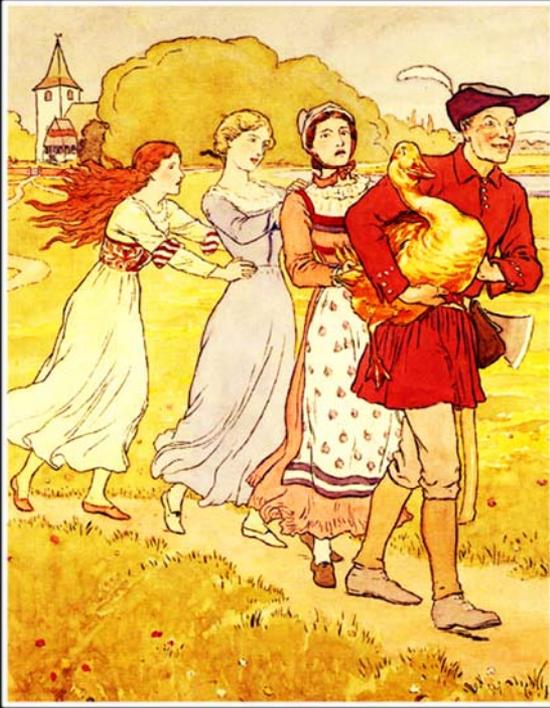


Dumpling and the Golden Goose



Lavinia Roberts

Inspired by the Brothers Grimm fairy tale, "The Golden Goose"
Illustrations by L. Leslie Brooke (1905)

BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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Dummling and the Golden Goose

COMEDY. Audiences of all ages will enjoy this wacky adaptation of the classic Brothers Grimm fairy tale, “The Golden Goose.” It’s Queen Phillipa’s birthday and she is too busy with royal decrees, paperwork, and meetings to have fun, celebrate her birthday, or spend time with her daughter. An unemployed jester looking for a good dental plan arrives and convinces the Queen to take a break from her tedious castle duties and listen to a story. In the story, a King and his Advisor have tried everything to get Princess Muriel to laugh, including silly jokes, silly noises, silly faces, silly dancing, and even silly walking. Desperate, the King decides to Tweet and Facebook citizens in surrounding kingdoms to find someone who can make his daughter laugh. Meanwhile, Dummling encounters a hungry stranger, gives her some of his stale bread, and is rewarded with a magical golden goose. While on his way to the city, Dummling runs into his stepmother, three milkmaids, a damsel, and a knight who soon find themselves hopelessly stuck to Dummling’s golden goose. When Dummling and his entourage arrive at the King’s palace, Princess Muriel only has to take one look at this ridiculous spectacle before she bursts out laughing!

Performance Time: Approximately 60 minutes.

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Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm, 1847

About the Story

“The Golden Goose” is a fairy tale that was recorded by Wilhelm Grimm (1786-1859) and his brother, Jacob Grimm (1785-1863). The Grimm brothers began collecting tales in 1807 and published their first collection of tales in 1812 entitled *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* (“Children’s and Household Tales”). Some of their most famous tales include “Cinderella,” “Little Red Riding Hood,” “Snow White,” “Rumpelstiltskin,” “The Tortoise and the Hare,” “Hansel and Gretel,” and “Beauty and the Beast.”

Characters

(3 M, 9 F, 5 flexible)

(Doubling possible.)

DUMMLING: Good-natured farm boy who shares his bread with a stranger and is rewarded with a golden goose.

GRETCHEN: Dumpling's nasty stepmother who tends to be forgetful and isn't very good at math; female.

GOOSE: Magical golden goose named Gigi; can lay golden eggs and is definitely not U.F.P. (Unidentified Flying Poultry); female.

STRANGER: Mysterious stranger who doesn't want to be a stranger or act mysteriously; flexible. (Note: If male, Edwin. If female, Edwina.)

SIR CUTHBERT: Brave, handsome, chivalrous knight of the Square Table who is good at badminton; male.

PRUNELLA: Damsel who puts herself in distress with the hope that a rich prince will save her.

PRINCESS MURIEL: Honest, kind princess who is good at hopscotch but can't laugh.

KING: Muriel's father who has tried everything to make his daughter laugh including silly dancing, silly walking, silly faces, silly noises, and silly jokes.

ADVISOR: King's top advisor who isn't very funny or wise but can make a good cup of coffee and likes Charlie Chaplin movies; flexible.

MILLICENT: Milkmaid who is fond of alliteration; female.

MINNIE: Milkmaid who is fond of alliteration; female.

MARGUERITE: Milkmaid who is fond of alliteration; female.

JESTER: Storyteller and juggler whose purpose in life is to be purposeless; flexible.

QUEEN PHILLIPA: Too busy with paperwork, banquets, and royal decrees to take time to celebrate her own birthday or spend time with her daughter.

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PRINCESS FIONA: Queen Phillipa's daughter who would like the Queen to pay more attention to her and stop working so hard at the castle.

NIGELLA/NIGEL: Head advisor to Queen Phillipa who has the task of writing royal decrees; flexible.

GUARD: Queen Phillipa's guard; flexible.

NOTE: For flexible roles, please change the script accordingly.

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Set

Queen Phillipa's office. There is a desk covered with paperwork and an office chair SL. There are three chairs across from the desk.

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Props

Paperwork	Bread wrapped in a
Date planner	handkerchief
Book	Armload of firewood
2 Clown noses	Plastic sword
2 Party horns or blowers	Hat, for Guard
Confetti	

Sound Effects

Dance music
Disco lights

“Chivalry
doesn’t bring home
the bread.”

—Prunella

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(AT RISE: Queen Phillipa's office. There is a desk covered with paperwork and an office chair SL. There are three chairs across from the desk. Queen is sitting behind her desk working. Fiona enters.)

FIONA: Surprise! (No response.) Hello? Mom? Remember me? Princess Fiona. Your daughter?

QUEEN: Not now, dear.

FIONA: But, Mom, it's important.

QUEEN: Of course, it is. Just not now. (Looks down at paperwork on desk.)

FIONA: But, Mom, it's about your birthday party. I really think you should have one. A celebration. You know, a ball, a carnival, a jousting tournament, a huge outdoor rock concert. Maybe just a cake. Something. Mom, are you listening to me?

QUEEN: What? Of course, dear. Please go on.

FIONA: The kingdom has been invaded by giant, mutant, fleshing-eating slugs.

QUEEN: (Not listening.) That's nice, dear.

FIONA: Mom! You're not even listening!

QUEEN: Of course, I am, dear.

FIONA: Then what did I just say?

QUEEN: That um...well...let's see here...it was...

FIONA: I'm waiting...

QUEEN: Just repeat it one more time, dear.

FIONA: I said, the kingdom was being attacked by giant, mutant, flesh-eating slugs.

QUEEN: Goodness gracious!

FIONA: Not really, Mom. I just made that up.

QUEEN: Whatever for?

FIONA: Well, to see if you were listening, which you weren't. Which means if the kingdom was being attacked by giant,

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mutant, fleshing-eating slugs, this castle and its inhabitants would probably be gastropod slime by now thanks to your indifferent reaction. Come on, you think if the kingdom were really being attacked by carnivorous slugs I would be coming in here to tell you? I would be in the kitchen with the cook and the salt shakers!

QUEEN: I'm sorry, dear. I just have a lot to do. There's the treaty to look over, not to mention all these invitations I need to answer. Then I have an appointment with the ambassador for the giants this afternoon. I'm completely booked.

FIONA: Well, as long as you aren't booked next week...you know, for your birthday!

QUEEN: It's my birthday next week? Let me check my planner. *(Checks date planner.)* Why, I do believe you are right.

FIONA: See, we need to do something special.

QUEEN: Fine, fine, as long as the Royal Horticultural Society can attend.

FIONA: Royal Horticultural Society?

QUEEN: It's their annual banquet at the palace, dear. Been booked for several months, I'm afraid.

FIONA: Mom, it's your birthday. You can't spend it discussing the best types of fertilizers and the correct way to trim a beanstalk. You should be having fun.

QUEEN: Fertilizer is fun. And no "buts," dear. *(Calls.)* Nigella?

(Nigella, her advisor, enters.)

NIGELLA: Yes, Your Grace?

QUEEN: I need those forms by the end of the day. And can you move my 4 o'clock to 3 o'clock?

NIGELLA: Of course, Your Grace.

FIONA: Nigella, you think Mom should have a party for her birthday, don't you?

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NIGELLA: Parties are generally thought of as pleasant things.

I mean, I am noncommittal on the subject. *(To Queen.)*

Although, if I may say so, you are a very popular queen.

FIONA: Yeah, Mom. If not for yourself, for your subjects!

QUEEN: Well, I won't remain popular if I let everything go to the dragons. Please, Fiona, I'm busy.

FIONA: But, Mom!

QUEEN: No "buts." Now, don't you have someone else you could be irritating? I really need to get back to work. These royal decrees don't sign themselves, you know.

FIONA: You never have any time for me.

QUEEN: That's not true, Fiona, dear. I'll fit you in right now.

Let's look at my schedule. *(Looks at date planner.)* Let's see, you can come with me to talk to the exterminator at 2 o'clock. We are discussing the best cruelty-free ways to remove rats from the dungeons. He said something about pixie dust.

FIONA: *(Sarcastic.)* Oh, great. That should be awesome, Mom. I love quality time in the dungeon with the exterminator.

QUEEN: Then it's a date. Two o'clock.

NIGELLA: Most magnanimous of majesties, not to be presumptuous, but I do believe your daughter was being, shall we say—

FIONA: Sarcastic?

NIGELLA: Precisely.

QUEEN: *(To Fiona.)* Oh, all right. I'll pencil you in somewhere, all right, dear? Just please don't make me right now. I'm really busy looking over royal decrees. You know, Nigella, do they have to word royal decrees to be so terribly dull? They make my eyes glaze over just looking at them. And all these big words! *(Reads.)* "I herby state most profusely and profoundly..." I mean, are all those adverbs really necessary? What pretentious pedant writes this rubbish up anyway?

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NIGELLA: The task of writing royal decrees has long time been a most privileged and revered duty of the head royal advisor.

FIONA: Nice going, Mom.

QUEEN: I'm sorry, Nigella. It's just the stress, that's all. You really have a flare for using adverbs...really. I love this sentence. (*Reads.*) "I do forthwith and without any reservation or reluctance do hereby pledge to proudly and absolutely, utterly, and to my utmost..." Well, need I go on? Really well-written. (*Sighs.*) I think that all these royal decrees reproduce when I'm not looking! I'm drowning in paperwork. Why, I think I might scream if anything else walks though that door—

(*Guard enters.*)

GUARD: Your Majesty! I have most pressing business!

FIONA: Hey, Mom, if you are too busy to scream, I can scream for you.

QUEEN: That won't be necessary, Fiona. Yes, Captain? What is the matter?

GUARD: I have apprehended a most shady character suspiciously loitering about the castle premises. After brief questioning, which produced insufficient answers, I brought him into the palace for further interrogation. I believe I have in custody a spy, Your Grace, from the Kingdom of Duddlehop!

NIGELLA: Spy? From Duddlehop? But we are longtime allies with our peaceful neighbors in Doodlehop.

GUARD: Precisely. That's just what they want you to think.

QUEEN: Please escort the detainee in.

GUARD: Of course.

(*Guard exits. Guard enters with Jester.*)

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JESTER: (*To Guard.*) Will you unhand me, you paranoid prig! I've never been handled so. Okay, so I have been handled so dreadfully, but, granted, I still don't see why you have to be so rude! (*Sees Queen.*) Why, Your Grace. (*Dramatic bow.*)

FIONA: Why, it's only a jester!

GUARD: That's just what she wants you to think.

NIGELLA: Really, Captain, is that entirely logical?

GUARD: Come, come. Logically, the enemy wants you to think logically that she is a jester, meaning logically she can't really be a jester. See?

FIONA: That is so not logical.

GUARD: Precisely.

FIONA: Huh?

JESTER: And they call *me* a fool!

QUEEN: Please, I haven't time for this nonsense. State your purpose.

JESTER: But you already stated it yourself.

QUEEN: I did?

JESTER: Yes, "this nonsense." That is my purpose, or lack of purpose. You see, my purpose in life is to always be purposeless, if that makes any sense.

GUARD: (*To Queen.*) See what I mean? She is a slippery bugger.

FIONA: Are you really a jester?

JESTER: My mother always told me so...although, she was a jester as well. And as you know, jesters never say what they mean.

GUARD: Neither do spies.

FIONA: (*Excited.*) We've never had a jester in the palace before!

QUEEN: And we are going back to that quota forthwith. (*To Guard.*) Please escort this good civilian off the castle premises. Thank you.

GUARD: But...but...

JESTER: (*To Queen.*) But today is your lucky day! For a limited time, you can hire only the latest and greatest

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fool—me—to be your court jester. I'll even throw in a rubber chicken to sweeten the deal. So how about it, huh? What do you say?

FIONA: Oh, Mom, let's do!

GUARD: *(To Jester.)* Come on, you. Let's get going. You heard what Queen Phillipa said.

QUEEN: Really, Fiona, I haven't the time to sit about laughing! I have decrees to sign.

JESTER: Oh, dear me. No time to laugh, eh? I see, I see. This is most tragic, most dreadful. I'm tearing up just thinking about it! I knew another monarch who suffered most acutely from a similar ailment, but I'm sure you aren't interested.

FIONA: Really? Do tell!

JESTER: No, no, I have already trespassed on your most magnificent majesty's hospitality.

FIONA: Please tell us!

JESTER: May I, Your Grace?

FIONA: Please, Mom!

QUEEN: *(To Jester.)* Oh, very well, but make it quick!

JESTER: Very well. There once was a young princess. In every way she was a lovely young woman. She was patient, honest, kind, and very good at hopscotch, but there was one facet of her personality that was woefully lacking. You see, she could not laugh.

FIONA: Couldn't laugh?

JESTER: Yes, indeed.

NIGELLA: How peculiar.

JESTER: Truly.

NIGELLA: Is such a thing even possible?

JESTER: Oh, yes. They tried everything to cure her ailment. And I mean everything...

(Guard, Fiona, and Advisor sit down in the three chairs across from the desk. The following action happens SR. Muriel enters, reading a

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book. She sighs woefully. King and Advisor enter with clown noses on, party blowers, and throwing confetti.)

KING/ADVISOR: Ta-da!

(King and Advisor do a silly dance around Muriel.)

KING: *(To Advisor.)* So what did the princess say to the pea in her bed?

ADVISOR: I don't know. What did she say?

KING: You sure where pea-anful!

(Advisor honks a horn. Muriel sighs.)

ADVISOR: Your Majesty, what did the beanstalk say to the axe?

KING: I don't know, Royal Advisor, what did the beanstalk say?

ADVISOR: You are ex-axe-ly who I don't want to see!

(Muriel sighs. Advisor blows horn. Muriel sighs.)

ADVISOR: *(To King.)* This isn't working.

KING: Let's try the new silly faces.

(King and Advisor take turns making silly faces at Muriel.)

ADVISOR: This still isn't working.

KING: Okay, now silly faces with silly noises!

(King and Advisor try silly noises and faces. Muriel still doesn't crack a smile.)

ADVISOR: What do we do now? Do we dare?

KING: Yes, we dare! Let's try the silly walks!

ADVISOR: But the silly walks didn't work last week.

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KING: Let's try them one more time.

(King and Advisor do silly walks around Muriel. Muriel still doesn't crack a smile.)

MURIEL: Daddy, please stop. I know what you are trying to do. Believe me I do. But, please, we both know that for me smiling is impossible. You are both wasting your time. Please, just leave me alone!

(Muriel woefully sighs and exits.)

ADVISOR: *(To King.)* You think we should try talking in silly voices again? *(Begins speaking in a silly voice.)* I have been working on this new one!

KING: No, no, just let her go. Silly voices never work. There must be something we haven't tried!

ADVISOR: *(Still speaking in silly voice.)* Like what?

KING: Stop that silly voice.

ADVISOR: *(Another silly voice.)* This better?

KING: Just your regular voice, please. And, well, you are my advisor, aren't you? Advise me!

ADVISOR: Perhaps we should try another clown, Your Highness.

KING: We've already invited every clown in the kingdom. Multiple times. Alone and together. Nothing. Not even a polite grin. You'd think she was attending a funeral, not the circus!

ADVISOR: Maybe find a new jester?

KING: Sick of jesters. I think most of the good agencies don't even bother sending in replacements. And don't say physicians. I am sick of physicians, too. I think she's been examined by every kind of doctor out there: cardiologists, oncologists, podiatrists, ophthalmologists, psychologists, dermatologists, pediatricians, ectopaldolists! Actually, I made that last one up. But, if it was real, she would have

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visited one, not to mention acupuncture practitioners, hypnotherapists, herbalists, chakra healers...the works.

ADVISOR: Please don't make me trip on another banana peel in front of her. My backside is becoming one perpetual bruise.

KING: No, no, we need something new—something we haven't tried before.

ADVISOR: We could try having everyone in the palace dress up as chickens and only speak Pig Latin...

KING: No, no, that didn't work, remember?

ADVISOR: I could send in for another order of whoopee cushions?

KING: No, no, I am so sick of whoopee cushions. I don't even find them remotely funny anymore. Come, come, there must be something we can do!

ADVISOR: Your Highness, this is a very advanced and complex problem. If this were just a case of sending out a royal proclamation—

KING: That's it! You are a genius!

ADVISOR: I am? (*Proudly.*) I mean, of course I am. (*Confused.*) So, how exactly am I a genius?

KING: A royal proclamation! That's perfect!

ADVISOR: It is! (*Proudly.*) Of course it is! (*Confused.*) What exactly shall this proclamation say?

KING: Anyone who can make my daughter laugh shall be rewarded beyond their wildest dreams!

ADVISOR: I don't know. I have some pretty wild dreams. There is this one involving a unicorn that can fly and eats only shoelaces... (*Realizes.*) ...I mean, never mind.

KING: Get the royal printing presses moving! Send heralds into the streets! Post the proclamations all over the kingdom! Send out every messenger we have to every surrounding country! This time tomorrow morning, I want the streets lined with people coming to make my daughter laugh. Understand?

ADVISOR: Yes, Your Highness, right away!

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KING: Make haste! Make haste!

(King and Advisor begin to exit.)

ADVISOR: *(In a silly voice.)* Are you sure I can't try my silly voice on her first?

KING: Go on! To the royal printing presses! Make haste!

(King and Advisor exit.)

FIONA: *(To Jester.)* So what happened?

JESTER: Oh, you know, this and that. Well, I should be going...

NIGELLA: No, stay! I mean, if her illustrious majesty wishes for you to.

QUEEN: I suppose I don't mind too terribly. *(To Jester.)* What happened next?

JESTER: Well, let's see...they sent out proclamations all over the kingdom and all the surrounding kingdoms. And word spread to the kingdoms surrounding those kingdoms, and then to the Facebook friends of the people in those kingdoms, and then those people Tweeted about it to all their friends and people they kinda sorta knew who are on their friend lists, until just about everyone knew, and people traveled across the world to see if they could try to make the princess laugh.

FIONA: Did they succeed? Did the poor princess ever even smile? And if she did, who were the people who made her smile? And what did they do?

JESTER: Maybe she did. Maybe she didn't. But in order to tell you how, I have to begin another tale.

FIONA: Do tell us!

GUARD: *(To Jester.)* Yes, do!

JESTER: *(To Queen.)* What do you say, Your Grace?

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QUEEN: Oh, very well, since you've started, I suppose you can tell us a bit more, but after that, you really have to skedaddle.

JESTER: As you wish, Your Majesty, of course. Deep in the King's very own kingdom lived a brave knight named Sir Cuthbert. He was everything a knight should be—chivalrous, handsome, good at badminton—but he had one terrible problem.

GUARD: What was it?

JESTER: Haven't the foggiest notion. Anyway, the story isn't really about him. The story is about a poor farm boy who also lived in the kingdom.

GUARD: Why did you bother mentioning Sir Cuthbert then?

NIGELLA: Quiet, you! I want to hear the rest of the story.

GUARD: Seems like a waste of time to be mentioning knights if they serve no purpose in furthering the narrative of the story.

JESTER: Perhaps you don't want to hear the rest of the story?

NIGELLA: We do! *(To Guard.)* And you be quiet, or I will have a guard escort you out!

GUARD: But I am a guard!

NIGELLA: Then I will order you to order you to escort you out!

FIONA: Quiet, you two, or I will order Mom to order both of you to be escorted out!

QUEEN: I'm the only one who can give orders, and I order you to stop this nonsense and listen to our guest. Gracious, there has to be some advantages to being queen! Thank you. *(To Jester.)* Please continue.

JESTER: As you wish, Your Majesty. The farm boy lived with his wicked stepmother—not that all stepmothers are wicked, some are just as lovely as real mothers. But this particular Gretchen was, indeed, very wicked and forgetful.

GUARD: I still want to know what Sir Cuthbert's terrible problem is!

FIONA: Quiet!

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(The following action happens SR. Dummling and Gretchen enter.)

GRETCHEN: Now, Dummling, you shiftless lout; you overgrown, overfed lummo; you worthless, useless, bumbling oaf; you waste of space...you... *(Thinks.)* What was I ordering you to do again?

DUMMLING: I think you wanted me to gather firewood in the woods again.

GRETCHEN: That's right. Go gather firewood in the woods again, you loafing dolt; you daft, fumbling, duck-footed fool; you waste of breath you... *(Thinks.)* What insult was I going to call you again?

DUMMLING: I think you were going to call me "a waste of oxygen, a shirking simpleton, a lazy loaf-about, and maybe a clumsy clod"?

GRETCHEN: Yes, that's right. I forgot all about "a clumsy clod"! Did I call you that?

DUMMLING: You haven't for the past week, actually.

GRETCHEN: And you haven't reminded me? You shiftless loaf-about, you worthless worm, you lazy leech! How dare you not remind me to call you a clumsy clod!

DUMMLING: Sorry, Gretchen.

GRETCHEN: You should be. Now...what did I want you to do again?

DUMMLING: Go gather sticks in the forest.

GRETCHEN: That's right. Here's your lunch, you pathetic pustule.

DUMMLING: "Pathetic pustule." Good one.

GRETCHEN: *(Proudly.)* Thank you. *(Gives Dummling bread wrapped in a handkerchief.)* Here you go, you clumsy clod.

DUMMLING: *(Sarcastic.)* Oh, goody. Stale bread. My favorite. Thanks, Gretchen. And, I know, I know...it's more than I deserve being a useless cockroach, an idle idiot, and a slothful simpleton.

GRETCHEN: Get out of my sight, you rubbishy rodent!

DUMMLING: Yeah, love you too, Gretchen.

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(Gretchen and Dummling exit.)

JESTER: As the boy journeyed into the forest, he met a mysterious stranger.

(Stranger enters SR.)

STRANGER: *(To Jester.)* But what if I don't want to be a stranger?

JESTER: What is so bad about being a stranger?

STRANGER: "Stranger" sort of implies something unknown and potentially negative. I'm really nice. Can't I have a name?

JESTER: No, you can't. You are a stranger. *(Points.)* Look, Dummling is entering. Now act mysterious.

STRANGER: How do you act mysterious?

JESTER: I don't know. Just look off into the distance like this. *(Demonstrates.)*

STRANGER: That just looks silly.

JESTER: Well, why don't you try something better?

STRANGER: But I don't want to be mysterious.

(Dummling enters SR, whistling.)

JESTER: *(To Stranger.)* Look, he's coming!

DUMMLING: Why, hello there, stranger.

STRANGER: I'm not actually a stranger. I mean, to you I am a stranger, but to people who know me, I'm not a stranger.

DUMMLING: Yeah, well, I better be going. Nice meeting you, stranger.

STRANGER: Wait, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to frighten you. Goodness knows, we're all a little frightened of strangers. My name is [Edwina]. *[If male, "Edwin."]*

JESTER: You weren't supposed to say your name! Besides, you don't even have a name. You just made that up!

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DUMMLING: (*To Jester.*) Who are you?

STRANGER: (*To Dummling, indicating Jester.*) Ignore him.
He's just some *stranger*!

JESTER: Am not!

STRANGER: See! How do you like being called a "stranger"?

JESTER: You are right. It isn't very nice. And, Dummling,
don't mind me. Please go on as before.

DUMMLING: (*Resumes.*) How do you know my name,
stranger?

STRANGER: Yeah, Dummling, you shouldn't talk to
strangers... (*Indicating Jester.*) ...like her! Just me, since I'm
not a stranger anymore. I'm [Edwina], remember?

DUMMLING: Well, nice meeting you both, but I really better
be going. I have to gather sticks, you see. If I am done
within 20 minutes, I might only get six lashes with a cane
from my stepmother instead of the usual obligatory 12 for
good behavior.

STRANGER: Fine, fine, go. Leave me to starve in peace.

DUMMLING: You are starving?

STRANGER: Withering away, in fact.

DUMMLING: I'm sorry. I don't have much...only this stale
bread. But if your need is greater than mine—

STRANGER: What? My mother told me never to accept food
from strangers!

JESTER: Wait a minute. This isn't how the story goes. You
accept the food.

STRANGER: I do? But he's a stranger!

DUMMLING: Begging your pardon, but we do know each
other's names, don't we?

STRANGER: That still doesn't make you not a stranger to me.

JESTER: Just accept the food.

DUMMLING: (*To Stranger.*) Really, it is perfectly safe. I only
wish I could offer more.

(*Dummling hands the stale bread to Stranger.*)

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STRANGER: (*Sarcastic.*) I'll say. Me, too. That mummified bread looks like it would make a better doorstop than dinner. (*Accepts bread.*) I'm only accepting this because I am starving...and because the advancement of the narrative is contingent on my accepting this stale bread from you.

DUMMLING: Very well. I cannot tarry. Already my nightly beating has gone up a few thrashings since we have been speaking. Good evening to you [Edwina], and to you as well, Stranger who knows my name. Do excuse me. (*Exits.*)

STRANGER: Well, that was very good of him. Granted this bread could probably rival a diamond as the hardest substance in the world, still, this was all he had and he gave it to me. For his selflessness and thinking of others—even a person who is close to a stranger but not really a stranger—he shall be rewarded! (*Exits.*)

FIONA: (*To Jester.*) So how did [Edwina] reward the kind Dummling?

JESTER: It is not [Edwina]! She is a stranger, got that? Giving her a name makes her seem so much less mysterious.

FIONA: Why does she have to be mysterious?

JESTER: She just does for the dramatic building of the story, and it makes Dummling seem even nicer for giving away his only meal for the day if she is a complete stranger, not someone he knows a little bit.

NIGELLA: Never mind. What did [Edwina] give Dummling?

JESTER: (*Correcting her.*) "Stranger." And just you wait and see.

(*Dummling enters, carrying a load of firewood. Goose enters doing a tap number.*)

GOOSE: Ta-da!

DUMMLING: Are you a...a...a...?

GOOSE: That's right! A golden goose!

DUMMLING: I was going to guess a duck from outer space.

GOOSE: Do I look like a U-F-P?

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DUMMLING: A what?

GOOSE: Unidentified Flying Poultry. And duck? I could see you mistaking me for a swan, but a duck? No way!

DUMMLING: So what are you?

GOOSE: I am a magical goose, and I am all yours!

DUMMLING: Thank you for the offer, all the same, but I have a lot of firewood to gather, and I don't really have time to take care of a magical goose. Besides, you seem perfectly capable of handling yourself.

GOOSE: True, I do know Kung Pao, but listen up! No way, Dumpling, are you walking away from this enchanted water fowl. I am your ticket to happily-ever-after, buddy.

DUMMLING: Really? Can you lead me to true enlightenment from material goods?

GOOSE: Er...no, but I can lay golden eggs.

DUMMLING: That sounds good, too.

GOOSE: You just hit the bank, or more appropriately, the nest. I like to be comfortable when I incubate my golden eggs. You have no idea how uncomfortable the little blighters can be...getting them out. Oh, mama, are they a pain!

DUMMLING: But why do you belong to me, dear goose?

GOOSE: You can call me Gigi. And it's thanks to [Edwina].

DUMMLING: Who is that?

GOOSE: Remember...the stranger you kindly and selflessly gave your only bread to?

DUMMLING: Oh, her! Now I remember! But she was only a stranger. Why such a noble gift?

(Stranger enters. Jester restrains Stranger.)

STRANGER: *(Angry, shouts.)* He doesn't remember me! And I wasn't a stranger. I was a person who is close to a stranger but not really a stranger. Why I ought to—!

JESTER: You are ruining the narrative. Get off the stage.

[END OF FREEVIEW]