocks in a chair next to him, humming. She nods off to sleep.)

(Lights fade out.)

SCENE 5: Castle Nursery

14A. We Do Playoff

(Jane wakes up to the sound of a crying baby. Rumpelstiltskin is standing by the crib, holding the baby.)

(Jane jumps up, looks around. The Guards are collapsed on the floor, asleep.)

JANE: Help! Someone help me! Please, somebody! Guards!

(The Guards continue sleeping, oblivious to her calls.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: We made a bargain. Have you forgotten? I have fulfilled my part, and now this child is mine.

JANE: No please. You can't take him. I won't let you.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: A deal is a deal.

JANE: Have mercy. I beg you. I will give you all the treasures of the kingdom. Just don't take my baby!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Ah. He is a beautiful child. And I've always looked forward to having a son.

JANE: Please. Let me hold him one last time, just to say good-bye.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Very well. Never let it be said that I have no heart.

14B. Rumpel Stops Jane's Escape

(Jane takes the baby, then attempts to flee. Rumpelstiltskin snaps his fingers, and there is the sound of a door being locked.)

(Jane tries the door, and of course, it is locked! Rumpelstiltskin looks smug.)

Treachery? Really, Jane?

(Jane faces Rumpelstiltskin, clutching Ian.)

JANE: Let us go! Why do you want my baby? You don't know anything about taking care of a baby! You can't!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: I, who have talents that you cannot even dream of? Can't care for a baby? Ha!

15. Rumpel's Child

JANE: No! No! It's not the same! Not at all!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: I CAN LEVITATE THIS ROCKING CHAIR

(Rumpelstiltskin points to the rocking chair and it levitates.)

AND PULL A COIN OUT OF YOUR HAIR.

(He pulls a large gold coin out of Jane's hair.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: *(Indicating sleeping Guard:)* I CAN MAKE THAT FELLOW DANCE

(Rumpelstiltskin animates the sleeping Guard, making him dance a jig. Rumpelstiltskin focuses on Jane. The Guard collapses.)

AND I CAN MAKE YOU SING!

JANE: LA LA LA LA LA LA LA...

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: And when you think about it...

I CAN DO MOST ANYTHING!

I CAN DO MOST ANYTHING!

(Rumpelstiltskin stops Jane from singing).

JANE: You are powerful, it's true. But you don't love Ian as I do! And my baby needs love to live, to grow!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: LOVE! HA!

WHAT A SILLY WORD!

IT'S REALLY QUITE ABSURD!

THE SILLIEST THING I THINK I'VE EVER HEARD!

(Mimicking Jane:) "My baby needs love to live, to grow!"

YET HERE I STAND BEFORE YOU

GREATER THAN A KING...

I CAN DO MOST ANYTHING!

I CAN DO MOST ANYTHING!

THE MOST POWERFUL CREATURE YOU'LL EVER KNOW!

AND WHO LOVED ME?

WHO LOVED ME?

THE ANSWER TO THAT IS...NOBODY!

YET HERE I STAND,

UNLOVED, ALONE,

TO PROVE THE FALSENESS OF YOUR PLEA!

NOW I WILL CLAIM THE PRIZE YOU PROMISED ME!

(Rumpelstiltskin grabs Ian from Jane, and Ian screams and cries.)

JANE: No! I won't let you take Ian!

(Jane lunges for Rumpelstiltskin, trying to get to Ian. Rumpelstiltskin holds the baby in one arm and controls Jane with the other.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: (*Feigning shock:*) You won't let me? I'm shocked! I'm quivering!

(Rumpelstiltskin chuckles, moves around with Ian, ignoring Jane.)

My little Ian. My son. How happy we will be together!

OH WHAT A LOVELY CHILD,
HE MAKES ME WANT TO SING!
YOU'LL BE MY LITTLE KING!
I CAN DO MOST ANYTHING!
I CAN DO MOST ANYTHING!

(Jane is frozen in place and watches in horror.)

Ah Jane, worry not! You are young! You can always have another child!

(Rumpelstiltskin releases Jane. She immediately dashes for Ian.)

JANE: Give me back Ian. He's mine!

(Jane tries to grab Ian from Rumpelstiltskin. He puts up his hand, and she is under his control once again.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: You are a slow learner, Jane! Must have gotten that from your father. Remember what I told you? Ian is *my* son!

15A. Jane Marionette

(Rumpelstiltskin places Ian back in the crib, uses his magic to lower the rocking chair to the floor and then hops into the chair and rocks.)

Now, be a good girl.

(Rumpelstiltskin controls Jane like a marionette. It is like she is attached to him by an invisible string, and she is whisked back and forth by the movements of his hand.)

(Finally, he moves his arm in an ever-slowng circle until it stops. As he does so, Jane's movements become slower and slower until she is forced to stop in place. She tries to move, but she is stuck to the floor.)

Had enough fun yet?

(Jane can speak but not move.)

JANE: You are a horrible little man. You cannot take Ian. It is an unfair deal. You are a monster!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: A monster am I? Insulting me will not change my mind.

16. Mercy In Your Heart

(Rumpelstiltskin grabs the baby from the crib. The baby screams. Jane tries to move but can't. Rumpelstiltskin touches the baby's head with his finger and the crying stops. He starts to leave.)

JANE: Wait! Wait. I'm sorry. Please wait.

(Still stuck in place, Jane reaches out her arms imploringly.)

(Rumpelstiltskin hesitates. Music cue: "Jane's Song.")

Please...

(Rumpelstiltskin turns to Jane, flicks his hand and releases her. She is able to move again.)

ALL THAT YOU SAY TO ME IS TRUE:
I MADE A BARGAIN, NOW I OWE YOU.
I KNOW THE PROMISE THAT I MADE;
I KNOW THE PRICE THAT MUST BE PAID.
BUT IF YOU KNEW THE PAIN YOU CAUSE THIS NIGHT,
YOU'D KNOW THIS DEAL WAS NEVER RIGHT.

CAN'T YOU SEE IT'S TEARING ME APART?
CAN YOU FIND A LITTLE MERCY IN YOUR HEART?
CAN YOU FIND SOME MERCY IN YOUR HEART?

YOU ARE A GOOD MAN, I CAN SEE.
 IT CAN'T BE YOUR INTENT TO HARM ME.
 HOW COULD I HAVE FORESEEN MY WOE
 TO LOSE A CHILD I'LL NEVER KNOW?

AND IF YOU KNEW THE PAIN YOU CAUSE THIS NIGHT
 YOU'LL KNOW THIS DEAL WAS NEVER RIGHT.
 CAN'T YOU SEE IT'S TEARING ME APART?
 CAN YOU FIND A LITTLE MERCY IN YOUR HEART?
 CAN YOU FIND SOME MERCY IN YOUR HEART?

I KNOW THAT YOU CAN PLAINLY SEE
 YOU HAVE THE POWER TO DESTROY ME.
 GIVE ME A PUZZLE, GAME OR TASK.
 I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU ASK!
 PLEASE FEEL THE PAIN YOU CAUSE THIS NIGHT.
 DEEP DOWN YOU KNOW THIS DEAL'S NOT RIGHT.
 CAN'T YOU SEE IT'S TEARING ME APART?
 CAN YOU FIND A LITTLE MERCY IN YOUR HEART,
 CAN YOU FIND SOME MERCY IN YOUR HEART?
 MERCY IN YOUR HEART?

Just give me one chance, sir. Please.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: A chance to win him back? A game? Or a riddle, you say? Hmmm. I never could resist a good riddle. Might be amusing. Very well. I will give you your chance.

(He returns the baby to Jane, and she clutches the baby to her breast and sobs. Jane moves away from Rumpelstiltskin with the baby.)

JANE: Oh, thank you. Thank you.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: You want a riddle, do you? Well, then, these are my terms: If you can guess my name in three days' time, I will free you from your promise.

JANE: Guess your name? But there must be thousands of names! Millions!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: So you think my riddle is too hard? Hah! Then I will collect my wage now, you foolish girl.

(Rumpelstiltskin grabs for the baby. A tug of war, as Jane holds tight. The baby screams.)

JANE: No—wait! I accept your rules. I will try to guess your name.

(Rumpelstiltskin lets the baby go.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: Speak my name in three days' time, or your child will be mine!

16A. Mercy In Your Heart Playoff

(Rumpelstiltskin laughs).

(Jane covers her mouth and gasps. Rumpelstiltskin snaps his fingers: Blackout.)

SCENE 6: Throne Room

(In the throne room, the King, Queen, Prince, Jane, two Guards and a very nervous Rob are present. The King and Queen sit on their respective thrones. Jane holds Prince Ian.)

KING OWEN: This is outrageous. Imagine this creature even considering stealing the grandchild of a king! It is preposterous. It cannot be done!

JANE: But he has magical powers. He appears and disappears at will.

PRINCE ALFRED: She is right. We must assume he can make good on his threat.

KING OWEN: *(To Rob:)* I will punish you for this, Miller. And you, Jane, you were complicit in it.

PRINCE ALFRED: It wasn't her fault! She did nothing wrong. And he is just a foolish old man.

ROB: Please Your Majesty. Don't blame Jane. The prince is right. It was my fault. Put me in prison. But don't punish my innocent daughter.

KING OWEN: Prison! Ha! You should be so lucky! If something happens to my grandchild, old man or not, you will pay with your life! Guards! Take him to the dungeon.

(The Guards take Rob away.)

JANE: No! Papa!

(Prince Alfred holds Jane to comfort her.)

QUEEN MATHILDA: My husband, let us concern ourselves first with our grandchild. Then we can deal with Jane's father.

KING OWEN: There are millions of names. It could be anything.

QUEEN MATHILDA: What if we send out our soldiers to find the imp before he can make good on his threat?

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