

A script from



“King Midas”
Monologue Version
by
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- What** In this retelling of the ancient story a greedy man learns what really matters—and what really doesn’t. A touching, gently whimsical illustration of the redeeming power of love. **Themes:** Greed, Love, Redemption, Forgiveness, Blessings, Relationships, Autumn, Nature, Beauty
- Who** Storyteller
- When** Present
- Wear (Props)** Large Storybook
Stool for Storyteller(s)
- Why** Matthew 6:19-21, 24; Leviticus 19:9-10
- How** This reading may also be divided up to include more readers. It is also available in an Ensemble Version that includes dance/pantomime actions that can be found at www.skitguys.com.
- Time** Approximately 6-8 minutes

Narrator: King Midas was a widower, and wealthy beyond imagining. He had everything he needed—which is seldom a good thing. But he never seemed to have everything he wanted—which has nothing to do with wealth, after all, and everything to do with the person doing the wanting. But even more than gold, King Midas loved his daughter, whose name was “Golden!”

Now one perfect autumn day while magic was happening to the leaves outside, King Midas was seated inside counting his gold. His daughter, little Golden, was dancing with the castle mice and cats, whom she’d taught to be civil to one another, and to do a passable minuet. But King Midas was too busy totting up numbers to notice.

Oh, it’s the most beautiful thing there is, but it’s all the same! I have miles and miles of it, but it’s all the same. I wish I could turn anything I wanted into gold. Then I would be blessed, for then I would be able to bless *myself* whenever I wanted!

Well, at that moment, a mischievous little faerie boy happened to be passing by (isn’t that the way it always is?). Now, though meeting a faerie may seem to be the very peak of fortune, it never really is. For faeries specialize in giving humans what they want—which is generally the thing they need the least. Faeries know this, of course, and find it endlessly amusing.

The boy shouted, “Granted!” And Midas ran to the window just in time to see the little faerie flying away, giggling.

*To read the rest of this script and perform it, download the full version at
SkitGuys.com!*

ENDING:

Still his heart was broken. He sat weeping in the garden as the sun went down. And then, in the dusky light, the little faerie boy appeared once again.

“What is it you wish?” the boy asked.

“I wish only for what I once had,” the king sobbed.

“You no longer wish to bless yourself?” the faerie boy asked in a slightly mocking tone.

"No," the king replied, "in fact, I wish only for the blessings I *cannot* give myself. For the gold /make is—"

"Fool's gold?" the boy asked, completing his sentence for him.

"Yes," Midas said.

And then a small tear formed in the corner of the faerie boy's eye, which annoyed him immensely. So he smacked the king on the back of the head and instantly flew away.

"Why are you crying," a voice asked a moment later. And King Midas looked up to see little Golden, no longer cold and lifeless but warm and alive.

The grateful father wrapped her in his arms. And when he could speak—which wasn't for some time—he said, "I'm crying because water tastes so good...because apples are so crisp...because each leaf is touched by God...and because you love me."

"We *are* blessed, aren't we, Father?" the wise little girl observed.

"Yes, my darling," King Midas replied, "we *are*."

As are we all, whether we know it or not. So treasure the beauty beyond your making, and the blessings you cannot give yourself. "For where your treasure is...there your heart will also be."

The end.