

FROM HAIR TO ETERNITY



The
Un-be-weave-able
Adventures
of
Rapunzel

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Inspired by the Brothers Grimm fairytale "Rapunzel"

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FROM HAIR TO ETERNITY

The Un-be-weave-able Adventures of Rapunzel

COMEDY FOR YOUNG AUDIENCES. There's a witch, a spell, and lots of radishes in this wildly wacky adaptation of "Rapunzel." Locked in a tower by a witch, Rapunzel's boring life comes to an end when she meets a prince who wants to rescue her from the tower and marry her even if he has to have a witch for a mother-in-law. When the Witch discovers that the Prince has been secretly visiting Rapunzel, she punishes Rapunzel by cutting her long lovely locks and giving her the dreaded, abysmally appalling hairdo... "The Mullet of Doom"! Will Rapunzel's mullet doom her to a lonely life inside the tower, or will the Prince promise to love her from *hair* to eternity? This *hair-raising, unbeweaveable* comedy has a minimum set and is perfect for touring groups.

Performance Time: Approximately 45 minutes.



Portrait of Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, 1843 (left). Illustration from Grimm's Fairy Stories.

About the Story

Jacob Grimm (1785-1863) and his brother Wilhelm Grimm (1786-1859) grew up fascinated with folklore and dedicated their lives to collecting and recording traditional folk stories, particularly German and Scandinavian tales. "Rapunzel" is a German fairy tale that was first published by the Brothers Grimm in their 1812 collection *Children's and Household Tales*. The origin of the story is unknown, but the Brothers Grimm version is thought to be influenced by the 1698 French fairy tale "Persinette" and the 1634 Italian fairy tale "Parsley" ("Petrosinella") by Giambattista Basile. In "Parsley," a pregnant woman craving parsley is caught stealing the herb from an ogress's garden and is forced to give her baby to the ogress. Other famous tales collected by the Brothers Grimm include "Snow White," "Rumpelstiltskin," "Hansel and Gretel," and "Cinderella."

Characters

(3 M, 5 F, 3 flexible, extras)
(With doubling: 2 M, 3 F, 3 flexible)

- TULA THE ENCHANTRESS:** A radish-loving witch who is holding Rapunzel captive in a tower with no doors; not very good at giving haircuts; female.
- RAPUNZEL:** Extremely bored living in the tower all by herself and can't escape because she can't climb down her own hair; has comically long, red, billowy locks of hair; female.
- PRINCE:** Wants to rescue Rapunzel from the tower and marry her even though he'll have a witch for a mother-in-law; thinks he's a stand-up comedian who must tell every hair, wig, weave joke known to man; male.
- FARMER:** Rapunzel's father; male.
- FARMER'S WIFE:** Rapunzel's mother; female.
- KING:** Prince's father; male.
- QUEEN:** Prince's mother; female.
- NARRATOR:** Story's narrator; flexible.
- TOWNSPERSON 1:** Passerby; flexible.
- AUDIENCE MEMBER:** Wears overalls or other clothing representing your local area; flexible.
- NURSE:** Non-speaking; female.
- EXTRAS:** As Townsfolk.

Options for Doubling

- NURSE/AUDIENCE MEMBER** (female)
FARMER/KING (male)
FARMER'S WIFE/QUEEN (female)

Setting

Once upon a time in a kingdom far away.

Sets

Forest/Town. Backdrop a forest/town, or a bare stage will suffice.

Tower. A dressed-up, raised platform. There is a “window.” Bushes surround the tower and are large enough for the Prince to hide behind.

Props

Storybook	Sunglasses
Women's handkerchief	Microphone
Pillow (for Wife's pregnancy)	Hawaiian shirt, for Prince
Basket	Scissors
Radishes	Mullet wig, for Rapunzel
Vial	Hand mirror
Baby doll	Bouquet of roses
Baby blanket	Tattered, torn clothing, for
Hairbrush	Prince
Wig of comically long, billowy	Walking stick
locks, for Rapunzel	Sunglasses
Book entitled, <i>The Hairy Potter and</i>	Men's handkerchief
<i>the Half-Done Primps</i>	Basket of berries
Assorted silk scarves	Wig (regular hairdo), for
Milkshake	Rapunzel
2 Straws	Bowtie
Candle	Bridal veil

Special Effects

Fanfare	Rimshot
Smoke	Stomach rumbling
Thunder	Horrendous sound
Lightning	Dramatic music
Doorbell	Sound of ground
Menacing sound	shaking/earthquake
Crickets chirping	Trumpets blaring
Soft, romantic music	Menacing music
Rooster crowing	Wedding march
Gust of wind	

“I’m going to take
your lovely locks
and cut them into
the dreaded,
the wrathful,
the abysmally appalling...
Mullet of Doom!”

—Tula

FROM H¹⁰AR TO ETERNITY

The Un-be-weave-able Adventures of Rapunzel

(AT RISE: Fanfare. Narrator enters and opens a storybook.)

NARRATOR: *(To audience. Clears throat.)* Once upon a time there was a famer...

(Farmer enters, singing a cheery song to himself.)

FARMER: Hi there!

NARRATOR: *(To audience.)* And his wife...

(Wife enters.)

WIFE: Hello!

NARRATOR: *(To audience.)* And they were very happy and very, very much in love.

FARMER: *(To Wife.)* Come here, you!

(Farmer and Wife embrace and rub noses Inuit style.)

NARRATOR: *(Aside.)* Adorable. *(To audience.)* There was only one problem, though. They didn't have a child to call their own. *(Wife pulls out a hanky and begins to cry.)* Many nights they begged the heavens to bestow upon them a bouncing bundle of joy, but no matter how hard they pleaded...

FAMER/WIFE: *(On their hands and knees.)* Please! Please! Please!

NARRATOR: *(To audience.)* Their prayers were never answered. *(Farmer and Wife get on their knees, turn their backs to the audience, and mime begging and pleading.)* That is...until one morning...

(Wife turns around to reveal she is pregnant.)

FROM HEAR TO ETERNITY
11

WIFE: Husband! Husband! Either I've been eating one too many cheese Danishes or—

FARMER: Or?

WIFE/FARMER: We're going to have a baby!

NARRATOR: *(To audience.)* And just like that, all was right in the world. The Farmer and his wife were overjoyed! *(Farmer and Wife embrace.)* As were their neighboring townfolk! *(Townfolk enter and happily embrace.)* For everyone, you see, loved the Farmer and his Wife...everyone that is, except for Tula, the enchantress!

(Smoke. Thunder. Lightning. Tula enters.)

TULA: Cackle! Cackle! Cackle!

NARRATOR: *(To audience.)* Now Tula wasn't just any ol' run-of-the-mill enchantress. No. She was an evil, wicked, malicious, dastardly, no-good, downright—

TULA: *(Insulted.)* Hey, hey, hey! I have feelings too, you know.

NARRATOR: Sorry, just reading what it says here. *(Indicating storybook.)* How about this? Tula was a witch... *(Tula nods. To audience.)* ...a witch who lived next door to the Farmer and his wife, and a witch, unlike the rest of the kingdom, who was furious!

TULA: You bet I am! Of course, those two are having a baby! And why shouldn't they be? Everybody in this kingdom gets what they want! Everybody, that is, except *me*! I've always wanted a baby of my own, a daughter, one who I can love and coddle! I even picked out the perfect name for her: "Rapunzel." Isn't that beautiful? Bet you've never heard that one before. But, now, instead of the soft coo of a baby, I have to listen to those two carrying on, rubbing my face in their happiness!

NARRATOR: No, they aren't—

(Wife steps forward, even more pregnant than before.)

WIFE: *(To Townspeople.)* Hey, everyone, we just found out we're going to have a daughter!

TOWNSPERSON 1: A daughter?!

WIFE: Yes, a daughter! A little girl who we can love...

FARMER: And coddle...

FARMER/WIFE: And name Rapunzel!

TOWNSFOLK: Aw...

WIFE: I know. Bet you've never heard a name like that before! *(Exits.)*

TULA: *(To Narrator, enraged.)* See! They even stole my name!

NARRATOR: Uh-huh. I think you're overreacting.

TULA: *(Overreacting, shouts.)* Overreacting! What do you know? You're just a narrator! You're not even important enough to be a *real* character!

(Pause.)

NARRATOR: That hurts.

TULA: *(Shrugs.)* Who cares? *(Angrily.)* Besides, that does it! I'm going to fix those neighbors of mine once and for all!

(Tula grabs a basket of radishes and approaches the Farmer and the Narrator.)

NARRATOR: *(To audience.)* And so Tula developed a plan...an evil plan...a sinister plan...a plan that involved...

(A doorbell is heard, "ding-dong.")

TULA: *(To Narrator and Farmer, holding out basket.)* Radishes?

NARRATOR/FARMER: Radishes?

TULA: *(To Farmer.)* Radishes. Rumor has it that your wife has been craving radishes, and so I thought I'd bring her some nice, fresh, juicy ones straight from my garden!

FARMER: *(Wary.)* I don't know. I doubt my wife has a hankering for —

FROM HELL TO ETERNITY
13

(Wife runs on.)

WIFE: *(Shouts.)* Radishes! Oh, how did you know I've been craving them? *(Grabs some radishes and begins ravenously eating them.)*

NARRATOR: *(To audience.)* The farmer's Wife began consuming the radishes right then and there, one after another, after another, after another, until—

WIFE: *(Rubbing her stomach.)* Ooooooh...I don't feel so good...

TULA: I doubt you do. See, I laced those radishes with...
(Dramatic pause.) ...a spell! Cackle! Cackle! Cackle!

FARMER/WIFE: A spell?!

TULA: Yes! One that will turn your little baby girl into a radish herself! *(Farmer and Wife gasp.)* That is...unless you promise to give your daughter to me!

FARMER: Why, you—! You—! *(To Townsfolk.)* Let's get her!

TOWNSFOLK: Yeah!

FARMER: Let's tar and feather her!

TOWNSFOLK: Yeah!

FARMER: Let's form an angry mob and drive her out of town!

(Shouting over one another Townsfolk adlib, "Yeah!" "Sounds like a good idea!" etc.)

WIFE: *(To others.)* Wait! Stop! If we do that—if we harm her—then who'll break the spell?

TULA: That's the best part, dearie! No one! Not without me, that is, and not without *this!* *(Produces a vial.)* Cackle! Cackle! Cackle! The only way to break the spell is to drink this here potion, and the only way to get the potion is to give me your bouncing baby brat!

FARMER: Oh, yeah, and what if we take the potion by force and still refuse to give you our daughter!? What then?

TOWNSFOLK: *(To Tula.)* Yeah!

TULA: Then I'll be forced to curse you with the curse of all curses...and exile you to the darkest of realms and worst

place imaginable, also known as... [Insert the name of the town, city, theater, or school where the show is being performed.]

(Menacing sound. Everyone shudders.)

NARRATOR: *(To audience.)* Not knowing what to do, the Farmer's Wife agreed to drink the potion and give up her daughter as long as the Witch promised to keep her daughter safe. *(Witch hands the Wife the vial and she drinks it.)* And so it was, not long after that very altercation, that the Wife went into—

(Tula exits.)

WIFE: *(Holding her stomach, screams.)* Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

NARRATOR: *(To audience.)* Labor!

FARMER: *(To others, excited.)* She's coming! The baby's coming!

TOWNSFOLK: *(Shout.)* The baby's coming! The baby's coming!

NARRATOR: *(To audience.)* And before she knew it, she'd given birth to her sweet little Rapunzel.

(Nurse enters, carrying a baby doll wrapped in a blanket.)

TOWNSFOLK: Aw...

WIFE: *(To Farmer.)* She's got your eyes, darling!

FARMER: And your nose, sweetness!

WIFE: And your chin, love bug!

FARMER: And your—

WIFE: That's enough. Even I'm getting nauseated by this. Oh, but she is beautiful, isn't she?

(Smoke. Lightning. Thunder. Tula enters.)

FROM HELL TO ETERNITY

TULA: (*Cackling.*) Why, thank you! I am quite the looker, aren't I? Cackle! Cackle! Cackle! Well, ladies and gents, collection day has come. Hand the baby over and no one gets hurt!

FARMER: (*Begging.*) But, Tula, please! Isn't there something we can do?

TULA: I'm afraid a deal's a deal, and if you break yours, then I'll be forced to put a curse on you, and believe me, nobody wants that.

WIFE: (*Touching Farmer's arm, sadly.*) She's right.

(Farmer and Wife share one last moment with the baby before handing her off to Tula's greedy fingers.)

TULA: (*To doll.*) Hello, Rapunzel. You're mine now and you're going to be mine forever!

(Tula snaps her fingers. Smoke, thunder, lightning. Tula disappears with the baby. Wife begins to weep and she and the Farmer exit.)

NARRATOR: (*To audience.*) That was a terrible day, indeed. The townsfolk searched high and low for little Rapunzel... (*Searching about, the Townsfolk call out, "Rapunzel, where are you!" etc. Townsperson 1 whistles for Rapunzel as if calling a dog.*) But, alas, she was nowhere to be found. (*Defeated, Townsfolk lower their heads and exit.*) For, you see, little did they know but the Witch had taken Rapunzel into the deepest part of the darkest forest and imprisoned her in a tower!

(A tower appears. The tower is a dressed-up, raised platform. Tula enters, carrying the baby.)

TULA: (*To baby doll.*) Welcome to your new home, child. Here you'll be safe and sound for the remainder of your days.

FROM HAIR TO ETERNITY

(Tula sets the baby doll down and exits. Lights flicker to indicate time as passed.)

NARRATOR: *(To audience.)* Years passed...16 to be precise, and Rapunzel grew up: lovely, fair—and despite her upbringing—just as beautiful on the inside as she was on the outside. There was only one problem...

(Rapunzel enters. She sits in the tower, combing her comically long, billowy locks of hair.)

RAPUNZEL: *(As she combs her hair.)* Nine-hundred ninety-seven, nine-hundred ninety-eight...

NARRATOR: *(To audience.)* Not only was she a little overdue for a haircut...

RAPUNZEL: Nine-hundred ninety-nine, one thousand!
(Stops combing. To herself.) Whew. Well, what should I do now? *(Sets the hairbrush down and looks about.)*

NARRATOR: But she was truly, irrevocably bored.

RAPUNZEL: *(Sighs. Ridiculously fast pace.)* What to do now? Hmm...I suppose I could dust. That's always *fun*. Or I could sweep the floors again. That could be *entertaining*. Or... *(Gets an idea.)* ...it's a wild idea, but...I could go a little crazy and do Monday's chores on Tuesday, and then Tuesday's chores on Monday, and on Wednesday I could do Thursday's and Friday's chores, and on Thursday I could do Wednesday's and Saturday's chores, and then on Friday I could...I could... *(Pause. Puts her face in her hands, sadly.)* ...I could realize how dull my life really is.

(Smoke, thunder, lightning. Tula enters.)

TULA: *(Shouts.)* Rapunzel!

RAPUNZEL: *(Shouts.)* Tula! *(To herself.)* Company! Thank heavens! *(Calls.)* Coming, Tula!

NARRATOR: *(To audience.)* Now Rapunzel's tower didn't have any doors or stairs, so whenever the Witch wanted to see her, she'd cry out...

TULA: Rapunzel! Rapunzel! Let down your hair!
So that I may climb the golden stair!

NARRATOR: *(To audience.)* And Rapunzel would throw her long curls out from the tiny window of her bedroom so that Tula could climb up them.

RAPUNZEL: Look out below! Here it comes!

(Rapunzel throws her hair out the "window." Tula, a basket in hand, climbs up. Tula strains as she climbs, and it's obvious that this is a bit painful for Rapunzel as well. Finally, Tula enters through the "window.")

TULA: Whoa, what a trip! Rapunzel, my dear, give us some sugar. *(Rapunzel embraces Tula.)* Now, tell me, Child, what have you been up to?

RAPUNZEL: Thinking.

TULA: Thinking? That's a new one.

RAPUNZEL: Yes, I was thinking...

TULA: Uh-huh...

RAPUNZEL: That I could possibly, maybe, sort of...

TULA: Yes...

RAPUNZEL: Ask your permission to...

TULA: Go on...

RAPUNZEL: *(Quickly.)* Leave this tower.

TULA: *(Admonishingly.)* Rapunzel!

RAPUNZEL: *(Spoken at a ridiculously fast pace.)* I know, I know. But it would only be for a little while, and I promise I'd come back. *(Crosses her fingers. Aside, to audience.)* Not really. *(To Tula.)* It's just so dull in here, and all my life I've dreamed and wished of going out there—outside—where you can pick flowers, sit in the sunshine, swim, and run, and jump, and—

TULA: And leave me here alone...bitter and brokenhearted?

RAPUNZEL: No. It's not that. It's just, at some point, I'd like to have a life of my own...one that doesn't involve imprisonment within four walls.

TULA: Rapunzel, I understand what you're going through. I was 16 once.

RAPUNZEL: (*Shocked.*) You were?

TULA: Yes. I wasn't always –

RAPUNZEL: Ancient.

TULA: In my forties. And I remember clearly what the world was like then.

RAPUNZEL: You do? Tell me then...how was it?

[END OF FREEVIEW]