

Rumpelstiltskin! We Know Your Name!

An Interactive Play for Children

Adapted by Robert Kinerk
From the Fairy Tale by the Brothers Grimm

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DEDICATION

*For all my young relatives – Maceo, Lucy, Che, Zeth and
Mataya – and for my wife Anne. -- Robert Kinerk*

SYNOPSIS

Get the youngsters in your audience twitching their noses, making engine noises, bowing to the king, catching imaginary gold thread, and shouting out names, especially Rumpelstiltskin! With such audience participation, this fairy tale adaptation is loads of active fun. It features a braggart father, his long-suffering wife, their poor but beautiful daughter, a strict rule-enforcing chancellor; a monarch whose kingdom depends on straw being spun into gold, and of course, the mysterious little man who is willing to perform that exceptional feat – but at a tremendous price. Desperate measures are called for. Can the children in the audience help save the day? Rev up your imaginations and soar to *Rumpelstiltskin! We Know Your Name!*

CAST (3 m, 2 w, 1 flexible)

MILLER: a poor man, 45.

HOLLY: Miller's wife, 40.

BECKY: their daughter, 20.

KING: a monarch and pilot, 25.

CHANCELLOR: a royal official, male or female, 60.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN: an ageless man with a special talent.

ACT I

Scene 1: The Miller's yard.

Scene 2: A room in the palace.

ACT II

Scene 1: The Miller's yard.

Scene 2: In front of Rumpelstiltskin's repair shop.

Scene 3: A room in the palace.

Please see end of script for PROPS LIST.

ACT I

Scene 1

(AT RISE: MILLER, a poor man, struts on. HE speaks to the audience from his yard.)

MILLER: If I look like a bum, don't believe it. I could get rich – like that. *(HE snaps his fingers.)* It's all up here. *(HE taps his head.)* If I believe I'm rich – I'm rich! And here's how I make myself believe it. I give my nose a twitch. That's like changing channels in your brain. Look at me. I haven't got a penny. There's holes in my shoes. My socks are like rags. But you don't hear me complaining, because here's what I do. I give my nose a little twitch.

(MILLER approaches the audience and demonstrates, twisting his nose by hand.)

MILLER: Just like that – like magic – I feel like the richest man on earth. Anyone can do it. Any baseball people here?

(MILLER encourages audience members to stand and strike a batting pose.)

MILLER: Stand up, baseball people. On your feet! Let's say you're batting average is in the basement. Give that nose a little twitch. Twitch, everybody. Then you step up to the plate *(HE strikes a batting pose.)* and...*(HE swings.)* Wow! You score and score and score.

(MILLER works at encouraging the audience.)

MILLER: Swing those bats! Two-bagger! Three-bagger! Home!

(MILLER appeals to more audience members.)

MILLER: Now, dancers! On your toes! You like to move to music? But you think it's way too hard? Now you know the secret. On your feet and twitch that nose. Twitch. Twitch. Twitch. I showed you how. You give your nose that little twitch, and... Wow! You soar and soar and soar. What grace, you people! Wonderful! Don't believe that you can't do it. You twitch your nose, and... Wow! You score and soar.

(The KING runs on wearing a flyer's leather cap but also his crown. HE has his arms stretched out as if he were a plane, and he speaks to the audience.)

KING: Make a noise like a plane. Make a noise like a plane!

(The KING runs off. HOLLY, the miller's wife, hurries on with two hand-held flags. SHE hands one to her HUSBAND.)

HOLLY: The king is coming! The king! Quick, comb your hair.

(The KING runs on as before and again speaks to the audience, not acknowledging MILLER or WIFE.)

KING: Come on! Make noise. Like a plane! Rrrrrrr. Rrrrrrr. You can do it. *(The KING runs off.)*

HOLLY: The king is coming and I hope you're not telling these poor children to twitch their noses.

(The KING runs on as before, speaks to the audience.)

KING: Please, you guys. Rrrrrrr. Rrrrrrr. I'm the king and people are waiting for me. *(HE works the audience up to making engine noises.)* Rrrrrr. Good. Keep it up. *(The KING runs off.)*

HOLLY: You want to make these children think there's magic. There isn't any magic. Just wave your flag. The king is up there somewhere.

(SHE points to the sky and waves her flag.)

HOLLY: Hoorah! The king. Long live the king!

(MILLER waves half-heatedly.)

MILLER: Long! King! Wave! Hoorah!

(The KING runs back on, speaking to the audience.)

KING: Engine trouble now. Clunkety-clunk. Clunkety-clunk. Say it, everybody. Say clunkety-clunk.

(HE works the audience into shouting clunkety-clunk and he flies like a plane in trouble. The KING runs off. MILLER has followed all this, and now he taps his WIFE on the shoulder.)

HOLLY: Wave your flag. He'll think we don't like him.

MILLER: Yeah, but sweetheart, don't you hear clunkety-clunk?

HOLLY: I don't hear a thing.

MILLER: *(To audience.)* Make her hear it, people. Clunkety-clunk. Clunkety-clunk. Everybody. Louder.

(MILLER works the audience to a roar.)

HOLLY: Engine trouble! Oh no! The king!

MILLER: *(To audience.)* Now... Crash! Let her hear it, folks. A big loud CRASH! Everyone together. Say it. CRASH! CRASH! CRASH!

(When the audience is yelling the KING enters, battered.)

KING: Could it have been my altimeter? I'll have to have it checked.

HOLLY: Oh my goodness. It's the king.

(MILLER and HOLLY bow and curtsy.)

MILLER: Your Majesty.

HOLLY: Your Highness.

MILLER: Your Celebrity.

KING: Oh, please. No formality.

MILLER: *(To audience.)* It's the king, everybody. On your feet.

HOLLY: *(To audience.)* Everyone rise. Everyone bow.

MILLER: Tan-ta-raa! Tan-ta-raa!

HOLLY: Up! Up! Up!

MILLER: Bow and cheer. Hoorah! Hoorah!

HOLLY: Everybody say it. Stand and shout -- the king!

(MILLER and HOLLY work the audience until the KING intervenes.)

KING: Please, no. Nothing special. No. Please. Hold it. Whoa. Stop.

(When the noise has ended the KING speaks to MILLER and HOLLY.)

KING: Royalty! What nonsense, really. Royal garments... Mothballs... Tedious, actually. But I've changed all that. No more bowing and scraping. Well, not a lot. On formal occasions, but other than that I'm a very democratic sort of monarch. When the crowds begin to gather and complain that they would rather have a parliament instead of having me, do I turn frosty, mean and icy? Not at all. I'm nicey-nicey. I serve tea!

(The KING steps toward the audience and pretends to pour tea.)

KING: Chamomile, anyone?

End of Freeview

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