

# RAPUNZEL AND THE RASCAL PRINCE

BY

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MUSIC AND LYRICS BY

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SORREL - Rapunzel's Mother  
GINGER - Rapunzel's Father  
RAPUNZEL - their daughter  
PRINCE RAPSCALLION - from very far away  
Sir. STEPHEN SENTINEL - the Prince's Guardian  
RAGWORT - A Witch  
SAGE - An Owl  
HYACINTH HORSERADISH - a Horticulturalist  
ROSEMARY - an apprentice gardener [f]  
PARSLEY - an apprentice gardener [m]  
LEADER OF THE COUNCIL OF VILLAGERS  
FIRE-BREATHING WORM

DOUBLING:

SORREL/ROSEMARY  
GINGER/PARSLEY/HEAD OF WORM  
LEADER OF THE COUNCIL/SIR. STEPHEN  
RAPUNZEL/VILLAGER #1  
RAPSCALLION/VILLAGER #2

The cast size is eight - five men and three women.

There is a juvenile chorus who play six villagers and a fire-breathing worm.

Time: A long time ago

Place: England

**1. PROLOGUE - FRONTCLOTH**

*At the end of the introductory music, SAGE, an owl, enters from Stage Right. His feathers are fine, his beak is sharp, his eyes twinkle behind his enormous glasses yet there is something very human about him.*

**SAGE**

Not fairy bright with glittering wand,  
Nor sparkling wing with gossamer hue,  
I do no magic, yet I stand  
For all that's good and troohoo.

There was, last night, a fiery blast  
And all the crops were burned.  
The herbs, the corn, the fruit blazed fast  
And into cinders turned.

Yet stay, I twitter without rest  
I'm not garden bird nor fowl  
I bet by now you all have guessed  
My hashtag's Sage the ...

*He invites the audience to complete the rhyme*

**AUDIENCE**

Owl!

***Music Cue 1a.  
Chords of doom***

*Chords of Doom as RAGWORT the witch appears from Stage Left.*

**RAGWORT**

Poems suck, they make me sick  
In fact they make me queasy.  
If I were Queen I'd ban them quick  
So talking would be ... Simple!!

**RAGWORT**

What are you doing here?

**SAGE**

Meeting the Council of Villagers to solve the village crisis.

**RAGWORT**

Oh dearie, dearie me! All your crops - scorched! No delicious Dill. No toothsome Tarragon. No beautiful Borage eh?

**SAGE**

Except for in your garden.

**RAGWORT**

My beautiful, beautiful garden!

**SAGE**

The only place toohoo have escaped. Suspicious!

**RAGWORT**

It only proves that I am the best gardener and not that hideous, horrible harridan Hyacinth Horseradish. I should have been made the village Gardener-in-Chief and awarded the Order of the Golden Trowel. Not her.

**SAGE**

But to be awarded the Order you must be generous and kind. You're bad through and through. You're selfish and greedy. That's why no-one likes yoohoo and you're all on your own.

**RAGWORT**

Oh chuck in the towel, owl! I'll find someone who'll love me because I'm so generous and kind. I'll prove you wrong.

*She moves forward to share with the audience*

The Golden Trowel makes you gardener to kings and queens. She who possesses it will become the most sought after gardener in the whole land and be rich, rich, rich. It must be mine, mine, all mine. Now to find someone to love me.

*She looks into the audience.*

You? Do you like me? How about you? Or you?

*She will get no support*

**SAGE**

Yoohoo must be less greedy and selfish. Why not start by sharing your luck with the rest of the poor villagers whose crops have been destroyed?

**RAGWORT**

Oh I weep!

**SAGE**

The herbs they grow to earn their living.

**RAGWORT**

I blubb!

**SAGE**

The corn they need to make their bread.

**RAGWORT**

I howl, owl!

**SAGE**

The froohoot they need to keep themselves healthy.

**RAGWORT**

Oh! I'm drowning in my own tears! Not!! They've only themselves to blame. Giving her the Golden Trowel! Well soon they'll have no money, no food and they'll all grow sick and die.

**SAGE**

What goes around, comes around  
And when you are in need  
Remember, crone, this thought profound.  
Yoohoo'll suffer because of greed!

*Music begins and RAGWORT looks offstage and sees the Council of Villagers approaching.*

**RAGWORT**

Oh village people. Yuk! I'm off!

*With which she starts to go, whispering so that SAGE can't hear*

Oh scorching worm of mine! What a clever fire-breathing worm you are.

***Worm Telepathy  
cue***

*She moves off stopping just before she leaves the stage and addresses the audience. She picks out one member of the audience*

Oh! Oh Oh! There you are! Your village just called. They're missing an idiot!

*And she's gone*

**SAGE**

Oh dear. That wasn't a very good start was it? *[No]*. She needs a good telling off. I've tried but she never listens to me. I wonder if yoohoo could help me tell her off? Could yoohoo? *[Yes]* Really? *[Yes]* Give her a good telling off? *[Yes]* Excellent. Well perhaps she would understand if everyone told her how awful she is. So if yoohoo hear anyone on stage say 'Oh such greed!' perhaps yoohoo could join in by shouting 'Greedy Weed!' at the top of your voices. I think that may work. Let's give it a go shall we? *[Yes]* OK then. I'll start speaking and yoohoo shout out 'Greedy Weed!' when yoohoo hear me say 'Oh such greed!'. Here we go. Do yoohoo know there's not a herb left growing in the village except in the witch's garden and she won't share? Oh such greed!

**AUDIENCE**

Greedy Weed!

**SAGE**

Yes well it will need to be louder than that. The kingdom needs to echo to the sound of how awful she is. Come on, here we go. She keeps all her crops to herself when she's got far more than she could possibly need. Oh such greed!

**AUDIENCE**

Greedy Weed!!

**SAGE**

A smidge better. But smidges aren't good enough. She needs to hear it wherever she happens to be. Let's try it one more time and this time really raise the roofoof. Oh dear, oh dear. What are we going to do about her? Oh such greed!

**AUDIENCE**

Greedy Weed!!!

**SAGE**

Yes indeed! Now that's more like it!! If yoohoo doohoo that every time perhaps she might begin to understand not to be so selfish and greedy. *Villagers entrance underscore*  
Oh look! Here comes the Council of Villagers.

*and the Council of Villagers enters ...*

**ACT ONE SCENE ONE - OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE HERB NURSERY**

*The Council of Villagers arrives. It includes SORREL and GINGER. They join SAGE on the stage and sing the Opening Song*

**2. The Stuff of Life**

We were a very merry village  
 With a very merry villagey community  
 We farmed the land  
 Sowed crops by hand  
 And we danced on the green to the village band  
 Fa la la la la la la  
 Fa la la la la la la

But disaster's struck

**LEADER**

Yes disaster struck only just last night  
 And now our crops are all scorched and burned  
 Only Ragwort the witch's garden is unscathed, but she won't share  
 Oh such greed – greedy weed – yes indeed  
 What are we going to do to put the village things back right  
 Because....

**ALL**

Herbs were our livelihood  
 But now we can't make a living  
 Herbs kept us strong and healthy  
 There's nothing else that's more life giving  
 So our only hope is that the witch will feel like giving  
 Cos herbs are the stuff of life

**VILLAGER #1**

Think of what we've lost, and everything we once were

**VILLAGER #2**

We were always so happy in those good days of the harvest

**ALL**

We were a very merry village  
 With a very merry villagey way of life  
 Herbs gave us health  
 Crops brought us wealth  
 And we've never had to suffer from any ill-health  
 Fa la la la la la la  
 Fa la la la la la la

But disaster's struck

**LEADER**

Oh what a dilemma. Which is best? Should we make Ragwort Gardener-in-Chief? Then she might share her crops and we can eat again. Or should we stick with Hyacinth Horseradish who will have to create burn-proof crops ... because after all, Gardener-in-Chief must be kind and considerate and Ragwort is evil through and through.  
 But then...

**ALL**

Herbs were our livelihood  
And now we can't make a living  
Herbs kept us strong and healthy  
There's nothing else that's more life giving  
So our only hope is that the witch will feel like giving  
(Only in your dreams)  
Cos herbs are the stuff of life  
Fa la la la la

**LEADER**

I, the Leader of the Council of Villagers, decree that the said Council is now in session. Order! Order!

**GINGER**

Fish in tarragon sauce.

**LEADER**

What?

**VILLAGER #1**

Chicken with coriander for me.

**LEADER**

Eh?

**VILLAGER #2**

Mint Lamb.

**JUNIOR CHORUS #1**

Nettle Risotto.

**JUNIOR CHORUS #2**

Garlic prawns.

**JUNIOR CHORUS #3**

Basil Salad.

**LEADER**

No! No! No!

**GINGER**

You said order. So we gave you our orders.

**LEADER**

Not that order. I meant order as in 'be quiet' order.

**ALL**

Oh! That order!

**LEADER**

Order! Order!

*Everyone does a shuffling-into-a-line routine which ends with them all going:*

**ALL**

Sssshhh!

**LEADER**

That's more like it. Now, I the Leader of the Council of Villagers, demand your status reports.

**JUNIOR CHORUS #4**

The Borage is burned

**JUNIOR CHORUS #5**

The Fennel's flame-grilled

**JUNIOR CHORUS #6**

The Saffron's scorched.

**GINGER**

And we saw what did it.

**SORREL**

A great big fire-breathing wormy creature frizzling all of our crops.

**GINGER**

In it breathed.

*They both demonstrate*

**SORREL**

Then breathed in some more

*And again*

**GINGER**

And then with one blast fried everything in sight.

**ALL**

Oh no!

**SORREL**

Oh yes! Everything's ruined. Not a plant left standing in the village.

**GINGER**

Except in the witch's garden and she won't share.

**SORREL**

Oh such greed!

**ALL**

Greedy Weed!

**LEADER**

Without herbs, without corn, without fruit it'll soon be the end of us all.

**GINGER**

We'll be proper poor.

**SORREL**

We'll be proper poorly!

**SAGE**

You must persuade Ragwort to share her crops.

**SORREL**

She won't ever do that.

**GINGER**

They'll grow again next year I suppose.

**SORREL**

But I must have herbs now to help my baby into this world. And Ragwort's got them all.

*Chords of Doom as RAGWORT enters. She carries a beautiful bouquet of fresh herbs*

***Music cue 2a  
Chords of Doom***

**RAGWORT**

Did someone call? I'm sorry, I'm a little busy. Mmmmm. Lovely green loveliness. There's so much of it I don't know what to do with it all. Look there's fennel for you, and columbines: there's rue for you; and here's some for me. Only joking! All for me and none for you! And what I don't want I'll ... um ... oh yes ... throw away.

*She flings the bouquet to the floor and stamps all over its remains*

Oh dearie, dearie me. They fell on the floor and now they're all ruined! Ha! Ha! Ha!

*The audience will boo*

Oh shut up. It's going to be a very long morning/afternoon/evening if you keep making that noise.

**LEADER**

I, the Leader of the Council of Villagers, demand that you share your good luck with the rest of us.

**RAGWORT**

Why should I? Why not tell your Gardener-in-Chief, horrible, hideous, heinous Hyacinth Horseface to do something about it?

**GINGER**

Sorrel is about to have a baby and she needs herbs to help her.

**SORREL**

So please could we borrow some?

**GINGER**

We'll pay you back.

**RAGWORT**

You will? Well why didn't you say so? Well of course I w... won't share. What's in my garden is mine, mine, all mine!

**GINGER**

Oh such greed!!

**ALL**

Greedy Weed!

**RAGWORT**

Oh please! I'm not staying here to be insulted.

**GINGER**

Why? Where else are you going to go?!

*The whole village laughs*

**RAGWORT**

Do you see me laughing?! No! And neither will you be until I'm Gardener-in-Chief.

Let your plants be fried to death  
Let all the crops but mine  
Be barbecued by worm's hot breath  
For now and for all ... Time!

***Music 2b Witches  
Curse***

Ha! Ha! Ha! And we all know that fire-breathing worms once they've scorched a place come back every year for ever and ever and ever until there is nothing left to scorch!

*And she starts to go whispering*

Oh scorching worm of mine! What a cruel fire-breathing worm you are.

***Worm Telepathy  
Cue***

*She moves to the exit then stops*

Ha! Ha! Ha! Oh dear. Yes, you dear! I thought I should tell you Halloween's over. You can take your mask off now.

*And she goes*

**SORREL**

Oh Ginger! What shall we do?

**GINGER**

I don't know, Sorrel.

**SAGE**

Don't give up.

**LEADER**

But we have nothing.

**SAGE**

I'm sure yoohoo'll find a way.

*Suddenly SORREL gives a loud cry.*

**GINGER**

What is it Sorrel?

*She cries again.*

What do I do?

*The following is sung to the recognisable tune from WICKED*

***Music 2c. It's coming***

**SORREL**

It's coming

**GINGER**

Now?

**SORREL**

My baby's coming!

**GINGER**

And how!

**BOTH**

There'll be a nose  
There'll be a curl  
There'll be a healthy, perfect,  
Lovely, little -

*The music stops abruptly as SORREL cries again*

**SORREL**

Owww!

**GINGER**

Oh no what shall I do? She must have herbs!

**LEADER**

Come all, away. Some look after Sorrel and some see if you can find anything, anything at all, that's survived the worm's fiery breath. Report back tomorrow morning.

*And they all go leaving GINGER alone*

**2d. The Stuff of Life Reprise**

**GINGER**

Herbs are what Sorrell needs  
For our baby, dear and tiny  
So maybe if I took a few  
You'd understand and think of me kindly  
My only hope is that the witch is not behind me

Come on Ginger...

**GINGER**

Herbs are the stuff of life

*And he climbs into RAGWORT's garden*

