

PERUSAL SCRIPT

RAPUNZEL

by

Matthew Ivan Bennett

based on the fairy tales collected and published by the Brothers Grimm

PART 1 of GRIMM - Episode 7 in the **RADIO HOUR** Series



Newport, Maine

© 2014 by Matthew Ivan Bennett
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CAUTION:

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that

RAPUNZEL

being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States Of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion Of Canada, and the other countries of the Copyright Union, is subject to royalty. Anyone presenting the play without the express written permission of the Copyright owners and/or their authorized agent will be liable to the penalties provided by law.

Script and music copies must be rented from the Publisher and Royalty must be paid to the publisher for each and every performance before an audience whether or not admission is charged. A performance license must first be obtained from the publisher prior to any performance(s).

Federal Copyright Law -- 17 U.S.C. section 504 -- allows for a recovery of a minimum of \$250 and a maximum of \$50,000 *for each infringement*, plus attorney fees.

The professional and amateur rights to the performance of this play along with the lecturing, recitation, and public reading rights, are administered exclusively through LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be made. For all other rights, inquiries may be made to the authors through LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS. Any adaptation or arrangement of this work without the author's written permission is an infringement of copyright. **Unauthorized duplication by any means is also an infringement.**

FOR PUBLIC PERFORMANCE RIGHTS YOU MUST APPLY TO THE PUBLISHER OR YOU ARE BREAKING THE LAW!

The possession of this PERUSAL SCRIPT, does not constitute permission to perform the work herein contained, in public or in private, for gain or charity. Proper prior application must be made, license granted and royalty paid before a performance may be given. Copies of this SCRIPT and all other rehearsal materials may be rented from:

LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS
P.O. Box 536 Newport, ME 04953-0536
www.leicesterbaytheatricals.com
Printed in the United States Of America

THIS NOTICE MUST APPEAR IN ALL PROGRAMS, ON ALL POSTERS AND PUBLICITY MATERIALS AND INTERNET ADVERTISING/WEBPAGES FOR THE PLAY:

“Rapunzel” is presented through special arrangement with Leicester Bay Theatricals. All authorized materials are also supplied by LBT, www.leicesterbaytheatricals.com”

NOTE: Your contract with Leicester Bay Theatricals limits you to making copies of this document for persons directly connected with your production. Do not distribute outside of your cast and crew. Following your performance run you must destroy all photocopies, preferably by shredding them. If we sent you the document in printed format, you must return that document to us. If we provided you with an electronic PDF file, simply trash that on your computer so that it cannot be recovered. The electronic document may only be on ONE computer -- it may NOT be duplicated. This is also a part of your contract with Leicester Bay Theatricals.

CAST OF CHARACTERS (in order of appearance) 5F 4M

Oma
(Children)
Ilsa
Karl
Fairy
(Babe)
Rapunzel
Prince Meinhard
Meinhard Jr.
Meinhardette

Period Costumes or contemporary clothes

Radio Station setting

Sound Effects required (can be Foley, recorded, or a mix of both. Music required.)

DISCLAIMER:

The options to fully stage or to stage for radio is left to the producer. The option to simulcast from the live performance on radio, or to record the performance for later broadcast must be specified in your licensing agreement with Leicester Bay Theatricals, and if EQUITY actors are used must be approved by EQUITY. A fully staged play may not be broadcast without Virtual Licensing Rights, which must also be obtained from the publisher, with permission from EQUITY.

RAPUNZEL by Matthew Ivan Bennett. Part 1 of GRIMM - Episode 7 in the RADIO HOUR Series. 4M 5F Period Costumes or contemporary clothes. Radio Station setting. SFX essential. Staged Radio Drama, Radio Broadcast, Fully-Staged Production, or Virtual Theatre. (22 minutes) This version isn't your mommy and daddy's version. It's dark, earthy, and just a little bit naughty. So, perfect for the Halloween season! GRIMM was a co-production between Salt Lake City's Plan-B Theatre Company and the University of Utah's Public Radio station KUER's Radio West. Some mild profanity and sexual situations. **ORDER #3241.1**

MATTHEW IVAN BENNETT is a resident of Plan-B Theatre, listed by American Theater magazine as one of 14 companies nationwide exemplifying social action and civic engagement. At Plan-B, he's premiered several stage and radio plays, including an adaptation of "*Frankenstein*" that won a Utah Broadcasters Association award, and "*Eric(a)*"—which won Best Drama at the United Solo festival in New York. He received the Holland New Voices award from the Great Plains Theatre Commons, has twice been a finalist in screenwriting at Austin Film Festival, and in 2016 was an O'Neill finalist. His short plays have appeared at Chicago's Circle Theatre, Rising Sun in New York, Monkeyman in Toronto, and the Source Festival in DC. Matt is a member of the Dramatists' Guild

RAPUNZEL

OMA: (*ancient grandmother*) Gazzer roundt, childtren, make room for eferyvun, settle down; zat’s it; not too near ze grate, Hänsel—ze Devil can grab you if ze flames go green!

(*OMA spits*)

(*CHILDREN startling*)

(*OMA cackles*)

So. You vant Oma to tell story she tell story: “Rapunzel”! Not your mommy and datty’s version, but mein version, ze right version. So listen vell, no fidgetingk, ant maybe I give you schnapps, eh?

(*OMA glugging*)

I begin.

(*phlegm*)

Vunce, upon time, zere vas stupid girl. She ant husbandt hadt “special hug” ant she vas payingk ze price.

(*ILSA vomits*)

She retains vater, she’s backed up, she vomits like Yellowstone geyser, until!, she gazes out vindow into a garden belonging to... A FAIRY! Not sunny California fairy, meine Lieben, but real fairy: pupils like smoke in sunset!; lips like leeches!; gangly! But I come to zat later. First she sees little rosebuds, daises ant poppies. Catsfoot, run-away-robin. But most of all? Bright, green, vaterly *rapunzel*.

(*ILSA smacks lips*)

She tell her husbandt:

ILSA & OMA: Oh, if I do not get some rapunzel from [ze] fairy’s garden, I shall surely die.

OMA: Ant vhat do you sink *he* says?

KARL: Are you nuts?! That’s supernatural private property, Ilsa.

ILSA: I have a craving, Karl. My body needs green leafy vegetables from exactly over there. Do you even love our unborn baby?

KARL: Of course, I’m just saying, let’s not trespass in the backyard of Evil.

ILSA: Omigod, “evil”? You’re assuming ‘cause she’s a fairy she’s evil. You’re about to be a dad, Karl, and you’re a racist.

KARL: We gave her a live chicken on Christmas she returned it inside-out!

ILSA: Karl, I need rapunzel. On my fork. You want the special hug, do as I say.

OMA: Zat night, he bumbles ofer ze vall ant digs.

KARL: “I need it, Karl, the baby needs calcium, my ugly feet hurt, rub them.”

(*startles at a noise*)

Hello? Anyone there? ... OK, just fill the bag ‘n run, Karl, nothin’ to it; a snip here a snip there; no one’s gonna find—AHH!

MUSICAL STING

OMA: Out of black ze fairy slices, its cape ze color of midnight, sewn from ze faces of human babies. Man’s testicles tighten like raisins. Fairy looms ofer him, its arms bony as branches; is voman, but has a vortex of white oily hair clingkingk to her chest, two hells instead of eyes, ant only imagination can conjure her bizarre preternatural voice as she says—

FAIRY: *(completely normal; also, psychotic)* Hey Karl. Whatcha you doin’ here?

KARL: Me? Oh, I was just...getting rid of snails. You’ve got quite a pest problem.

FAIRY: Maybe I like “pests.”

KARL: Do you? Huh. I can see that. Also, I’m sorry I smashed one of them.

FAIRY: Sven.

KARL: Sorry?

FAIRY: His name was Sven—that snail. We used to winter together in Sanremo. Though he had been getting on my nerves. Always blaspheming. You reap what you sow. I notice you’ve got a good grip on those scissors.

KARL: Do I? Huh. Sure do. Can’t help it with these forearms, you know? I’m a baker by trade. Lotta dough in these hands.

FAIRY: I bet

(mind control)

But it’s so dark out here ‘n those things are so pointy, Karl, I’d hate you to trip on my property, puncture your spleen. Why don’t you put ‘em down.

KARL: OK.

FAIRY: Thanks, ‘preciate it. By the by, what’s in your bag there, neighbor?

KARL: Bag? Oh. This bag. Odds ‘n ends. Got a red onion; couple carrots—

FAIRY: *(sniffing)* I may be wrong, Karl, but it smells like fresh-cut rapunzel.

KARL: *(sniffing)* Gee, so it does. Weird. Anyway, I should split; the Old Lady—

FAIRY: Did you know that scent, Karl—that green, fresh-cut scent—is secreted by plants to attract predators?

KARL: Really.

FAIRY: Yeah. They give off that odor so a beast can come to feast.

KARL: I did not know that. I was bad at science.

FAIRY: *(buzzing with power)* I wouldn’t call it “science,” Karl, I’d call it common sense: I think every

living thing wants to go on, don't you? To put off the Final Judgment? Or maybe you long for this. *O Deus, aeternus pater*—

KARL: OK, OK! We can solve this without Latin. I stole from you, it was wrong, I'll make it up. It's my wife, alright, she threatened me—specifically my genitals. And the rapunzel was so close to our yard, I just thought—

FAIRY: Karl, chill. I'm not a grump. Love thy neighbor. You can help yourself.

KARL: I can?

FAIRY: Absitively. Any time. As much as you want. As long as you compensate me in, say, the ballpark of your first-born child. That seem fair to you?

KARL: Very fair, Mrs. Fairy. It seems fairy—I mean, very, fairly, caring of you. Considering what I've already been through in the last eight months.

(FAIRY laughs)

(KARL laughs)

FAIRY: *(stops laughing)* Get off my lawn.

MUSICAL STING

OMA: A munce later?

(BABE crying)

Anuzzer baby sqvirts into poverty; ze fairy comes in spiral of green mist.

MAGIC

FAIRY: I'll be taking that, nice doin' business with you, Karl, go with God.

MAGIC

ILSA: What? Business? Karl. What did you do? Did you sell our baby?!

KARL: A little bit, yeah.

ILSA: Karl Werner Von Schlitz. Give me one good reason I shouldn't throw this afterbirth at you.

KARL: I got a receipt?

MUSICAL STING

OMA: Fairy flies deep into forest, to a tower vis no doors, no stairvay, but only high vindow. Baby suckles ant grabs at hairy breasts, as if twin bottles of schnapps—

(she glugs)

FAIRY: Oh yeah mmm; suck 'em good, my precious, my...Rapunzel.

OMA: Seasons pass. Snow blows in, it melts; stars vhez by; little girl grows to be tvelf years oldt—radiant

as sunrise. Ant yet, she hasn't even a book up in her tower, no puzzles, no kittens; no scissors to have her hair cut, ant so it grows long, barbarous, angelic. Day in, day out, she sits, brushes her brass hair in ze vindow, ant sings....

RAPUNZEL:

THEY ALL RAN AFTER THE FARMER'S WIFE
WHO CUT OFF THEIR FEET WITH A CARVING KNIFE
DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A THING IN YOUR LIFE,
AS THREE BLIND CATS?

OMA: Ze fairy wanted to see her, she calledt up:

FAIRY & OMA: (*below*) Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair to me!

RAPUNZEL: (*inhale of surprise*) Fräu Gothel! Yay. Just a minute.

OMA: Up ze fairy climbs; girl bounces up ant down.

FAIRY: Hello, darling. What mischief have you been up to? Have you said your prayers?

RAPUNZEL: Oh yes, Fräu Gothel, I always say them: when I wake, when I eat, and when I tinkle in the corner.

FAIRY: Good girl.

(*a sniff*)

Would you like me to shampoo your hair? It's Hair Day.

RAPUNZEL: Is it?! I must've lost track! I'd been stacking up mouse droppings as a way of...well, I don't know what to call it—knowing what day it is, I guess?; but when I get a big pile, I get overwhelmed. But yay, Hair Day. Sometimes I dream of your long, long brittle fingers on my scalp.

FAIRY: (*incantation*) *Varetah!*

RAPUNZEL: (*claps*) Woo! Water that's hot! I tried that, the other night, for an hour, and I swear the water got slightly colder.

FAIRY: Only your Gothel can do magic, Rapunzel, I've told you.

RAPUNZEL: I know, but I was thinking if I could *learn* magic then maybe I could breathe outside the tower, and—

FAIRY: But you can't, my dear. There's only enough air outside the tower for me.

RAPUNZEL: I know you say that, but sometimes the wind *shhs* in the window and I think "Whoa that's a lot of air."

FAIRY: Pumpkin, I've explained: the air thins as you go farther from home; it's a brutal, heathen, lonely world. Now sit down, lean back, let me groom you, you must be groomed.

RAPUNZEL: Yes, ma'am.

FAIRY: There now. Isn't that a dream? We're going to get you spick and span. Clean as Mother Mary's knickers.

MUSICAL STING

OMA: But vun day, a young prince rustles by in forest, hot rabbit guts in his handts, vhen suddenly...he sees Rapunzel in her tower, forlorn, singkingk:

RAPUNZEL:

LIMB FROM LIMB AT ONCE HE'LL TEAR YOU
JUST AS PUSSY TEARS A MOUSE
AND HE'LL BEAT YOU, BEAT YOU, BEAT YOU
AND HE'LL BEAT YOU ALL TO PAP

OMA: He fell in love, straight off.

PRINCE MEINHARD: (*he claps; pubescent cracking*) Yeah! You had me at "limb from limb"! What's your name? I know I don't know you, but, we should go out!

OMA: Rapunzel hadt never seen a boy, ant so she sougth "Oh my, he might be Devil."

RAPUNZEL: (*whisper*) Please don't drink my blood please don't drink my blood please.

PRINCE MEINHARD: (*muffled; below*) Hey! Where'd you go? Hello?! I'm a prince! ... Dangit.

OMA: Boy prince searches for door; none vas to be foundt. So he vaits, at edge of clearingk.

FAIRY: (*at a distance*) Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair.

OMA: Ze prince hears passvord. So at dusk, ze next day, vhen fairy has gone:

PRINCE MEINHARD: Rapunzel, Rapunzel, uh... Let down, your hair.

OMA: Hair falls down. Prince ties a braidt aroundt his mittle.

PRINCE MEINHARD: (*calling up*) OK, uh, pull me up?

OMA: Ant Rapunzel, distracted in her dreams ant longingk, drug him up, expectingk to see fairy.

(*RAPUNZEL hoisting...hoisting...then:*)

PRINCE MEINHARD: Hi!

RAPUNZEL: Ahh!

PRINCE MEINHARD: Oh no, oh no, sorry, I should've sent my manservant ahead, I know, but I brought you some uh mulberries—

FIVE more pages to the end of the script.