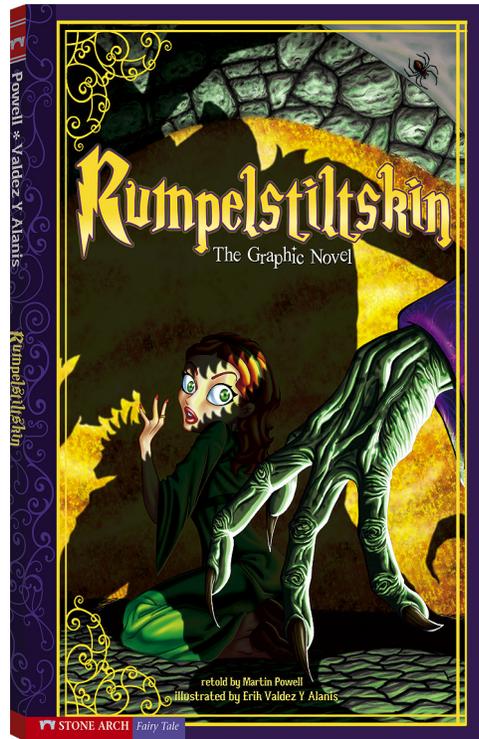




READER'S THEATER



Rumpelstiltskin retold by Martin Powell

Characters: Daniel, the Miller
Rumpelstiltskin
Mirabelle
King Konrad
Narrator

Genre: Fairy Tale

Ages: 8-13

Rumpelstiltskin page 1

Narrator: Once upon a time . . .

King Konrad: Daniel, the miller, you have been found guilty of stealing. Do you have anything to say before I give your punishment?

Daniel, the miller: Please, your highness! Please forgive me! Don't send me to prison! I can repay my debt. I'll give you ten times more than what I stole!

King Konrad: Explain yourself.

Daniel, the miller: My young daughter, sire! She can spin pure gold from straw!

King Konrad: Gold from straw, you say? Allow the girl to approach the throne.

Mirabelle: I am Mirabelle, the miller's daughter, your majesty. Please have mercy on him.

King Konrad: If he speaks the truth, he has nothing to fear. Can you spin gold from straw? Think well before you answer. Lying has a punishment far worse than prison. Now, can you spin gold from straw?

Mirabelle: I will try, my king.

Narrator: Mirabelle now faced the same punishment as her father. The king was awaiting his gold, and Mirabelle couldn't disappoint him.

Mirabelle: Oh, Father! Why did you lie? Turning straw into gold is impossible! It's hopeless.

Rumpelstiltskin: Looks like you could use a friend.

Mirabelle: Ahh! What are you?

Rumpelstiltskin: Your hero. If you'll allow me to be, my lady.

Mirabelle: You are kind, but my problem is hopeless. The king has ordered me to spin gold from this straw before sunrise.

Rumpelstiltskin: Ah, and what would you be willing to pay for such a miracle?

Rumpelstiltskin page 2

- Mirabelle:** I don't have much. This necklace was a gift from my father.
- Rumpelstiltskin:** It's a deal!
- Mirabelle:** What are you going to do?
- Rumpelstiltskin:** Just stay over there, out of my way. This won't take long!
- Narrator:** The next morning, the king came to inspect Mirabelle's work.
- King Konrad:** I didn't believe it was possible! Your father promised to repay ten times what he owes. You've almost done that in one evening. Only one more night at the spinning wheel should clear the debt!
- Mirabelle:** As you command, your majesty.
- Narrator:** The girl could not dream of how she might deliver more gold spun from straw. Now the king himself dreamed of more than just her gold. That evening, Mirabelle sat at the spinning wheel again.
- Mirabelle:** What will I do now?
- Rumpelstiltskin:** Dry your tears, my lady.
- Mirabelle:** You're here!
- Rumpelstiltskin:** Of course. Hmm, this is a lot more straw. I'm afraid this will cost you more than the first time.
- Mirabelle:** You may have this ring. It belonged to my mother.
- Rumpelstiltskin:** It's a bargain! Yes, and a perfect fit!
- Narrator:** At sunrise the next morning, the king and his guards came to see what Mirabelle had done.
- Mirabelle:** Here is your gold, as you wished, my king.
- King Konrad:** Amazing! We'll need an army to carry it all! Come and walk with me, Mirabelle. I've one more task of you.

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- Mirabelle:** I believe my father's debt has been paid, your majesty.
- King Konrad:** Yes, but once more and you can both be free. Behold!
- Narrator:** The king led Mirabelle into a large barn filled to the rafters with straw.
- King Konrad:** This shall be magic indeed!
- Narrator:** That night, Mirabelle is not alone for long.
- Mirabelle:** You have my necklace and my ring. I have nothing else to give you.
- Rumpelstiltskin:** I wouldn't say that. Someday you might be rich. You might even be queen! If such a day ever comes, say a year from now, would you be willing to pay my price?
- Mirabelle:** Yes, of course, but —
- Rumpelstiltskin:** Done! Remember, you promised!
- Narrator:** The next morning, King Konrad was amazed at all the gold Mirabelle had spun from straw.
- King Konrad:** Incredible! I can hardly believe my eyes!
- Mirabelle:** Seeing is believing, your majesty. Mt father's debt has been paid, and yet you keep me here to feed your greed for gold. Must I stay a prisoner forever?
- King Konrad:** I kept you with me longer than necessary, but it was not because of the gold.
- Mirabelle;** Then why?
- King Konrad:** Don't you see? I love you. Mirabelle, please forgive me. I'll give all the gold to the poor if only you'll be my queen.
- Mirabelle:** What can I say? Except, yes.
- Narrator:** Touched by his kind heart, Mirabelle became his queen.

Rumpelstiltskin page 4

Narrator: Soon after, King Konrad gave all of the spun gold to the poor. The kingdom became the richest, and the happiest, in all the world. The king never again asked his queen to spin straw from gold. Mirabelle's beauty, and the birth of their princess was magic enough for them. Almost a whole year had passed since Mirabelle had become a queen. But then . . .

Rumpelstiltskin: In three days, it will have been a year! What have you brought me?

Mirabelle: What are you talking about?

Rumpelstiltskin: Is it a boy or a girl? Doesn't matter. Either will do nicely. Hand it over!

Mirabelle: My baby? I never agreed that you could have my baby!

Rumpelstiltskin: Ah, but you did! You agreed to pay my price a year after you became queen.

Mirabelle: No! You tricked me! You cannot have her!!

Rumpelstiltskin: Oh, but I will. In three days she'll be mine!

What will Mirabelle do? Will she be forced to give her baby to Rumpelstiltskin to pay her debt? To find out, read *Rumpelstiltskin: The Graphic Novel* from Stone Arch Books.

THE END