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Dramatic Publishing



Rumple Schmumple

by
Megan Gogerty

From...

35 in 10

Thirty-Five Ten-Minute Plays

Compiled and Edited

KENT R. BROWN



Dramatic Publishing

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RUMPLE SCHMUMPLE

By
Megan Gogerty

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Rumple Schmumple was a finalist in the 2003 Kennedy Center/ACTF National Ten-Minute Play Festival and premiered at Dad's Garage Theatre Company in Atlanta, Ga. It was directed by Sean Daniels, and featured Alison Hastings and Geoff Uterhardt. It also received a Write Angle Productions Ten-Minute Play Award in 2003.

CHARACTERS

QUEEN: A queen.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN: A funny-looking little man.

SETTING: A royal nursery room in a tall tower.

TIME: A long time ago.

RUMPLE SCHMUMPLE

AT THE CURTAIN: *The QUEEN is guessing.*

QUEEN. Are you Carl?

RUMPLESTILTSKIN. No.

QUEEN. Shifty?

RUMPLESTILTSKIN. No.

QUEEN. Needle Nose Pliers?

RUMPLESTILTSKIN. No.

QUEEN. Philomena?

RUMPLESTILTSKIN. No.

QUEEN. Randy?

RUMPLESTILTSKIN. No.

QUEEN. Jean-Luc Picard of the Starship Enterprise?

RUMPLESTILTSKIN. No.

QUEEN. Rumplestiltskin?

RUMPLESTILTSKIN. What?

QUEEN. Forget it, that's a dumb one. Betharina?

RUMPLESTILTSKIN. No.

QUEEN. Bethlehem?

RUMPLESTILTSKIN. No.

QUEEN. Bethanphetamine?

RUMPLESTILTSKIN. No.

QUEEN. Gee, this is hard. Give me a hint.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN. No.

QUEEN. Come on.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN. Forget it.

QUEEN. Okay, fine. I give up. Here. (*Hands the baby over to RUMPLESTILTSKIN.*) She needs feeding every

two hours. I've already pumped, so she's set for the next day or so, but then you'll have to switch to formula. Cloth diapers give her a rash, so I use disposable. I know, it's hard on the environment, but tough rocks, I have a life, you know?

RUMPLESTILTSKIN. Uh...

QUEEN. Be sure to give her a good burping after meals too. Spit-up is inevitable, so if I were you, I'd invest in some good washable knitwear.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN. Wait.

QUEEN. She can't go anywhere without her blankie, or she makes the most ear-splitting noise. Also, she's a biter.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN. Wait! Don't you want to guess some more?

QUEEN. No, I told you, I give up. Take her talking Elmo doll. She's not that attached to it, but it drives me crazy, so you might as well.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN. You're supposed to keep guessing, remember? I spin straw into gold, you promise first-born baby, I give you name-guessing loophole. That was the agreement.

QUEEN. What's it been, three days? I know when I'm licked. Here's the bottle sanitizer, and her pacifier. It's shaped like a lady's nipple!

RUMPLESTILTSKIN. Slow down. Let's think about this.

QUEEN. She's got some books that make animal noises somewhere...

RUMPLESTILTSKIN. You don't want to do this.

QUEEN. Yes, I do. Fair's fair.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN. No, it isn't. This is your firstborn baby.