

NODA PANTOMIMES

PRESENT

Rumpelstiltskin

The story of a man who spins more
than a good yarn.

By

Rob Fearn & Leo Appleton

Revised © January 2020

This script is published by

NODA LTD
15 The Metro Centre
Peterborough PE2 7UH
Telephone: 01733 374790
Fax: 01733 237286
Email: info@noda.org.uk
www.noda.org.uk

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Welcome to what is now our seventh pantomime.

In this pantomime we have looked at a tale that has been around as long as we can remember. Not often performed, forsaken for the more popular in the panto canon. But what a great tale it is with all the magic, mystery and opportunity for comedy that a good pantomime could wish for.

As usual we have taken the tale and given the story our little twist and added a couple of extra characters for the audience to love and hate in equal measure. Whilst there is direction and suggestions for song breaks to help with interpretation, we realise that companies and other directors like the freedom to add and take out elements that may or may not suit their company. Feel free. The story lends itself to this and gives ample opportunity for groups to put in the local / topical feel, which is important and let's face it, traditional in these productions.

Again, in our writing we have envisaged a production on a smaller stage with simple sets but could well see these performed on a bigger stage and with bigger budgets having great effects and lavish scenery. Whatever you do with it, as always, our motto is, 'make it fun'.

Best of luck

Rob and Leo

PS: If you do perform one of our pantos and let us know when it's on we'd love to try and come and see it. You can message us via our Facebook site Robleo Productions. L & R.

Others in the series

Cinderella

A Christmas Carol – the panto

Puss in Boots

Snow White

Jack and the Beanstalk

Robin Hood

Aladdin

Sleeping Beauty

CHARACTERS

Millie, the Millers daughter – (F) The sweet but feisty heroine of the story. Must be able to act, move and sing.

Teddy ‘Two Sails’ Baker – (M) The ‘love’ interest of Madam Miller. A comedic role. Must be able to act, move and sing.

Madam Miller – (M/F) The dame role. Can be played by a female but more appropriate to a male. Must be able to act (comic timing), dance and sing as she should have one or two solos.

King Richard – (M) Millie’s love interest. Must be able to act and sing. Many comedic lines.

Queen Mother – (F) Can be any age but probably more suitable for an older character. Comedic role.

Sir Rupert – (M) One of the villains of the piece. Plenty of villainous / comedic lines and works with Rumpelstiltskin. Needs to be able to sing and act.

Sid Kick – (M/F) Played as a male is Sir Rupert’s young apprentice. Has a bit of thing for Millie initially. Works also with Joe King and sings a duet.

Joe King – (M/F) Played as a male. Queen Mothers apprentice. Should be able to sing, act and dance. Works also with Sid Kick and sings a duet.

Rumpelstiltskin – (M/F) It’s written as a male part though it could equally be played as a female. A few rhymes to remember so needs to be good with lines and be able to act, move and sing. Works with Sir Rupert second Act.

Sergeant Cringe – (M/F) One of the king’s guards. Is part of the double act with Corporal Cower. Needs to be able to move, sing and deliver lines.

Corporal Cower – (M/F) As for Sergeant Cringe.

Chorus parts – (M/F) There are several chorus lines suitable for any age male or female.

Soldiers (non-speaking role).

List of scenes

Act One

- Scene 1** Full stage at Madam Miller's windmill
- Scene 2** The palace – full stage with throne
- Scene 3** Can be front of tabs. Millie locked in the room to spin straw plus spinning wheel and bags of straw / gold
- Scene 4** As per scene 2
- Scene 5** As per scene 3
- Scene 6** As per scene 1
- Scene 7** As per scene 3
- Scene 8** As per scene 2

Act Two

- Scene 1** The palace full stage
- Scene 2** Front of tabs then tabs open to reveal boudoir
- Scene 3** A forest scene plus lone oak tree and crescent moon
- Scene 4** As per scene 1
- Scene 5** As per scene 3
- Scene 6** Front of tabs / tabs open to reveal Windmill set, full stage
- Scene 7** Full palace scene or front of tabs which is then set to Rump's camp
- Scene 8** As per scene 3
- Scene 9** Front of tabs for song sheet opening to full palace set for walkdown

Act 1

Scene 1

(Scene opens full stage / the mill and the chorus are on all stacking flour and crates and singing a general happy working song. As the song ends Millie and Madam Miller start speaking and chorus exit).

Madam *(To Millie)*. I don't know why they are feeling so happy. We haven't enough flour to sell to pay our taxes.

Millie *(Statement)*. An honest day's work fills your heart with joy.

Madam Yes, but not your pockets with cash. If we don't get some money together I'm afraid that we'll have to sell something.

Millie What have we got to sell?

Madam We've only the house and the mill.

Millie And don't forget the sails that go around and around.

Madam I've been meaning to have a word with you about that.

Millie What do you mean?

Madam The sails.

Millie What about the sails?

Madam You know how there's four of them. We only own two. It was just before your father passed away and he was playing cards with Teddy and Teddy won two of them and that's why we call him Teddy two sails.

Millie Can we not just take Teddy's sails off then?

Madam We could, but there's two things wrong with that. Firstly, we'd have to change his name to Teddy no sails and that's ridiculous and secondly *(she retrieves two beach windmills one with four sails one with two sails)* y 'see *(blows the one with four sails which revolves then the other with two sails which doesn't)* it doesn't work.

(Puts the sails down).

Madam *(To audience)*. My husband, God rest his soul, was a real thief. He stole my heart, my purse, and my life's savings. But what did I get in return? Nothing really, except for my lovely Millie. And a little bit of jewellery. *(Goes up to Millie and plays with her necklace like they were hot)*. Hot, hot, hot!

Millie What are you doing mother?

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Madam Sorry I digressed. Where was I?

Millie You were telling me about father and the sails.

(Teddy enters and taps Madam Miller on the shoulder).

Madam Oh thank goodness you're here.

Ted Why?

Madam I was telling Millie about

The tale of the sail, that turned in the gale

That clunked and moaned and creaked and groaned

That was there at night to give us a fright

We had all four but of course there's more

Father's games of chance always lead us a dance

With his penchant for betting he left us both fretting

Losing two sails that turned in the gales

As we lay in our bed, to our best friend Ted.

Madam *(Pause)* That's a thought! As you own two of the sails, have you any money to pay the tax collectors.

Ted I was hoping you'd have some from the flour, I'm skint. *(Pulls his pockets out).*

Millie I could always sell my necklace and ring mother.

Madam No, you can't sell those, they're stolen proper...., I mean heirlooms. They've all you've got left to remember your father by. *(Audience)* They've got his fingerprints all over them.

Millie Perhaps the king when he hears of our plight will take pity on us. I've heard he is such a benevolent man.

Madam He might be, but his tax collector Sir Rupert is as nasty as snot porridge.

(Sir Rupert enters as soon as Madam Miller finishes her line).

Sir Rupert Did I hear someone mention my name?

Sid Snot porridge?

Sir Rupert No, Sir Rupert. *(To Madam Miller)*. I've come for my money.

Madam Money? *(Starts crying fake tears)*. Ever since my husband was taken from me it's been so difficult *(violin plays)*, raising this lovely young girl, trying to keep a roof over my head and the sails going around and round.

Sir Rupert *(Interrupts, violin stops abruptly)*. Yes, yes all very sad I'm sure, but if you've no money then I will take *(gets out abacus and does some quick counting)* six bags of flour.

Madam *(Gets Millie and Ted, speaks in a stage whisper)*. What are we going to do? We don't have six bags of flour. We've only got two and one of those is full of rats.

Ted Don't worry I have a plan. *(Ted gets a stool and puts it centre stage)*. Would you like to take a seat Sir Ruthless, I mean Sir Rupert, while we sort out your flour?

Sir Rupert I don't mind if I do, I've been standing all day beating people. But be quick about it, I have another seven people to evict and four more to take to the debtor's jail.

(Sir Rupert sits facing the audience as the others recycle the one bag of flour. This should be frenetic and quick as possible. As it passes in front of him, Sir Rupert counts them. Ted takes the bag off and then re appears at the back of the stage and throws the bag to Madam Miller who starts the process again. This happens six times getting more frantic at each time. As the sixth bag is counted Madam Miller speaks probably a little breathless).

Madam There you are Your Lordship. Six bags as requested, all loaded onto your cart.

Sir Rupert Good. And next time don't have me waiting otherwise I'll add another six on.

Madam Oh don't do that *(to audience)* these six nearly killed me.

Sir Rupert *(To Sid)*. Right you.

Sid Sid sire.

Sir Rupert Sid, Sad, whatever, let's get on.

(Sir Rupert and Sid start to exit).

Sid *(To Madam)*. Best of luck. I'll try and bamboozle him with my wit and cunning so he won't find out.

Madam Great. *(Sarcastically).*

(Sid exits).

Madam *(As Sid exits Madam watches him off).* I think we're in big trouble! *(To the others).* Maybe he won't notice with all the other bags that were on the cart.

Ted Let's hope so. Otherwise it'll be the debtor's prison for you.

Millie Oh no, I'm sure it won't come to that. Perhaps Sid will be able to help us. Sir Rupert, for all his bluster looked a kind man. He might let us off.

Madam *(To audience).* Oh no he won't

Millie Oh yes he will. *(This can go on until Sir Rupert enters).*

Sir Rupert Oh no he won't. *(He has Sid by the ear).* He tried his wit and cunning, but he failed miserably. *(Lets him go).* Now, I believe you owe me another five bags.

(The following is all double talk and does not make complete sense but if done fairly rapid fire should sound like you are bamboozling Sir Rupert).

Madam Are you sure?

Sir Rupert One on the cart from six leaves five.

Ted But don't forget the one on the cart.

Sir Rupert *(Getting confused).* But that means we've counted it twice.

Madam Exactly! So two from six leaves four.

(Sid enters carrying their bag of flour).

Sid And don't forget this one they've already given you.

(Sir Rupert looks more confused).

Madam That's three then. Now sit down and we'll count out the other three.

(Again, they recycle the same bag but this time four times.)

Sir Rupert Hold on isn't that one bag too many?

Madam I believe you're right. I think you owe me a bag of flour.

(The 'fourth' bag is sitting in front of Sir Rupert. He is still a little confused).

Sir Rupert Although it's not in my nature I suppose you'd better have this one then.

(Teddy picks up the bag).

Madam Thank you sire.

(Sir Rupert and Sid exit).

Ted That worked out better than I thought.

Madam But for how long?

Sir Rupert *(Off stage)* Whaaat! *(Sir Rupert blusters back in).*

Madam Not long then.

Sir Rupert You're trying to make a fool of me.

Madam No, you're managing that all by yourself.

Sir Rupert Enough of this! You owe me six bags or, or, I'll take your windmill.

Ted Sir Rupert two of those sails are mine.

(Sir Rupert gives him a dirty look).

Madam Please no! *(Looks frantic)*

Millie *(Blurts out).* I can spin straw into gold!

All What?

Ted *(To audience).* Who knew?

Sir Rupert *(To audience).* Well, there's a gift. *(Back to Madam).* In that case Madam Miller, she is coming with me and she will stay with me until she has repaid your debt. But should this turn out to be a lie, then your windmill *(Ted is about to interrupt)* and all four sails will be mine and you will be thrown into debtor's prison until it is all repaid.

(He grabs Millie by the wrist and Sir Rupert exits. Ted and Madam look distraught and are waving as she leaves).

Sid Don't worry Madam Miller, I'll keep an eye on her. *(Sid exits).*

(Blackout, end scene).

Scene 2

(The King's Palace. All the chorus dressed as courtiers are on and they sing a song. As it finishes they exit and the King and Queen Mother enter. Joe King is sitting on the King's throne unseen by the King and Queen Mother).

King Hah, I have a good one. *(Sings)*. ***If I ruled the world.....***

Queen Mother *(Sings)*. ***Every day would be the first day of spring.***

King Nice one mother.

Queen Mother What about this one. *(Sings)*. ***Everybody wants to.....***

King *(Sings)*. ***Rule the world.*** I love guessing songs about me. What if we do songs about you mother? I know *(sees Joe sitting waiting on his throne)*, who is that person sitting in my chair.

Queen Mother *(Hums something as if she might sing)*. Sorry son, I don't know that one, if you hum it, I will try to sing along.

King No, look, someone is sitting on my throne.

Queen Mother *(Sees Joe)*. Oh yes! Excuse me young man, what are you doing sitting on my son's throne?

Joe Oh sorry. *(Looking about him)*. By the way where does he keep the paper?

Queen It is not that kind of throne. It is the king's royal throne. What are you doing here?

Joe I've been sent.

Queen Mother By who.

Joe By whom.

Queen Mother Smart ahh...choo! Alright then, by whom?

Joe Job Centre said I had to come.

Queen Mother *(Excitedly)*. Oh, *(realises)*, you're my new palace apprentice.

King Apprentice?

Queen Mother Yes, Sir Rupert got one so I thought I would get one as well and he will go so nicely with my handbag (*pats her handbag*). (*Takes the king to one side*). When I was a young queen we would often send lackeys on all sorts of silly jobs; a long stand, a straight banana, left-handed screw driver. Should we play a trick on him?

King (*Dismissively*). No. (*To Joe*). Listen here you young scamp, what's your name?

Joe King.

King Yes.

Joe Pardon?

King Yes, I am.

Joe No, my name is King.

King What, just King?

Joe No, I'm Joe King.

King Well, stop joking and be serious.

Joe Right, my name is Joe.

King Joe.

Joe King.

King King.

Joe Joe King.

King Oh I see, Joe King. This won't do mother, it is going to get very confusing, we can't have two kings.

Queen Mother Yes, I think it could result in all kinds of confusion at some point.

King (*To audience*). Could even result in some hilarious comedy situations.

Queen Mother I doubt that son.

King Right Joe, a few things you need to know. This is a happy kingdom because I am kind and caring and look after the welfare of my subjects. Isn't that right Queen Mother?

Queen Mother Quite right son.

King If you are to work here, you too must be kind and caring. That right Queen Mother?

Queen Mother Quite right son.

King So, if you could do one thing to make life a little easier for the people of this beautiful land, what would it be?

Joe Cut taxes.

Queen Mother Quite right son.

King No, mother, it is not quite right. How would we pay for the sewage system, health care, the fire service?

Queen Mother But we don't have any of those.

King We don't? What does all the money go on then?

Queen Mother We are lucky to collect any money at all. I heard last year we collected, three bags of parsnips, a donkey and a pair of galoshes.

King But, Sir Rupert is in charge of collecting taxes isn't he? Queen Mother. Get Joe to tell him I want to see him immediately.

Queen Mother Good idea son.

King *(To Joe)*. You will go far young Joe. Any other ideas?

Joe *(Thinking)*. We could privatise the railways, reduce the trade deficit, invest in infrastructure, and replace the monarchy with a democratic republic.

King Joe.

Joe Yes, Your Highness.

King Go and get me a left-handed screwdriver.

Joe Yes, Your Highness. *(He bows and exits)*.

(Song by King and Queen Mother).

(End of song, Blackout, End Scene).

Scene 3

(Millie is on a stool centre stage with a spinning wheel. She's lit dramatically and is crying. She might start singing a song here. There are a number of bags of straw (on one side is written straw on the other is written gold). As the lights come up, Sir Rupert and Sid Kick enter, interrupting).

Sir Rupert Sorry my dear, am I interrupting something?

Millie *(Sniffs)*. No *(big sniff)*. But I think I'm getting a chill.

Sid She's right y'know, it is a bit damp in here.

Sir Rupert *(To audience)*. Probably from all her silly snivelling! *(To Millie)*. I know one way to warm you up, start turning that straw into gold. You did say you could do it.

Millie I did, but perhaps not quite as you think.

Sir Rupert What do you mean?

Millie If I have enough of it I can sell it and make you lots of gold.

Sid I see where you're going with this, but I don't think he means that. Good try though.

Sir Rupert You can either turn straw into gold or not. Y'see you have two choices spin the straw into gold or join Goldilocks in the prison next door who said she could make porridge from snails.

(Girls voice off). Oh no, not more snails!

Millie I'll spin the straw!

Sir Rupert Good answer. You have until dawn to spin all six *(or a number)* bags of straw into gold. If you don't succeed there is room for both you and your mother next door and then I will have your windmill and all four sails for myself and perhaps you for my bride. Hah hah haaaaah!

(Sir Rupert exits. As he does Millie breaks down and sobs).

Sid *(He goes and comforts her. Perhaps sings a song).* It's going to be all right I have faith in you, you can do it.

Millie I can't. It was the first thing I thought of when Sir Rupert came to the windmill and I just blurted it out. Why couldn't I blurt out, here take my necklace, or my ring, or I'm a rocket scientist.

Sid *(Starts to go).* What's a rocket scientist? Never mind, I'd love to stay and help but Sir Rupert wants me to get some more snails for Goldilocks next door.

(Girls voice off). For the love of noooo!

Sid See you later. *(About to exit then stops).* Oh, good luck!

(Sid exits).

Millie *(To audience)* Good luck he says. I'm going to need more than that. Perhaps there is a spell for changing straw into gold? *(Thinks).* What about this?

(Lights go down for atmosphere and perhaps there is some eerie background music. Millie speaks as if casting a spell)

Hocus pocus jigidiwig are magic words I'm told

Do your stuff don't mess about, Turn this straw into gold.

(Lights come back up).

Millie *(To audience)* Alright, I know it wasn't exactly 'wingardium leviosa' but let's see if it's worked. *(Looks in one bag).* Nothing, well nothing but straw that it is. What am I going to do? *(She sits on her stool and starts sobbing again).*

(There is a sound of a door creaking. Millie doesn't look up but starts speaking – she thinks its Sid)

Millie Sid? Have you come back to see how I'm getting on? *(She looks up but there is no one there).* *(To audience).* I thought I heard a door creaking. *(The lights dim and perhaps some atmospheric smoke)* Oh dear the lights have gone down and there is some atmospheric smoke. This doesn't look good. *(Rumpelstiltskin appears and stands behind her. There is the behind you moment).* What? Is some one behind me? Oh dear, whoever could this be? Shall I have a look? *(Audience should be shouting 'Yes' by now. As Millie looks Rump moves behind her).* I'll look this way first. Nothing there. What about this way? No nothing there. I know I'll walk all the

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way round (*She walks round her stool in a big circle as Rump' follows her*). Still nothing.

(*Rump' taps Millie on the shoulder*).

Rump Are you looking for me?

Millie (*She jumps in fright*). Ahh! Who are you and how did you get in here?

Rump Never mind who I am, or how I got through a locked door. Just know I am here to help you. (*To audience*). For a price.

Millie Here to help me? Whatever do you mean?

Rump Have you managed to spin all that straw into gold yet?

Millie No, I'm just having a little problem figuring it out. I'm sure I'll get there in the end. How hard can it be?

Rump You can't do it can you?

Millie No!

Rump Then allow me (*moves to the spinning wheel but stops*).

Millie Why have you stopped?

Rump If I help you there is a price to pay.

Millie But I don't have anything I can give you.

Rump Really? What about that fine necklace you are wearing?

Millie But, it was my fathers. How can I give it up?

Rump Boo hoo. (*Back to Millie*). Give me that necklace and I will see to it that this straw is spun into gold, saving you, your farm and your strangely masculine mother.

Millie Well, that was a little unkind, but as you put it like that then yes. If you can do all that, here take my necklace. (*Millie gives Rump' her necklace*). Now show me how you do it.

Rump

Do you think I'd let you peep, no for now you must sleep

(Rump waves his arms magically and Millie falls fast asleep).

Come sprites, come fairies do my bidding, show this girl that I'm not kidding

Come magic, come power from ages old, turn this straw into bags of gold.

(As Rump' says all this the lights change and music begins to play. As the music plays, fairies dance on and as part of the dance they pick up each bag and turn it round so that the word 'GOLD' is now visible to the audience. Once they have finished the dance they exit. As the music is coming to an end Rump' begins to speak over the music).

Rump

So, for now my work is done, but my plan has just begun,

Will Sir Rupert set her free, we'll wait till dawn and then we'll see,

But for now, I'm off to sleep, among the trees in forest deep,

But I'll be back, oh lucky me, to see young Millie, total three!

Ha ha ha haaa!

(Rump' exits with a flash and puff of smoke).

(The lights come back up and Sir Rupert enters with Sid. Millie is still fast asleep).

Sir Rupert Asleep on the job hey! *(To Sid)*. Wake her up.

Sid *(Moves to Millie and gently shakes her shoulder)*. Millie wake up. *(She stirs, as she does Sid goes to look at the bags)*. I, I don't believe it! Millie you've done it.

Millie *(Yawning and stretching like she's had the best night's sleep)*. Done what? *(She gets up on her hands and knees and presses the floor like it is a very comfy bed)*. This floor is sooo comfortable.

Sir Rupert *(He looks at the bags and is mildly impressed)* Six bags of gold. *(To audience)*. It is possible!

Sid *(Picks Millie up and takes her to the gold)*. Look Millie, you've spun the straw into gold.

Millie What? How? *(To audience)*. I know I had a very strange dream last night, but was it all real?

Sid You've done it. You've saved your family and your windmill.

(Millie and Sid hug. Sir Rupert has been examining the gold).

Sir Rupert Yeessss, about that. I don't think you'll be going home just yet. I have a few more bags of straw for you. Let's see how you get on with those tonight. Same rules apply. Spin them into gold and you save your family, if not then it is debtors prison for all of you.

Sid Well, that's a bit mean.

Sir Rupert *(To Sid)*. Exactly! Lock up after you've finished, oh and bring the gold with you. Hah, ha ha haaah! *(He exits)*.

Millie Maybe I'll have another funny dream again tonight.

Sid I think it's the fungus in the sacks.

Millie Oh Sid what if I can't do it? My family, my windmill.

Sid You've done it once you must be able to do it again?

Millie To be honest, I don't really know.

(Song from Millie and Sid perhaps. End song, blackout, end scene).

Scene 4

(Lights come up. Once more back in the palace. King is on pacing around. Queen Mother enters, Joe is following her around).

King Ah mother, I was hoping to catch you.

Queen Mother Yes my son?

King What about this one? *(Sings)* **Leader of the pack.....**

Queen Mother *(Enthusiastically sings)***brmm**. Good one my boy.

King I see you still have that apprentice with you.

Queen Mother Yes, I'm a little worried about him. He has all sorts of strange ideas. Earlier I heard him talking to someone about the right to vote. I think he may be a revolutionary.

King Mother, you worry too much. We need more young blood around here. Some new ideas, blue sky thinking.

Queen Mother He also mentioned that without an heir, the monarchy was a vulnerable and outdated institution.

King *(Suddenly stops laughing and is now outraged)*. What! Oy you! Joker!

Joe *(He steps forward and bows)*. Joe King, Your Highness.

King No I'm not. Go and get some tartan paint from the stores. *(King and Queen Mother snigger quietly as Joe exits)*.

King Now, where is Sir Rupert? Did Joe tell him I wanted to see him?

Queen Mother Yes and I believe he is due around about, now!

(Sir Rupert enters immediately after the Queen Mothers last 'now' and speaks).

Sir Rupert Good day sire.

King Good day to you, Sir Rupert.

Sir Rupert I believe you wanted to see me.

King Yes I did. Do you have the tax ledger with you?

Sir Rupert Yes, Your Highness, I have it here.

King Good. Let's have a look then. *(Takes book, it is upside down)*.

Sir Rupert *(Patronising)*. They are quite complex sire.

King I am your King Sir Rupert. Do you think I cannot understand a few curly little figures? *(Looks at book)*. Yes, this all seems to make sense. Yes, yes, got that I think.

Sir Rupert This way up sire. *(He turns the book the right way up)*.

King Well done Sir Rupert, I was waiting for you to spot that. Right, what does this bit mean?

Sir Rupert *(He looks over the king's shoulder)*. The date sire. If I may. *(He takes the book back)*. As you can see the revenues raised are here and the expenditure is

here. Once we deduct the column in red from the column in black then that is what we have left to spend on (*sickeningly*) the poor.

King But there is nothing left.

Sir Rupert Alas, (*stresses*) the poor continue to be poor my lord, otherwise they would be the rich and that would never do, would it?

King What is this column?

Rupert That column? Don't worry about that column sire. (*To audience*). That is just the column which shows how much of the taxes I take for myself ha ha!

King (*Angrily*). Don't worry about it you say? (*Changes quickly to acceptingly*). Alright then I won't. This line here seems to suggest we are buying lots of straw. Why would we be buying straw?

Sir Rupert (*To audience*). For that stupid girl to make me very, very rich that's why. (*To King*). Err, to feed the royal horse's sire, they are very greedy.

King All sounds reasonable to me. Now, how much do we hope to raise in revenue, reverie, revenue.

Sir Rupert Revenues sire.

King Yes those. How much will we raise this year?

Sir Rupert It's been a bad summer sire, you must have heard about that plague of, of, of, (*it comes to him*) money weevils. They ate quite a lot of our gold reserves.

King Money weevils hey. (*To audience*) What on earth are money weevils? Best set some more traps. Queen Mother get Joe onto it.

Queen Mother Yes son.

(*The King has been flicking pages over*).

King This little column here in tiny writing, right at the back. Looks like, straw spun into gold, six sacks. What is that?

Sir Rupert I have a very small confession to make sire. I often stay up through the night spinning straw into underpants and knickers for the poor who have no wool or cotton for their clothing. The locals say it is good as gold to them, so I call it gold for their sake. I only wish I could do more.

King Staying up all night making itchy underwear for the poor, you're all heart Sir Rupert.

(Everyone scratches their behinds).

(Joe returns with some tartan paint, singing we'll keep the red flag flying here. He also has a straight banana).

King What on earth?

Joe You asked me to get you some tartan paint.

King Yes I did. And what's that you are eating?

Joe A straight banana, Your Highness.

Queen Mother Well I never.

Sir Rupert Monies a little tight sire. Maybe we should think about, oh I don't know, a reorganisation, shuffle the deck a little?

King Interesting. What did you have in mind? Redundancies, salary cuts?

Sir Rupert Perhaps, but it would be better if you gave up some of your responsibilities. They weigh heavily on you sire and you are not getting any younger.

King I'm twenty-five *(or a suitable age)*.

Sir Rupert And what a twenty five years!

King You're right, it's been tough at the top.

Sir Rupert Maybe you should step down for a while, have a break, let someone else have a go.

King Who did you have in mind?

Joe *(Sticks his hand up)*. I'll do it!

King No Joe, that would make you King King. You'd sound like a panda.

(Makes a sign to the Queen Mother to keep an eye on Joe).

Rupert *(Obsequiously)*. As reluctant as I would be, if it would help you, then I am happy to be king for a while. *(To audience)*. First royal decree, off with his head.

King Sir Rupert, what a thoughtful chap.

(Sir Rupert takes out a pen and document to sign).

Sir Rupert If you would sign this, then I could start immediately.

King *(Ponders)*. Away from the stress of being numero uno. More me time. Where do I sign?

Queen Mother Stop! Son, you can't do this, it is your duty!

King *(Comes to his senses)*. What am I thinking? Sir Rupert, a kind offer but the Queen Mother is correct, it is my burden. I will have to struggle on.

Sir Rupert *(To audience)*. That, that, interfering old bird of a Queen Mother.

King Thank you for updating me Sir Rupert. You may leave.

(Sir Rupert bows and screws the document into a ball, throwing it away as he exits).

King Mother, everything appears to be in order. I think Sir Rupert is doing his best.

Queen Mother *(Knowingly)*. Yes son, his best.

(Song opportunity).

(End song, end scene, blackout).

Scene 5

(The lights come up, but this time Millie is stood up and a looks animated. There are six sacks of straw on stage with a stool and spinning wheel).

Millie *(She is shouting off stage)* For the last time, I don't want to try your snail porridge. *(Turns and sees the audience)*. Sorry, I didn't see you there. Just been chatting with the neighbours. I see he's left me another six sacks to change into gold. There must be a way to do it? Maybe it was my magic spell? Perhaps if I try another one? *(She starts to wave her arms mystically and the lights dim and atmospheric music plays. She speaks in a spooky voice).*

Millie

Abacadabra, don't be a bore

Turn into gold from prickly straw.

(Lights come back up and music stops. She looks at the straw).

Millie Nope that's not worked. I know it felt like a dream, but perhaps that strange little man did do it for me. I don't have my necklace anymore. Did Sir Rupert take it I wonder?

(Sir Rupert enters with Sid).

Sir Rupert Ah, wide awake, that's good. Wouldn't want you falling asleep on the job. Don't forget, six bags of gold by tomorrow morning or its to debtor's prison for all of you.

(He exits).

Sid You'll be fine Millie. I have every faith in you.

Millie I'm glad you have.

Sid I'll be back first thing tomorrow and if you've not managed to do it then you can escape with me and we'll run away together.

Millie You're lovely Sid, but I can't do that. What about my mother and Teddy two sails?

Sid I suppose so. *(Looks a bit crestfallen).* Alright then, good night.

Millie Good night Sid *(Millie gives him a peck on the cheek. Sid suddenly brightens up and gives a big smile as he goes off).*

Millie *(To audience).* Sid is lovely. He's just like my big brother, if I had one that is. *(She looks at the bags of straw).* I suppose they're not going to spin themselves into gold are they. Maybe if I just start it will come to me how I did it.

(Rump' enters and is in the room. Millie hasn't seen him and jumps when he says her name).

Rump Hello Millie! Still thinking you did it. *(To audience).* Silly girl. *(To Millie).* Don't you remember seeing me last night. I took your necklace, *(he shows it her),* remember?

Millie *(She remembers).* I do. You are a funny little man. So, are you going to help me tonight?

Rump I am for a price.

Millie But, I really have nothing.

Rump Aren't you forgetting that lovely ring on your finger?

Millie Surely you don't want this? It is all I have left that belonged to my father.

Rump *(To audience)*. I'm not sure it belonged to him in the first place. *(To Millie)* Nevertheless, I will take it as payment or do you long to eat debtors jail food.

(Girls voice off). It's better than snail porridge!

Millie *(She looks horrified)*. No, that will never do. Here take my ring.

Rump

I have the ring and promises to keep, to spin straw to gold you must sleep

(Millie falls fast asleep and the rest of the lines are said over music).

Come sprites, come fairies of this land, come along and lend a hand

Come work your magic from years untold, turn this straw to precious gold.

(He sits at the spinning wheel and as it spins he can either sing a song or another instrumental dance with the fairies. Either way through the song or instrumental the fairies turn the bags round from straw to gold. As the music ends they exit and Rump' begins to speak).

My work for another day's complete, no debtor's food will she eat,

Sir Rupert though won't set her free, she's there for one more day, makes three.

Ha ha haaaa!

(Rump exits in a flash of light and smoke).

(Lights come back up and Sir Rupert and Sid enter. Once again, Millie is fast asleep).

Sir Rupert *(Sid looks at the bags, Sir Rupert looks at Millie and speaks sarcastically)*. It must be the most tiring work ever spinning straw to gold. Make a note to lay cobbles on this floor. It looks way too comfortable.

Sid *(Goes to Millie and gently shakes her shoulder)*. Millie, you've done it again.

Millie (*As if waking from a dream*). It wasn't me, the marshmallow did it.

Sid Wake up Millie, you're dreaming. (*He looks at the straw now gold*).

Millie (*She wakes and looks around her*). Then I must still be in a nightmare. I'm going back to my marshmallow. (*She makes as if to go back to sleep*).

Sid No, you've changed the straw to gold again, you are so clever.

Millie (*As she wakes and stretches*). It wasn't me, it was a funny little man, I think.

Sir Rupert Funny little man? What do you mean?

Millie (*Realising she's nearly given the game away*) Did I say a funny little man? I meant you're a funny little man.

(*Sir Rupert looks angry*).

Sid What are you saying?

Sir Rupert I was thinking of letting you go. For your cheek you can stay another night and spin another six bags of straw to gold.

(*End scene, blackout*).

Scene 6

(*Scene opens back at the windmill / full stage. Madam Miller is on and looking concerned. Teddy two sails Baker and the chorus are also on*).

Madam (*Crying into a very brightly coloured hanky*). Boo hoo. Where did it all go wrong. I woke up this morning and thought, my life is in the gutter.

Chorus 1 (*Looking down at gutter*). So high.

Madam Very funny. Sir Rupert has taken my daughter and now I have nothing left.

Chorus 2 You have the windmill.

Chorus 3 And the sails.

Madam Stop going on about those blooming sails. I keep telling everyone, they're not all mine.

Ted I feel awful Madam. I should have done something. I should have stopped Sir Rupert.

Madam You couldn't have done anything Teddy. Don't blame yourself.

Ted Thanks. I feel better now.

Madam What I need is a plan. A plan to get Millie back.

(Sid enters).

Ted Sir Rupert acts on the order of the king, so I don't think we have much chance of that.

Sid Actually, the king has no idea Sir Rupert has taken Millie. This is a little side business of his own.

Madam That's it then, I'll tell the king all about it. I hear he is kind and caring and quite handsome.

Ted What? We just go up there and knock on the door? Hello kingy can I have my daughter back please? Oh of course you can, here you go, bye bye, thanks.

Madam No. Haven't you seen the films? You can't just walk up to a castle, you need pitch forks and burning sticks when you go to a castle.

Ted Just the two of us?

Madam No, the whole village. We need a mob!

Ted *(Looking at the chorus).* I don't think we'll get this lot to come with us, they can barely muster the energy to breathe. *(Looks at a male member of the chorus who looks like he is sleeping stood up).* In fact, I think that one has actually stopped.

Madam Poke him.

Ted I'm fairly sure he's stopped breathing. *(Pokes him and is shocked).* Oops! No, my mistake, he's just a wooden member of the chorus.

Madam Watch this. *(Speaks very loudly so everyone can hear but pretends it is just for Ted).* Ted, did you really lose your wallet full of cash in the stables at the castle?

(Chorus start to show interest in what Madam Miller is saying).

Ted *(Unsure).* Err, yess I did.

Madam *(Still being melodramatic).* Well, I will have to go and look for it tonight under the cover of darkness especially as you are giving fifty percent of the contents to whoever finds it. What say we meet here at midnight?

Ted Err, I suppose so.

Madam *(Looking pleased with herself she starts to walk away and then quickly returns to the spot having remembered something).* And don't forget your pitchfork and burning sticks. *(To Ted).* There we go, sorted. *(Speaks to Sid).* Tell me Sid, have you seen Millie up at the castle, is she alright?

Sid I'm not sure. He has her locked up most of the time, she just keeps asking why?

Madam *(Crying)* Why?

Sid I've seen her crying and wiping her tear stained eyes on the hem of her dress.

Madam *(Crying to audience).* On her hem.

Sid She has to work all night and it's really hard to see.

Madam *(Crying to audience).* It's hard to see.

Sid Then she sleeps on a hay strewn floor.

Madam *(Continues crying to audience).* Asleep on the hay. *(Turning back to Sid)* Anything else Sid? Anything at all to give me some comfort?

Sid No I don't think so, let me think? *(Counts them off on his fingers as if remembering them).* Why, hem, see, hay. No that's it.

Madam *(She stresses each of the following words).* Why, hem, see, hay, *(she puts her hand on Sid's shoulder and continues), (to audience knowingly)* you know what's coming now *(pause)* young man, there's no need to feel down, *(perhaps a look to the audience who by now will have got it and she starts to sing)* **young man get yourself off the ground**..... *(all the chorus at the appropriate time break out into the song YMCA).*

(End song, end scene, blackout).

Scene 7

(Lights up. Back in the jail with Millie. She is sitting on the stool. The spinning wheel is still there and another six bags of straw).

Millie That's twelve bags of gold he's got from me and would you believe it, he's left another six to spin. He is a greedy man.

(Sir Rupert and Sid enter).

Sir Rupert Thank you for all that gold Millie. I am about to be the richest man in the kingdom and if all goes to plan, I could even be king.

Sid You king? You must be joking.

Sir Rupert No, that's the Queen Mothers apprentice. *(To audience)*. You see I can do the jokes as well! *(To Millie)*. Another six bags my dear. Do you think you can manage it?

Millie *(With bravado)*. Of course I can, I did the others didn't I?

Sid It really is amazing. I can't understand why you didn't do it for yourself? You wouldn't have been poor then.

Millie I just didn't know I could do it until I tried, that's all.

Sir Rupert Right I'll be going. I look forward to seeing you tomorrow and of course my lovely bags of gold. Ha ha haaa!

(Millie looks a little downcast).

Sid *(To Millie)*. Are you going to be alright?

Millie *(Beams a big smile being brave)*. Of course I am.

Sid Oh good. I was beginning to worry about you. I'll work on him tonight and hopefully he will let you go tomorrow.

Millie I hope so, though I have a feeling he will never let me go.

Sid He will, you'll see. Until tomorrow.

(Sid exits).

Millie *(To audience)*. I hope I can get all this straw turned to gold. *(She looks at her hand)*. I see that I haven't got my ring or my necklace now. I wonder where they went. What I think is happening is that when I fall asleep and dream about the funny little man I actually do turn the straw to gold. So here goes *(Again the lights dim and dramatic music plays as she waves her arms as if casting a spell)*.

Turn straw to gold as twice before,

As I dream sweet dreams and gently snore.

(She looks around as if expecting something to change). Nothing! Oh well, I should perhaps lay down and try to sleep. *(She lays on the floor)*.

(Mystical music plays and the door again creaks, she doesn't stir as she is sleeping. Rump' enters).

Rump *(Looks at Millie)*. It appears our miller's daughter is a Sleeping Beauty, but I am no prince. Awake my little beauty, I have work to do.

Millie *(Wakes up with a start)*. Am I dreaming again? Are you really here? *(Pokes his chest)*. You are! Oh dear, I was so hoping it was all a bad dream, but apparently not, it's a waking nightmare. *(Starts crying)*.

Rump Now now my dear, don't take on so. Crying won't help anything. *(To audience)*. It certainly won't help me. Sets my teeth on edge. *(To Millie)*. I am here just as before, to help you out of your predicament.

Millie I don't need your help. I think I do this all by myself. You're just here taking advantage of me and stealing my heirlooms. I reckon I spin the straw into gold in my sleep.

Rump You've already been asleep. How did that work out for you?

Millie I'm sure I will have done at least half of them by now. *(Goes to check the bags)*.

Rump And?

Millie I just need to sleep a bit longer that's all. *(She starts to lie down)*.

Rump You could sleep for a hundred years and still they would be straw.

Millie Alright then, Mr, Mr... what do I call you?

Rump *(To audience)*. We'll worry about that in Act 2 shall we.

Millie You then. I have nothing to give you. Either you or that dreadful Sir Rupert have had all my heirlooms.

Rump Ah yes the heirlooms. Let me see. I don't want to marry you, I certainly don't want to marry your mother and I don't want the sails off Teddy. I tell you what, if I turn these sacks of weedy straw into gold then all I ask is, you give me your first-born child.

Millie What? No, never, *(to audience thinking aloud)* though hang on, who am I to marry? There is no one, all the men, except the old and toothless have left the village and we are so poor, no one would even give me a second glance. This may

be a reasonable proposition. And even if I do marry and have a child, how would he know?

Rump *(To audience)*. She may seek to wriggle her way out of this deal, but even she doesn't know how powerful I am. So long as I remain nameless that is.

Millie *(To audience)* He is a funny little man, but he seems my only chance for getting out of this dreadful place. I think I must make this deal with him.

Rump *(To audience)*. She does seem to have a little cunning about her. I can see when we meet again I shall have to employ all my wits.

Millie *(To audience)*. If I make this deal with him, I will need to ensure that the next time we meet I employ all my wits.

(They turn to each other and shake hands).

Rump / Millie It's a deal!

(There is a crash and flash and again the lighting and music reflect what is taking place).

Rump *(Looks up)*. A bit dramatic, but it serves its purpose.

The deal is struck which she must keep

So, lay down, it's time to sleep

(Millie slumps to the ground fast asleep).

A promise made with the maid so mild

And for my work, I'll have her first born child!

Ha Ha Haaaa!

(Once again there is a change in the lighting and music as the fairies appear and do their mystical dance and change the bags round to reveal the word 'gold').

(As the fairies finish their dance, blackout, end scene).

Scene 8

(Lights up on the palace scene. King is on stage sat on his throne as Queen Mother enters with Joe).