

FROM RUMPELSTILTSKIN BY HESTER KAMIN

On stage: a spinning-wheel, wool. Vigilentine hobbles onstage with a tray of cakes.

VIGILENTINE: Rose! ROSE! Wake up!

ROSE (*offstage*): I'm sleeping.

VIGILENTINE: Get up, you lazy girl. The sun's up.

ROSE (*offstage*): I'm too tired.

VIGILENTINE (*as if to herself*): I'm glad I made these delicious cakes!

ROSE (*popping her head out*): Cakes?

VIGILENTINE: I guess I'll eat them all by myself.

ROSE: There are cakes?

VIGILENTINE: Don't you worry. Go on, go back to sleep.

ROSE (*entering stage*): I want some cakes! Give them to me.

VIGILENTINE: Not until you've done some work.

ROSE: But I want the cakes now.

VIGILENTINE: You can have them after you spin some wool.

ROSE: Spin some wool! I hate to spin!

VIGILENTINE (*indicating spinning-wheel*): Sit down.

ROSE: Give me a cake first.

VIGILENTINE: Oh no, lazy girl. Work first.

ROSE: I hate work. I hate spinning. All I do is work, work, work, spin, spin, spin—

VIGILENTINE: Eat, eat, eat.

ROSE: You make me work my fingers to the bone and then you keep all the money.

VIGILENTINE: That money buys the flour for your fine cakes! And there's no danger in *you* working your fingers to the bone!

ROSE: (*fingering the wool*): And what is this cheap wool, anyway? It's like—it's like-- straw!

VIGILENTINE (*indignant*): Like straw?

ROSE: Yes, like straw! It's rough and coarse and it ruins my manicure.

VIGILENTINE: This is perfectly good wool.

ROSE: It's disgusting.

Through the following dialogue, Rose quickly eats or hides the cakes.

VIGILENTINE: Now sit down at the spinning-wheel

and work if you expect a meal.

ROSE: For me to spin would be a crime!

It's boring and it wastes my time.

It bends my back. It hurts my head.

It makes my pretty fingers red.

VIGILENTINE: Now start the spinning, if you please!

You think that money grows on trees?

ROSE: I hate to work! I want fine things

like golden crowns and ruby rings.

A castle with a feather bed

where I can lay my lovely head

and eat nice bon-bons all night long

til servants wake me with a song!

VIGILENTINE: Well, that sounds like lots of fun.

But there's the wool that must be spun.

Rose!-- you ate my ten fine cakes.

ROSE: It's not my fault that's all you baked.

VIGILENTINE: It's all we had for midday tea.

ROSE: But Mother, you are starving me!

VIGILENTINE: Ten cakes! Ten cakes! That's loads to eat!

ROSE: I need twelve for my midday treat.

VIGILENTINE: You eat too much, you greedy thing!

ROSE: Be quiet, now! Here comes the king!

(King enters in cape-swishing Douglas Fairbanks style. No break in dialogue).

VIGILENTINE *(hiss):* You want me to be quiet now?

ROSE *(hiss):* That's right. Just shut your mouth and bow.

VIGILENTINE: It's you who makes me bent and old!

ROSE: You think I can turn straw to gold!

SCENE 2

KING: What's that? What's that? Who can turn straw to gold?

VIGILENTINE: Good morning, your Majesty.

ROSE: Good morning, your Majesty.

KING: Yes, yes. Good morning and all that. Now what were you saying?

ROSE: Nothing, your Majesty.

KING: I'm sure you were saying "I can turn straw to gold."

ROSE: Who would say a thing like that?

KING: You did.

ROSE: No one can turn straw to gold!

KING: No one?

ROSE: No.

KING: Not you?

ROSE: Certainly not.

KING: You can't turn straw to gold?

ROSE: No.

KING: You said you could.

ROSE: That's not what I said.

KING: Yes it is. It's what you said.

ROSE: No it isn't.

KING: Oh yes it is.

ROSE: Oh no it isn't.

King gets audience to join in on "Oh yes it is."

KING: Oh yes it is.

ROSE: Oh no it isn't.

KING: Oh yes it is.

Rose shakes her head vehemently throughout the following dialogue.

ROSE: No.

KING: Yes.

ROSE: No.

KING: Yes.

ROSE: No.

KING: Are you sure?

ROSE: No.

KING: Ha!

ROSE: Yes, I meant yes!

KING: You said it!

ROSE: No!

KING: Let's rewind. Good thing I brought my remote control.