

RAPUNZEL AND THE TOWER OF PARTYING

By Jerry Rabushka

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ISBN: 1-60003-476-4

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CHARACTERS

NARRATOR (m or f)

MEMBERS OF THE “AUDIENCE” WATCHING THE SHOW

CORY

JONA

CAROL

CHARACTERS IN THE SHOW

RAPUNZEL A girl denied access to a haircut.

LUCINDA (MOM) Rapunzel's real mother.

HECTOR (DAD) Her father.

ENCHANTRESS A somewhat magical woman with an unusual system of retribution

SCHOOLMARM (MISS CHILDSMACKER) A girls-school instructor

CLAIRE A classmate of Rapunzel

KELLY A classmate

HAROLD A prince, or at least a rich kid from Minnesota.

CONTRACTOR	(m or f) Building Rapunzel's tower
SOCIAL WORKER	(m or f)
DEBBIE	A student in Indiana
BOY	Who wants to date Rapunzel (this part should be doubled)
SOUND EFFECTS PERSON	(m or f)

SOME ROLES CAN BE DOUBLED; SUGGESTIONS INCLUDE

CONTRACTOR / HAROLD / BOY

CLAIRE / DEBBIE

KELLY / SCHOOLMARM

**Also if needed, the audience members, as well as Claire or Kelly can be played by either gender; simply change the names of the character to something gender-appropriate. A couple very small changes in the script will be necessary for this.*

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While this is written as Readers Theater, it can also be staged simply. Even if this is done as Readers Theater, the “audience members” should be seated together. If desired, JONA can enter on her first line and take her seat. During the initial conversation, the NARRATOR is impatiently waiting to begin. Other players can be getting into character, adjusting makeup, etc...

CORY: *(calling to someone coming down the aisle)* Jona! Jona, over here!

CAROL: Hurry, it's about to start.

JONA: *(SHE's searching in the dark)* Carol? Cory? Where are you?

CAROL: Over here!

CORY: Shhh! Not so loud!

JONA: Sorry I'm late. There was a sale at Taco Bell.

NARRATOR: *(getting attention, condescending)* Are you finished talking?

CAROL: Not quite. Let me call my husband and tell him I'm here!

NARRATOR: *(stern)* No cell phones! *(after a threatening pause, then a happy, yet controlling smile)* Now. Once upon a time there was an enchantress who, by some standards, wasn't enchanting at all.

CAROL: *(annoyingly skeptical)* Yet you refer to her as an enchantress. You're misinforming us from the git-go.

NARRATOR: *(forcefully)* Once upon a time there was an enchantress-

CORY: Now you're repeating yourself.

NARRATOR: *(like an annoyed schoolteacher)* As often as necessary. *(louder, to drown out the audience, who can ad lib some brief interruptions)* There was a wealthy enchantress who moved into a poor neighborhood, knocked down an entire city block of affordable low income housing, and built a compound with a high fence and beautiful gardens. But since she was innately wicked, she didn't let anyone visit, and she never even bought any Girl Scout Cookies.

JONA: Good for her. Too fattening.

NARRATOR: Still, the next door neighbors enjoyed looking at her garden, which included some lovely and unusual flowers that no one else in the area could afford.

ENCHANTRESS: *(justifying)* There was a Garden Club Event at Home Depot. I just love taunting the neighbors with my accumulated wealth.

CAROL: That's very off-putting! You and I aren't building a rapport.

ENCHANTRESS: Do you know what's off-putting? *(portending things to come)* Crossing an enchantress. *(happily)* When you're wealthy and have magic powers, you can expect to get your way.

JONA: Needless to say, it's made you miserly and hateful.

MOM: *(finding the good in things)* Miserly and hateful, but with a green thumb.

Oh, I'm Lucinda, her next door neighbor. Lovely gardens! There's one plant in particular I really like. Can we have some?

ENCHANTRESS: It was pretty expensive, even on sale. So, *(briefly considering it)* no.

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MOM: (*suddenly greedy*) I want it!

NARRATOR: Lucinda became overwhelmed with a desire for that plant, and refused to eat or drink until she got a cutting. Since she was about to have a baby, fasting was a very serious matter.

ENCHANTRESS: (*gleefully*) I sense a confrontation coming on. One that I'm going to win!

JONA: I don't like you!

ENCHANTRESS: I don't like you either, missy. But... I have the power to turn you into a pig, and you don't have the power to turn me into much of anything.

JONA: Maybe I do. My husband turned into a pig shortly after we got married, and he insists I did it to him.

MOM: (*loud, immediately after the previous line*) Where's my husband? Hector, I want that plant!

DAD: But it's stealing. You know what they say: you can cross the road, you can cross your heart, but you *can't* cross an enchantress.

MOM: Then go when she's asleep.

NARRATOR: So against his better judgment, that night, Hector crept into the gardens.

CORY: How did he get in?

DAD: (*sharing a secret*) There's a hole in the fence.

ENCHANTRESS: Where?

DAD: Like I'm going to tell you!

NARRATOR: Hector came home and presented his wife with the lovely flower.

DAD: You like?

MOM: I'm hungry.

NARRATOR: And she promptly cut it up into a salad with some radishes, a sprig of fresh parsley, six rutabagas, and a very ripe use-it-or-lose-it tomato.

SOUND EFFECTS: Chomp chomp chomp chomp chomp, gulp! (*contented sigh*) Ahhhh!

CORY: Can't she do her own chewing?

NARRATOR: (*explaining*) That's our sound effects.

SOUND EFFECTS: Whoosh! Bang! I can do anything!

CAROL: So, Lucinda, what do you think?

MOM: (*chewing*) Yum! (*to DAD, demanding*) Hector, get me some more.

DAD: (*not happy*) More?

MOM: This is delish! Just the right crunch! It might even work in a quiche.

NARRATOR: So the next night, Hector prepared to creep into the garden...

CAROL: I'm starting to take the enchantress' side...

EFFECTS: Creep, creep, creep, creep...

JONA: (*frightened for him*) Hector, turn back!

DAD: Shhhhh! Why are you all talking so loud? Lucinda, I don't think this is a good idea. I'll get in trouble.

MOM: Here. Take this.

DAD: What is it?

NARRATOR: Lucinda gave Hector a 30-gallon trash bag so he could stuff it full of her favorite plant. A plant called... Rapunzel.

CORY: Now he'll get in 30 gallons of trouble.

NARRATOR: It was a windy night.

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EFFECTS: Woosh.

NARRATOR: Windier.

EFFECTS: Woooooosh!

NARRATOR: That's better. The wind blew against the 30 gallon trash bag.

EFFECTS: Rattle rattle rattle... times thirty.

NARRATOR: ...and the noise beckoned the enchantress to see who was in her garden.

EFFECTS: (*loud and raunchy*) Stomp clomp stomp clomp whomp clomp stomp.

ENCHANTRESS: (*offended*) What kind of shoes do you think I have?

EFFECTS: Squish, squash, squish, squash...

NARRATOR: And who should she find, but...

ENCHANTRESS: Excuse me, but... don't you realize I have the power to turn you into a pig?

DAD: We never believed you. We thought you were miserly and hateful, but powerless.

ENCHANTRESS: Just misunderstood, that's all. But when you steal my flora and fauna...

DAD: I'll admit I took some flora, but no fauna.

ENCHANTRESS: Let me see.

NARRATOR: She looked into the bag.

EFFECTS: Aaaaaaaah!!

ENCHANTRESS: (*annoyed*) I see flora and fauna both.

JONA: (*getting excited!*) Do it! Turn him into a pig!

DAD: (*trying to talk her out of it*) My wife is with child. It gave her a bizarre craving for this Rapunzel. Makes a great quiche, though.

ENCHANTRESS: (*sweetly*) Really? I'll have to get the recipe. (with evil glee) And after I turn you into a pig, I'll put some ham in there along with it!

DAD: You've got a one track mind, for such an attractive woman.

ENCHANTRESS: (*flattered*) Oh, really?

DAD: Yes, one track mind.

ENCHANTRESS: No, I mean attractive. Elaborate, please.

NARRATOR: Hector didn't heed her wishes, but instead seized the opportunity to run away. But suddenly, instead of bringing home the Rapunzel, he was bringing home the bacon.

DAD: Oink.

CAROL: I'm still on her side, but I think she's overreacting.

ENCHANTRESS: Tell you what, Hector. I'm a reasonable woman. I'll un-swine you if you let me raise your child.

DAD: Oink-ay. Uh... can I still keep this bag?

ENCHANTRESS: What do you think?

NARRATOR: Hector thought...

DAD: Come on, if I have to give you my first child, I should be able to keep the bag.

ENCHANTRESS: My feeling is that if someone has already exercised her power to turn you into a pig, your best course of action is not to seek additional concessions deleterious to the peace process.

CORY: Meaning...

ENCHANTRESS: No, you can't keep the bag.

CAROL: Are you really that power hungry?

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ENCHANTRESS: *(to CAROL)* Did you not hear what I just said? I'll fix you.

CAROL: Oink.

ENCHANTRESS: *(sweetly but in control)* Anyone else want to be a pig?

NARRATOR: I hate to raise a stink about the pigs, but you need to turn Carol back.

ENCHANTRESS: Why can't we just send her to California? The laws for pig farming are very liberal.

NARRATOR: You can't oink up the audience. Turn her back.

ENCHANTRESS: *(jovial)* It's a pig family. She's the aunt, and he's the oink-le.

NARRATOR: Now. Both of them!

ENCHANTRESS: *(resigned to defeat)* All right. Just this once. *(casting a spell)* *Abracadabra, this is awkward, take the pigs and turn them backwards.*

CAROL: Whew! I think it's time to give away my "Property of Oscar Meyer" t-shirt.

NARRATOR: Lucinda was none too happy about this.

MOM: No plants, *and* I have to give up the baby?

ENCHANTRESS: I promise to raise her as if she's my own daughter. I'll give her the best of everything!

SOCIAL WORKER: Excuse me, excuse me, excuse me... but... Are you exchanging a child for goods and services?

DAD: Who are you?

SOCIAL WORKER: I'm a social worker for the North Central Iowa Family Services Department, and we're having a slow day. It's always the poor who are willing to give up their children.

DAD: In exchange for not being turned into a pig. I didn't see where I had a choice. Besides, she's going over to live in the rich compound next door.

SOCIAL WORKER: So you think money is the answer to everything.

DAD: Right about now, I think *(shouting to make his point)* NOT BEING A PIG *(stops shouting)* is the answer to everything.

JONA: In the answer would be to move out of the neighborhood. This enchantress seems to have a limited sphere of influence. Say about three blocks, and she's done for. Like a high school radio station.

MOM: I'm not leaving that plant. You only got caught once, so you can certainly go back in there and try it again.

NARRATOR: Not so much, now that the enchantress installed flood lights.

ENCHANTRESS: On sale at Home Depot. I love that place!

MOM: I don't. We'd be sitting pretty if they just sold things at list price.

NARRATOR: Not long after, Lucinda and Hector had a beautiful baby girl.

EFFECTS: *(makes a slapping sound)* Waaaah!

ENCHANTRESS: I'll take that!

EFFECTS: Waaaaah! *(Slapping sound, again)*

ENCHANTRESS: Ow! What was that all about?

SOCIAL WORKER: Child stealing! You should be ashamed.

ENCHANTRESS: On the contrary, this was a negotiated agreement.

SOCIAL WORKER: Children are not chattels to be negotiated over.

CORY: I guess you've never been in a custody battle.

NARRATOR: She named the child Rapunzel, after the plant that the next door family kept stealing.

DAD: It's not stealing! It's taking!

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CORY: You *took* someone else's stuff without asking.

CAROL: I'm locking my purse.

JONA: I like this. Rapunzel has a really cool name and lots of money.

SOCIAL WORKER: Come to think, so far so good.

NARRATOR: (*sweetly*) One day, she said her first word.

RAPUNZEL: (*SHE should say this word the same way each time*) Boys!

NARRATOR: And her second.

RAPUNZEL: Boys!

NARRATOR: That was your first.

RAPUNZEL: I'm very strongly focused. Oh, that and... hey mom, or whatever you are, can we cut my hair?

ENCHANTRESS: Never!

RAPUNZEL: Why not?

ENCHANTRESS: I don't know. Just don't. It might come in handy later.

CAROL: Okay, I'm lost here. Didn't she ever go next door? Didn't she ever find out the poor couple next door was her real parents?

DAD: (*sullen*) We weren't allowed to tell her.

NARRATOR: And to compound matters, the enchantress sent Rapunzel next door practically every day.

EFFECTS: Knock knock knock, creeeak!

RAPUNZEL: Ma'am, can I borrow a cup of sugar?

MOM: I'm out of sugar, thanks to your policy of borrowing without returning.

RAPUNZEL: I wouldn't make a big deal out of it, but my mom over there says its pony up the sugar or she'll set your house on fire.

CAROL: I have a cup you can borrow.

RAPUNZEL: Nope, mom it has to come from here. She also wants to borrow your DVD of *The Wizard of Oz*. She needs it for a training seminar.

CORY: Your mom's kind of loony.

RAPUNZEL: She's a bit out there, but I have the best of everything.

NARRATOR: (*moving the story along*) Along with...

RAPUNZEL: Boys...

NARRATOR: Rapunzel developed a fondness for singing.

RAPUNZEL: (*sings badly and loudly*) Three blind mice! Three blind mice! See how they run! See how they run!

CORY, CAROL, JONA: (*ad libbing*) Stop! Please, stop! Stop, now! Ow! I'm going to leave if she doesn't stop.

ENCHANTRESS: Rapunzel, stop!

RAPUNZEL: I thought you said I should be my own person.

ENCHANTRESS: When I go out, you can be your own person. When I'm home, you're to be quiet.

RAPUNZEL: But... the muse is striking me now. (*sings*) Three blind mice!

ENCHANTRESS: I'm going to strike *you* if you don't shut up.

SOUND EFFECTS: Slap. Waaaah!

SOCIAL WORKER: One more strike and I'm putting her in foster care.

ENCHANTRESS: She's already *in* foster care, thank you very much.

NARRATOR: Rapunzel grew up, and finally hit the ripe old age of... 16. Her hair was really long, and her vocal career was solidly on track.

RAPUNZEL: (*sings*) Three blind mice! Three blind mice!

CAROL: Stop! Please!

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RAPUNZEL: (*louder*) They all run after the farmer's wife...

JONA: I bet they wish there were three deaf mice!

NARRATOR: She was also very popular at school.

RAPUNZEL: Boys!

(BOYS come to the door, the next lines should be done with a repetitive rhythm... the BOY can be played by one person or split up among male cast members.)

EFFECTS: Knock knock knock.

BOY: (*overlapping with EFFECTS*) Is Rapunzel there?

ENCHANTRESS: No!

EFFECTS: Slam

RAPUNZEL: Mom!!

EFFECTS: Knock knock knock.

BOY: (*overlapping with EFFECTS*) Is Rapunzel there?

ENCHANTRESS: No!

EFFECTS: Slam

RAPUNZEL: Mom!!

EFFECTS: Knock knock knock.

BOY: (*overlapping with EFFECTS*) Is Rapunzel there?

ENCHANTRESS: No!

EFFECTS: Slam

RAPUNZEL: Mom!!

CAROL: When does she study?

JONA: Probably when she's waiting for her hair to dry. I hope she's not on the swim team.

RAPUNZEL: I *sing* when I'm waiting for my hair to dry. (*sings*) Ninety-nine bottles of beer on the wall, ninety-nine bottles of beer... you take one down and pass it around...

SOCIAL WORKER: Stop it! You're too young to sing about beer.

RAPUNZEL: (*bratty*) I'm not *drinking* it; I'm taking it down and passing it around.

(*sings*) Ninety eight bottles of beer on the wall, ninety eight bottles of-

ENCHANTRESS: Quiet!

(RAPUNZEL stops.)

She's at that age.

MOM: (*gloating*) Who's sorry now?

NARRATOR: Things were getting out of hand, so the enchantress did the only sensible thing.

CORY: Turn her into a pig?

NARRATOR: She went to Home Depot.

ENCHANTRESS: (*happy*) They're having a brick and mortar sales event.

NARRATOR: And she had a tower built, one hundred feet high.

EFFECTS: Whirrrrrrr! Wham! Whirrrrrrr! Pound pound pound!

JONA: Who knew this show would be so loud?

CONTRACTOR: Hey lady, where do you want this stuff?

NARRATOR: She hired some construction workers.

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CONTRACTOR: (*can't believe it*) Let me get this straight, lady. You want a tower 100 feet high, with no stairs and no door.

ENCHANTRESS: Delightful!

CONTRACTOR: Right here in the garden? Are you zoned? It's gonna cost ya.

NARRATOR: After the tower was built, the mean old lady...

ENCHANTRESS: I'm not old.

NARRATOR: Fine. That mean worthless hag imprisoned Rapunzel in the tower.

CAROL: How did she get up there?

NARRATOR: I don't know.

CONTRACTOR: A hundred feet high, no stairs, no door.

ENCHANTRESS: I still have a bit of magic left in these bones. That'll keep the boys away from her!

NARRATOR: Rapunzel was not happy with her surroundings.

RAPUNZEL: There's no bathroom!

JONA: What's it like up there?

RAPUNZEL: Kind of boring. It's just a round room and a bed. No nightstand. No TV. Books from the fourteenth century.

SOCIAL WORKER: I'm going to report you to the child welfare authorities.

Endangerment, abandonment, and basically just being a hag.

ENCHANTRESS: (*thinks it over*) I can turn you into a pig.

SOCIAL WORKER: Is that your answer to everything? Have you no better conflict resolution skills than that?

ENCHANTRESS: It pretty much resolves all conflicts in my favor!

SOCIAL WORKER: I demand that you improve her living conditions dramatically, or I'm going to step in and have her removed from the home.

ENCHANTRESS: Good luck with that. She's in a tower 100 feet high with no stairs and no door.

RAPUNZEL: (*shouting*) And no bathroom!

SOCIAL WORKER: A helicopter would do very nicely.

JONA: That's the problem with updating a fairy tale. Helicopter, cell phone...

NARRATOR: So the enchantress bargained with the Division of Family Services...

SOCIAL WORKER: Three square meals, a lavatory, home schooling, and sufficient entertainment to keep her mind off-

RAPUNZEL: Boys...

NARRATOR: This meant that the enchantress had to go up there every day...

CAROL: I bet she wishes she put in a staircase right about now.

NARRATOR: Actually, she made convenient use of the fact that Rapunzel had never in her life had a haircut.

ENCHANTRESS: (*Pleased with herself*) I knew it would come in handy. (*to the audience*) Watch this! (*calls*) Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair, so I may climb the golden stair!

RAPUNZEL: (*after an impatient pause, shouting as if from a distance*) What?

ENCHANTRESS: Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair!

RAPUNZEL: What? I can't hear you!

ENCHANTRESS: I said, Rapunzel, Rap-

DAD: Will you all keep it down out there? I'm trying to take a nap!

MOM: We've had seven children since. We don't get a moments peace.

RAPUNZEL: Did you say wet down your chair? Get me the Nair?

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ENCHANTRESS: Rapunzel!

RAPUNZEL: What-ever! I'm going back inside.

NARRATOR: The woman got a bullhorn.

ENCHANTRESS: Your hair! Let down your hair!

RAPUNZEL: Great, that'll take all day.

NARRATOR: Rapunzel put her hair over a hook on the outside of the tower and the evil witch climbed up.

SOCIAL WORKER: Don't forget her schoolbooks and three nutritious meals.

ENCHANTRESS: It's hard to climb with all that.

SOCIAL WORKER: You started it.

NARRATOR: The enchantress got about half way up, when...

SOUND EFFECTS: Wheeeeeee! Aaaaaah! Splat.

CORY: What was that?

JONA: I think it was greasy hair.

ENCHANTRESS: Ow! We'll have to wash it!

RAPUNZEL: There's no time. I'm hungry *now*!

ENCHANTRESS: This isn't as simple as I thought.

NARRATOR: So, she chalked her hands, and up she went.

RAPUNZEL: When do I get out of here?

ENCHANTRESS: (*off-handed*) I'm not sure. Maybe never.

RAPUNZEL: In that case, there's no need for continuing education.

NARRATOR: In order to pass the time, Rapunzel began to sing. Loudly.

RAPUNZEL: (*singing*) Where the boys are....

MOM: Stop that!

DAD: Worse than Britney!

MOM: Why can't she play the bass viol? Or the English horn? It's a lot quieter.

NARRATOR: In fact, it had the opposite affect from the isolation that the witch intended... people from all over came to try to stop that racket, including one young man named Harold who was vacationing in northern Iowa.

HAROLD: What is that awful noise? Stop it! You're drowning out my iPod.

NARRATOR: Rapunzel came to the window and...

RAPUNZEL: Boys!

HAROLD: You're hot.

RAPUNZEL: You like my hair?

HAROLD: It's kind of long. I prefer a punk cut.

NARRATOR: Little did she know that Harold was actually a prince from a neighboring duchy.

CAROL: Duchy? Where is this? Bavaria?

JONA: I thought it was in Iowa.

CORY: All fairy tales take place in Iowa.

NARRATOR: (*giving in, pragmatically*) Fine, then he was from Minnesota.

JONA: They don't have royalty in Minnesota.

CORY: All they have is Al Franken, and not by much.

NARRATOR: Well okay, he had a lot of money. Enough, that if indeed, Rapunzel *could* get out of the tower; she could live happily ever after.

SOCIAL WORKER: She's hardly marrying age. She hasn't even had a date.

RAPUNZEL: That's right. I want to have some fun. "Ever after" isn't part of my lexis.

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