

Witches & Rumplestiltskin

THE QUEEN

What is the meaning of this?!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

Ahh!!

He drops the princess 'puppet' he was dancing with and begins to drag it over to his desk.

LADY DAMARA

He's playing with his dolls again.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

Ah! Hello, ladies. I mean, your queen. *Queens, sorry, plural...* I mean, your worshipful-nesses.

Rumpelstiltskin performs a deep, contrite bow.

MADAME CARABOSSE

Hold your tongue, worm.

LADY DAMARA

We'll let you know when you can speak.

The Queen sees the magic objects.

THE QUEEN

(gasp) The magic objects! You have them!

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

Yes! Yes, yes, yes, very successful, very successful indeed. They were there, there *I* was, and here they are! You said to wait for an opportunity and one presented itself, just as you said it would. And no one saw, hee hee, no one saw me take the *wretched magic items* and steal them for my very own!!

The witches shift their collective weight and stare.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

I mean...ours. Of course, ours. That's what I meant to say, "Ours."

They shift and stare again.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

(pouting) I meant *yours*.

LADY DAMARA

Hand them over, troll.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN

I was hoping to make just one tiny, small, very little, itty bitty change on my own? Before parting with them?

They slowly lean in at him.

Rumpelstiltskin begrudgingly hands over the pen, the scroll, and the inkwell. The witches take them and begin to cackle with laughter, first low, then bigger, feigning pointing the objects at each other and controlling one another's movements.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN

So, since I got them, I was the one...you know, who actually *took* them...I suppose my work here is done? *(changing his voice)* I'll take the happy ending you promised.

A huge sweep of wind, thunder, lightning, lights flash, it's suddenly terrible – Rumpelstiltskin falls prostrate on the ground.

THE QUEEN

(suddenly fierce, bellowing) Remember your place, you runt!

RUMPLESTILTSKIN

(shouting over the din) But you promised an ending for me! A happy one.

MADAME CARABOSSE

(equally as ferocious) Not! Yet!

The storm subsides.

MADAME CARABOSSE

(a bit calmer) We have...plans. Oh yes. We have plans.

LADY DAMARA

And those *plans* may or may not include you, little fellow. It is for us to decide...

THE QUEEN

...and for you to find out. When we're good and ready. But for now...bring me a story.

Rumpelstiltskin clambers over to his desk, snatches a bundle of bound pages, and brings them to The Queen, who snatches them out of his hands.

THE QUEEN

Ah! Well, isn't this ironic. This one stars...*me!* *(lifting the pen)* Let us begin with...Snow White!!