

Dialogue Sample from RUMPELSTILTSKIN

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[The greedy king locks ALANA in her chamber and orders her to spin straw into gold.]

(SHE lies down on straw and cries as SHE goes to sleep. Pile of straw begins to move. A foot pops through and wiggles. A hand appears, scratches the foot and then disappears. RUMPELSTILTSKIN enters, backside leading. Holding a finger under his nose, HE stifles a sneeze. HE sees ALANA sleeping, spins the wheel, chuckling, and then tickles ALANA with blade of straw, waking her. As SHE is about to scream, RUMPELSTILTSKIN silences her by putting his finger to her lips.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

In the dark your tears began,
one, two, three.
A thousand fell, 'Tis the River Grief!"
"Come, come," it called to me.
A trail of salt, a path of woe
I followed to this place.
I'm here. Take heart. You called?
Ask all.
The task? 'Tis great? Not much
I'll take.

ALANA

Who?! Who are you?! Where did you come from?!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

The hour is late.
Your need is great.
Don't hesitate.
Talk man to man,
Though we are nought.
No time to rhyme.
All can be bought.

ALANA

Bought?... but ... but I have nothing ... nothing!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

Maiden, stop your stammering.
At our door they will be hammering.
The sun will be rising
And I'll be no wiser.
Let me help you in your plight
While we have our friend - the night.
Simply, slowly,
Now tell me, boldly.

ALANA

I ... I must spin this straw - this chamber full of straw - into
gold or ... or ...

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

Or ... or ...
Tell me more.

ALANA

Or tomorrow I must ... die.

(RUMPELSTILTSKIN stares at her without emotion.
Suddenly HE grabs a bundle of straw, holding
it like a baby, dancing and laughing madly.
ALANA cowers, terrified, in corner.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

Oh, forgive me, my dear. On such joyous occasions ...
(Seeing her terrified and bewildered expression,
HE alters his mood.)
... or, in the most tragic and tearful entanglements, I find a
jig, a jaunt, a joyous tune clears the head and lets the heart
find its way. Do I make myself clear?

ALANA

I'm ... I'm afraid not.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

Well, the point is, my dear, you are in a pickle. That is to say,
a briny predicament, a perilous position ... But hopeless? No.

ALANA

No?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

No, no, no. You and I must have hope. Dreams can come true as the fairy tales instruct us. But you are not dreaming, my dear.

(HE pinches ALANA who cries out.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN (Continued)

Life is painful, yes? Sacrifices must be made. Hope is at hand. And so on. And so on.

ALANA

I do not understand.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

No? Well, that brings us to the subject of talent. And I have many. Spinning?... Spinning ...

ALANA

Is it possible you have a talent ... for spinning? Spinning straw into gold?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

It's possible. It's probable. But what's the price of such an undertaking? Takes its toll - this talent. 'Tis a task requiring ...

(HE looks her in the eye and presents his empty hand.)

... payment.

ALANA

I ... have ... nothing ... nothing ...

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

(HE gasps, amazed as if just discovering.)

You have a golden ring upon that tiny finger!

ALANA

(Confused)

Yes ... but ... you would spin a roomful of gold for this little ring?

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

(Brusquely)

Call me sentimental. And give me the ring. Now sleep.

ALANA

You can do it? I'm so grateful ...

(Growing sleepy)
... so grateful ...

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

Don't thank me too soon
'Til you see a room
Gleaming and glistening.
My dear, are you listening?

Sleep!

(ALANA fights sleep as if overtaken but succumbs and lies in the straw.)

RUMPELSTILTSKIN (Continued)

All that glitters is not gold
Tells the rhyme from days
of old.
Gold warms not this
beating heart.
Not gold but life ... life
lights the dark.

(RUMPELSTILTSKIN begins to spin. A strand of gold appears. HE laughs and pounds his foot on the pedal as the lights fade.)

END OF SCENE 3