

THE MAGIC THEATRE TRUNK

AN ANTHOLOGY OF CHILDREN'S THEATRE PLAYS

By

Dennis Lamberson

The plays in this anthology were originally produced by Central Lakes College's Children's theatre; Brainerd, Minnesota. The productions were directed and designed by Dennis Lamberson with costumes by David Wilson

The Magic Theatre Trunk

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by Dennis Lamberson

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The Mysterious Case of Ella: Girl From the Cinders

A Sir Hairy Terrier-Snoop Dog Mystery

PRODUCTION NOTES:

This is the “*Cinderella*” story with a few new twists. The play can be presented in modern dress or as a period piece. The cast can be expanded by adding extra Villagers and Servants to the Prince. The set can be as simple or complex as the designer and director choose.

Originally, the production was presented on a thrust platform in a black box theatre with three banners and four benches. Time and place changes were made through the use of movement, lights and music.

The magic can be as simple as sound effects. Sir Fus-budget’s wand should flicker, play sound effects and dispense magic glitter dust. The quick change into Ella’s ball gown is achieved by using a double, dressed in the same costume as Ella with the hood of her cape covering her head and her back to the audience. Sir Fus-budget waves his wand, stunt Ella exits stage right, magically, two seconds later Ella in her ball gown enters.

Cast

Sir Hairy Terrier

Villager 1

Villager 2

Villager 3

Villager 4

Royal Messenger

Sir Reginal Fusbudget III/ Fairy Godfather

Stepsister 1 - Prudence

Stepsister 2 - Priscilla

Stepmother Dearest

Ella

Prince (Ella’s Dog)

2 Servants

Prince (the son of the King)

{Lights up, thunderstorm sounds, a dog/man comes onstage with a large magnifying glass}

Sir Hairy Terrier: Yes, it was a dark and stormy night. I remember it well as if it happened only yesterday and not years ago when I was a young pup. But I'm getting ahead of myself. I'm Sir Hairy Terrier-Snoop Dog. And this is "*The Mysterious Case of Ella: Girl from the Cinders*"... In the small village of Pleasantville, in the distant land of Dillydob...

Villager 1: Good day Madam, deli-fresh goat cheese.

Villager 2: Fresh bread for sale

Villager 3: Strawberries, oranges, grapes, pomegranates

Villager 4: Tasty vegetables

Villager 1: Chicks just dressed

Villager 2: Hot cross buns here

Villager 3: Pears sweet as honey

Villager 4: Garden fresh produce

Villager 3: Kumquats, lemons and passion fruit, get yer papayas

Villager 2: Hot cross buns, crumpets here

Villager 4: Radishes, rutabaga & carrots, cabbage

Villager 1: Hare in the fur-fit for a king-delicious roasted, in a stew, or pie.

Sir Hairy Terrier: As I was saying... In the distant land of Dillydob lived a young girl Ella, with her father, her stepmother dearest, her two stepsisters Prudence and Priscilla, and Ella's regal dog, Prince. {*Photograph*} 1-2-3, say cheese! One sunny day a messenger arrived...

Royal Messenger: Message for Sir Reginal.

Fus-Budget: I'm Sir Reginal; Oh my stars and garters! My dear family, I must travel on the good ship Mustard Seed to a far away land on business. But I will be back soon with a great treasure. When I return what presents shall I bring for you?

Prudence: I want dresses and furs and jewels-----

Priscilla: I want candy and cakes and pies and other goodies-----

Stepmother Dearest: A diamond tiara, pearls and rubies.

Fus-Budget: And for you, my sweet Ella?

Ella: A simple silk ribbon for my hair and a bone for my faithful dog Prince.

Fus-Budget: All that shall be yours. Good-bye my dear family, I shall return within a week's time. Here is plenty of gold to last you until I return, budget it well. And here is my Gold card with the magic charge use it wisely and for emergencies only.

Ella: Good-bye dear father return to us soon and in good health---

Prudence /Priscilla: And don't forget the presents!

Stepmother Dearest: "I only want a simple silk ribbon for my hair and a bone for my faithful dog Prince", You're just trying to make my precious sweet daughters look greedy! I'll take that gold and the gold card with its magic charge.

Prudence: Oh, mother dearest, may we go shopping? I must have a new dress.

Priscilla: And I need a ten-pound box of chocolate covered cherries.

Stepmother Dearest: Yes, my sweets. We shall shop.

Ella: But stepmother dearest, father said, we need to budget our gold.

Stepmother Dearest: That's nonsense! What this gold can't buy our gold card can magically charge. Your father shall return within the week and we'll be richer than ever.

Sir Hairy Terrier: But Sir Reginal The Third did not return in a week. The weeks turned into months and the months turned into years. And still no news, until a dark and stormy night.

Royal Messenger: Extra, Extra read all about it. The good ship Mustard Seed found afloat. All hands captured by pirates-----

Villager 1: Did you hear? The Good Ship Mustard Seed was found afloat. All hands were captured and tortured by pirates

Villager 2: No-How awful-Is it true?

Villager 1: Yes, I just heard it

Villager 2:How dreadful! Did you hear? The Good Ship Mustard Seed was attacked by pirates; and all hands were forced to walk the plank

Villager 3: No!

Villager 2: Yes, I just heard, how awful and Miss Ella's Father was on that ship

Villager 3: Well, you can't trust pirates...Did you hear Miss Ella's Father joined a shipload of pirates and took over the Good Ship Mustard Seed before it struck an iceberg and all were drowned.

Villager 4: No!

villager 3: Yes. I just heard.

Villager 4: How dreadful, poor Miss Ella. Did you hear Miss Ella has become a pirate, and captured the Good Ship Mustard Seed, and forced her own Father to walk the plank into an iceberg before sailing to the tropics?

Villager 1: No! How awful!

Villager 4: Yes that's just what I heard!

Prudence: Oh this is awful. Did you read the news? That means no new dresses, no new furs and no new jewelry.

Priscilla: I'm almost out of peanut brittle, and there are no more chocolate cherries. I only have two cookies and one pumpkin pie left! I shall starve to death!

Stepmother Dearest: The gold has long since gone and the gold cards' magic charge is almost on empty. We will have to let the servants go. Servants---

Servants: Yes Miss dearest...

Stepmother Dearest: You're fired.

Servants: Oh no, We have no bread! Our children will starve....

Stepmother Dearest: Tough. Let them eat cake!

Prudence: Who will do all the work?

Ella: Oh, poor father captured by pirates...

Stepmother Dearest: Poor father indeed! Poor us! He's the reason we're in this mess.

Prudence: What's to become of us?

Priscilla: I'm starving

Prudence: I need a new dress. Who'll do the housework and milk the cow and chop the wood. I can't do such thing I might break a fingernail.

Priscilla: I'm too delicate of a flower to do chores. I'd get the vapors.

Stepmother Dearest: Since Ella's father caused this problem, she shall become our servant. She can sleep in the kitchen before the fireplace among the cinders.

Prudence: And we shall call her Ella the girl from the cinders.

Priscilla: No, we'll call her Cinderella!--Cinderella Cinderella.....

Stepmother Dearest: Now put on this apron and get to work you little chimney sweep. Come my darling daughters. We must shop to console our grief.

Prudence/ Priscilla: Yes mother dearest.

Stepmother Dearest: You Ella! Do the wash and ironing and be sure to hang up my clothes properly and remember no wire hangers!!!

Ella: Yes stepmother dearest.

Sir Hairy Terrier: Poor Ella reduced from a rich maiden to a servant girl. Soon, her dress was ragged and her sweater tattered. The day grew long and the work hard and demanding

Stepmother Dearest/Prudence/ Priscilla:

Chop the wood Cinderella
Clean the drains Cinderella
Fetch, Cinderella
Milk the cow Cinderella
Do the wash, Cinderella
Cut my toenails Cinderella
Wash my feet Cinderella
You call this a meal Cinderella?
Empty the chamber pot Cinderella
Cinderella, Cinderella, Cinderella, Cinderella.-----

Ella: Oh, I wish it would stop. If only father would return. I wish I were not a servant.

Stepmother Dearest: But you are Cinderella, you are!

Sir Hairy Terrier: The next day, as the dawn came up- a message, the King's Herald, rode into town with a proclamation.

Royal Messenger: Hear Ye, Hear Ye, tonight the Prince of Dillydob is giving a ball for all the single ladies in the land. At the stroke of midnight he must choose a bride or by law, the kingdom shall revert back to the evil Duke of Blackmoore. Therefore, all single ladies are required to attend.

Villager 3: They say he's very mysterious

Villager 4: I've heard he's handsome

Villager 1: I've heard he looks like an old troll with a hump on his back

Villager 2: I've heard he's very short and wears a lot of purple!

Villager 4: Who cares? He's the Prince! And he's rich! Oh! This is so exciting!

Prudence: Did you hear, the Prince is giving a ball?

Priscilla: He's sure to choose me!

Prudence: I'm sure he'll pick me.

Priscilla: No he won't.

Prudence: why would he pick such a pumpkin as you?

Priscilla: I'd rather be a pumpkin than a stick.

Prudence: Who, are you calling a stick?

Stepmother Dearest: Girls, Girls quiet!

Ella: Might I go to the ball?

Stepmother Dearest: Don't be ridiculous! Who would want to dance with you?

Prudence: In that ragged dress!

Priscilla: And that tattered sweater!

Stepmother Dearest: My, what a silly ninny you are. Come girls, we are late for tea at Lady Turnips estate and we must get back early to get ready for the ball. Cinderella, make sure everything is in order. Do you hear? If it isn't you'll not eat for a week.

Prudence: Why do we have to go there mother dearest? I must wash my hair and polish my toenails.

Priscilla: Lady Turnip's such an old bore, mother dearest. I need to bathe and polish my warts.

Stepmother Dearest: She may be an old bore, but she serves the best food in the land. Have you forgotten? There's very little left in the cupboard and the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker have refused to take our I.O.U.'s. And the miller has ground up our gold card when it ran out of its magic charge. Cinderella, get my precious girls their large bags.

Ella: Yes stepmother dearest.

Prudence: But mother dearest large bags are not fashionable.

Priscilla: Yes, mother dearest, dainty bags are all the rage.

Stepmother Dearest: That dainty little bag wouldn't hold a cucumber sandwich, much less a three-layer cake. Now, when we get there I'll distract old Lady Turnip, I know, I'll ask her about her sons Sir Freddy and Sir Teddy.

Prudence: Yuck! Sir Freddie, the smelly!

Priscilla: And Sir Teddy the pimply!

Stepmother Dearest: Don't be so ungrateful you could do worse than those two rich Turnips. When the time is right fill your bag to the brim with food and don't forget the salt and pepper shakers, we could use some silver, as I've had to pawn most of ours.

Ella: Here are the bags, mother dearest.

Stepmother Dearest: What took you so long you little gutter snipe? While we are gone no one is to come into the garden, and keep your filthy hands off my pomegranate juice, my cheese and my bread.

Ella: But what are we to eat?

Stepmother Dearest: In the back pasture grows some sour grapes and wormy apples, be satisfied with that. And keep that filthy mutt out of my house!

Prudence: Why do you allow her to keep that horrible creature?

Stepmother Dearest: I suppose you want to catch the rats in the cellar?

Prudence: Oh no!

Stepmother Dearest: “Oh no!” Come on you two, perhaps I can lose them in the turnip patch.

Ella: Oh Prince, I’m so unhappy, if only father would return. You are the only one who cares about me. Oh, the noonday sun is so hot. But look who comes down the road, it’s a group of weary travelers. *{Enter Prince, Fus-budget, and Royal Messenger.}*

Prince: Kind Miss, might you have a cup of water for a tired traveler and his companions?

Ella: Why yes, gentle sir. Wait here and I shall fetch you food and drink.

Fus-Budget: It’s very strange but I seem to recall this house.

Prince: But how can you? When we rescued you from the pirates, you told me you had never been to the kingdom of Dillydob.

Fus-Budget: Yes, young master you are right. But the girl reminds me of someone, and that dog seemed almost happy to see me.

Prince: Most likely he thought you might have a scrap of meat or a bone for him.

Ella: Please, sit, here is pomegranate juice squeezed fresh this morning, some cheese made from the milk of our dear cow Bessie and bread, made of flour which I ground myself. I’m sorry I cannot offer you more, for this is all that we have.

Prince: Thank you lovely Miss, my friends and I have been travelling ever so long. We must make it to the castle before nightfall, for the Prince is giving a ball tonight.

Ella: How lucky you are to be the musicians at the palace this evening! It is said that tonight at midnight, the prince must choose a bride. Oh, I can just imagine how it will be. I can almost hear the music and see the dancing by the lovely ladies and the fine gentlemen.

Prince: Won’t you be attending miss? I have heard it said that all the maidens of the land have been invited to attend.

Ella: Alas, my stepmother has forbid me to attend. NO ONE, much less a prince, would want to dance with me, a girl from the cinders with my ragged dress and tattered sweater. If only I had a fairy godmother to transform me into a beautiful princess.

Prince: Do not cry Miss. Outward appearances are not as importance as kindness. I would consider it a pleasure to dance with one so kind and generous. Might I have this dance gentle miss? Play my good friends.

Fus-Budget: Sir? Time is passing quickly. We must get to the palace by nightfall.

Prince: Nonsense, we have time for one dance.

Fus-Budget: But the king will surly be angry, and the queen may have a fit! Oh, my stars and garters!

Prince: Forget the king, and let the Queen have a fit. We shall have a dance. Play good friends. (*The Prince and Cinderella dance. Stepmother Dearest, Priscilla and Prudence enter.*)

Stepmother Dearest: Cinderella, What is the meaning of this?

Ella: Stepmother dearest! These weary travelers were in need of food and drink.

Prince: Yes, dear lady, this kind girl has provided us with refreshments. A fine beaker of pomegranate juice, an excellent cheese and a loaf of the most tasty bread to ever pass my lips.

Prudence/ Priscilla: What!? You gave these beggars our food and drink?

Stepmother Dearest: Why you little gutter snipe! You'll have no food for a week and you can sleep outside with that mangy dog of yours.

Prince: Madam, do not strike that girl she met no harm.

Stepmother Dearest: This is no concern of yours, you worthless beggar.

Prince: I have made it my concern. Strike that girl and you will be sorry.

Stepmother Dearest: Get out of my way, you rotten upstart!

Fus-Budget: Madam, do you know whom you address? Why, this is the...

Prince: Hush! Here is gold for our food and drink and if the girl is harmed, the Prince himself will hear of it.

Stepmother Dearest: Out of my way! Come girls, we must get ready for the ball.

Prince: Gentle Miss, do not fear, you will attend the ball tonight and all will be well with you, trust me.

Ella: THANK YOU KING SIR.

Fus-Budget: Young woman I feel that we have met somewhere before.

Ella: Prince, my faithful dog, and I feel the same.

Fus-Budget: But that is impossible, for I have never been to the kingdom of Dillydob before. Gentle Miss, take this silk ribbon for you hair and this bone for your little dog. I've had them with me for so many a year and yet, somehow I feel they should be yours.

Ella: Thank you, gentle old grandfather.

Stepmother Dearest: Cinderella get in to the house at once you useless kitchen wench!

Fus-Budget: Farewell, gentle Miss.

Prince: Cinderella, what an enchanting name! Sir Fuss-budget you must make sure that this girl gets to the ball tonight. For, it is she that I plan to marry.

Fus-Budget: Oh my stars and garters! How will I ever transform her into a princess, your majesty?

Prince: Become her fairy godmother. Come my fellow travelers, it time for us to go.

Fus-Budget: Oh, my stars and garters!

Sir Hairy Terrier: The weary traveler was really the Prince disguised as a musician, but Cinderella had no way of knowing this. As night grew near, there was a great commotion, as Priscilla and Prudence got ready for the ball...

Priscilla: Cinderella, Cinderella, I need you now. Help pull tighter! Tighter! I must be thin!

Prudence: You look like a stuffed sausage about to burst. I've seen blimps thinner than you.

Priscilla: Pull harder I must be the thinnest girl at the ball.

Ella: But why? You're the right weight for your height.

Priscilla: What do you know? The Princess Beauty Handbook says thin is in. I'm going to be thin. Just look at her, and her, and her, and her, they're all thin!

Ella: But they look as if they've starved themselves. Not one of those girls could pull a plow, chop wood, or milk a cow, or slop the pigs.

Prudence: The Princess Beauty Handbook says eyebrows are worn very full this year. It's the "Princess Brooke" look. Lips should resemble tiny little red hearts. So paint away Cinderella.

Ella: But you have very nice lips and your eyebrows look just fine to me.

Prudence: What do you know? I must have the latest look.

Ella: But why?

Prudence: Because the Princess Beauty Handbook says so! Oh what a little nothing you are. Come, Priscilla, let us finish in the privacy of our room.

Priscilla: Very good, Prudence,, Cinderella will always be a kitchen wench. Nothing could turn her into a princess beauty.

Prudence: Could you imagine her dancing with a prince?

Ella: Well, I might---

Priscilla: Oh don't be a silly! Oh, you make me laugh. Now look what you've done. My corset has burst. Oh, I shall never be thin enough.

Sir Hairy Terrier: Meanwhile, Sir Fus-budget was having a bit of trouble of his own.

Fus-Budget: Oh, my stars and garters! What an assignment! Turn Cinderella into a princess! I don't know how to do makeovers! Oh my stars and garters! My, what a nice little doggy you are. Well, it's a good thing I found this book during my travels. I've had it a long time and it's mighty dusty. "All You Need To Know About Being A Fairy Godmother, Volume 1." Chapter 1, Page 1- To be a fairy godmother, wave enclosed wand and repeat the magic words – Wicky Waggy Wiggles- (*Explosion*) Warning: All magic spells expire at midnight. Not to be used for turning frogs into handsome princes. Wand will not ward off spells made by evil Trolls, Gnomes, or Leprechauns. Wand will not turn straw into gold. Do not operate wand while standing in water, after drinking fermented juices or in the presence of Giants, Witches or Ghosts. No refunds. No returns. Oh my stars and garters! Here goes nothing! Wicky Wacky Wiggles (*Boom*)- *Does this three times*)
I best practice, if I'm going to be of any help to Cinderella.

Stepmother Dearest: (*offstage*) Cinderella!

Fus-Budget: It's that horrible woman. We'd better get out of here. Come along old boy.

Stepmother Dearest: Come my darling daughters, show your mother dearest how lovely you look. Priscilla, take off those glasses! A proper princess never wears glasses.

Priscilla: But, mother dearest I can't see a thing without them.

Stepmother Dearest: Take them off I say!

Priscilla: Yes mother dearest.

Stepmother Dearest: That's much better. Now Prudence show me your curtsy.

Prudence: Yes Mother dearest. (*gets stuck in curtsy position*)

Stepmother Dearest: Get up.

Prudence: I can't get stuck, my corset's too tight.

Stepmother Dearest: How will you ever impress the prince with that? Get up I say! Now practice your dancing. Glide and waltz, 1-2-3, Glide and waltz 1-2-3- Glide and waltz 1-2-3. NO! No, no, no! That will never do! You have as much grace as a water buffalo. Priscilla, your turn, 1-2-3- glide, 1-2-3- glide. Watch where you're going...Don't look at your feet. Head up... smile 1-2-3, 1-2-3 glide. Oh, it's useless! You look like a giraffe. Dancing isn't your strong suit. Perhaps you can charm the prince with your clever wit. What remarks have you prepared for the prince?

Prudence: Good evening your prince-ship, what a charming night for a ball. The weather is rather nice this time of year. They say it might rain tomorrow, but rain is good for the rhubarb. What do you think?

Stepmother Dearest: The weather? All you could come up with was the weather? Let's hear your witty banter Prudence.

Priscilla: Hello, Mr. Prince, how's your health? I've been under the weather lately. I had a cold last week. It started with the sniffles, then, it moved into my chest. I was wheezing and sneezing, by nightfall it turned in to this hacking cough! You've never heard such a sound, Wheezing and sneezing and hacking... Wheezing and sneezing and hacking!

Stepmother Dearest: Enough! When you meet the prince, don't say anything. Just bat your eyelashes and flutter your fans. Now...try it.

Prudence / Priscilla: Yes, Mother dearest.

Stepmother Dearest: Bat your eyes gently, you are not sending S.O.S signals. Flutter your fans lightly, don't create a hurricane.

{*Honk*}

Stepmother Dearest: Cinderella! Get our wraps. Our carriage awaits.

Ella: Here they are... Oh, I wish I were meeting the prince.

Stepmother Dearest: The only Prince you'll be meeting tonight is that mangy dog of yours. Now out of the way and into the garden with you! Come girls, if I can't marry you off to the Prince, perhaps we can find a Duke or Count. The night won't be a total waste, at least there'll be free food.

Ella: Prince, where are you? Where are you? Here boy. Now even my little dog has deserted me. (*Cries*) I'm so tired. (*falls asleep*)

Fus-Budget: Wicky Wacky Wiggles, (*Magic*) I think I'm getting the hang of this! (*Magic twice more- A bark is heard*) Here little doggy, fetch the stick (*Magic off stage*) Oh, my stars and garters! What happened to the little dog?

Sir Hairy Terrier: It's me Prince. I believe this is your magic wand.

Fus-Budget: Did I transform you?!

Sir Hairy Terrier: Yes, but let's not worry about me. You've got to get Cinderella to the ball.

Fus-Budget: You're right. Cinderella... Cinderella wake up.

Ella: Who are you?

Fus-Budget: I'm your dream come true. I'm your fairy god...uh...person!

Ella: And who is that?

Sir Hairy Terrier: It's me Prince, your dog.

Ella: Oh, my, how handsome you look! Can he really make me into a Princess?

Sir Hairy Terrier: Look what he did for me!

Fus-Budget: Ella, I'm new at this... you and Prince stand over there, and let me practice. (*magic 3 times*) I'm ready... Wicky! Wacky! Wiggles! Turn this Miss who looks a mess, into a Princess in a nice white dress. (*Magic*) There my dear, you're ready for the ball.

Ella: Sir Fuss budget, what about my shoes?

Fus-Budget: Oh my stars and garters! Wicky! Wacky! Wiggles! (*Magic*) When I tap her dainty feet, a pair of shoes that can't be beat! {*Horse-shoes appear*}

Sir Hairy Terrier: Those are horseshoes.

Ella: I don't believe those will do me much good.

Fus-Budget: I'll try again... {*magic*}

Sir Hairy Terrier: Sir Fuss-Budget, the book says glass slippers are supposed to go with that outfit.

Fus-Budget: Let's try that... Wick Wacky Wiggles! Make appear for this fine lass a pair of slippers made of brass. {*Magic*}

Sir Hairy Terrier: Not Brass slippers! GLASS slippers!

Fus-Budget: OOPS!

Ella: The brass slippers fit fine, they'll do. Now, how are we going to get to the palace?

Fus-Budget: It says in the book that a pumpkin makes a good carriage. Do we have a nice big pumpkin?

Sir Hairy Terrier: Here's one.

Fus-Budget: Set it over there. Wicky Wacky Wiggles! Make this pumpkin in to a carriage.

(Explosion) ...perhaps we should take a bus *(honk)* there's one now. Wait for us!

Sir Hairy Terrier: Does anyone have exact change?

{coming in, eating}

Prudence: Where is he?

Priscilla: I haven't seen the prince anywhere

Stepmother Dearest: And it's almost midnight. But the food is divine.

Prince: Good evening, would one of you charming ladies care to dance?

Prudence/ Priscilla: Yes!

Stepmother Dearest: No you don't! Go away! What did I tell you...I told you don't get involved with used carriage salesmen, actors, or musicians. We'll wait for the prince.

Fus-Budget: We finally made it. What a trip. The number 32 bus to the downtown line, then transfer to the palace branch. Whew, this being a fairy god-person is tiring. I don't know how the tooth fairy does it.

Sir Hairy Terrier: I could do with a little nourishment.

Fus-Budget: Right this way to the buffet line, Prince.

Stepmother Dearest: Did you hear that? That's the Prince.

Prudence: He looks a little like a dog.

Priscilla: I think he has a tail.

Stepmother Dearest: Who cares, he's the Prince, after him.

Ella: Oh it's so beautiful. It's just as I imagined. The music, the ladies, and, the fine gentlemen.

Prince: Gentle miss. Did I not say that you would attend the ball tonight?

Ella: Yes, thank you. It's so magical.

Prince: May I have this dance, gentle miss?

Ella: Yes kind sir. *{Dance... Clock strikes}*

Ella: It's almost midnight! I must leave.

Prince: Do not go gentle miss!

{Magic}

Prudence: What happened, I was dancing with the prince and he turned into a dog!

Priscilla: He licked my face, I've been kissed by a dog!

Prince: {*Revealing himself*} Good people of Dillydob, it is I, your Prince. I declare that the girl that wore this...eh...brass slipper, shall be my bride.

ALL: OOOH! Ahhhhh!

Ella: Oh, Prince wasn't it wonderful! The music, the dancing. That kind musician. It was a dream come true. And I have my brass slipper as a souvenir of the evening. Come Prince, it's a long walk home.

Royal Messenger: Extra! Extra! Prince seeks Ella the girl of the cinders to be princess! Read all about it!

Villager 4: What? Little Ella is to be a princess?

Villager 3: I don't believe it!

Villager 2: Some people have all the luck

Villager 1: Congratulations Mrs. Dearest you must be so proud that your dear stepdaughter is to become a princess.

Stepmother Dearest: No it can't be! I won't have that little beast be a princess!

Prudence: Not Ella, she's just a servant girl.

Priscilla: Mother dearest I want to be a princess.

Stepmother Dearest: And you shall be my dear. Quick! Lock Ella and her mangy dog in the cellar with the rats.

{*Trumpet*}

Fus-Budget: His Royal Highness the Prince of Dillydob.

Stepmother Dearest: It's You!

Prince: Yes, I'm not a musician who can't be trusted but the Prince, and I've come to rescue my bride to be Ella, the girl of the cinders.

Stepmother Dearest: She's not here, she left a little while ago to visit a sick aunt, but I'm sure one of my daughters would be a suitable princess.

Priscilla: Oh Prince it is I, Ella the girl of the cinders.

Prince: But you can't be Ella. You are far too thin. You could never pull a plow, or chop a tree, or milk a cow.

Prudence: Oh Prince, here I am, your true princess Cinderella.

Prince: You can't be Cinderella. My princess doesn't have full eyebrows or tiny little lips that resemble a heart.

Prudence/ Priscilla: So much for The Princess Beauty Handbook!

Prince: Where is Ella?

Stepmother Dearest: She's not here.

Fus-Budget: I've had enough of this! Wicky Wacky Wiggles {*Magic*}

Stepmother Dearest/Prudence/ Priscilla: Stop! Ouch! Stop! Ella is in the cellar with her dog and the rats!

Fus-Budget: Wicky Wacky Wiggles (*Magic, Ella Appears*)

Ella: Oh, my kind musician...

Prince: Ella, will you do me the honor of being my wife?

Ella: Yes, my brave minstrel!

Prince: I am not just a mere minstrel, but The Prince of Dillydob.

Ella: Oh my!

Prudence/ Priscilla: Who are you?

Sir Hairy Terrier: I am Sir Hairy Terrier, Snoop Dog formerly known as Prince. Would you care to dance?

Prudence/ Priscilla: Yuck!

Stepmother Dearest: You silly old man, look what you've done! {*Hits Fus-Budget on the head with fan.*}

Fus-Budget: Oh, my stars and garters! Where am I? Who am I? Now I remember, that ribbon, Ella it is I, Your father!

Ella: Oh dear father, what has happened to you?

Fus-Budget: I was returning home on the good ship Mustard Seed when we were attacked, by pirates. The next thing I remember I was being rescued by Prince Dillybdob and his troop of merry Minstrels.

Stepmother Dearest: But what happened to the riches?

Prudence/ Priscilla: Yes, where is the gold?

Fus-Budget: ALAS I DO NOT KNOW.

Ella: The gold matters not. The important thing is that you are safe.

Stepmother Dearest: “The gold matters not the important thing is that you are safe?” What kind of talk is that? Of course the gold matters! How are we to live?

Fus-Budget: My dear wife...

Stepmother Dearest: Don’t “my dear wife” me! Without your riches, what good are you?

Royal Messenger: Message for Sir Reginald the third!

Fus-Budget: I’m Sir Reginald the third.

Ella: What does it say?

Fus-Budget: Pirates have been captured. Stop. Riches restored. Stop. Claim them at once. Stop.

Stepmother Dearest: Oh my dear husband!

Prudence/ Priscilla: Our dear sweet step-papa!

Fus-Budget: You come to me on the day of my daughter’s wedding asking me for favors...I am no relation to you after the way you treated my daughter, squandered my gold and ran up debts. Out of this house.

Ella: But dear father, you can’t leave them out in the cold with no roof over their head. {*Sir Hairy Terrier whispers to the Prince*}

Prince: My dear Princess is right. They will come to live with us in the castle.

Prudence/ Priscilla: Oh, Prince!

Stepmother Dearest: See old man, we didn’t need you after all.

Prince: Yes, you my come and live in the castle. Priscilla, I am in need of a milkmaid. That job should suit you fine. You can live in the barn with the cows.

Priscilla: A milkmaid! A job fit for a cow.

Prince: As for you Prudence, you will slop the hogs and I don’t think they’d mind sharing their stalls.

Prudence: A pig for a pig!

Stepmother Dearest: Well I never!

Prince: As for you madam, I have a cozy spot for you, by the fireplace with the cinders and the rats in the cellar. If you don’t care for that situation, I suggest you reconsider the Turnip twins’ proposal. Now come, let’s make our way to the castle for feasting and celebrating.

Sir Hairy Terrier: The Prince married Ella and are now the King and Queen of Dillydob. Sir Fuss-budget decided he liked doing magic and changed his name to Zigfreid, perhaps you've heard of him. Prudence and Priscilla married Sir Freddy and Sir Teddy and live with their mother on a turnip farm on the edge of the kingdom. The townspeople continued their life as before...

Villager 1: Fresh poultry

Villager 2: Hot cross buns

Villager 3: Pears as sweet as honey

Villager 4: Garden fresh produce

Sir Hairy Terrier: As for me, well, I've had adventure after adventure. See you soon, when I do I'll tell you another tale. "*The Case of The Missing Porridge*" or "*The Blonde Intruder Who Got Lost In The Woods*". Goodbye till then!

Curtain

The Emperor's New Clothes **-Or-** **What Not To Wear**

Cast

Jaques Fabulous
Jill Fantastic
Harry's Wife
Harry the Hatter
Villager 1
Villager 2
Villager 3
Villager 4
Merry Milkmaid 1
Merry Milkmaid 2
Merry Milkmaid 3
Photographer
Emperor's Herald
Emperor Eric
Empress Ericka
Princess Euricka
Royal Wizard
Wizard of Finance
Duke of Corduroy
Lady Picklesbreath
Lady Peachlips
Lady Pumpkinhips
Royal Dressmaker

SCENE 1

{Fashion show opening, trance music}

Jaques Fabulous: Welcome, I'm Jacque Fabulous,

Jill Fantastic: I'm Jill Fantastic, and we're the editors of F.F. F.- Fabulous, Fantastic Fashion.

Jaques Fabulous: The magazine for those with wit and style.

Jill Fantastic: Can we talk?

Jaques Fabulous: Do I have a story for you, please?

Jill Fantastic: Its true, enquiring minds want to know.

Jaques Fabulous: There once was a hatter

Jill Fantastic: And his wife, who was a seamstress, that lived in the small village of Sewinhat in the middle of Witinstyle,

Jaques Fabulous: A tiny kingdom ruled be Emperor Erick

Jill Fantastic: And Empress Ericka. Both rulers were known for their great style.

Jaques Fabulous: Harry, the hatter, made wonderful hats

Jill Fantastic: And Harrieta, his wife, was known far and wide for her small delicate stitches.

Harry's Wife: One day in early spring, Harry's wife said: you have too many hats! There are hats in the pantry, there are hats under the bed, there are red hats and green hats, and striped hats, and pink hats. You have hats with stars and hats with spots. There are hats everywhere. You have too many hats! There are even hats in the stove and the bathtub. Some of them have to go. There is no room for me to sew.

Harry: How can I get rid of them? They are unique, each one is different. I wouldn't know which ones to get rid of.

Harry's Wife: You are a hatter and a hatter sells hats. So, some of these wonderful hats must be sold. I will choose which ones to sell, since you can't make up your mind.

Jill Fantastic: The wife choose a dozen hats,

Jaques Fabulous: Some with spots,

Jill Fantastic: Some with bells,

Jaques Fabulous: Some tall,

Jill Fantastic: Some short,

Jaques Fabulous: Some large,

Jill Fantastic: Some small.

Harry's Wife: Here Harry, take these hats to the market place. You're sure to get a good price for them, as your hats are the finest in the whole of Witinstyle

Harry: Very well, I shall return before nightfall with pockets full of gold, and silver kadukeos..

Jill Fantastic: All the villagers in Sewinhat came out to wish Harry good luck.

Villager 1: Good-bye Harry.

Villager 2: I just love his hats

Villager 3: Have a safe journey.

Villager 4: Remember don't talk to strangers. Here's a nice fresh apple.

Villager 3: Remember stay on the main path.

Villager 2: I just love his hats.

Villager 1: Watch out for the troll who lives under the bridge.

Villager 3: Sell a lot of hats.

Villager 4: Say hello to the Emperor for me.

Villager 2: I just love his hats.

Villager 4: Oh, so do I.

Jaques Fabulous: The hatter set out for the market place.

Villager 1: He stayed on the main path.

Villager 2: He didn't take to strangers.

Villager 3: He tiptoed over the bridge

Villager 4: So he would not disturb the troll who lived under it.

Harry: As he walked along he whistled a carefree tune and thought of all the ribbons and bells and spots and feathers he could buy once he sold this basket of hats. For there is nothing I like better than making hats.

Jill Fantastic: As Harry walked along he came to a lush green pasture.

Jaques Fabulous: Filled with grazing cows.

Harry: Good day my fine friends.

Jill Fantastic: And the cows answered back with a very loud- Moo!

Jaques Fabulous: Can you moo?

Harry: Yes, it is a very nice day. Well, I must be on my way.

Jill Fantastic: He traveled for a mile.

Jaques Fabulous: And came to a group of pigs.

Harry: Good day, my fine friends.

Jill Fantastic: And the pigs responded with a joyful-oink.

Jaques Fabulous: Can you oink?

Harry: Yes, it is a fine day to wallow in the mud. Good-bye, I must be on my way. My it's getting hot; the glare from the sun is hurting my eyes. I'll put on this large hat to protect me from the sun.

Jill Fantastic: Just then the Royal Merry Mary Milkmaids.

Jaques Fabulous: Came along.

Merry Milkmaid 1: That's a mighty fine hat you've got there.

Merry Milkmaid 2: And so stylish.

Merry Milkmaid 3: Yes, so, so ,so, stylish

Harry: Well, thank-you. I'm on my way to the market place to sell all these hats. My name is Harry Hatter.

Merry Milkmaid 1: Glad to meet you, we're the Royal Merry Mary Milkmaids.

Merry Milkmaid 2: We also are on our way to the market place, to sell our sweet cream

Merry Milkmaid 3: Tasty Butter.

Merry Milkmaid 1: And succulent cheese.

Merry Milkmaid 2: It is rumored that the Emperor and Empress.

Merry Milkmaid 3: Will be shopping at the market today.

Jill Fantastic: The hatter and the Merry Mary Milkmaids walked on,

Jaques Fabulous: Until they came to the market place

Jill Fantastic: There, all sorts of people were selling their wears. *{People hock wares}*

Merry Milkmaid 1: Tasty butter, get your tasty butter here.

Merry Milkmaid 2: Try my sweet cream.

Merry Milkmaid 3: Sample my succulent cheese.

Villager 1: Pears, pineapples, pumpkins.

Villager 2: Hot cross buns.

Villager 3: Fresh chicks, get your chicks here.

Villager 4: Peanuts, get your peanuts.

Photographer: Smile!

Villager 1: Juicy cumquats, very tasty!

Villager 2: Hot cross bums

Merry Milkmaid 1: Tasty butter.

Merry Milkmaid 2: Yummy sweet cream.

Merry Milkmaid 3: Swiss cheese, cheddar cheese, blue cheese.

Villager 3: Rabbit in the fur, right here rabbit in the fur.

Villager 4: Get your peanuts, peanuts, peanuts.

Photographer: Smile!

Villager 1: Plums, grapes oranges.

Villager 2: Hot cross buns, get your hot buns here, hot buns for sale.

Villager 3: Sausage by the yard, get your bangers here.

Villager 4: Tasty peanuts.

Merry Milkmaid 1: Butter, Butter.

Merry Milkmaid 2: Fresh cream, if it was any fresher it would still be in the cow.

Merry Milkmaid 3: Cheese, get your cheese here.

Photographer: Smile!

Jaques fabulous: There were even musicians and jugglers, dancers and magicians.

Harry: Here's a fine spot to sell my hats. {Reads sign} "Harry Hatter's Wonderful Hats". Hats for sale, big hats, small hats, Hats with feathers, hats with bells. The most wonderful hats in all Witinstyle. Hats fit for an Emperor or Empress.

Jill Fantastic: Soon a crowd gathered around Harry and started to try on the wonderful hats.

{Crowd}

Villager 1: I like the red one.

Villager 2: Look this one has bell on it.

Villager 3: I like the one with spots and dots.

Villager 4: This one has stars on it.

Photographer: Smile!

Villager 2: Does this hat make my face look fat?

Villager 3: Look at all the festive colors.

Villager 4: It looks like a rainbow.

Villager 1: Don't I look divine?

Photographer: Smile!

Villager 3: I'm buying two.

Villager 4: Is this one really me?

Villager 1: I can't make up my mind which one I like best.

Villager 2: Do I want this one or this one?

Photographer: Smile!

Villager 2: Dots

Villager 1: Spots

Villager 3: And checks

Villager 4: Oh, my.

Photographer: Smile!

Jaques Fabulous: Suddenly there was a loud trumpet call.

Merry Milkmaid 1,2,3: Oh look it's their Highnesses!

Villager 1: Don't they look so divine?

Villager 2: They have such wit.

Villager 3: And style

Villager 4: And wisdom

Photographer: Smile!

Emperor's Herald: The Excellent Imperial Emperor Erick and The Exalted Empress Ericka.

Jill Fantastic: The crowd oooed.

Jaques Fabulous: And ahhed at their sight.

Emperor Eric: Royal Wizard, am I not dashing in my new cape and crown?

Royal Wizard: Yes, your excellent Excellency, the colors set off your eyes

Empress Ericka: Blood shot. Lady Peachlips, do I not look magnificent in my new gown?

Lady Peachlips: Oh yes, it does wonders for your figure.

Emperor Eric: So would a barrel. Royal Wizard of Finance, what think you of my new cape?

Wizard of Finance: It's heads and shoulders above all others.

Empress Ericka: That's what happens when you're a giant. Lady Pumpkinhips, what think you of my new gown?

Lady Pumpkinhips: Delightful.

Emperor Eric: For a toad. Sir Duke of Corduroy, royal wizard of pinball, what say you of my new crown?

Duke of Corduroy: Most becoming.

Empress Ericka: For a bean pole. Lady Picklesbreath?

Lady Picklesbreath: You look, divine.

Emperor Eric: For a stuffed cabbage. Where is Princess Euricka? (*Enter U*) Stand up Straight! Why must you look so dull?

Empress Ericka: Those glasses will never do. You're always reading.

Emperor Eric: You do not look like a princess; you have no sense of style.

Empress Ericka: How will you ever catch a prince with that look?

Princess Euricka: I have no desire to catch a prince.

Emperor Eric & Empress Ericka: What?

Princess Euricka: I intend to be a magnificent inventor, a wise magician, or a marvelous wizard.

Emperor Eric: Poppycock. A girl could never do such things.

Empress Ericka: A princess's job is to be stylish, smile and wave, for that she doesn't need to read.

Emperor Eric: Or wear glasses.

Princess Euricka: I do not wish to be a princess, and as for style, I think it's quite silly. To be pampered like a poodle is ridiculous. I have no intention to follow style for style's sake.
{Exit}

Empress Ericka: Where did we go wrong?

Emperor Eric: What an embarrassment!

Empress Ericka: Perhaps, we can send her to a princess training camp. Oh, what shall we do?

Emperor Eric: Shop!!! I'm the best dressed man in all the Kingdom of Witinstyle, none have my taste, none have my pizzazz, none have my looks and very few have my charm or wit.

Empress Ericka: Or your conceit.

Emperor Eric: Why, thank-you, my dear. Now, where is that wonderful hatter I've heard so much about?

Jill Fantastic: This way, your Excellent,

Jaques Fabulous: Excellency.

Emperor Eric: Don't mess the shoes.

Jill Fantastic: So

Jaques Fabulous: Sorry.

Harry: Good day, your Excellent Excellency. Do you wish a hat?

Emperor Eric: I wish to have the most wonderful hat in the entire kingdom.

Harry: This one is very nice.

Jill Fantastic: His excellent Excellency Emperor Erick tried on a tall hat, with ribbons

Jaques Fabulous: And the crowd went ahhh

Emperor Eric: No, this is not to my liking; it doesn't reflect my true personality.

Empress Ericka: In that case you should be wearing a bunch of turnips.

Harry: This one is quite unique.

Jill Fantastic: His excellent Excellency Emperor Erick tried on a hat with bells on it

Jaques Fabulous: And the crowd- oooooed.

Emperor Eric: No, this will never do, it causes a ringing in my head.

Empress Ericka: Or an echo from being hollow.

Emperor Eric: Let me try another. That one there. Yes, I do like the color, I do like the shape and I do like the style. But does it reflect the true me?

Empress Ericka: Not unless it's made out of moldy cheese.

Emperor Eric: Yes, this may be the one!!!

Jill Fantastic: And the crowd

Jaques Fabulous: Applauded.

{Applause}

Emperor Eric: On the other hand, I have nothing to wear with it. I would have to buy another suit of rare fabric to wear with it.

Jill Fantastic: Not wanting to miss a sale,

Emperor Eric: Harry thought fast.

Harry: Your Imperial Excellency, Emperor Erick, I know what you mean. At home, I have a cloth for such a suit. A cloth more shiny than gold, and brighter than the brightest ruby. A cloth so rare it can only be seen by those who possess style, wit and wisdom.

Emperor Eric: That interests me very much. You say it's shiny?

Harry: Like the sun.

Emperor Eric: And it sparkles?

Harry: Oh yes, like your eyes.

Emperor Eric: I must have a suit out of this fabulous fabric. I must see this marvelous material at once. The cost is of no importance.

Harry: Very well your excellent excellency. I shall return with the fabric and my wife, the finest seamstress in all of Witinstyle, tomorrow. And you shall have a suit like no other in all the land.

Jill Fantastic: Harry Hatter hurried home. He passed the pigs,

Jaques Fabulous: Who went oink.

Jill Fantastic: But, he had no time to stop. He passed the cows,

Jaques Fabulous: Who mooed but he had no time to say hello.

Jill Fantastic: He was out of breath as he reached his home,

Jaques Fabulous: Where his wife met him at the door.

Harry's Wife: Why have you returned so soon? And you didn't sell a single hat. Why, Why, Why?

Jill Fantastic: Harry Hatter explained to his wife Harrietta about the Emperor and the Empress

Jaques Fabulous: And the fabulous fabric.

Harry's Wife: Why did you tell such a lie? We have no such fabric.

Harry: Yes, I know but I have a plan.

Jill Fantastic: And he whispered it

Jaques Fabulous: Into his wife's ear.

Harry's Wife: Do you think it will work?

Harry: Emperor Erick and Empress Ericka are very vain. They think of nothing but wit, and style and are wasting the treasury of Witinstyle on bad fashion. Yes, we will make the Emperor a suit like no other in the kingdom and teach him, what not to wear.

Jill Fantastic: The next day, as the rooster crowed {*crow*} Harry and Harrietta Hatter quickly headed for the castle of Emperor Erick.

Jaques Fabulous: When they arrived, the Hatters were ushered into the royal throne room, where Emperor Erick was standing in front of a very large mirror admiring himself and his new outfit.

Emperor Eric: So, you have finally arrived. I'm most anxious to see this wondrous cloth. And as I said before, money is no object; I have the resources of all of Witinsyle truly behind me. And if that is not enough I'll just increase the tax on milk and bread, for style and fashion is most important for an Emperor to rule wisely.

Harry: Very well sir, but I must warn you. Only he who is most noble, wise and stylish may visualize this wondrous work of nature.

Harry's Wife: The cloth is very bright, to view it, you must wear these special goggles to protect your eyes.

Harry: Are you ready?

Emperor Eric: Oh, yes, yes!

Harry: On the count of three, open the trunk. One, two, three..... Oh yes, this truly matches your sparkling eyes.

Harry's Wife: It was meant for one of such wisdom, like you. Feel the weave. Is it not the softest spun gold you have ever felt?

Emperor Eric: Oh yes, it is very soft. I don't feel anything.

Harry's Wife: Is it not the brightest fabric you have ever seen?

Emperor Eric: Why yes, it is truly magnificent. I have never seen anything like it. I don't see anything; could this mean I am not wise?

Harry: Do you wish to purchase these fine goods? They are worthy of only one who is wise and stylish such as yourself.

Emperor Eric: Yes, by all means. I must have a suit made out of this fabulous fabric, right away. For I am the most stylish person in all the land. I must have it for Witinstyle's Spring Festival Ball

Harry: We shall start at once, upon receipt of payment. Half now and half upon delivery.

Jill Fantastic: The Emperor sent for the Minister of Finance and payment was made at once.

Jaques Fabulous: The Hatter's set up shop in the castle's basement. Day and night sound of work could be heard

Jill Fantastic: Emanating from the bowels of the castle.

Emperor Eric: The date for Witinstyle's Spring Festival Ball is growing near. I must know the progress of my wondrous new clothes, but what if I still cannot see the fabric. Everyone will know I am neither wise nor stylish. And if I am not the most stylish, in all the land, I will not be popular with my subjects and they will not like me. I shall send for the Minister of Finance and the Royal Computer Wizard and the Duke of Corduroy. They are very wise, though they do lack style. They shall surely see the cloth. Send for Wizard of Finance and the Royal Computer Wizard, along with the Duke of Corduroy.

Merry Milkmaid 1: All royal wizards report to the throne room at once.

Merry Milkmaid 2: All royal wizards report to the throne room at once.

Merry Milkmaid 5: All royal wizards report to the throne room at once.

{Trumpet}

Wizard of Finance: Royal Computer Wizard: Duke of Corduroy: You trumpeted, sir?

Emperor Eric: I wish to get your opinion of my new clothes. As you know they are being made from fabric which can only be seen by the wisest and most stylish of people. Though you lack style, you make up for it in wisdom.

Wizard of Finance: Yes, we are the wisest men in all of Witinstyle.

Royal Wizard: We will most surely see the fine fabric.

Duke of Corduroy: For none are wiser than us.

Jaques Fabulous: The three wise men, full of themselves set off to see the new suit of clothes the Emperor had ordered. When they arrived at the Hatter's workshop, they could hear the sounds of sewing machines. They knocked at the door.

Harry: Yes, who is it?

Royal Wizard: It's the Royal Computer Wizard.

Wizard of Finance: And the Wizard of Finance.

Duke of Corduroy: And the Duke of Corduroy, the Wizard of Pinball.

Harry: Go away we're very busy.

Royal Wizard: Emperor Eric has sent us.

Wizard of Finance: To inspect the new set of clothes.

Duke of Corduroy: You are making for him.

Harry: Very well, you may come in, one at a time.

Royal Wizard: I shall go first.

Harry: You must wear these special goggles to protect you from the glare of the golden fabric, which only the wisest and most stylish can see. As you can plainly see this is the finest fabric in all of Witinstyle. Notice the texture, the gold sparkle, the diamond twinkle, the splash of rubies.

Royal Wizard: I see nothing, perhaps I am not wise. Oh, yes it does sparkle.

Harry: Is not the cut of the jacket most stylish?

Royal Wizard: Oh, very stylish indeed. I can truly say I've never seen anything like it before. I shall send in the Minister of Finance. I cannot let the Minister of Finance and the

Duke of Corduroy know that I've seen nothing. They will know that I am neither wise nor stylish.

Duke of Corduroy: Are the Emperor's new clothes as magnificent as rumored?

Royal Wizard: Oh yes, you must see for yourself, Sir Minister of Finance.

Wizard of Finance: I shall reserve my opinion for the Emperor only.

Harry: Come in sir. I was just putting the finishing touches on the Emperor's new hat. Is it not the finest hat you've ever seen? Note the crown and the magnificent brim. Is it not worth every kadukeo that was paid? Being the stylish gentleman you are, you can see that for yourself.

Wizard of Finance: Oh yes, I can see that it is most stylish. I see nothing. Can this mean I have no sense of style?

Harry: Would you like to try it on?

Wizard of Finance: Oh yes, by all means.

Harry: This hat suits you, perhaps even more than it suits the Emperor. Here, look in the mirror.

Wizard of Finance: Yes, it is quite stylish and so light I almost feel as if I'm not wearing a hat.

Harry: Would you say a red feather or a blue feather? Which is more stylish?

Wizard of Finance: I prefer the red feather, but as the Emperor's taste is more garish than mine, he'd prefer both feathers. To him, style is –the more the better. If it was up to him, he'd have his hat stuffed with dozens of feathers until he looked like a peacock. He really has such little style and taste.

Harry: I shall use only the red feather, for after all, you are most wise and have plenty of taste and style.

Wizard of Finance: I shall report your excellent progress on the Emperor's new clothes. I saw nothing, but I cannot let others know. Sir Duke of Corduroy, I cannot wait to hear your opinion on this fine garment.

Harry: Sir Duke, are these not the finest garments in all the land.

Duke of Corduroy: I see nothing.

Harry: Then perhaps you are neither wise nor stylish. Be off with you. I have no time to waste with one who is so foolish.

Duke of Corduroy: Oh dear, I must not let the others know that I am foolish and have neither wit nor style.

Royal Wizard: And what was your opinion of the Emperor's new clothes?

Wizard of Finance: I can truly say that they are not like anything I have ever seen.

Duke of Corduory: That's true.

Royal Wizard: My opinion exactly.

Jill Fantastic: The next day, the three ministers

Jaques Fabulous: Appeared before the Emperor.

Emperor Eric: What did you see? Are the clothes truly magnificent?

Royal Wizard: I can say without a doubt, being a very wise man, the suit of clothes are one of a kind.

Duke of Corduory: Oh yes, one of a kind.

Wizard of Finance: As a person of style, I can report that the hat is lighter than air. When wearing it you feel that there is nothing upon your head. The hatter wished to put only one feather on it, but I persuaded him to add a few more, it gives the hat sort of a proud peacock look.

Emperor Eric: You were quite right in doing so. To be really stylish, more is always best.

Duke of Corduory: Yes, more is always best.

Wizard of Finance: How foolish and vain Emperor Erick is. In that hat he'll look like a toad with feathers.

Emperor Eric: Thank-you, my good gentlemen. You are both wise and stylish.

Jill Fantastic: The news of the Emperor's new clothes spread throughout the kingdom.

{Townspeople}

Villager 1: Have you heard the Emperor's new clothes are made out of gold cloth?

Villager 2: No.

Villager 1: Yes, that's what I've heard.

Villager 2: Have you heard the Emperor's new clothes are made out of gold cloth trimmed in rubies and three tailors went blind sewing them?

Villager 3: No!

Villager 2: Yes, that's what I've heard.

Villager 3: Have you heard the Emperor's new clothes are made of pure gold and cost 5 million kadukeos and 400 weavers are working on them?

v mager 4: INO:

Villager 3: That's what I've heard.

Villager 4: Have you heard the Emperor's new clothes are a suit of gold armoire trimmed in gold and rubies and only those with wit and style can afford such a garment?

Empress Ericka: What?

Villager 3: That's what I've heard.

Photographer: Smile!

Jaques Fabulous: Upon hearing the talk the Empress grew upset.

Empress Ericka: Who does he think he is? I am more stylish and wiser than all the ministers of the land. I need a new gown for the Spring Festival Ball. Send for the Royal dressmaker.

Emperor's Herald: Royal Dressmaker report to the Royal throne room at once. We have a Fashion Emergency: Code Orange (echo).

Merry Milkmaid 1: Code orange!

Merry Milkmaid 2: Code orange!

Merry Milkmaid 3: Code orange!

Royal Dressmaker: You bellowed?

Empress Ericka: Yes, show me the latest in the royal collections of royal gowns for the wise and stylish.

Royal Dressmaker: Yes, your Exalted Empress Ericka.

{Fashion Show- Six to eight models in exciting garments present a runway show}

Empress Ericka: No, this will never do. Away with all of you, and your glad rags. If the emperor is to have new clothes made out of this wondrous fabric, I demand to have a gown made out of the same cloth. Send for Lady Peachlips, Lady Picklesbreath, and Lady Pumpkinhips, my ladies in waiting.

Emperor's Herald: Paging all ladies in waiting, your wait is over. Report to the royal throne room on the double. *{Echo}*

Merry Milkmaid 1: All ladies in waiting report at once to the throne room.

Merry Milkmaid 2: All ladies in waiting report at once to the throne room.

Merry Milkmaid 3: All ladies in waiting report at once to the throne room

{Trumpet}

Lady Picklesbreath: **Lady Peachlips:** **Lady Pumpkinhips:** You fooled your Highness?

Empress Ericka: Yes, I wish you to go at once to the Hatters and demand they make me a ball gown out of the same wondrous fabric as the Emperor's new clothes. It is rumored that only the wisest and stylish can see the fabric. And do not take no for an answer. Remember money is no object. I want a gown out of that fabric no matter what it costs.

Jill Fantastic: So Lady Peachlips and Lady Picklesbreath and Lady Pumpkinhips

Jaques Fabulous: Set off to see the Emperor's new set of clothes.

Harry's Wife: May I help you?

Lady Peachlips: We have a fashion emergency.

Lady Picklesbreath: The empress demands that a ball gown be made from the same fabric as the Emperor's new suit.

Lady Pumpkinhips: And she wants it for tomorrow's Spring Festival Ball.

Harry's Wife: Very well, but it will cost the kingdom greatly. We'll have to work day and night and bring in extra help at double time plus fringe benefits and bonus pay. And don't forget the designer's fee. Times three, carry the one, add labor, shipping, handling, stocking and rush order. The total amount comes to----- (*shows amount to LP and LPB*)

Lady Picklesbreath: Money is of no importance.

Lady Peachlips: The Empress can always increase the taxes on diapers and baby food to raise more kadukeos, if need be... Just do it.

Lady Pumpkinhips: The Empress can be quite cross when she doesn't get her way.

Lady Peachlips: May we see the wondrous fabric?

Harry's Wife: Yes, but to protect your eyes, you must wear these goggles.

Jill Fantastic: The Hatters showed the ladies in waiting the wondrous fabric. They oaed and ahh'd, but of course, they saw nothing.

Harry's Wife: Good day ladies, I must get back to work.

Lady Peachlips: I saw nothing.

Lady Picklesbreath: Perhaps, we are neither stylish nor wise.

Lady Pumpkinhips: What are we going to tell the Empress?

Lady Peachlips: Whatever we tell her we mustn't make her cross.

Empress Ericka: Well, tell me, is the fabric as magical as rumored?

Lady Pumpkinhips: Yes, magical is a good word for it.

Lady Picklesbreath: It's very different.

Lady Peachlips: I've never seen anything like it.

Empress Ericka: Will I be surprised by my wondrous new gown? Will it reveal the true me?

Lady Picklesbreath: I think we can guarantee it.

Lady Pumpkinhips: You'll be very surprised.

Lady Peachlips: Yes, very surprised.

Empress Ericka: I shall out shine everyone at the ball.

Empress Ericka: The next day at noon, Harry and Harrieta Hatter

Jaques Fabulous: Brought the invisible garment to the throne room.

Harry: Your Excellencies, we have finished your new clothes. Clothes meant for only the wisest and most stylish of people. Sir, notice the superior cut of the coat. The sparkling lining and the ruby lapels.

Harry's Wife: Madam, notice the flow of the sleeves, the drape of the bodice and the width of the skirt. Is this not the most stylish garment ever set before you?

Harry: Sir, notice the many peacock feathers in the hat?

Emperor Eric: Oh, yes quite divine. I see nothing. Can this mean that I am neither wise nor stylish? My dear, what do you think of the hat?

Empress Ericka: It's quite, quite, quite, divine. I mustn't let the Emperor know I see nothing. Do you like my gown?

Emperor Eric: I mustn't let the Empress know that I may not be wise or stylish. Oh yes, my dear, your gown is like no other I've ever seen. We must try on these new clothes at once.

Harry: Very well, but before you can do that, we must be paid.

Emperor Eric: Of course. Send for the Wizard of Finance at once.

Emperor's Herald: Paging the Wizard of Finance, A.S. A. P.

Merry Milkmaid 1: Paging the Wizard of Finance A.S.A.P.

Merry Milkmaid 2: Paging the Wizard of Finance A.S.A. P.

Merry Milkmaid 3: Paging the Wizard of Finance A.S.A. P.

{Trumpet}

Wizard of Finance: You honked, Sir? I was in the bath.

Emperor Eric: Pay these fine persons at once for our marvelous new clothes.

Wizard of Finance: Sir, I think it may be a mistake. Look at the amount of this bill!!

Emperor Eric: Pay it, and if there is not enough money cut the funds for the royal academy.

Empress Ericka: Increase the cost of medicinal herbs and spells. I must have these new clothes.

Emperor Eric: I've never seen anything like them before. I shall be the most stylish and wisest of all Emperors, Come my dear, we must try on our new garments. Pay them at once.

Wizard of Finance: Very well, sir. Check or Cash?

Harry & Harry's Wife: Cash.

Jill Fantastic: The Hatters were paid.

Emperor Eric: A basket full of koduleos.

Harry's Wife: Thank-you, my good man, we shall be on our way.

Harry: It was a pleasure doing business with you.

Emperor Eric: With cash in hand, they left.

Jaques Fabulous: The Hatter's went straight to the aerodrome and boarded a flying machine to the Bahamas for a short vacation.

Jill Fantastic: Suddenly the royal trumpets sounded, and all the royal court assembled.

Emperor's Herald: Ladies and gentlemen, boy and girls, Emperor Erick and Empress Ericka in their magnificent, marvelous, magical new clothes.

Emperor Eric: The court was astonished

Jaques Fabulous: At what they saw.

Crowd: Gasp!

Emperor Eric: Did you expect such a reaction?

Empress Ericka: We must be most stylish in these wondrous new clothes.

Emperor Eric: Well, sir what do you think?

Wizard of Finance: I've never seen you in such attire before. It is very different.

Wizard of Finance: Perhaps you should wear a robe.

Duke of Corduroy: To keep on the chin.

Emperor Eric: Nonsense, and cover my wondrous new set of clothes?

Empress Ericka: Lady Picklesbreath, what do you think of my wondrous new clothes?

Lady Picklesbreath: They seem to be very airy.

Empress Ericka: Oh, yes, it feels as I'm wearing almost nothing at all.

Lady Peachlips: Yes, that's true.

Lady Pumpkinhips: Almost nothing.

Emperor Eric: My dear, a dance?

Jill Fantastic: As the Emperor and Emperress danced, the court whispered among themselves.

Lady Peachlips: Do you see what I see?

Lady Pumpkinhips: Yes, I see.

Lady Picklesbreath: They're dancing in their...

Lady Picklesbreath, Lady Peachlips, Lady Pumpkinhips: Underwear!

Wizard of Finance: I think you should tell them.

Wizard of Finance: You tell them.

Duke of Corduroy: Yes, you claim to be the wisest man in all the court.

Lady Picklesbreath: Yes, you tell them oh wise one.

Lady Peachlips: No, you tell them,

Lady Pumpkinhips: You have all the style.

Emperor Eric: Come, my dear, let us go to the town square and show off our stylish garments to our royal subjects. They will see how important it was to raise the taxes on milk and bread.

Empress Ericka: Yes, once they see how wise and stylish we are, there shall be no more complaints about the cuts in funds to the royal academy or the increased costs of medicinal herbs and spells.

Jill Fantastic: Just then the royal trumpets sounded.

Jaques Fabulous: And Princess Uricka entered, eating an apple.

Princess Euricka: For an apple a day keeps the doctor away.

Jill Fantastic: She was also reading a book. Not watching where she was going, she crashed right into her parents.

Emperor Eric: Watch where you are going, did you not see us?

Empress Ericka: Do we not look wondrous in our new clothes?

Emperor Eric & Empress Ericka: Are we not wise and stylish?

Princess Euricka: I must say I've never seen you in anything like this before. You seem to have plenty of room to stretch and move and they do look very comfortable. Yes, I approve.

Emperor Eric: There, I knew we were wise—

Empress Ericka: And stylish.

Princess Euricka: Yes, father I do like you in red...Mother the polk-a-dots and the stripes are most becoming and so practical for bending.

Emperor Eric: What?

Empress Ericka: Why Erick it is true? You're standing here before the royal court in your red underwear Perhaps you are not so wise.

Emperor Eric: My dear, it looks to me as if you are wearing you're wearing your polk-a-dot corset and your striped bloomers.

Emperor Eric & Empress Ericka: Oh no, we've been tricked. We're standing around in our underwear!

Photographer: Smile!

Emperor Eric: We are neither wise nor stylish.

Empress Ericka: What will our subjects think of us? We shall be unpopular.

Emperor Eric: And we have squandered the royal treasury.

Emperor Eric & Empress Ericka: Oh, no!

Jill Fantastic: The Emperor and the Empress ran from the throne room followed by the royal court.

Jaques Fabulous: Suddenly there was a great splash as the Emperor and the Empress fell into the royal fountain. *{Trumpet}* Thus, a new line of swim wear, Comfort Swim, was invented.

Emperor Eric: The royal couple was still popular with their subjects and learned that clothes were not the most important thing in the land.

Empress Euricka: They learned that truth and honesty made them wise, and friendliness and kindness made them stylish.

Wizard of Finance: As for the royal treasury,

Villager 1: Royal!

Villager 2: Comfort!

Villager 3: Swim!

Villager 4: Wear!

Royal Wizard: Became so popular; it became the major export of Witinstyle.

Wizard of Finance: It made so much money that all taxes were abolished.

Duke of Corduroy: All Witinstylers were granted admittance at no cost to the royal Academy. And medicinal herbs and spells were free to all subjects.

Harry: The Hatters now live comfortably in Sewinhat.

Harry's Wife: And with their money they set up a foundation: Hats for the Hairless.

Princess Eurika: Euricka did become a great wizard, proving that brains are more important than beauty.

Jill Fantastic: As for us, you can read our magazine each week and see us on the red carpet in front of the palace on festival days,

Jaques Fabulous: Reminding royal subjects: What Not To Wear.

Photographer: Smile!

CURTAIN

PRODUCTION NOTES:

This play was originally staged in the round, with three stools and limited props coming out of the magic theatre trunk. This is a fanciful Kingdom, so costumes can be as simple or as complicated as the budget allows. The runway fashion show provides an opportunity for a costume designer to pull all the stops out and create fun, unique, and exciting garments. The magic light that comes out of the trunk is achieved by placing two large flashlights inside the magic theatre trunk.

Rumpelstiltskin

Cast

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1
Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 2
Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 3
Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 4
Miller
Miller's Daughter
Rumplestiltskin
King
Woman
Lawyer
Royal Page

Audience member "roles"
Farmer Brown
King's Heralds
Various farm animals, woodcutters, etc...

Scene 1

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: Hello, Hello. Is this *(name of school)*? It is? Good. We must be in the right place. Everyone this is *(name of school)*, bring in the magic theatre trunk.

Good morning and welcome to The Magic Theatre Trunk's troupe of actors from *(Name of Producing Organization)* and our production of Rumpelstiltskin. *(2 whispers in to 1's ear)*

What do you mean we lost the rest of the actors? They must be here someplace. Did you see a big guy dressed in a pig costume wondering the halls? How about a little short man, with a long gray beard? When did you see them last?

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 2: They were right behind us on the road, we turned left and they kept on going down *{name of street the school is on}*. We thought they were going to get the donuts for the goody basket.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 3: What are we going to do?

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 4: Who'll play their parts?

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 2: I'm hungry and they had all our lunches in their car.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 3: What are we going to do? I don't know their lines. They had all the costumes, I need a glass of water.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 2: Here, drink this. *{pours water into glass}* Now calm down.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 3: I'm o.k. now, give me another glass of water.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 2: Are you sure you're all right?

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 3: Yes, I'm fine. *{trips, water goes into audience-confetti bit}*

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: I have an idea, maybe these good people will help us out. How would you like to be in the play today? *{takes person out of audience}* Would you like to be an actor in today's production? Now what part can you play? Let's see...*{puts crown on persons head}* maybe the king? *{crown slips over persons face}* I think this crown might be a little too big. *{puts blond wig on head}* No, somehow you just don't look like the Miller's Daughter. I know who you can play! Let me hear you say ,Howdy. *{person repeats}* That's great, you can be Farmer Brown. And look, the hat just fits you. You just sit over here for the time being and we'll get to your part in a minute. This is going to work out just fine. I think we could use everyone in the play.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 2: You're right, Farmer Brown could you help me here? My handkerchief seems to be stuck. Can you give it a good tug? *{scarf bit}* Thanks, Farmer Brown. Now we need some animals, this group over here can be the turkeys. Let's hear a good, loud gobble sound. Just flap your wings and go; gobble, gobble, gobble. I'll show you,

{action}. NOW on the count of three, flap your wings and gobble. 1-2-3 {action}, very nice! Now, your cue line is; they walked passed the turkeys and the turkeys went... {action}.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 3: Hey, this group over here can be the cows. They look like a pretty good herd. Let's hear you moo. Not bad. When you walk over here watch out for the cow patties. Your cue line is; they walked past the pasture where the cows were eating the lush green grass and the cows said...everyone moo...{action}. Very nice cows.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 4: Now we have the turkeys and the cows, what else do we need?

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1-2-3: The pigs!

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 4: That's right, let's hear it for the pigs! Give me a P. Give me an I. Give me a G. Yaaaaaay pigs! Let's hear some pig sounds...{picks out an adult} Now you sir, let's hear a good loud oink, {response} very good! You've done this before. Now your cue line is; and they walked passed the pigs wallowing in the mud and the pigs said...{audience responds with oink} That's right!

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 2:We need the woodcutters. This group, stand up and go chop, chop, timber! {response}

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: Before we start we need a rehearsal. Come on Farmer Brown we need your help. Farmer Brown was walking along and he walked past the turkeys who flapped their wings and said; {gobble}. He walked over the hill past the pasture where the cows were eating the lush, green grass and the cows said; {moo}. He hopped past the pigs wallowing in the mud and the pigs said; {oink}. Next, he swam down the river and passed the Woodcutters who went; chop, chop, timber! That was very good, now we can start our story.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 2: Ladies and Gentleman,

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 3: Boys and Girls!

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 4: The Magic Theatre Trunk from (*Name of producing organization*) proudly presents...

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1-2-3-4: "The Tale of Rumpelstiltskin"

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: How does every good story begin? Once ...That's right! Once upon a time...

Miller: There was a Miller who wished to travel to see the King. But how could he get there? By car, by rowboat, by plane, by motorcycle? But being a very, very, very, poor Miller, he didn't have a car, or a rowboat, or a skateboard, or even an old donkey. So, he had to walk.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: Early the next morning the roosters crowed. Could you all crow for us? And the dogs barked. How about a good, loud bark?

Miller's Daughter: The Miller's daughter gave her father a red cape and a basket of goodies to take to the king. For if the King liked the Miller's Daughter's goodies, perhaps he would buy their flour, and they would no longer be poor. Now Father, don't stop and doddle along the way, stay on the path and don't talk to strangers, and beware of the big, bad, wolf...

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: Wait a minute, that's the wrong story.

Miller's Daughter: Whoops, sorry.

Miller: So the Miller set off on his journey to see the King, he went past the woodcutters who went; {*chop, chop timber*}, he walked past the pigs who wallowing in the mud and the pigs said; {*oink*}, he walked over the hill past the pasture where the cows were eating the lush, green grass and said; {*moo*}, he walked past the turkeys who flapped their wings and said; {*gobble, gobble*}. The Miller walked past Farmer Brown who was working in his field and Farmer Brown said...

Farmer Brown: Howdy!

Miller: The Miller walked on and on, and on and on, and soon became very hungry. Oh my, I'm so hungry. My stomach is growling like a roomful of tigers.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: Can we all growl like tigers?

Miller: There it goes again! I'll just eat one of the goodies in the basket.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: So the Miller sat down upon a rock and began to eat.

Miller: Oh that was so very, very, very good. I'll eat just one more, that couldn't hurt.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: So he ate one more, then another, then another, and another.

Rumplestiltskin: Presently a comical, little, old man came along. Kind sir, I see you have a basket full of goodies. I'm so very, very, very, very hungry. Would you trade two hot cross buns for some magic beans?

Miller: Magic beans?

Rumplestiltskin: Why yes, I got them from a boy named Jack and they're guaranteed to grow a beanstalk a mile high.

Miller: The Miller, having heard about the magic beans, agreed. So the Miller traded two hot cross buns for the magic beans.

Rumplestiltskin: And the comical, little man went on his way.

Miller: The Miller continued on his journey but soon grew weary. Oh, I'm so tired. I'll just stop here and take a little nap.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: As the Miller slept, along came a flock of birds. We need some birds... {*gathers a few children to play birds*} They spotted the basket and swooped

down and ate most of the breads, cakes, and pies. Leaving the Miller with just one mumm left in his daughter's goodie basket. They even ate the magic beans. Then they flew away.

Miller: The Miller woke up and hurried on his way. He arrived at Kingstown and asked directions to the castle from a woman feeding her chickens. Kind woman could you please tell me the way to the King's Castle?

Woman: Here chick, chicks... Why do you wish to see the King?

Miller: I'm a poor Miller, and I'm hoping the King will taste my daughter's goodies and buy our flour.

Woman: Go two blocks past the butcher shop, turn right at the wishing well. Travel until you come to Mr. Tubbs Pie Shop, take a left. At the Candle maker's, go up the hill, past Jack and Jill's place. The castle is just around the corner. But beware, if you waste the King's time, you may never see the light of day. For he'll throw you in the dungeon where the rats are the size of Chihuahuas.

Miller: The Miller bade the woman adio, and walked two blocks past the butcher shop, turned right at the wishing well, traveled until he came to Mr. Tubbs Pie Shop, and took a left. At the Candle Makers he went up the hill, traveled past Jack and Jill's place and, when around the corner, just as the clock in the tower struck twelve...

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: Could you strike the gong twelve times *{to one side of audience}*? Everyone else count 1-2-3...Just then the castle's drawbridge lowered and the King's Heralds sounded their trumpets *{to two children in audience}* You two look like good Herald material, here's a hat, and a trumpet [kazoos} for each of you. Now blow; da-da-da-dee. Now every time you hear the line; the King's Heralds sounded their trumpets, you stand up and blow your trumpet, o.k.? O.k., here we go...The King's Heralds sounded their trumpets, *{kazoo-da-da-da-dee}*.

King: And the King appeared. My good man, why do you wish an audience with me? And you better not waste my time or you shall never see the light of day again, for I shall throw you into the dungeon where the rats are the size of Cairn Terriers!

Miller: I am but a poor Miller and I was seeking an audience with you in hopes that you would buy some of my flour.

King: What do I need with your flour? My royal bakery has the best flour in all the kingdom. You are wasting my time!

Miller: Oh please, your magnificence, your grace, your royal kingship, just try some of my daughter's goodies and you're sure to see they are the best in the whole kingdom.

King: The King, being a very gluttonous man, devoured the last of the Miller's daughter's goodies. That was quite tasty. What other talents does your daughter possess?

Miller: The Miller could think of none.

King: You are wasting my time! Send him to the dungeons where the rats are the size of Pekinese dogs!

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: The King's Heralds sounded their trumpets... (*kazoos*)

Miller: The Miller shook in his boots, not wanting to never see the light of day again, and being afraid of rats the size of Pekinese dogs, the Miller shouted out; Your Kingship, my daughter has but one other talent, she can spin straw into gold!

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: Of course this was not true.

King: The King, being a very greedy man said; This is talent I should like to see. Bring your daughter here to me tomorrow morning and I shall put her to the test.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1:
The King's Heralds sounded their trumpets... (*kazoos*)

King: And the King took his leave.

Miller: Oh dear, what have I done?

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: Said the Miller.

Miller: The Miller hurried home. As it grew dark he heard the sounds of owls in the trees (*whooo-who*). The Miller grew scared and ran faster. He ran past Farmer Brown who said...

Farmer Brown: Howdy!

Miller: The Miller ran past the turkeys who flapped their wings and went...(*gobble, gobble*). He ran over the hill past the pasture where the cows were eating the lush green grass and said...(*moo-moo*). He leapt past the pigs wailing in the mud and, the pigs said...(*oink, oink*).

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: When he arrived home the clock in the church steeple was striking ten...(*gong, 1,2,3...*). The Miller explained to his daughter the great lie he had told the King; Oh, dearest daughter, I have told the King you can spin straw into gold. If he finds out the truth, we shall never see the light of day again, and he will throw us into the dungeons where the rats are the size of Pekinese dogs!

Miller's Daughter: WHAT! Oh dear oh me oh my, oh father what have you done? Oh dear oh me oh my.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: The next morning when the roosters crowed (*crows*)...and the dogs barked (*bark*). There was a knock at the door. The King's Heralds sounded their trumpets...(*kazoos*).

Miller's Daughter: And the Miller's Daughter opened the door and...

Page: She was greeted by the Royal Page. I have come to tarry you forth to the King, for he wishes to see for himself, the miracle you can perform, the turning of straw into gold. And he wants to taste some more of your goodies.

Miller's Daughter: The Miller's daughter gathered up a basket of goodies and rode on with the page. They rode past the turkeys who flapped their wings and said...{*gobble-gobble*}. They rode past the pasture where the cows were eating the lush green grass and the cows said...{*moo-moo*}. They rode on until they passed the pigs wallowing in the mud and the pigs said; {*oink-oink*}. Presently, they came upon the woodcutters who went {*chop, chop timber*}. They saw Farmer Brown working in the field and he said; {*Howdy!*}

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: They rode over the river and through the woods past grandmother's house, who had recently been eaten by a wolf, when they reached the castle of the King, the King's Herald's sounded their trumpets. (*kazoos*)

King: The King appeared. He led the Miller's Daughter into a room full of straw. {*Stage whisper*} Where's the straw?

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 2: It was in the other car. Here's a box of straws from the cafeteria. It was the only kind of straw I could find.

King: I guess it will do. The King led the Miller's Daughter into a room filled with straws from the royal cafeteria and gave her a wheel and a spindle and said; Now get to work and if by early morning thou hath not spun every piece of ...cafeteria straw into gold, thou shall be sent to the dungeon where there are rats are the size of Boston Terriers, and thou shall never see the light of day! And he...

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: Shut the door!

Miller's Daughter: And left her there alone. The Miller's Daughter could not think of what to do. She had no notion of how to spin wool into yarn, much less straws into gold. Oh dear oh me oh my, whatever shall I do? Oh dear oh me oh my what will become of me? Oh dear oh me oh my (*to audience*) do any of you know how to spin straws into gold? Her distress grew so great that she began to weep. She cried louder, oh dear oh me oh my, and louder, oh dear oh me oh my! Oh dear...

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: Then all at once the door opened.

Rumplestiltskin: And in popped a comical little man who said; Good evening Miller's daughter. Why are you crying?

Miller's Daughter: Oh dear oh me oh my, I have to spin this box of straws from the royal cafeteria into gold and I don't know how.

Rumplestiltskin: Spin straws from the royal cafeteria into gold? Asked the little man.

Miller's Daughter: Yes, If I don't complete this task by morning I shall be taken to the dungeon and I shall never see the light of day again. Oh dear oh me oh my, oh, comical little man you wouldn't perhaps know how to spin straw into gold?

Rumplestiltskin: Perhaps...my card.

Miller's Daughter: Comical Little Man Who Can Spin Straws From the Royal Cafeteria Into Gold. Oh dear oh me oh my! Could you perhaps just spin a few straws into gold?

Rumplestiltskin: mayoc...

Miller's Daughter: Oh dear oh me oh my, if you would I shall be ever so grateful.

Rumplestiltskin: What would you give me if I were to spin these straws into gold?

Miller's Daughter: The ribbon from my hair?

Rumplestiltskin: NO!

Miller's Daughter: My goodies?

Rumplestiltskin: Let me see them.

Miller's Daughter: The Miller's daughter showed the little man her goodies.

Rumplestiltskin: Unfortunately for the Miller's daughter the basket was filled with strawberry tarts. Sorry, I'm allergic to strawberries. How about that necklace?

Miller's Daughter: Oh dear oh me oh my, not my necklace! It was given to me by my poor grandmother just before she was eaten by a wolf. Oh dear oh me oh my, whatever shall I do?

Rumplestiltskin: Well, I guess I'll be going now. But I heard that the rats in the dungeon are the size of poodles.

Miller's Daughter: Oh dear oh me oh my, rats the size of poodles! The Miller's daughter didn't care for poodles with their yappy barks, much less rats the size of poodles with little bows on their ears. Alright, you have an agreement. One necklace in exchange for spinning all these straws into gold, every last one.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: And they shook hands to seal the bargain. But the Miller's daughter, who did not want to give up her precious necklace, hid a handful of straw in her goodie basket when the comical little man was not looking.

Miller's Daughter: Oh dear oh me oh my, is that a spider?

Rumplestiltskin: Where?

Miller's Daughter: Over there on that tuffet.

Rumplestiltskin: I don't see a spider.

Miller's Daughter: Oh dear oh me oh my, my mistake.

Rumplestiltskin: The comical little man seated himself before the wheel, and whir, whir, whir, three times around and the bobbin was full. He went on until morning when all the straws had been spun into gold.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: The next morning, when the roosters crowed (*crow*) and the dogs barked (*bark*), the Miller's daughter woke up.

Rumplestiltskin: I have completed my task, now give me the necklace in agreement to our bargain.

Miller's Daughter: Oh dear oh me oh my, what have we here? And she produced the handful of straws hidden among her goodies. I believe our agreement was that every last one of the straws was to be spun into gold. It seems you missed this handful. So I guess the necklace is still mine.

Rumplestiltskin: The comical little man grew quite angry at being tricked, and stomped out of the room.

Miller's Daughter: The Miller's daughter was feeling very full of herself for tricking the comical little man, when suddenly, the King's Heralds sounded their trumpets (*kazoos*).

King: The King returned and when he saw the gold he was astonished and very rejoicing. For he was a very greedy man.

Miller's Daughter: Now may I go home?

King: Not so fast. You were to spin every last straw into gold. It seems you missed this handful.

Miller's Daughter: Oh dear oh me oh my. He had the Miller's daughter taken into another room filled with straws from the royal cafeteria.

King: The King told her that if she wanted to see the light of day again, and not be taken to the dungeon where there were rats the size of Cocker Spaniels she must spin all the straw into gold. When she wasn't looking he hid a handful of straws under his crown. Now, I suggest you get to work. And the King's Heralds sounded their trumpets (*kazoos*). And the King gave a hardy chuckle and took his leave.

Miller's Daughter: Oh dear oh me oh my, whatever shall I do? I wonder where the comical little man is? Oh comical little man, where are you?

Rumplestiltskin: Just then, the comical little man re-appeared. He looked around and said; I know, I know, you need to spin all these straws into gold or else you'll not see the light of day again, and be taken to the dungeon where there are rats the size of Cocker Spaniels. But, in order for me to do this, I want the ribbon from your hair, your necklace, the ring from your finger, and all your goodies. And I want it all before I start to work, you'll not trick me again.

Miller's Daughter: Oh dear oh me oh my, the Miller's daughter didn't have a choice, for she was deathly afraid of Cocker Spaniels much less, rats of their size. So she gave the comical little man all he asked for. Here is the ribbon from my hair, the necklace given to me by my poor grandmother just before she was eaten by a wolf, the ring from my finger, and my precious goodies.

Rumplestiltskin: After receiving payment the comical little man began again to send the wheel whirling around. By the next morning, all the straws were spun into glittering gold. When he was finished, the comical little man left before the Miller's daughter could trick him again.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: At daybreak, the roosters crowed {*crow*}, and the dogs barked {*bark*}, and the Miller's daughter awoke.

Miller's Daughter: Oh dear oh me oh my, where is the comical little man?

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: Suddenly, the King's Heralds sounded their trumpets (*kazoos*), and the King appeared and rejoiced beyond measure at the sight.

Miller's Daughter: Now may I go home?

King: Wait a minute, not so fast. What is this? Said the King, as he produced the straws hidden under his crown. It seems you missed a few.

Miller's Daughter: Oh dear oh me oh my, please don't put me into the dungeon where I'll never see the light of day again, and there are rats the size of Collies!

King: Rats the size of Collies? Oh dear oh me oh my, very well.

Miller's Daughter: And he had the Miller's daughter taken into a still larger room filled with more boxes of straws from the royal cafeteria.

King: This too must be spun in one night, and if you accomplish it, you shall be my wife. For he thought, although she is but a Miller's daughter, I am not likely to find anyone richer in the whole wide world. And she has such tasty goodies.

Miller's Daughter: The Miller's daughter agreed, for, being the wife of the King sounded like a much better job than being the daughter of a Miller. She had nothing to lose, for she had already lost her ribbon, her necklace; given to her by her grandmother just before she was eaten by a wolf, her ring, and her precious goodies.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: The King's Heralds sounded their trumpets (*kazoos*), and the King took his leave.

Miller's Daughter: As soon as the girl was left alone.

Rumplestiltskin: The comical little man appeared for the third time and said; What will you give me this time if I spin all these straws into gold?

Miller's Daughter: Oh dear oh me oh my, I have given you the ribbon from my hair, my necklace; given to me by my grandmother just before she was eaten by a wolf, the ring from my finger, and all my luscious goodies. Oh dear oh me oh my, I have nothing left to give you.

Rumplestiltskin: Then you must promise me the first child you have after you are Queen.

Miller's Daughter: Oh dear oh me oh my, but who knows if this will happen? Thought the girl. As she did not know what else to do, she promised the comical little man what he desired. Oh dear oh me oh my, o.k., let's shake on it.

Rumplestiltskin: Not so fast.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: And suddenly, the comical little man's lawyer appeared with a contract.

Lawyer: This contract is an agreement by the party of the first part, hereby known as the comical little man, and the party of the second part hereby known as the Miller's daughter. This agreement reads as follows: the party of the first part agrees to spin one roomful of straw into gold, in exchange for the party of the second part's first born child, if, and when, she becomes queen. Sign here, and here, and initial here, here, and here.

Rumplestiltskin: The comical little man signed the contract.

Lawyer: Now you, Miss.

Miller's Daughter: Oh dear oh me oh my, I'd like an escape clause. Which she wrote into the contract in very, very, very small print.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: The comical little man agreed to the escape clause. Because it was written so small, he could not read it, as he had forgotten his reading glasses. The contract was signed by two witnesses. *(From audience)* You sign here, and here, and you sign here and here. And a seal was placed upon the contract. *(Beanie Baby Seal)*

Rumplestiltskin: The comical little man began to spin until all was turned into gold.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: In the morning the roosters crowed *{crow}*, and the dogs barked *{bark}*, and the King's Herald sounded their trumpets. *{kazooos}*

King: The king found that all was done according to his wishes and thus, caused the wedding to be held at once.

Miller's Daughter: And the Miller's pretty daughter became a Queen. In a year's time *{rip pages from calendar}* she brought a fine child into the world and thought no more about the comical little man.

Rumplestiltskin: But one day, he suddenly came into her room and said; Give me what you promised me.

Miller's Daughter: Oh dear oh me oh my, the Queen was terrified and offered the little man all the riches of the kingdom if he would only leave the child alone, oh dear oh me oh my.

Rumplestiltskin: No, I would rather have the child than all the riches in the world. For I am lonely and a child would keep me company. I can spin straw into gold, but I cannot spin gold into a child. Besides, you signed a contract. The party of the first part agrees to spin one roomful of straw into gold in exchange for the party of the second part's first born child if, and when, she becomes Queen. I've come to collect my child, sweetie.

Miller's Daughter: Oh dear oh me oh my,...but the Queen remembered the escape clause. Read further said the queen.

Rumplestiltskin: The comical little man did so; when the party of the first part comes to collect the child from the party of the second part, if the party of the second part can guess

the name of the party of the first part within three days, the contract is null, and void. Alright, you have three days to find out my name and if at the end of that time you cannot tell me my name, you must give me the child. And with that the little man disappeared.

Miller's Daughter: Oh dear oh me oh my, the Queen spent the whole night thinking over all the names that she had ever heard.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: The next morning when the rooster crowed {*crow*}, and the dogs barked {*bark*}, the King's Heralds sounded their trumpets {*kazoos*}. The Queen sent forth a messenger throughout the land to ask far and wide for all the names that could be found. The messengers rode past Farmer Brown who was working in his field and said; {*Howdy!*}. They rode on and passed the woodcutters who said; {*chop, chop timber*}. On they rode till they came to the pigs wallowing in the mud and said; {*oink, oink*}. Their journey took them over the hill past the green pasture where the cows were eating the lush green grass and the cows said; {*moo*}. Finally, they passed the turkeys who flapped their wings and said; {*gobble, gobble*}. They rode all night collecting names for the Queen.

Rumplestiltskin: When the comical little man returned the next day...

Miller's Daughter: The Queen repeated all the names she knew, starting with Ace.

Rumplestiltskin: The comical little man said; That is not my name.

Miller's Daughter: Bruce, Charlie, Donald, Eric, Frank, Gene, Harry, Ike, Jake, Ken, Larry, Mark, Nick, Opie, Paul, Peter, Quincy, Robert, Sam, Tommy, Ulsslyes, Vinnie, William, Xavier, Yogi. Oh dear oh me oh my. The Queen had reached the last name on the list. Is your name Zeck?

Rumplestiltskin: That is not my name. Better luck tomorrow, and with that, he vanished.

Miller: The second day the Queen sent the messengers to enquire of all the neighbors what their servants were called. They once again rode past Farmer Brown who said {*Howdy!*}, the woodcutters who said {*chop, chop timber*}, the pigs who said {*oink, oink*}, the cows who said {*moo*}, and the turkeys who said {*gobble, gobble*}.

Rumplestiltskin: The next morning when the roosters crowed {*crow*}, and the dogs barked {*bark*}, the comical little man returned. Oh, Queenie, Queenie, Queenie...can you guess my name?

Miller's Daughter: The Queen read a list of the most unusual names. Oh dear oh me oh my, perhaps you are called, Space-Ace, Dog-Breath, Rib-Roast, or Sponge-Cake, or Cow-Patty, or {*teacher's name*}?

Rumplestiltskin: The comical little man laughed. That is not my name. Who would have such a silly name? One day left.

Miller: The third day the messenger came back again and said; I have not been able to find one single new name, but, as I passed through the woods, I came to a high hill and near it was a little house. Before the house burned a fire, and around the fire danced a comical little man. He hopped on one leg and sang...

Rumplestiltskin: Today I bake, tomorrow I brew. The day after that the queen's child comes in, And oh! I am glad nobody knew that the name I am called is Rumplestiltskin!

Miller's Daughter: You cannot think how pleased the Queen was to hear that name.

Rumplestiltskin: And so, afterwards, the comical little man walked in and said; Now, Mrs. Queen, what is my name?

Miller's Daughter: Are you called Pauley?

Rumplestiltskin: No.

Miller's Daughter: Are you called Dan?

Rumplestiltskin: No, that is not my name.

Miller's Daughter: Are you called Barbie?

Rumplestiltskin: No, you will never guess, give me the child.

Miller's Daughter: Then, perhaps your name is, everyone? RUMPLESTILTSKIN!...

Rumplestiltskin: Who told you that? WHO TOLD YOU THAT?! Cried the comical little man. And in his anger he left the castle and stomped past Farmer Brown; *{Howdy!}*, past the cows who said; *{moo}*. Past the turkeys who said; *{gobble, gobble}*. Past the King's Heralds who sounded their trumpets *{kazoos}*, and the comical little man was never heard from again.

Magic Theatre Trunk Tech 1: And thus ends *The Tale of Rumplestiltskin*.

CURTAIN

PRODUCTION NOTES:

Everything that is needed for this production comes out of the 2'x2'x3' Magic Theatre Trunk. The playing space can be as small as 10'x 10'. The production can be presented in classrooms, theatres, gyms or playgrounds. The cast can be a mixture of ages and sexes.

