

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 gold 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 know--she slept in the chicken coop all night!

Narrator 1: Now she is all alone in the room the King's Minister has to have her spin straw into gold.

Ugla: Look at this stuff--low 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, sweetie, 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 Uglá and the King have been married for a long time and at last a baby is born.

Uglá: 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?

Uglá: 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.

Uglá: Oh, no! Don't take my child. . . Please!

Rump: O.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, Uglá guessed:

Uglá: Joe, Fred, Clyde, Reggie, Bengie, Indian Chief . . . ?

Rump: Nope. Better luck tomorrow.

Narrator 2: The second day she guessed:

Uglá: Mankie, Zankie, Pookie, Jukie, Bobbie, Robbie, Peety, Smeety?

Rump: Sorry. . . . NOT!

Narrator 1: The third day, Uglá 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 Uglá and tells her what he overheard.

Uglá: Aha. Now we've got him.

Narrator 1: Later in the day, the elf arrives ready to take the baby. Uglá tries again.

Uglá: Is it . . . Ralph, or . . . Ferdinand . . . or Susie, or. . . could it be Rump?
(UGLÁ GRINS TO AUDIENCE)

Rump: You read my mail; a witch told you; you have E.S.P. ; somebody told you. Grrrrrrrrrr. 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.