

Rapunzel, the True Story

CAST

7 females, 5 males, 8 either, extras

Narrator

Miss Hagle (AKA The Old Hag)—The witch of our story

Sheriff (Can also double as the Narrator)

Young Suzy—Daughter of the Sheriff.

Anne—Meddlesome older lady

Caroline—Anne's other half, another meddlesome older lady

Jesse—Hick from the hills

Harold—Banker of the town

Suzy—Sheriff's daughter, 15 years later (can also play young Suzy with dress and hair change)

Razzle—(AKA Rapunzel) Sassy adopted daughter of the Old Hag

Randal—The prince of our story. A beekeeper.

Lester—The town poet, a farmer

Miss Olsen—Owner of the mercantile

Towns People—Seven or more, any gender (Tom, Jane, Sandy, Ashley, Kayla, Matt, Patty)

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Act I

Scene 1—Town Square of Dusty Flats, Arizona, late 1800's

Scene 2—Town square, 15 years later

Scene 3—Miss Hagle's hayloft

Scene 4—Town Square

Scene 5—Town Square, sometime later

Scene 6—Hayloft

Act II

Scene 1—Town Square

Scene 2—Hayloft

Scene 3—Town Square, midnight

Scene 4—Town Square, next morning

Scene 5—Town Square, sometime later

Scene 6—Sheriff's Office

Scene 7—Town Square

SETTING

The main area can be a bare stage or it can be full-fledged western town square of the late 1800's. The action does not require a sheriff's Office, a livery stable, mercantile, etc. unless the director desires.

In the original production, the main staging area or town square was in front of a raised stage (as with most gymnasium stages) with no set, only a raised floor. This allowed the actors to enter and exit through the audience, which is always fun and brings the action closer. The hayloft was on the upper stage. This also created an easy way to attach the climbing hair to a

hook at one end of the upper stage. Three bales of hay stacked on each other created a short, small wall that concealed enough of Razzle that she could lower down a second long hair to use to climb up (not the wig she was wearing). The hair was braided around a twine rope of the same color and, with a loop, hooked on stage side wall. Razzle's wig and the climbing hair had the same ribbons placed in both.

The hayloft can be set pieces that are brought on or set in place. Several bales of hay can be used to create a short wall upstage and more bales are used to create a table, benches, and a bed. The set can be decorated with a blanket and pillow on the bed, and coffee pot, cups, dishes on the table. Other items such as pots and pans, a lantern, Razzle's cape, etc. can be placed on the hay bale wall. The goal is to have it look as if it has been lived in for many years. If the town square and the hayloft are played in the same space, the bales could be placed on wheeled platforms and rolled on for those scenes. A wall with a window could be constructed to the side that could conceal the climbing hair and support having actors climb up. Of course, your actors must be able to pull themselves up to and climb in through the window.

A three sided jail cell is brought on for Act II Scene 6 with two benches or two cots. There must be a door on the cell with a way to use a key and have it be left behind for the Sheriff to discover.

Act I Scene 1

AT RISE: The town square of Dusty Flats, late 1800's. The stage is bare. Lights come up as the NARRATOR enters.

NARRATOR: Howdy folks and thanks for coming. You might've heard tell about the fairy tale story of Rapunzel. As with most fairy tales, it's filled with falsehoods, exaggerations, and down and out lies. Of course, there is always a fraction of truth. But, the story that we will present to you today is factual. In fact, it's the fraction of truth where Rapunzel came from. Why it really happened as told to me by my grandpappy who was as big as those fairy tale storytellers. And you can take this story to the bank, only you won't get any money for your troubles. So our story begins one fine day in the town of Dusty Flats, which is not the hot spot of the fairy tale world. In fact, Dusty Flats is . . . well maybe I'll let them tell it. *(NARRATOR exits. Extras enter and take a position on stage. They look bored. They direct their lines to the audience.)*

TOM: Dusty Flats is the most boring town in the territory.

JANE: What about *(insert name of home town)*?

TOM: *(Thinking for a moment.)* Dusty Flats is the second most boring town in the territory.

PATTY: We've been cursed with boredom.

SANDY: I heard it's because of a witches spell.

LILY: The chickens are so bored they won't even lay eggs.

KAYLA: And when my chickens lay, there's sand in the yokes.

MATT: No wonder, Dusty Flats was rightly named.

JANE: That's a fact. More sand here than the Sahara desert.

SANDY: Even the weather's boring. Sun, sand storm, sun, sand storm, every day's the same.

TOM: 'Head to Dusty Flats,' is what the ad in the paper said. 'It's a fairy tale town.'

SANDY: The ad was the fairy tale.

MATT: Why the most excitement we have here is when a rat crosses Widow Stevens path.

ASHLEY: You can hear her scream all the way to *(insert name a nearby town)*.

SANDY: The rats are so big the cats have high tailed it out of town.

JANE: Why, when I went to feed my pony the other day, a rat was in the corral and the pony was gone. I think it ate my pony.

HAGLE: *(From off stage.)* I've been robbed!

ALL: A robbery?!

TOM: Finally! Some excitement! *(All the TOWNS PEOPLE sit in the audience and watch the action.)*

HAGLE: *(Rushes in, yelling.)* I've been robbed! I've been robbed! *(SHERIFF rushes in.)*

SHERIFF: Land's sake! What is the ruckus about?

HAGLE: I've been robbed!

SHERIFF: Oh, it's you, The Old Hag!

HAGLE: The name is Miss Hagle.

SHERIFF: I figure Hag is close enough and more descriptive.

HAGLE: I'm warning you Sheriff. I'll turn you into a horse.

SHERIFF: A horse? Now, ifin' you did that, my mule would be mighty jealous. On a count of I would have hairier legs.

HAGLE: I warned you. (*Starts to wave her stick around. Chanting.*) Bat wings and eyes of newt . . .

SHERIFF: Now, now Old Hag . . .

HAGLE: That's *Miss* Hagle!

SHERIFF: Now Old Miss Hagle. Just calm down. No sense in waving your stick around and giving us your recipe for chocolate chip cookies.

HAGLE: Cookies?

SHERIFF: You seem to think you're a witch or something. The only witches I know are in fairy tales and, I suspect, my mother-in-law. (*To the TOWNS PEOPLE.*) What are you folks gawking at? You people move along and mind your own business.

SANDY: But Sheriff my own business is boring. I prefer other people's.

SHERIFF: I said move along. Go on home. This is none of your business. Git! (*TOWNS PEOPLE ad-lib as they exit.*) I tell ya, more people have their nose in other people's business than their own. (*To HAGLE.*) Now, just what brought you to town?

HAGLE: My horse.

SHERIFF: No, I mean why did you come to town?

HAGLE: Oh. (*Loudly.*) I've been robbed!

SHERIFF: Landsakes! You have the lungs of a bull elk during mating season.

HAGLE: I've been robbed!

SHERIFF: Yes, I heard that! How could I not! What was taken?

HAGLE: My carrot.

SHERIFF: (*Beat.*) A carrot?

HAGLE: Now form a posse and drag in the vermin so as I can make him pay.

SHERIFF: Make him pay? For a carrot?

HAGLE: A thief's a thief and every thief has to pay for his crime.

SHERIFF: I recon so, but a carrot's worth about half a cent or so, I'd say.

HAGLE: Makes no difference what was stolen, only that it was and it's your job to catch the thief and haul him in.

SHERIFF: Well, that's where I have to differ with you. I'll hunt down a man who's robbed a bank, or beat up his neighbor, or made off with my miss's blackberry pie. But a salad ingredient?! That's going too far.

HAGLE: *(Loudly.)* I insist that you do your job, Sheriff. *(CAROLINE and ANNE rush in.)*

ANNE: What in tarnation is all this yelling?

SHERIFF: *(To HAGLE.)* Now you've done it. Once Caroline and Anne get in involved it's like stepping in pitch, you never get rid of it. *(Tips his hat.)* Miss Caroline, Miss Anne. Seems as there's been a robbery.

CAROLINE: A robbery! Get us a rope Anne.

ANNE: Yep. And I'll saddle up Betsy.

CAROLINE: We're gonna catch us a bandit. *(They start to move out but the SHERIFF stops them.)*

SHERIFF: Now, now Miss Anne there is no need for a rope. And Miss Caroline isn't Betsy your cow?

CAROLINE: That she is. She ain't fast but she's steady and you get milk along the way.

ANNE: When's the posse heading out?

SHERIFF: There ain't gonna be no posse.

CAROLINE: You just gonna let the bandit get away with the loot?

SHERIFF: The loot is a carrot.

ANNE and CAROLINE: A carrot?!

SHERIFF: The Old Hag will tell you all about it. *(Dirty look from HAG.)* I mean, Miss Hagle.

HAGLE: I ain't explaining anything to these two ninnies.

ANNE: Well I never . . .

CAROLINE: Don't say never Anne, she called us ninnies just last month and the month before that and the month . . . Well, you've heard her call us that many more times than never.

SHERIFF: Miss Anne and Miss Caroline, why don't you two just go on home and let me deal with the Old Hag . . . (*HAGLE intakes a loud breath and is just about to talk when*) . . . gle.

ANNE: But Sheriff . . .

SHERIFF: Ladies, now do as I say or I'll be throwing you in jail for disobeying a law officer.

ANNE: You wouldn't dare.

CAROLINE: I think he would, Anne. Maybe we should just go on home.

ANNE: Fine, but we'll be back, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Now I just might throw you in jail for threatening a law officer.

ANNE: Well I never . . .

CAROLINE: (*Pulling ANNE off stage.*) We'll be going now Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Mighty please to hear that. (*CAROLINE and ANNE exit. YOUNG SUZY rushes on.*)

YOUNG SUZY: Pa, pa!

SHERIFF: Land sakes, Suzy. What's the matter?

YOUNG SUZY: Ma needs you home lickety split.

SHERIFF: Why? The house on fire?

YOUNG SUZY: Nope!

SHERIFF: Your ma get her head stuck in the chimney again?

YOUNG SUZY: Nope!

SHERIFF: The chickens pecked out the cat's other eye?

YOUNG SUZY: Nope!

HAGLE: (*What about me?*) Sheriff!

SHERIFF: (*To HAGLE.*) Just hang on there Hag, this is a family matter.

HAGLE: That's Miss Hagle.

SHERIFF: Ifin' you say so. *(To SUZY.)* Suzy, what in tarnation does your ma need me for?

YOUNG SUZY: She wants you to kill a spider.

SHERIFF: A spider?

YOUNG SUZY: Yep! It's a big one.

SHERIFF: Never could figure why your ma has no fear of me but when it comes to a spider, she screams like a little girl. Tell you what Suzy, ifin' you go home and kill the spider for me, I'll give you one cent.

YOUNG SUZY: A whole one cent?

SHERIFF: Can't give you any less. Yes, a whole one cent.

YOUNG SUZY: That spider is as good as dead. *(She rushes out.)*

HAGLE: Sheriff, you gonna run down my carrot thief or not?

SHERIFF: Not! *(JESSE enters with a baby wrapped in a cloth. He is eating a carrot.)*

HAGLE: Sheriff, there he is! The carrot thief! Get'm, get'm, get'm!

SHERIFF: Now just calm down Miss Hagle. I'll chat with the stranger. *(Crosses to JESSE.)*
Howdy there, stranger.

JESSE: Howdy, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: I see you are munching down on a carrot.

JESSE: Why yes I am. It's the best carrot that I have ever et.

HAGLE: Arrest him Sheriff.

JESSE: Arrest me? What have I done?

HAGLE: You done made your way in to my garden

SHERIFF: *(To HAGLE.)* Now just let me take care of it. *(To JESSE.)* Would you mind telling me where you got that there carrot?

JESSE: From a garden just down the road. This here is the biggest carrot that I have ever saw. And mighty tasty too.

HAGLE: That carrot was gonna win me first prize in the county fair.

JESSE: I'd vote for it.

HAGLE: You can't vote for it ifin' you eat it first. Sheriff, I want this man arrested and make him pay for his crime.

JESSE: You can't arrest me. What would happen to my baby daughter?

SHERIFF: I'm sure that we can come to some agreement. Maybe you could pay for the carrot.

JESSE: I ain't got no money. Not even a penny.

HAGLE: Arrest him!

SHERIFF: Maybe you could trade something for the carrot.

JESSE: I ain't got anything worth this tasty carrot.

HAGLE: Arrest him!

JESSE: Except for my baby girl. I suppose I could trade her for this here carrot.

SHERIFF: You would trade your baby for a carrot?

JESSE: Ifin' it would keep me out of jail, yeah!

SHERIFF: Don't you think the baby's mother would be mighty upset if you traded her away?

JESSE: The baby's mother is no longer with us.

SHERIFF: *(Takes off his hat and holds it over his heart. HAGLE bows her head.)* Oh, I am so sorry.

JESSE: Yep, she took one look at this here baby and ran for the hills. On a count it's the ugliest baby you ever did see. Take a look. *(He uncovers the baby.)*

SHERIFF: Babies are the cutest . . . *(he looks at the baby)* . . . Whoa! Why that's the ugliest baby I ever did see. *(To HAGLE)* Kinda looks like you Hag.

JESSE: Ifin' you agree and if it keeps me out of jail, you can have the baby. *(HAGLE takes the baby.)*

HAGLE: Why this is the prettiest baby I have ever seen. *(JESSE and the SHERIFF look at each other in amazement.)*

SHERIFF: I guess ugly is beautiful to the ugly.

HAGLE: What's her name?

JESSE: Rapunzel, but I just call her Razzle.

SHERIFF: I think Frazzle would be more descriptive.

HAGLE: Razzle. That's the prettiest name I have ever heard.

JESSE: Than do we have a deal? This here carrot for that there baby?

HAGLE: It's a deal.

JESSE: I recon I should get while the gettin's good. *(He quickly exits.)*

SHERIFF: Well, I think I'll just mosey on to my office. *(He exits.)*

HAGLE: My precious, beautiful daughter. The world is a cruel and terrible place and I shall shield you from its evils. You will live high above the riff-raff and be happy with me as your mother. *(She begins to exit.)*

Act I Scene 2

NARRATOR enters.

NARRATOR: And so the Old Hag . . .

HAGLE: That's Miss Hagle! *(She exits.)*

NARRATOR: *(Startled.)* Oh. I mean, Miss Hagle placed her adopted daughter in the hayloft of her barn. She had the ladder removed so the only way for her to visit Razzle was to have Razzle lower her long hair from above. The Old Hag then had to climb up the hair to see her daughter. Now, you might have heard that Razzle grew up to be a beautiful young lady, but since she started out as an ugly baby and with only the Hag to compare herself to . . . well let's just say that beauty was . . . on vacation. As for the town, little changed in 15 years and you might even have a sense of dejavú. *(He exits.)*

HAROLD: *(Rushes in, yelling.)* I've been robbed! I've been robbed! *(SHERIFF rushes in.)*

SHERIFF: Land's sake! What's the ruckus about?

HAROLD: The bank's been robbed!

SHERIFF: Oh, it's you Harold.

HAROLD: Sheriff, the bank's been robbed!

SHERIFF: Now just simmer down. Are you sure it's true this time? I mean last month you thought the Dalton Gang was in your bank when it was really Jasper's billy goats. And then after getting your new glasses you found you were a penny short and swore that someone had made off with the enormous loot. But then you found that there penny, right in your left boot. What makes you sure that this time you really have been robbed?

HAROLD: *(He's hard of hearing.)* Aye?

SHERIFF: *(Louder.)* I says, what makes you so sure that this time you really have been robbed?

HAROLD: Oh. Because there was this man who came in, pointed his finger at me and said, *(lowering his voice and speaking like a big bad bank robber)* give me all your money.

SHERIFF: A finger?

HAROLD: Aye?

SHERIFF: *(Louder.)* You say he gave you a finger?

HAROLD: Yes! And I didn't have time to see if his finger was loaded, I just threw some money at him and he ran away. But he left something behind.

SHERIFF: Was it his horse?

HAROLD: Aye?

SHERIFF: I said, was it his horse he left behind.

HAROLD: Nope. I never got a look at his behind.

SHERIFF: Was it his spurs he left?

HAROLD: Nope! He wasn't wearing any furs.

SHERIFF: *(Really loud.)* Was it his finger he left?

HAROLD: Of course not!

SHERIFF: Well what in tarnation did he leave?

HAROLD: Honey.

SHERIFF: Honey?

HAROLD: Yep, honey.

SHERIFF: Well, wasn't that sweet.

HAROLD: (*Loudly.*) Sheriff, you gotta form a posse and track down the robber. (*CAROLINE and ANNE rush in.*)

CAROLINE: Landsakes, what's all the ruckus about?

HAROLD: The bank's been robbed.

CAROLINE: A bank robbery! Get us a rope Anne.

ANNE: Yep. And I'll saddle up Betsy.

SHERIFF: (*To himself.*) I feel like we done turned the page backwards.

CAROLINE: We're gonna catch us a bank robber.

SHERIFF: (*To ANNE and CAROLINE.*) Now hold on Miss Caroline and Miss Anne, a bank robber is mighty dangerous and . . .

ANNE: Don't worry Sheriff, we'll protect you.

SHERIFF: It's not me a needin' to be protected.

ANNE: When's the posse heading out?

SHERIFF: Well . . .

CAROLINE: We'll join the posse. And we came prepared. Grandpappy Gibb's rule number 9 . . .

SHERIFF: I know, I know never go anywhere without a . . .

CAROLINE: (*She pulls a frying pan out of her bag.*) Frying pan! One of the most dangerous weapons that man has ever created.

SHERIFF: Well, if you cook like my wife does, it is.

HAROLD: Sheriff, have you forgotten about me?

SHERIFF: I was hoping I would.

HAROLD: (*Loudly.*) I insist that you . . .

SHERIFF: All right, all right. I'll form a posse and search for the bank robber.

ANNE: When do we ride out?

SHERIFF: Now Miss Anne and Miss Caroline, ladies do not ride in a posse.

HAROLD: *(Pulling the SHERIFF aside.)* Sheriff, if I was a bank robber the last thing I would want is two crazy ladies coming at me with a frying pan.

SHERIFF: *(Looking at the ladies as they are preparing to ride in a posse.)* You might just be right. I know I fear for my life when my miss's raises her frying pan.

HAROLD: I'm going back to the bank and count the little money I have.

SHERIFF: You do that. *(HAROLD exits. To ANNE and CAROLINE.)* Okay ladies, you're my posse. Why don't you ride that way and I'll stay here in case the robber returns to the scene of the crime. Besides, it's about time for lunch.

ANNE: *(Proudly.)* This is the most excitin' day of my life.

CAROLINE: Me too! We'z gonna catch us a bank robber. *(They rush out. SUZY enters.)*

SUZY: Pa, I need to jaw with you.

SHERIFF: *(To himself.)* Landsakes, my little Suzy has grown up right before my eyes. *(To SUZY.)* Jaw away, Suzy.

SUZY: Lester's been pestering me again.

SHERIFF: You want me to have a little talk with him?

SUZY: Nah, Lester's not bright enough to listen to common sense.

SHERIFF: Yeah, I'd say that was so. I'd say he's a few cards short of a deck, but he ain't even got a deck.

SUZY: Pa, you knows Lester don't gamble.

SHERIFF: That's my girl, one IQ point above Lester.

SUZY: I want permission to shoot him.

SHERIFF: Shoot him? Why Suzy, that's against the law and I don't have a hankering to jail my own daughter.

SUZY: With my sling shot, Pa. *(She takes out her sling shot and practices with it.)*

SHERIFF: Oh, well violence is never the answer.

SUZY: You knows what Lester says?

SHERIFF: No, but I am sure you're gonna to tell me.

SUZY: Lester says that we were made for each other and that since there ain't no other boy my age in town, that he's the only choice I have.

SHERIFF: There is some truth in that.

SUZY: You think he might be right? I don't know. Maybe I don't have a choice. Or maybe I'll just live with you and ma for the rest of my life.

SHERIFF: *(To himself.)* All of a sudden Lester's looking not so bad. *(To SUZY.)* Suzy, you need to sit him down, look him straight in the eye and tell him what you think. Tell him, you're not interested him and for him to keep his distance. Fellas like Lester need a direct approach.

SUZY: A direct shot with a slingshot might work better.

SHERIFF: Violence is never the answer. Now why don't you go find him and explain it to him. And leave the slingshot at home.

SUZY: Well, if you think it's best. But I think Lester's too stupid to understand. *(She exits.)*

SHERIFF: Lester is entitled to be to be stupid. I just think he abuses the privilege. *(He exits.)*

Act I Scene 3

RANDAL enters, clearly running from someone. He searches for a place to hide but eventually runs off. CAROLINE and ANNE enter. They are still dressed in their dresses with items worn over them. CAROLINE wears a cowboy hat, leather vest and a holster. Rather than a gun she has kitchen item(s), such as a wooden spoon, egg beater, etc. in the holster. She is carrying her frying pan. ANNE has on a Sherlock Holms hat, a long trench coat, and carries a large magnifying glass.

ANNE: Where's Betsy?

CAROLINE: I parked her by the tree.

ANNE: You knows that's a no parking zone.

CAROLINE: Don't worry, the Sheriff is at lunch.

ANNE: Oh. You smell him?

CAROLINE: *(Sniffing the air.)* Yeah! This way! *(ANNE and CAROLINE rush off. Lights up on the loft. We see RAZZLE come into view. She keeps her back to the audience. She is singing very poorly and loudly. HAGLE enters and crosses to below the loft.)*

HAGLE: *(Makes a grim face and covers her ears.)* Well, at least it keeps the coyotes away. *(Calling up.)* Razzle my dear, who is so fair! Dazzle me with your golden hair! *(To herself.)* I love saying that.

RAZZLE: *(She turns and the audience sees her for the first time. She is ugly and looks much like HAGLE.)* It's mother. Yeah, what do you want?

HAGLE: I want to visit with you, my daughter. So, *(pause, calling up)* Razzle my dear, who is so fair. Dazzle me with your golden hair. *(To herself, chuckling.)* Oh, I do love saying that.

RAZZLE: Do you have the fudge I wanted?

HAGLE: Yes, my fudgy one.

RAZZLE: Oh, in that case, here's my hair. Careful, will ya, my hair is getting frizzy. *(RAZZLE throws down her hair and attaches the other end to a hook. With great difficulty, HAGLE pulls herself up.)*

HAGLE: *(Huffing and puffing.)* I guess I shouldn't have eaten half the fudge.

RAZZLE: What? You ate half the fudge? There better be some left for me.

HAGLE: Of course there is. *(She hands her a box. RAZZLE begins to devour the fudge.)* And how are you my dear?

RAZZLE: How else? The same as yesterday and the day before that and the day before that. Nothing changes here in my loft. I wake up do my three sit-ups, eat whatever you happen to leave me, take a nap, wake up, have lunch, take another nap, wake up again, have dinner and then I hit the hay. Literally. Sounds like a busy day, don't you think?

HAGLE: Am I sensing a bit of negativity my dear?

RAZZLE: How about a lot of negativity. I have been up here for my entire life, just when am I going to be able to fly the coup?

HAGLE: The world has not changed, my dear. It is wicked out there and people are cruel and hateful. You would only be tortured with hurtful words and comments on your . . . your . . . features.

RAZZLE: But mother, you have always told me that I am the most beautiful girl in the loft. Surely the people below will think the same.

HAGLE: I said prettiest girl in the loft. Key phrase, in the loft. Forget about going below and just stay here and be happy with me.

RAZZLE: Well, happy is a four letter word.

HAGLE: Well, actually it has five . . .

RAZZLE: What does it matter? The point is I need companionship with people my own age. I want a friend who we can paint our toe nails together, who we can comb our mole hair together, who can stay up with me and watch the stars together. I need freedom!

HAGLE: Freedom is not worth the price. Believe me, I know.

RAZZLE: I need to know it for myself and I can only do that out there.

HAGLE: No, my dear. Do as your mother says and you will be safe from the world.

RAZZLE: Ug! Maybe the fudge will make me happy. *(She eats some more of the fudge.)*

HAGLE: Yes, fudge will do the trick. By the way, the bank was robbed this morning and the sheriff has formed a posse to track down the bank robber.

RAZZLE: A bank robber. How exciting.

HAGLE: A bank robber is not exciting, he's dangerous. I want you to keep an eye out for anyone and keep quiet if you should see someone. A loft is just the place a bank robber is looking to hide.

RAZZLE: I suppose he's running for his life, drifting from town to town, always hiding from the law. Maybe he has changed his appearance and he's walking the streets right now, in disguise. Or maybe he has a hideout deep in the desert where he can lay low until the posse gives up. Spending the nights looking at the stars, like I do each and every night. I love the stars, so far away and twinkling. *(Beat.)* Oh, to be a bank robber. What an exciting life.

HAGLE: A life on the run is not a life at all.

RAZZLE: Better than a life stuck in a loft! At least they are going someplace.

HAGLE: Yeah, like to jail.

RAZZLE: If I could be, I'd be a bank robber.

HAGLE: Oh, for heaven's sake. Eat your fudge.

RAZZLE: Mother, I hate this place.

HAGLE: Think of this place as a tower of a castle.

RAZZLE: More like the tower of terror. I need a friend.

HAGLE: Am I not good enough for you?

RAZZLE: Do you want the truth?

HAGLE: Maybe not. But you do have a friend.

RAZZLE: A rat doesn't count. According to this Ladies Home Journal a man is an answer to a woman's life.

HAGLE: What? I thought I ripped out all those pages.

RAZZLE: What's a man like?

HAGLE: A man? A man is an evil creature who creates heartache and pain and judges ladies by their looks.

RAZZLE: But if I was just able to meet a man I . . .

HAGLE: No. You will never meet a man.

RAZZLE: You are so unfair.

HAGLE: The world is an unfair place.

RAZZLE: So is a hayloft.

HAGLE: *(Beat. Consoling her.)* There, there, I will come again tomorrow.

RAZZLE: *(Sarcastically.)* I can hardly wait. I'm out of fudge.

HAGLE: I will bring you more.

RAZZLE: And this time, don't eat any. You won't be able to pull yourself up.

HAGLE: Until tomorrow, my daughter.

RAZZLE: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Just don't forget the fudge.

END OF PREVIEW