

In this mini-scene RAPUNZEL, locked in a tower for years, is desperate for a pair of scissors to cut her hair and escape. As the scene opens, she grunts and groans as she pulls her braid tied around a bale of hay through the window. HOB, a bumbling sprite, sits on hay which they hope to spin into gold. Later PRINCE STERLING will appear. Unfortunately he proves not as helpful as hoped. (This piece may be used royalty free for auditions or classroom work.)

RAPUNZEL: *(Collapses to the ground.)* Ohhh! Owwwhhh!
That hurt like a Mother Goose!

HOB: Okay. That's the last of it, my headstrong hero.

RAPUNZEL: Well, I could use a head rub and a nap.

HOB: *(Rubbing RAPUNZEL's head.)* No time for napping,
Rapunzel! I've got it. I've really got it this time!

RAPUNZEL: Look Hob, I appreciate all of your help. I really do. But let's just forget about the whole gold making thing, okay?

HOB: You don't believe in me anymore, do you, Rapunzel? I know I've messed up a lot, but—

RAPUNZEL: No, no, Hob. It's not that. You've been so wonderful to me. It's just that I don't want to marry some strange prince.

HOB: I know, but we've got to get you out of —

RAPUNZEL: All I need is a pair of scissors and I'm busting out of here.

HOB: You know I've searched the whole house up and down for scissors, Rapunzel. That other magician did a very thorough job of getting rid of all of them.

RAPUNZEL: What's his name, anyway? I've always wondered that.

HOB: You know, he's never said. He's too busy kissing up to your mother or insulting me. Anyway, there are no scissors. I'm sorry.

RAPUNZEL: Someday my scissors will come.

HOB: Well, until then, let's make some gold and try to get you out of here that way. Okay? So here's the plan. We're going to weave straw into gold.

RAPUNZEL: I figured as much. But why straw?

HOB: It's yellow, like gold.

RAPUNZEL: Lots of things are yellow. Why not rubber duckies or bananas or lemons or—

HOB: Silly, you can't use lemons on a spinning wheel. Just think of the mess.

RAPUNZEL: Why a spinning wheel?

HOB: Why not? We've tried baking gold. We've tried growing gold. We've tried sewing gold. Why not spinning it? (*HOB sits down at the spinning wheel with some straw.*) I've got a twinkling of an inkling for a spell so bold that all this straw will turn to gold.

RAPUNZEL: Is it working? It's freezing in here.

(FX: Snow falls from above.)

RAPUNZEL: (*Cont'd.*) I think you made it turn cold, not gold, Hob.

HOB: Okay, so that spell went a little haywire, but I've got bunches of hunches. I just need some time to find the right rhyme.

RAPUNZEL: Oh, Hob. I've wasted far too much time already. I have got to get out of this tower!

(LIGHTS down. LIGHTS up on RAPUNZEL wincing in pain in the tower. This time PRINCE STERLING climbs through the window.)

RAPUNZEL: Okay, hand them over.

PRINCE STERLING: Hand what over, my darling?

RAPUNZEL: The scissors.

PRINCE STERLING: Oh, those.

RAPUNZEL: Yes, those. Where are they?

PRINCE STERLING: Well, I must have, um, forgot to—

RAPUNZEL: Sterling, how many times have I asked you to bring me scissors? And you keep *forgetting* to bring me scissors. I'm starting to think you are doing this on purpose.

PRINCE STERLING: Oh, Rapunzel, you're right. I know I'm awful. But I'm just afraid that if I give you scissors, you'll cut your hair.

RAPUNZEL: Well, yeah. That's the point of the scissors!

PRINCE STERLING: And then you'll run away and I'll never see you again.

RAPUNZEL: So you want to keep me locked up here forever just like my mother does?!

PRINCE STERLING: No, not forever. Just until I can figure out a way to get my father to change his mind about—

RAPUNZEL: Your father? What does that have to do with—

PRINCE STERLING: Oh never mind! Maybe we could just both live up here.

RAPUNZEL: Are you kidding me? What's wrong with you?

PRINCE STERLING: I mean sure it'd be a little crowded, but this tower is cozy and quiet and no one ever comes to visit you so we'd have—

RAPUNZEL: You selfish oaf! This is the last straw.

PRINCE STERLING: By the way, what's all this straw doing in here, and why is there a—

RAPUNZEL: Don't change the subject! Bring me scissors, Sterling!

PRINCE STERLING: Okay. Okay. Next time, I'll—

RAPUNZEL: Now! (*SHE tosses her hair out the window.*)

PRINCE STERLING: But I just got here. Can't you—

RAPUNZEL: Sterling, I think you know what the hair out the window means.

PRINCE STERLING: Fine. I'm going.

RAPUNZEL: The next time you come here, you better have scissors or don't bother coming at all.

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