## Rump and Ugla

Parts (6): Narrator 1 Narrator 2 Rump Minister of the King Ugla Miller

- Narrator 1: Here we are with another adventure in the world of fantasy.
- Narrator 2: In this story, of course, there is the Minister of the King There's always a King (KING WAVES), a poor miller (MILLER WAVES), and his unusual daughter Ugla (UGLA WAVES).
- Narrator 1: The Miller has some business with the King's Minister.
- Miller: Your gracious Minister (MILLER BOWS), I beg that thou wouldest hearest minest words.
- Minister: Don't give me that fairy tale language, buddy. I mean, speak plainly!
- Miller: 0.K. Listen, buster, I got this daughter here. . . Ugla, get your little rear end over here! Well, this is my daughter--beauty in its rarest form.
- Minister: (TO AUDIENCE) If she's rare, I'd hate to see one that was well cooked! Oh, yes, what can she do besides stand there being rare--I mean, a rare beauty?
- Miller: Ah, well, let's see--she can eat Oreos and never even open the package; she can beat anyone in eating salami sandwiches, and she can even ride her bike with only five people helping her and eight training wheels....
- Ugla: Put her there, Pop, you old bag of bones. You really told that old coot!
- Minister: I find you, sir disgusting, and your daughter utterly ugly and untalented. I will give you no more of the kingdom's business unless you make it up to me for wasting my important time. Why,... I am late to my appointment with the royal blacksmith. He's painting my horse's hooves to match my eyes!
- Ugla: Yeah, he'd have to paint them red.
- Miller: Well, I wasn't going to tell you this, but my daughter, uh, well she....
- Minister: I'll have no more of your lies.
- Miller: Well, she spins gold out of straw!
- Minister: Holy bananas! Is this so?
- Ugla: (TO HER FATHER) Pop, you lied. I can't even <i>pick up</i> straw without eating it!
- Miller: Yes, it's true, she does it well. Just give her some straw and you'll be a rich man. Come on, kid, let's split!
- Minister: Not so fast! Ugla, report to me tomorrow morning and I'll have some straw and we'll see what you can do. If you can't spin gold for me in one day, your father will be severely punished!

Miller: Oh, horror! Not that! Ugla will do anything you tell her!

Ugla:	But Pops, I've got football practice tomorrow
Miller:	You'll have to fake it and spin gold like I said you could.
Ugla:	I sure hope some miracle happens (TO AUDIENCE) It will, it's a play!
Narrator 2:	Poor Ugla
Ugla:	Oh, shucks, I have to spin. In this life you can never win. I'd rather play any day instead of spinning god out of dumb old hay (CRIES).
Scene 2	
Narrator 1:	The next day, poor Ugla was up at the crack of dawn, earlier than the chickens.
Narrator 2:	And she ought to knowshe slept in the chicken coop all night!
Narrator 1:	Now she is all alone in the room the King's Minester has to have her spin straw into gold.
Ugla:	Look at this stufflow quality straw (CHEWS SOME). I don't know what to do. What's this contraption? Oh, it's a spinning wheel. Oh, boy, am I in a mess!
Rump:	Oh, boy, are you in a mess! Listen, sweety, little old me has the answer. I just happen to be the Number 1 magic straw spinner in the whole kingdom.
Ugla:	Yeah, right. And I suppose you're an elf, too!
Rump:	As a matter of fact I'm known as(TO AUDIENCE) We'll learn my name later, folks.
Ugla:	Well, if you think you're a magic elf, then do your thing and save my father from punishment.
Rump:	What will you give me for doing this?
Ugla:	How about a big kiss? How about a little handshake? All right, elfie, you can have my necklace here from Disneyland.
Rump:	Oh, boy, M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E.
Narrator 2:	The elf spun and spun until all the straw turned to gold.
Ugla:	Looks like spray paint and glitter to me.
Narrator 1:	The old elf leaves with the necklace in hand.
Minister:	Well, Ugla, job well done! Since you're so hot at this, here is another load of straw to spin. I LOVE GOLD! Remember, you must do this or your old Pops will be greatly punished.
Ugla:	Oh, boy, here we go again. This is a real drag. Not even a Coke machine in this place.
Rump:	Ugla, here I am again: Super Elf! What'll I get this time for saving your old Pops?

- Ugla: I'll give you this ring from Sea World.
- Rump: Yeah! Shamu for Mayor!
- Ugla: The things you have to put up with in Fairy Tales these days!
- Narrator 2: Once again, the elf spins the straw into gold and leaves with his prize ring.
- Minister: Why, Ugla, you're making me rich, but it's not enough. I want more, MORE, MORE. Gold is my only true love. Oh, how I love gold. Here's some more straw, you little wench. Get to work or it's all over for your dear old father.
- Narrator 1: The minister rubs his hands greedily, and leaves, snickering.
- Ugla: Well, I think I'll just wait for the little elf to come back.
- Narrator 2: She didn't have long to wait.
- Rump: Here I am again, Ugla. I know the drill. What do I get this time?
- Ugla: Oh, my stars and garters! I have nothing more to give!
- Rump: I have an idea! Let's suppose you were to marry the King and have a baby! Promise you will give the baby to me and I will help you as before.
- Ugla: But a King would never marry me! And a baby . . . ? Oh, boy. O.K. I promise.
- Rump: You know, the next time we do this, let's get an electric spinning wheel. This is a cheap model.
- Narrator 2: The old elf quickly finishes his job and once again, leaves happily. The Minister arrives shortly and stares greedily at the pile of gold.
- Minister: Ugla, you may go for now. I am now the richest man in the whole kingdom. Whoopee!
- Ugla: Right. I'm going home.
- Scene 3
- Narrator 1: To make a long story short, Ugla went home through the Royal Garden and passed by some of the most unusual looking species of flowers . . .
- Narrator 2: And there, amid the flowers was the most handsome man she had ever seen.
- Ugla: Oh, handsome man
- Narrator 1: she said.
- Ugla: Will you marry me?
- Narrator 2: The sight of Ugla made the man speechless for life and all he could in his condition was nod his head.
- Narrator 1: And guess who that man was. None other than the King!
- Narrator 2: Ugla became the queen and off they went together just like in the movies....well,

almost.

Scene 4

- Narrator 1: Now Ungla and the King have been married for a long time and at last a baby is born.
- Ugla: Now, baby, be good. I have to sit here a while and make up some more plays for the Royal Football Team.
- Narrator 2: Suddenly, out of nowhere, (where else?) appears the elf.

Rump: Why, look at this, the Queen and her child. Remember me?

- Ugla: Sic him, kid!
- Narrator 1: The baby crawls over to the elf and bites him on the leg.
- Rump: Hey, HEY. Quit that. Don't you remember your promise? I'm the elf that got you out of all that trouble by spinning straw into gold.
- Ugla: Oh, no! Don't take my child. . . Please!
- Rump: 0.K. You have three days to guess my name or I get the kid. And that's it. No more bargains.
- Narrator 2: The elf immediately leaves.
- Narrator 1: The next day, when the elf shows up, Ugla guessed:
- Ugla: Joe, Fred, Clyde, Reggie, Bengie, Indian Chief . . . ?
- Rump: Nope. Better luck tomorrow.
- Narrator 2: The second day she guessed:
- Ugla: Mankie, Zankie, Pookie, Jukie, Bobbie, Robbie, Peety, Smeety?
- Rump: Sorry. . . . NOT!
- Narrator 1: The third day, Ugla sent out a messenger to find out the elf's name. As he was passing the woods, he heard the strangest voice:
- Rump: Oh, boy, I'll bet the queen's baby. Watch me win this little game. She'll never guess, I'll bet that <u>Rump </u> in my name!
- Narrator 2: The messenger rushes to Ugla and tells her what he overheard.
- Ugla: Aha. Now we've got him.
- Narrator 1: Later in the day, the elf arrives ready to take the baby. Ugla tries again.
- Ugla: Is it . . . Ralph, or . . . Ferdinand . . . or Susie, or. . . could it be Rump? (UGLA GRINS TO AUDIENCE)
- Rump: You read my mail; a witch told you; you have E.S.P. ; somebody told you. Grrrrrrrr. I hate plays, and I hate little girls!

- Narrator 2: Rump storms out and is never heard from again.
- Narrator 1: Everyone lived happily ever after, except for Rump, that is, including all the flowers.