

# JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

## by Chris Lane

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### THE SMALL PRINT

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If you like the script, but it doesn't work for your stage or cast, then let me know – I have other versions and can often tailor it to your needs at no extra cost.

If this is the PDF version, please forward it via e-mail to any colleagues involved in the script selection. **It is in a secure PDF form.** If you cannot open it, you will need to download a free PDF reader - such as Adobe.) This may seem a bit awkward of me but at least it is the whole script (most others only send you a bit and make you pay to see the whole thing). The reason for this is that I have sent many scripts off and, though I usually have several in production around the world every year, a few go off but I never hear any more – and I would hate to hear through the grapevine that someone saw a panto remarkably similar to!

As soon as you have decided that you love this script I will send you a normal Word version. You can then make your own adaptations to the local audience (and whatever is in the news at the time) **in the marked grey areas only** - the rest has been proved to work in successful performances (and any necessary changes already made) so just trust the script and don't try to 'improve' it. You CAN cut out some songs or dances if you need to save time. Once you have made the selections & adaptations then you can print as many as you want at no extra cost. You ARE allowed to print small sections of it, e.g. just bits that the chorus need, but these must still have a title and © Chris Lane on it somewhere.

**If you have any questions at all at any time during production (such as "How do Snow White's dwarfs juggle the sausages?") I will be delighted to answer them; I have directed all of these pantos and can help you with just about anything!**

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**ANSWER:** Certain bits only. It is designed to be adapted to make the local jokes work (there are specially highlighted grey bits with hints). Please do add "Adapted for \*\*\* Drama Club by Fred Jones" or whoever did this. Also adapt it if you have to change the sex of a character (ideally not during the performances, but accidents do happen) but you cannot take chunks out of it and use it in "your own" work: small legal thing called 'copyright'. Someone will 'dob' on you - they always do. And you cannot rewrite bits of it; though you may think it hilarious it may not be - and it will have my name on it!

**QUESTION:** Are there any other petty demands?

**ANSWER:** Yes: I need to know where and when performances would take place. In part this also alerts me if you are putting on the same show as another club nearby.

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**Chris Lane**

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# JACK and the BEANSTALK

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by Chris Lane

Directed for (Drama Club name)

by

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## JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

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Lines & directions in grey are optional or need adapting to local / topical needs. Feel free to delete or adapt them at will (if you want to keep them change the font colour to black before you print).

### ACT ONE - SCENE ONE - THE FARMYARD

*Main Curtains very slowly open on dark stage.*

*TIGHT SPOTLIGHT ON: SOLO: Child: perhaps: ENDLESS NIGHT (LION KING) JACK takes over singing.*

*Music continues over:*

*Lights rise to show dawn over farmyard. Thatched farm building RIGHT is a huge BOOT. Barn or sty LEFT. Gate through wall at REAR.*

*One by one the animals are waking up and stretching. They wear human clothes. Intro to song such as: OUR HOUSE starts.*

MOTHER HUBBARD: *(Comes out of front door of shoe – sees audience)* So – there you all are! We were expecting you! Welcome! Welcome to our house!

SONG: perhaps: OUR HOUSE: Dame & Chorus

*There are children waving out of windows. Mass movement & ‘posing’ but not necessarily choreographed.*

MOTHER HUBBARD: *(She is a loud, rather bossy, woman)* That’s enough! Enough! *(Glares at last small child to stop singing.)* Thank you! I’ve got a bit of a headache. *(Some laugh at her & make drinking motions.)* Oy! You can stop that! Give me a moment’s peace to regain my natural feminine tranquillity. *(kids snigger)* Can’t you see we have visitors? *(To aud)* Welcome to my farm. I’m Mother Hubbard and these are ...

*Chicken Little scuttles forward anxiously.*

MOTHER HUBBARD: Oh no; what is it this time, Chicken Little?

CHICKEN LITTLE: *(looks around nervously)* Well – *(gulp)* – well.... oooh... *(Faints)*

MOTHER HUBBARD: Good grief! Is she ill?! If she’s ill, we’ll have to send somebody to go and fetch the v..

ANIMALS: Nooo!

STREAKY (a pig): No – don’t say that word!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Say what word?

ANIMAL 1: THAT word! You know..... the ‘V’ word!

MOTHER HUBBARD: The ‘V’ word? What are you talking about?

ANIMAL 2: Look – she’s getting better already! It’s just these tight clothes!

MOTHER HUBBARD: And don't you complain about wearing these human clothes. Remember – if anyone – ANYONE! - finds out you're really animals *(looks around)* you'll end up like every other farm-animal in the county! In a meat pie! *(To aud)* Did you get that – it’s part of the plot!

CHICKEN LITTLE: What did she say? Where will we end up? Somewhere nice?

MOTHER HUBBARD: In a meat pie. *(CL faints again)*

STREAKY: We understand all that – and we're really grateful to you for finding us all these clothes, and keeping us out of *(quieter)* “you-know”, but....

MOTHER HUBBARD: But? But what?

STREAKY: But we haven’t been fed for two days!

ANIMALS: *All start complaining.*

MOTHER HUBBARD: Not been fed! What?! Where is that useless son of mine?! Jack! JACK!

JAAAAAAACK!!!!

ANIMALS: *All call for Jack.*

MOTHER HUBBARD: Nothing! Where can that idle boy be? I give up! *(To audience)* Look – I’ll give a reward to anyone who finds him *(animals get excited)* He did the same thing last night – and do you know where he was – he was sitting out there *(indicates audience)*– doing nothing! Just sitting there, eating sweets and shouting ‘Look behind you!’

3 JACKS: *(in audience; all dressed identically)* ‘Look behind you!’

MOTHER HUBBARD: I knew it! He's out there again! (*Sudden idea: to aud*) I know what to do! I want all you children to look for Jack! Yes – all of you! Come on kids! Here's a bag of sweets for anyone who can find him and bring him up here! You can't mistake him for a normal person – he's got bright yellow trousers and shirt, and a straw hat! Come on now! Who can find him? (*House lights up*)

*Three 'Jack's' are brought up onto the stage – they must have at least one child with each.*

MOTHER HUBBARD: Three! But I've only got one Jack! How can we tell which is the right one? (*Gets microphone*) I hope this works tonight – we've been having trouble with the soundman. (*Makes drinking gesture*) Testing – testing.

(*To child*) Hello – what's your name? ..... Now, you have to help me. My son, Jack, knows all about farm animals. If you make a noise like a farm animal and this person here (*indicates first 'Jack'*) guesses it – then he must be Jack and you win the sweets. Can you think of a farm animal? Yes? Right – have a go then.. (*First Jack gets it horribly wrong: guesses "an emperor penguin"*) Was that an emperor penguin? No! Then – that's not my Jack! Here – I know you – you show people to their seats! What are you dressed like that for?

USHER: I'm from LOCAL TOWN/VILLAGE/AREA.

MOTHER HUBBARD: Fair enough. Now you can show our friend back to their seat. But, look, thank you for trying – you can have some sweets anyway. (*First pair exit*)

MOTHER HUBBARD: Now – two left. Let's try again (*repeat: guess: "Was it a goldfish?"*) Is it a goldfish? No it wasn't a goldfish. Wrong! Here! You're the bloke who sells the sweets for us! What are **you** dressed like that for?

SWEETS: My wife bought me this for Christmas.

MOTHER HUBBARD: Oooh – nasty. I've been to LOCAL SHOP too. Now – one left. Let's try again (*repeat of animal noise business – with help if needed so Jack gets it right*) Yes! Well done! You've found my Jack! Thank you very much! Here's your reward! Give them all a clap for helping. Jack! Not you! You get back here!

JACK: (*is a bit slow*) It's nice down there (*peers back at audience*) They've got sweets! (*Waves*)

MOTHER HUBBARD: Very nice.

BALCONY?

JACK: And – upstairs – they have special seats!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Upstairs? We've got an upstairs?

JACK: Yes – upstairs – in the Royal Box.

MOTHER HUBBARD: The Royal Box?!

JACK: Mmmm – Royal Box. (*They both bow low to the balcony*)

MOTHER HUBBARD: Excuse us – your majesties. Jack! Why haven't the animals been fed?

JACK: (*very fast*) No food.

MOTHER HUBBARD: No food? Why not?

JACK: No money.

MOTHER HUBBARD: No money? Why not?

JACK: No idea.

MOTHER HUBBARD: No idea? Why not?

JACK: No brain.

MOTHER HUBBARD: No brain? Why not?

JACK: (*slower*) Genetics!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Genetics! You cheeky scrap!

JACK: Tee hee!

MOTHER HUBBARD: This is dreadful. What are we going to do? No money for food! (*Secretly to Jack*)

Whatever happens – don't tell the animals!

JACK: Right. No money for food – don't tell the animals. (*Turns to animal*) No money for food – don't tell the animals. (*The animals pass this as a Chinese whisper right round the stage. Suddenly the animals all twig what they have said and panic.*)

MOTHER HUBBARD: All right! Calm down! (*To Jack*) Clot! Well – at least I've got a bone for the dog in my cupboard. Let me see! (*MH runs indoors Dog gets excited. MH runs out.*) Aargh! No! I went to the cupboard, to get the poor dog a bone, but when I got there, the cupboard was bare, and so the poor dog had ...

DOG: Chocolate biscuits? (*Salivates excitedly*) The poor dog had chocolate biscuits?  
MOTHER HUBBARD: No. The poor dog had none!  
DOG: (*gruff & angry*) None! NONE! What kind of poem is that for goodness sake?! It's not even proper grammar: 'a bone' is singular and 'none' is plural! You made that up!  
MOTHER HUBBARD: I didn't. It's common knowledge! Look – everyone knows it! (*To audience*) You all know it, don't you! (*Disgusted by response*) Look – I know it's not Tennyson! But you do all know it, don't you!  
DOG: Prove it!  
MOTHER HUBBARD: What?  
DOG: If they all know this 'poem', then prove it!  
MOTHER HUBBARD: Go on then! We will! You can do it! (*Secretly to aud*) Look – it's in your programme! On page ... Have look! Give them a bit of light! Found it? (*House lights up*) All together. Old Mother Hubbard etc.  
(*The audience words in the programme end: 'chocolate biscuits' instead of 'none'*)(*Dog could also hold up sign saying that to help*)  
MOTHER HUBBARD: Hey! That's not right! (*To aud*) And whose side are YOU on?!  
CHICKEN LITTLE: (*Wakes up in a panic*) Aaargh! The sky's going to fall! The sky's going to fall!  
MOTHER HUBBARD: Oh – not again! Chicken Little. Come here!  
CHICKEN LITTLE: (*breathless*) But the sky's going to fall!  
MOTHER HUBBARD: Chicken Little, we've been through this before. Repeat after me – the sky is not going to fall.  
CHICKEN LITTLE: The sky is not going to fall? Are you sure?  
MOTHER HUBBARD: Totally sure. The sky cannot fall. It will never happen!  
CHICKEN LITTLE: Well ... (*Jack creeps up behind her and taps her on the head*). Aaargh! (*Shrieks then faints*)  
MOTHER HUBBARD: Now look what you've done! She's fainted again!  
STREAKY: She might not have! It might be - bird flu! (*All look worried & back away*)  
MOTHER HUBBARD: It's not bird flu! She's just fainted. (*To aud*) She does this a lot. We're have to get her some therapy.  
STREAKY: If you have bird flu they give a huge INJECTION! (*Panic returns*)  
MOTHER HUBBARD: Stop!! It's not bird flu! If one more person says that I'll send for the v...  
ANIMALS: Nooo!  
STREAKY: Don't say the 'V' word!  
MOTHER HUBBARD: All right! Here! Jack – you started this – you sort it out! Come on, Chicken Little. Let's make you a cup of tea. Jack – I need some water. Here, take this bucket, go up the hill, and fetch a pail of water!  
JACK: Up the hill – but that's dangerous. I might fall down and get hurt!  
MOTHER HUBBARD: Then take someone with you!  
JACK: Someone with me? Like who?  
MOTHER HUBBARD: I know: take Jill, you can't BOTH come tumbling down! (*Exits with CL*)  
JACK: Jill! That's a good idea. (*To aud*) You'll like Jill. I've known her since I was little – we're best mates!  
STREAKY: Best mates! Oooh! Jack fancies Jill! (*Animals mock*) Come on, kid – deny it if you can!  
JACK: (*really embarrassed*) Ha! Don't be silly.  
CHILD: Jack – have you actually told her that you like her?  
JACK: What?! What are you talking about?  
CHILD: Well, if you don't tell her - someone else might!  
STREAKY: The kid's right. Leave it too late and you'll lose the chance!  
*Animals wander off, all agreeing with Pig.*  
JACK: Ooh – just between you and me, I do quite like Jill, just a little bit. Perhaps I should say something – but I'm not very good at words. I know – I'll do it tomorrow! But what if tomorrow never comes!

SONG: IF TOMORROW NEVER COMES ? (Brief version)

Jack exits sadly

JILL: (*enters down theatre*) Daisy! Daisy? Where is that silly cow? Daisy! Have you seen Daisy? How about you sir? Have you seen a rather fat, old cow? (*“ad lib”*) What was that? No – not your mother-in-law! Charming!

(*Arrives on stage*)

Hello – I’m Jill. I live on the next farm - but all our animals have disappeared. Mother Hubbard’s is the only farm with any animals left – and that’s because she disguises them to look like people! All except for one – Daisy the Cow! And now she’s disappeared too!

(*Daisy appears behind her*)

I just don’t know where to look!

*Business.*

JILL: Daisy! There you are! What are you up to? (*Listens*) You’ve just been down to the village? What for? (*Listens*) Auditions?! Auditions for what? (*Listens*) The X Factor! (*Listens*) And you really liked one of the judges? Which one? (*Listens*) Simon Cow! Oh – you had me believing you there for a moment! What could **you** do on the X Factor? (*Listens*) Dance?! Go on then, Daisy – I’d love to see you dance! (*Listens*) Who – them? Do they want to see you dance? Let’s ask them. Would you like to see Daisy dance? ..... There – now – what are you going to dance to? (*Listens*) Moosic – very funny.

#### DAISY’S DANCE

JACK: (*returns*) There you are – we’ve been looking for you!

JILL: (*coy but excited*) Were you?! What for?

JACK: I was going to ask you ..

JILL: Out on a date?!

JACK: Don’t be so silly! No – ask you to come up the hill to fetch a pail of water!

JILL: Oh. (*Disappointed*) My dream come true! Who could refuse an offer like that? OK. I’ll come and help you! (*Daisy the cow starts butting between them*) Hey! Daisy – what’s the matter?

JACK: Daisy – what are you up to?

STREAKY: She’s jealous.

JILL: What – jealous of me?

JACK: Is this true, Daisy; are you jealous of Jill? (*Daisy nods & looks shy*) You silly moo! Jill’s just my old mate!

(*Streaky sticks head in from wings*)

STREAKY: This is yer chance, kid. Tell her!

JILL: (*romantic*) Tell me? Tell me what?

JACK: Tell you – er – tell you - we’ve got a new bucket!

JILL: Oh – lovely.

MOTHER HUBBARD: (*Returns*) Are you still here. Ah-ha! And Jill too! Hiya! There’s work do. Pop up the hill and get me a pail of water!

JACK: But it’s so slippery up there– I might fall down and hurt myself!

MOTHER HUBBARD: (*to aud*) Is he a wimp or what? Listen – that hill is perfectly safe.

JACK: Oh no it isn’t!

MOTHER HUBBARD: So – it’s going to be one of them sort of pantos, is it? Right then! That hill is safe!

JACK: Oh no it isn’t!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Oh yes it is!

JACK & JILL: Oh no it isn’t!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Oh yes it is!

JACK & JILL & CHILDREN & ANIMALS & AUDIENCE: Oh no it isn’t!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Tis – tis – tis

JACK & JILL & ANIMALS: Tisn’t – tisen’t – tisen’t

MOTHER HUBBARD: It is – it is – it (*warbles*) is

JACK & JILL & ANIMALS: It isn’t – it isn’t – it (*warbles*) isn’t!

MOTHER HUBBARD: (*very deep*) IT IS!

JACK & JILL & ANIMALS: (*very deep*) It isn’t.

MOTHER HUBBARD: (*takes very deep long breath but, before she can say anything ...*)

**GIANT’S VOICE:** “FEE FI FO FUM – I HEAR THE SOUND OF AN ENGLISHMAN!”

BE HE LIVE OR BE HE DEAD – I’LL GRIND HIS BONES TO MAKE MY BREAD!!”

ALL: Aargh! It’s the giant!! (*Much panic, fainting & hiding*)

JACK: Perhaps we should go back in the house?

MOTHER HUBBARD: How would that help? It’s his boot! What if he comes back for it and puts it on! We’d end up squished in the bottom like last week’s corn plasters!

JILL: I thought your house was an odd shape. You mean -?

MOTHER HUBBARD: Yes; it’s one of the giant’s boots!

JACK: And you were blaming **me** for the smell!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Don’t interrupt. This is my dramatic bit. I remember the day it fell – hurtling from the sky. Right on top of your father’s onion patch! Ruined his day it did.

JILL: Did it squish his onions?

MOTHER HUBBARD: Squished his everything. He was planting them at the time.

JILL: Oh dear. That’s awful.

MOTHER HUBBARD: I know. I was looking forward to those onions.

JACK: I wish the giant would throw down one of his sacks of gold instead!

(*They all look up into the sky & then shuffle to one side, just in case*)

CHICK: Oh my ... (*falls over unconscious*)

ANIMAL: Did the sky fall on her head again?

STREAKY: No – she’s really hungry!

MILKMAID: We’re all really hungry.

MOTHER HUBBARD: That’s it, Jack – you’ve got to get some money to buy food, or they’ll all starve to death!

STREAKY: Food – foood! I must have foood! (*Collapses*)

MOTHER HUBBARD: My word. Perhaps I should call for the v...

ANIMALS: Noooo! Don’t say it!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Jack – you’d better go and fetch the v...

ANIMALS: Don’t say it!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Don’t say what?

JACK: You know – **vet**!

*Thunder, darkness, lightning. Vet appears on stage. She is sexy and power-dressed in a black suit. She has a stethoscope and a doctor’s bag with a designer logo.*

VET: You called for. ...(*Crosses to Jack sexily*) ... the vet?

JACK: Corrrr..... Are you the vet?

VET: Depends. And what do you do around here – apart from dribble? Do you have a name? Mmm?

JACK: My name?? .... er .... Could you start with an easy question first? (*Hisses to Jill*) What’s my name?

JILL: (*angry sigh*) Mr Percy Poopy Pants!

JACK: (*Turns to vet, proudly*) I’m Mr Percy Poopy Pants! That doesn’t sound right! (*Glares at Jill*)

MOTHER HUBBARD: His name is Jack. Jack Hubbard. And he’s my only son.

VET: Hmm. (*sneering*) Well, we can at least be thankful for that. Now – where’s my... patient? I don’t see any animals here!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Oh yes – look – they’re nearly all animals! (*Secretly*) They’re in disguise - so rustlers don’t steal them! Look. (*Starts to poke at Child*)

CHILD: Oy! I’m not an animal – I’m one of your children!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Ooh. Are you sure? (*To aud*) I’ve got so many children I don’t know what to do. Look – here – this one’s definitely an animal!

VET: Come on now – time is money! (*Looks around. Animals all try to hide behind each other.*)

MOTHER HUBBARD: Time is money?? I thought gold coins were money?

VET: How unique – somebody who actually IS as daft as they look! (*Walks across to MH*) Time is indeed money. You already owe me one gold coin just for calling me here!

MOTHER HUBBARD: We do?!

VET: You do. And another gold coin if I open my bag – like this! (*Produces enormous hypodermic. Animals scream and faint.*) And another gold coin if I have to stick it in somebody!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Well in that case you’d better leave – nobody here needs an innocu-bobulation, thank you very much.

VET: Hmm. I'm sure I can find somebody. (*Prowls round terrified animals, then looks at audience*) Ah-ha! Look at this pasty-faced lot. I've never seen such a sickly-looking load of geriatrics since I walked along **LOCAL PLACE** seafront! It's like flicking through a medical textbook. Every disease under the sun. No wonder the St John's Ambulance (or whatever) is hovering at the back. (*Shades eyes to peer at them*) Like vultures circling the Serengeti.

JILL: Steady on now!

VET: Oh! It talks!

JILL: Those people have paid money to be here today!

VET: Really? Just take a look at that one. I hope he didn't pay full price – I don't think he's going to make it past the interval!

JACK: Duhhh.... Interval ....

VET: Ah - Mr Poopy Pants. Hmm. (*thinks – to audience*) I bet this farm is worth a few gold coins! (*Louder, to Jack*) You might actually look half decent - with some decent clothes, a haircut and a few hours under a pressure washer!

MOTHER HUBBARD: And she called ME stupid!

VET: I do like a nice strong man. Are you strong? (*Jack nods*) My word. Just the thought of those rippling muscles is making my poor little heart pound and pound! I do believe you can hear my heart pounding. Can you hear it? (*Jack shakes head*) Here! (*Grabs his head*) Listen! (*Presses his head to her chest*) There – can you hear it pounding? Can you?

JACK: MmmmmMMmmMMMM! (*Squeaky*) "And" (*lower*) and – and what a very unusual fragrance. May I ask where you got that perfume?

VET: Oh that! Just a little something I picked up when I was last in Paris. It's called 'Eau de Parree'. (*Lets him loose*)

JACK: Cor! I'll never wash that side of my face again!

JILL: Oy! (*Grabs him away*) My heart is pounding too!

JACK: It is?

JILL: It certainly is. Here! (*Presses his head to her chest*) There!

JACK: MmmmmMMmmMMMM! And – what a very unusual fragrance. May I ask where you got that perfume?

JILL: Oh that – just a little something I picked up when I was cleaning out the pigsty. It's called 'Eau de Pig Sh....

JACK: Waah! Yuck! I'm going to wash that side of my face RIGHT NOW!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Then you'll need to get that bucket of water! Off you two go! Go on! (*Jack is hurried away by Jill*)

VET: Now – my three gold coins.

MOTHER HUBBARD: Three? But you haven't stuck that innocubobulation into anyone! That makes it just TWO coins!

VET: Huh. Well – which animal was ill?

ANIMALS: Chicken Little! (*Push her forward*)

CHICKEN LITTLE: No – I feel much better now. Honest!

MOTHER HUBBARD: And an innocubobulation won't help – it's a mental problem. She thinks the sky is going to fall on her head!

VET: Hmm. Really? So – no need for an injection?

MOTHER HUBBARD: None at all.

VET: Oh dear, never mind. In that case..... LOOK OUT!! THE SKY'S FALLING!!

CHICKEN LITTLE: *screams and faints.*

MOTHER HUBBARD: (*rushes to her aid*) Oh my word!

VET: (*As MH bends over CL the Vet jabs the needle into MH's bum*) Whoops! Silly me! Much commotion. MH straightens, looks odd, and then begins to stagger drunkenly about the stage. *If possible she does an overhang trick using foot braces.*

VET: (*To aud*) Now's the chance to get some money out of her! Right then, Mrs Hubbard. Three gold coins please! Come on! I'm standing right here until I get my money.

MOTHER HUBBARD: Right there?

VET: Yes – right here.

MOTHER HUBBARD: Well that's fine – just so long as you don't stand over there!

VET: In that case that is exactly where I shall stand! (*Moves*) Now what are you all doing? (*Everyone has moved as far away as possible*) What are you all up to? What's that noise? (*Sound of rolling, bumping and yelping, getting slowly louder.*) I said – what's that noise?!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Well – the thumpy bit is Jack falling down; the squeaky bit is Jill, a-tumbling after; and the clanging sound..... Well, I think the clanging sound is probably a pail of ...

*Jack and Jill stagger/roll in and fling a pail of water over the Vet. They collapse. She stands speechless, dripping.*

VET: You! You! Arrrrrr! (*Stamps off to rude noises from the happy animals*)

### CURTAIN

### SCENE 2 – ON THE PATH TO THE VILLAGE

*Enter three fairies in a rush through theatre/hall: COWSLIP (a rather pompous 'chav' – East Londoner or similar), NUTMEG (a very dim fairy; Dressed as a fairy in a tutu, even though plainly male) and PEASBLOSSOM (very posh).*

COWSLIP: (*runs down hall/or onto stage*) Run! Run more fast like! She is goin' to catch us like! Run, for your lifes!

NUTMEG: (*a moment later*) Faster! She's not far behind! We're doomed! (*They stagger on stage, near hysterical*)

COWSLIP: Where is dat Peasblossom?

NUTMEG: Eh? Who?

COWSLIP: Oh no! She 'as got Peasblossom! Peasblossom is doomed!

NUTMEG: Look – there!

PEASBLOSSOM: (*runs onto stage*) I can't run any more! Let her catch us! I'd rather die!

NUTMEG: No! Keep running! When I saw her coming over the last hill she had - AN AXE!!

ALL: Aargh!

COWSLIP: Flee!

NUTMEG: Fly!

PEASBLOSSOM: You flee. You fly. Me knackered. (*Gasps*) Go on: I'll be alright. You two escape. I'll hold her off as long as I can.

NUTMEG: You?! Hold her off? Wait till you see the size of the axe!

COWSLIP: Then we is goin' to run as fast as our legs is – like – possible of!

NUTMEG: We'll never outrun her! The speed of her! She's inhuman!

COWSLIP: Then we is goin' to hide! Quick – be hidin'!! No – you is not hidin' behind me! Gerrof!

PEASBLOSSOM: Oooer! Mummy! (*Gets thin branch and hides behind it very badly*)

NUTMEG: Oh no! She's coming! (*Hides head under cloth/curtains with bottom clearly sticking out*)

COWSLIP: What shall we ... (*looks around for other two*) No! They is gone! Leavin' me here all on me own! (*Looks around desperately; sees orchestra*)

Oy! Me bro! Emergency! Life or def! Where is I goin' to 'ide? Quick!

(*Is handed brown paper bag; looks at it for a moment*)

Thankin you!

(*Pops it over head then walks crab-like sideways across stage; turns with back to audience and walks similarly back with arms out like roast chicken. On the back of the bag is painted a startled face.*)

PRINCESS: (*enters opposite; she is a cute little princess*) HA!! Caught you! Stop right there!

COWSLIP: You is not seeing us. We is hidin'!

PRINCESS: Don't be so silly! (*She drags them into view*)

NUTMEG: Don't eat us! I'm still young; in the prime of life. (*To piano*) Oy! I heard that!

COWSLIP: 'Ere! Is this hoo I 'as just run ten miles from?

NUTMEG: Yes – she's the one! I can't look!

PEASBLOSSOM: She's not really that fierce.

COWSLIP: Next time you is saayin': "Run, flee – we is goin to die", I finks I is going to make myself a cup of tea!

PEASBLOSSOM: Yeah – me too!

NUTMEG: Yeah. Suppose it WAS a bit silly. And she hasn't even got a big axe!

PRINCESS: But I have! *(She has. It is huge)*

FAIRIES: AAAAAARGH! *(Try to hide again)*

PRINCESS: Get over here. *(They huddle pitifully)* You have ruined my life! I want my money back!

COWSLIP: Money back?! No! Kill us now!

PEASBLOSSOM: Ah – Princess! Now let's calm down a teensy bit: OK? Lovely to see you again, ya? All going well with the Prince?

PRINCESS: Prince?! *(pushes him off)* You know very well the prince won't let me back in the palace again – not since YOU lot tried to help!

NUTMEG: I'm not sure I really got that one. Just run it past me again.

PRINCESS: It was a disaster!

PEASBLOSSOM: But we did a very good job! Followed the instructions to the letter!

PRINCESS: Oh yes? Really?

PEASBLOSSOM: Yah, spot on, really. The Prince's mother..

COWSLIP: Da Queen!

PEASBLOSSOM: Yah, the Queen wanted to test you out, to see if you really were a royal princess! So – clever this - she got a great big pile of fluffy mattresses and told us to ...

NUTMEG: Ooh! Ooh! I remember now! The mattresses! *(concentrates)* The queen told us that when the Princess went to bed we had to make sure the Princess had **a pea on the mattress!** *(all turn and stare)* So – that's what happened. *(proudly)* But in fact - it was me!

PEASBLOSSOM: No. The princess was to have a pea UNDER the mattress. Not ON it!

NUTMEG: But – how could she....? She'd have to.. *(mimes actions of peeing under a mattress)*

COWSLIP: A GARDEN pea! UNDER the mattress - to see if she could feel it!

NUTMEG: Ooh! I thought it was a bit odd.

PRINCESS: Odd! ODD! I was up all night washing the sheets! *(Grabs Nutmeg by scruff and glares into face)* Do you know how many mattresses got ruined that night?!

NUTMEG: Quite a lot, I imagine!

PRINCESS: 27! 27!! And as I was leaving the next day I saw them burning the bed! Embarrassing or what! Now – I want com-pen-sation!

NUTMEG: I'm not sure I really got that one. Just run it past me again.

COWSLIP: Where is dis compost-nation?

PRINCESS: It's MONEY!

PEASBLOSSOM: Money – ooh no. We don't have any of that.

COWSLIP: No – none at all. On my life!

NUTMEG: Nope none at all. Just these gold coins. *(Fairies shriek & grab bag before princess can get it)*

PRINCESS: Perfect! They'll do nicely. Give me the gold coins then I'll be off to the next job. There's a vacancy for a princess up a tall tower. All I have to do is wait, then a handsome prince will come along, climb up my hair and we'll be happy ever after. *(They look shifty)* What? **What?**!

COWSLIP: I fink yoo as missed that job. But not a bad fink really. Did not go quite as wuz planned.

PRINCESS: What?

COWSLIP: We wuz in charge of that one as well.

PEASBLOSSOM: It was only a little mistake! We did really well up until then! *(Acts it out)* We got the Prince past the dark forest!

COWSLIP: Past da mountains!

PEASBLOSSOM: Past the dragon!

COWSLIP: Past da swamp!

PEASBLOSSOM: Past the goblins!

NUTMEG: Pass the ketchup. *(They stare at Nutmeg)* No ketchup?

COWSLIP: Where wuz we? Right – we got 'im past *all* the dangers.

PEASBLOSSOM: Past all the dangers until finally he reached the tower. At sunset. Lovely he looked, in his silver armour.

NUTMEG: Oh! I remember him now! *(Moves centre and kneels, calling upwards)* Rapunzel! Rapunzel! Throw down your chair!

PRINCESS: Duh! Hair! Throw down your hair! Hair! Not your chair!

*(Guilty looks from fairies)*

COWSLIP: We knows that now.

NUTMEG: Really heavy that chair was.

PEASBLOSSOM: Antique! Solid oak!

COWSLIP: It ain't all our fault! He couldn't jump out of da way quick enuff like - wot wiv de heavy suit of armour and all.

PEASBLOSSOM: As soon as we saw it was safe – no settees or tables or anything coming down – we rushed over to see if he was alright.

COWSLIP: *(shakes head)* It was like opening a tin of corned beef.

PRINCESS: You – you – grrrr! Give me that money! *(They back away)* Look! It's Goldilocks! *(While they twist round in alarm she grabs Nutmeg's wand)*

COWSLIP: Idiots! It couldn't be Goldilocks – doesn't you remember, we wuz supposed to wake er up **before** the bears got 'ome like.

PEASBLOSSOM: Oh yah! *(chuckles)* They did say she was tastier than the cold porridge though, *(all agree)* so, not a disaster for everyone!

NUTMEG: Wo! She's got a whatsit!

PRINCESS: Fair swap – the gold for the magic wand.

COWSLIP: Ha! That wand ain't workin proper like anyway. Everyone: we is just walkin' away. Do not give her no gold.

PRINCESS: I'm warning you!

*Fairies start to walk away.*

PRINCESS: I'll count to five.

COWSLIP: Don't give her the gold.

PRINCESS: 5 – 4 – 3 – 2 - 1. *(Pyro in front of fairies/OR princess chants toad spell). They spin round & hurry back.*

COWSLIP: *(Fast)* Give her the gold. Give her the gold. Give her the gold. Give her the gold.

PRINCESS: Thank you very much. Here. You can have this back. *(returns wand)*

COWSLIP: Always a pleasure to be helpin' royalty, like. Er – a bit of free advice - watch out for anyone hoo gives you glass slippers. It turns out they really 'as to be made by a specialist. They is not as easy to make as one might first fink.

PEASBLOSSOM: Look nice though. Till you try to walk in them.

NUTMEG: How long was that Cinderella on crutches?

PEASBLOSSOM: Oooh – ages. She missed her mother's wedding to Prince Charming!

COWSLIP: And anuvver tip for you. If you is ever in a little cottage in da woods, what is belonging to some dwarfs, and you sees an ugly old woman who comes to the door wiv a basket of apples.

PEASBLOSSOM: Before you throw her down the well, check she's not just collecting for charity.

NUTMEG: Or delivering the Betterware catalogue.

COWSLIP: Yeah. *(Thinks briefly)* Who was da fird one?

PEASBLOSSOM: Selling lucky heather.

NUTMEG: Wasn't very lucky for her, not really.

COWSLIP: There was no stopping that Snow White once she got an idea in her head.

PEASBLOSSOM: But she'll be out in fifteen years, with good behaviour.

PRINCESS: You people! You are not fit to **be** fairies!

*(Princess storms off)*

COWSLIP: Ha! If we was avin' a gold coin for every time we is 'earin' that!

PEASBLOSSOM: Never mind. What's next on our list?

COWSLIP: OK– we is getting' this one right. Who is we here to do the good deed for?

PEASBLOSSOM: *(consults order form)* Name of Jack. No money. No girl.

COWSLIP: Loooser! Ha!

PEASBLOSSOM: Needs a bit of luck. Easy! All we have to do is give him the bag of gold coins!

COWSLIP: Right! Even we cannot be getting' **that** wrong! *(They exit)*

### SCENE THREE: BACK AT THE FARM

*The animals are demonstrating for food. Placards & chanting. Mother Hubbard, Jack & Jill are watching.*

MOTHER HUBBARD: Make a decision! How are we going to feed the animals?  
CHILD: And the children.  
MOTHER HUBBARD: What?  
CHILD: And the children.  
MOTHER HUBBARD: Them as well? Blimey. Where will it end?  
JACK: I was just thinking.  
MOTHER HUBBARD: Yes – but only just!  
JILL: Go on, Jack; what's your idea?!

JACK: I was just thinking – perhaps we could do some magic and get some food!  
MOTHER HUBBARD: Good grief. What is it with you and magic? Listen to me – there is no such thing as magic! Magic is all made up!  
JACK: It's not made up!  
MOTHER HUBBARD: It is! Magic is all made up!  
JACK: Oh no it isn't!  
MOTHER HUBBARD: Don't start all that again! Jack – get some money to *buy* the food!  
JACK: OK. But how?  
MOTHER HUBBARD: I'm sure Jill knows what you could do. She's been to school. *(Takes her to one side and whispers:)* Listen. Tell him *(looks round)* – tell him: **he - has - to sell - one - of - the animals!**  
JILL: What?  
MOTHER HUBBARD: Tell him *(looks round)* he has to sell one of the animals!  
JILL: Are you sure? You're totally sure that's what you want? *(nodding)* All right then!  
MOTHER HUBBARD: Good girl. *(Moves back)*  
JILL: Jack!  
JACK: What?  
JILL: You have to sell one of the animals!  
MOTHER HUBBARD: Aaargh nooooo!!! *(throws herself to floor, pounding in despair)* You cruel, heartless creature – how could you say such as thing? These poor, dumb creatures – why – they're like my own flesh and blood. To even think of parting with one would be like ripping out me own teeth! No – a kidney! NO! A whole leg! Jack - Jack, don't you listen to her! Noooo – nooooo!! Here take my leg and my kidneys – you'll get a good price for them at the takeaway in LOCAL TOWN/AREA!  
JILL: Good grief.  
JACK: No – I don't think I can do it!  
JILL: You can, Jack, just be brave!  
JACK: Well – OK.  
MOTHER HUBBARD: *terrible wailing sounds and pounding on floor continue.*  
JACK: Come on now, Mother. It'll be for the best. But – which one shall I choose?  
*All the animals stand behind him as he turns left, except for the chick who just then recovers, stands up, sees him staring, then faints again. Jack swings back the other way – all animals shuffle round to stay behind him.*  
JACK: I can't choose – I need a blindfold. *(One is found and the hunt begins. He puts hand on MH's bottom)* Oh no – Daisy, not you!  
MOTHER HUBBARD: Cheeky!  
*(After much business he ends up holding onto the real Daisy)*  
ALL: *gasps of horror.*  
JACK: Oh no! Poor Daisy. I can't ...  
JILL: Just think – it will mean saving the lives of all the other animals.  
CHILD: And us kids.  
JACK: I know: you're right. Just give me a few moments alone with her. Come on, old girl.  
JILL: Poor Jack. I'll see you at the market. Good luck! *(All exit)*  
JACK: Not going to be the same here without you, Daisy. I really like to be with you; you don't say rude things about me.  
I remember the day we first saw you, as a little calf, at the marketplace. No, don't look shy. You're a beautiful old cow!

**JACK: SONG: possibly My life is brilliant: *brief /heavily adapted to 'saw your face at the market place'***

*They exit.*

*Fairies enter.*

COWSLIP: Did you see dat? He is needin' the cheering up. His mum said no to da magic – but there's nothing to stop us like, buying dat sheep off of him!

PEASBLOSSOM: Cow.

COWSLIP: Whatever. Give us da bag of gold and we is goin' home like.

NUTMEG: I'm not sure I really got that one. Just run it past me again.

COWSLIP: Give us da bag of gold – round shiny things.

PEASBLOSSOM: Oops. Angry princess!

NUTMEG: Where?!

PEASBLOSSOM: Angry princess took gold!

COWSLIP: I is not believin' this! No gold? Well what 'as we got to give 'im?! Look in your pockets.

PEASBLOSSOM: Don't seem to have any pockets. Are you sure I have to wear this?

COWSLIP: All fairies wear that for the first year.

NUTMEG: I didn't (*is muffled by Cobweb*)

COWSLIP: What 'as we got then? Nothing in my pockets.

PEASBLOSSOM: Nothing. Nutmeg?

NUTMEG: Mmm? I'm not sure I really got that one. Just run it past me again.

PEASBLOSSOM: What have you go in your pocket?

NUTMEG: (*search pockets*) Well – I do have something in here (*fumbles inside front of skirt*)

COWSLIP: (*nervously*) Er .. what is it?

NUTMEG: My mother called it... my magic bean.

COWSLIP: Your ... 'magic bean'?

NUTMEG: Mmm. Do you want to see it? (*they exchange unsure looks then nod unsurely. Nutmeg shuffles across to them with his back to the audience. Still turned away from the audience they look down at his groin-level 'magic bean'*) What do you think of that then?

COWSLIP: (*after a good look*) Well – it's a bit shrivelled.

PEASBLOSSOM: (*thinks & looks closer*) Aren't they all like that?

COWSLIP: (*concerned look*) You needs to get out a bit more.

NUTMEG: I'll show these nice people. (*Turns back to face aud*) There – my magic bean (*it is a bean*)

*Jack & Daisy return.*

JACK: Hello! Can I help you?

COWSLIP: (*to NUTMEG*) This is your fault – you sort it out!

NUTMEG: Er – hello – we are – we are – (*COWSLIP prods him*) we are fairies.

JACK: *Opens mouth to make silly comment*

COWSLIP: No. You is stoppin' right there. We as heard them all before, chum. We is fairies. Alright?!

JACK: Fairies. Hmm. I don't think I would have guessed that one.

COWSLIP: Well we is, (*Shows wings*) so get over it.

JACK: If you're fairies, then what are your names?

PEASBLOSSOM: Names?

JACK: Yes. If you're fairies you'll have magical names.

PEASBLOSSOM: No. Not us.

COWSLIP: Fairies' names is a secret. Too magical for mortals to hear, like.

JACK: That's silly. All fairies have really sappy names – like – er – COWSLIP.

*The other two nod & smirk & point at COWSLIP.*

COWSLIP: Alright! OK! It's a family thing! Thank you – PEASBLOSSOM and NUTMEG!

JACK: So – IF you're fairies – what are you doing here?

NUTMEG: GOLD! We are here to give you some gold!

JACK: Gold! Lovely!

COWSLIP: But they is losin' it.

JACK: Oh.

NUTMEG: So you can have this instead.

PEASBLOSSOM: It's a bean!

JACK: It's a been what?

NUTMEG: It's a been in my pocket! (*COWSLIP hits him*)

JACK: (*looks at the bean*) Hmm. Well – I won't pretend that I am not a little disappointed. Never mind.

What sort of bean is it? Is it a magic bean?

PEASBLOSSOM: YES! Yes it is! It is a MAGIC bean!

JACK: Oh yeah – and what am I supposed to do with this 'magic' bean?

PEASBLOSSOM: Just take the bean and stick it in the ground.

JACK: You must think I'm daft. Do I look daft? (*They nod*) Only a proper idiot would believe that's a magic bean.

NUTMEG: (*smiles proudly*) Thank you.

JACK: I can't stand here wasting time – I've got to go to market and sell my poor cow.

PEASBLOSSOM: (*inspired*) We'll buy the cow!

JACK: Buy her? Hmmm... How much for?

PEASBLOSSOM: Er – one magic bean???

JACK: A MAGIC BEAN?! It's a deal! I can't wait to tell mother! Hang around; I'll get her! Mother!

NUTMEG: Lovely. We're going to meet his mu...

COWSLIP: We is not stayin' here! You is hearin' what his mother said about magic! She is goin' loopy when she finds out what is happenin! Quick – scarper! (*They exit, taking Daisy*)

JACK: Mother!

*Animals enter excitedly*

MOTHER HUBBARD: (*Enters from shoe*) What's this noise – are you back already?

JACK: Yes!

MOTHER HUBBARD: And did you sell the cow?

JACK: Yes!

MOTHER HUBBARD: And did you get a good price?

JACK: Yes!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Thank goodness. How much did you get?

JACK: This! **A magic bean!** (*Sees that mother is speechless*) But it IS a magic bean! I mean – they said it was a magic bean. I mean ... oh dear. Have I done a really silly thing? Oh dear. (*Gives Mother bean and walks off*)

MOTHER HUBBARD: One bean. One dried up bean. What good is that? Not even fit to feed to the animals.

STREAKY: Are you sure? (*Looks at bean then shrugs*) Oh - I'm so hungry.

MOTHER HUBBARD: Don't be cross with Jack. He's just too trusting. (*Looks at bean sadly*). No point keeping this. Here – get rid of it.

STREAKY: OK. (*Looks around*) Where's your bin?

MOTHER HUBBARD: I've been in the house. Why?

STREAKY: No! Where's your wheelie bin?

MOTHER HUBBARD: I've really been in the house. What is the matter with you?! Give it here.

*She walks DL (Possibly to a small well or bush in front of stage with the coiled beanstalk in it, linked by thread to overhead bars?) She drops the bean. They walk away. Slowly a sound grows, then gets louder and louder.*

MOTHER HUBBARD: What is it?!

JACK: (*returns*) What's going on?!

CHICK: Aargh! The sky is falling! (*Faints*)

*Much panic.*

*They all turn and watch. It grows darker.*

*Dramatic music swells.*

*Suddenly the tip of the beanstalk shoots up and races up to the ceiling.*

STREAKY: Wow. Cool.

MOTHER HUBBARD: (*all looking up*) Crikey. Where do you think it goes?

JACK: Dunno. (*all look up*)

GIANT: FE-FI-FO-FUM; THERE'S A BEAN-STALK UP MY BUM!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Oy! Family show! Well – at least we know where it goes!

*Fairies return with Daisy*

COWSLIP: Look – the lads and me is feelin’ really bad about taking your sheep and – Crikey! What is dat?!

NUTMEG: I said it was a magic bean!

JILL: (*enters excitedly*) Jack! What is that? You can see it all the way from the village!

JACK: Don’t exactly know what it is.

COWSLIP: Blimey – we ‘as done somepin right at last. What is you goin’ to do with it?

JACK: Dunno.

PEASBLOSSOM: Well. You’ll be eating beans for quite a long time I suppose.

NUTMEG: I can’t eat beans. (*They all look at him*) My mum says they make me far...

PEASBLOSSOM: NUTMEG!

NUTMEG: Beans make me far..

PEASBLOSSOM: NUTMEG!!

NUTMEG: I was just going to say, beans make me far too fat!

PEASBLOSSOM: Cor – for a moment I thought you were going to say ‘fart’! (*Cobweb hits*)

JILL: No! Giant beanstalks! I’ve read about these in storybooks – you climb up them! And see what adventures are waiting for you!

JACK: Do you think I could have an adventure?

JILL: Of course you can! As long as you're careful. You can do it! Go on!

JACK: OK! And YOU three gave me the bean, so you can come with me! Can’t they mum!

MOTHER HUBBARD: (*threatening*) They most certainly can!

COWSLIP: Gulp! Fair enough.

JILL: And so am I.

JACK: What?!

JILL: I’m not missing an adventure! Off we go then!

JACK: (*Peers up into sky then walks off*) Ah – no. Too high - Can’t fly - Goodbye.

JILL: You get back here. This is your chance to be a hero. Come on – show everyone you can go the distance!

**SONG: maybe HERCULES: GO THE DISTANCE (Disney): JACK, JILL & CHORUS**

#### SCENE FOUR – THE GIANT’S KITCHEN

*Maybe on a rostra, at the side of the stage, is a small version of the main stage (prosc arch & fake curtains). Set into the arch is a string of white fairy lights, lit. The purpose of the fairy lights is to dazzle audience enough to allow black-clothed puppeteers not to be seen. The mini curtains open, or internal lights, rise to show a bare kitchen with a pair of wooden chairs and a table. The tip of a beanstalk runs up the Right edge of the stage. The background is black. A lamp/candle burns on the table. Heavy footsteps approach. The giants are normal size actors: the others are puppets.*

GIANT: *Enters:* Wife! Wife! I need bones to crunch! Wife! Fetch my supper!

GIANT’S WIFE: (*enters*) Oh, hello, dear. How was your day?

GIANT: My day?! Ha! I destroyed a whole city! I smashed their puny houses with my mighty hands; I ripped the roofs from the walls, pounded the ruins into the mud and then squished the juice from their tiny bodies. Hahahahaha!

GIANT’S WIFE: Well, I hope you’ve washed your hands.

GIANT: Next, I went down to their harbour, lifted their ships into the sky and threw them out into the sea, where they smashed to pieces and sank down, down to the very bottom of the dark ocean. Hahaha!

GIANT’S WIFE: That’s nice dear. I saw that Mrs Ogre this morning, you know – the one from the Post Office? She was getting a nice bit of haddock for their tea so I said that we ...

GIANT: Then, they sent a pathetic little army to attack me! Do you know what I did?!

GIANT’S WIFE: No, dear; what did you do?

GIANT: I swung my great wooden club at them and then I ..

GIANT’S WIFE: Is that the great wooden club you made out of a whole tree?

GIANT: What?

GIANT’S WIFE: I said, is that the great wooden club you made out of a whole tree?

GIANT: Er – no, the other one.

GIANT'S WIFE: The one I got you for your birthday?

GIANT: Yes. That one. Anyway – I picked up my club and I ..

GIANT'S WIFE: I'm glad you like it, dear. I always worry about you using that other one. You know – with your back and everything.

GIANT: Yes – it's very nice. Anyway – er – what was I saying?

GIANT'S WIFE: You took your great wooden club.

GIANT: Yes – I took my club and I pounded them flat - as flat as mini pizzas! Hahahaha!

GIANT'S WIFE: Very nice, dear; it's lovely to see you out playing with your little chums. Now, just you wait a moment and I'll make you your omelette.

GIANT: Omelette! But – where are the pies that I like?!

GIANT'S WIFE: Simon the Pie Man says you've eaten every animal for a hundred miles. BUT he says he's got a friend helping him find some more. Anyway, you must have a varied diet, dear. Can't eat the same for every meal. And I've made you a lovely side-salad.

GIANT: SALAD! I want bread – made with the ground-up bones of an Englishman!

GIANT'S WIFE: Ha – silly boy. Think what that would do to your cholesterol levels!

GIANT: Fetch me beer! Fetch me my flagon of beer!

GIANT'S WIFE: All ready, dear. Here you are!

GIANT: *(takes a sip from huge flagon)* I want music while I wait! Fetch me my magic harp!

GIANT'S WIFE: Here you are, dear. Not too loud now; think of the neighbours. *(Exits)*

GIANT: Harp. Harp! Play for me!

*Magical music. The giant lowers the light in the lamp, puts his head on the table and goes to sleep.*

*Jack and Jill puppets enter from beanstalk (simple marionettes dressed like actors – worked from behind by a few rods by people in black – the fairy lights dazzle the audience so they are barely seen – honest, it really works!)*

JACK: Here – give me your hand.

JILL: I can manage, thank you very much. Where are the other three?

JACK: Miles behind. Wow – look at this pillar.

JILL: That's not a pillar! It's a table leg!

JACK: Crikey. And I can hear music! Listen: it's really lovely. *(He sits on the Giant's boot)*

JILL: Jack!

JACK: What?

JILL: Look – what – you're – sitting – on!

JACK: It's a boot!

JILL: Jack!

JACK: What?

JILL: It's the giant's boot!

JACK: Yeah?

JILL: Yeah – and the giant's foot is still in it!

JACK: What?

JILL: Look!

JACK: Whoops! The giant!

JILL: I think we should go!

JACK: OK – I just want to see where that music is coming from.

JILL: It's not safe!

JACK: I'll be careful! Come on! *(They scramble up onto the seat of the empty chair/stool.)*

JILL: He's asleep!

JACK: Look – that harp! That's what's making the music!

*He crawls up onto the table.*

JILL: Jack! Come back!

JACK: Shh! Just a moment! I think I can ...

HARP: Master! Master! Wake up!

JACK: Wo! Talking harp! Cool!

*Jill grabs his ankle and Jack runs back. They both hide under the empty chair as the giant awakes.*

GIANT: What? What is it? What's the noise? Harp – play on!

HARP: But, master, there's a ..  
 GIANT: Play on I say! Play on, or I'll use you as firewood!  
*He goes back to sleep.*  
 JILL: Come down – it's not worth the risk!  
 JACK: I'll be careful! (*Climbs onto table*)  
 HARP: Master! Master! Wake up! Wake up!  
 GIANT: What? What is it now?! I was having a lovely dream – I was on Simply Come Dancing/Dancing  
 With the Stars – and I was stamping on all the dancers! Ha ha ha!  
 HARP: Master, there's a ..  
 GIANT: No more! Let me sleep! (*He goes back to sleep. Repeat business.*)  
 HARP: Master! Master! Wake up!  
 GIANT: What?! Not again! I warned you, Harp!  
 HARP: Master, there's an Englishman here!  
 GIANT: An Englishman!! WHERE?! (*He searches for them but does not find them.*)  
 GIANT: (*to himself*) This is very suspicious – very suspicious. (*Louder*) I just think I'll pop outside for –  
 ah – for a breath of fresh air! (*Still looking around exits. SFX: huge door slams. The little stage goes black.*)

#### SCENE FIVE : THE GIANT'S TABLE

*MAIN STAGE: Same objects as on the mini version: a burning lamp Stage Right, a huge tankard Stage Left, salt and pepper, wooden spoon and the magic harp (now with a person on it as its voice). The rest of the stage is black. It is dimly lit. Full size actors enter Right.*

JACK: Come on – while he's outside!  
 JILL: This isn't safe – we should go!  
 HARP: Master! Master!  
 JACK: Shh! What is your problem?!  
 HARP: Who are you? What are you doing here?  
 JACK: Well that's typical – start shouting 'master – master' and THEN ask us who we are!  
 HARP: Well – you frightened me.  
 JILL: Yeah – frightened you more than a mile-high giant who's going to use you for firewood. Right!  
 HARP: I've got a very nervous nature.  
*Fairies arrive.*  
 COWSLIP: This place is needin' a bit of a makeover.  
 PEASBLOSSOM: Yeah.  
 JILL: If you can't be quiet then it's **you** who'll have the makeover!  
 NUTMEG: I'm not sure I really got that one. Just run it past me again.  
 COWSLIP: She is meanin' - if the giant is catchin' us we will be turned from *this* shape - into *this* shape.  
 PEASBLOSSOM: Ooh – I don't think I'd like that.  
 NUTMEG: No. None of my clothes would fit.  
 JILL: Shhh!!!  
 FAIRIES: OoOOoh!  
 HARP: Any more coming? Is it just you, or are there more idiots on the way up here?  
 PEASBLOSSOM: No. Just us idiots!  
 HARP: Lovely. Anyway – now that you're here. I do requests you know!  
 COWSLIP: A pint of beer would be nice, cheers.  
 HARP: No – not drinks. I do music!  
 JACK: That would be lovely. (*Jill nudges him*) But really – what we're after – is a bag of gold.  
 PEASBLOSSOM: Or two.  
 COWSLIP: Or three!  
 NUTMEG: Or one!  
 JACK: Yes – does the giant keep any bags of gold about?  
 HARP: Mountains of gold.  
 JACK: Great! (*General excitement*)  
 HARP: But – a song first, I think.

JACK: We haven't got time to ..

HARP: No song. Right then. MASTER....!

JILL: ALRIGHT! Just one song. But it will have to be a quiet one!

HARP: I know just the thing:

**SONG: 'Carefully on tiptoe stealing': HMS PINAFORE.**

JILL: Very nice. Now – where - is - the – gold?

HARP: Over there – in that bag. (*Points offstage*)

JILL: Jack – you come with me. You three! Yes – you. You stay here and keep a sharp look out.

NUTMEG: I'm not sure I really got that one. Just run it past me again.

COWSLIP: Keep your eyes peeled.

NUTMEG: Sounds horrid.

JACK: Just stay here and look for trouble.

NUTMEG: What sort of trouble?

JILL: For the giant! Twerp!

NUTMEG: Right - keep a look out for the giant twerp!

JILL: No – just the giant.

NUTMEG: OK. What about the giant twerp?

JILL: Good grief. Look – if you see the giant - make a signal.

NUTMEG: Like this? (*Makes series of strange oriental hand signals*)

JACK: Very nice.

JILL: No – make a noise – like a bird!

PEASBLOSSOM: I can do that. (*makes the noise the first child made in Scene One*).

JACK: That's not a bird.

PEASBLOSSOM: It is! It's the emperor penguin! I heard that kid at the beginning say ...

JILL: Oh – come on, Jack. We don't have much time. (*They exit*)

*The fairies look around, bored.*

COWSLIP: I'm thirsty.

NUTMEG: No, I think it's Wednesday. (*They look at him*)

COWSLIP: I'm going to find something to drink. (*Walks over to flagon & taps on it.*) Full! Here – give me a hand. (*scrambles onto the rim of the flagon.*)

PEASBLOSSOM: What can you see?

COWSLIP: It's full up! Not sure what it is! I'll get a taste!

HARP: He'll fall in.

NUTMEG: You be careful – we don't want you to fall in!

COWSLIP: I'm not going to fall in!

HARP: He'll fall in.

PEASBLOSSOM: Be careful! You'll fall in!

COWSLIP: (*loud*) I'm not going to fall in!

HARP: He'll fall in.

NUTMEG: (*grabs big wooden spoon*) I know! Here, hold this, it'll stop you falling.. (*Knocks C. in tankard. SPLASH*)

HARP: Told you.

PEASBLOSSOM: What shall we do? What shall we do?! How can we help her?!

NUTMEG: Well – if I was her right now, I think I'd like ... some peanuts ... or some crisps... and later a kebab or perhaps an Indian ta....

PEASBLOSSOM: Twerp!

NUTMEG: No. Never had an Indian twerp. Is that like a giant twerp, only smaller?

PEASBLOSSOM: Let's get him out. Come on.

COWSLIP: (*Appears wet and singing*) Come on in!

PEASBLOSSOM: Hold on! We're coming to rescue you!

COWSLIP: Not bloomin likely! You could bring up some peanuts though!

NUTMEG: See. Told you.

PEASBLOSSOM: You get down here before the others get back!

COWSLIP: Not likely – this is de world's bestest swimming pool. Wheee! **Wheee!**

PEASBLOSSOM: You're not supposed to go 'Wee' in a swimming pool! *Snigger (To aud.)* But I do.

NUTMEG: Oh no! Too late!

*Jack & Jill return with 2 large gold coins.*

JACK: Look! There's a great pile of them back there, but these are all we could carry!

HARP: Oy! They're not yours! Master! Master! *(They gag the harp)*

JILL: Now – let's get out of here as quick as ... where's the other one?

NUTMEG: Having a 'Whee'.

JILL: I told you all to go before we came! Where? *(They point)* In there?

*(COWSLIP appears soaked and splashing.)*

JACK: *(tasting)* It's beer! Come on everyone! Lets all go for a swi... *(Sees Jill, slowly changes tack)* go for a swiiii- swift rescue mission and save the fairy! *(gets Cowslip out at 3rd attempt)*

JILL: Quick! The giant could be back any...

GIANT: *(quiet)* FEE FI FO FUM. I SMELL THE BLOOD OF AN ENGLISHMAN.

HARP: Master! Come quick! *General alarm.*

JACK: Here – you can take these coins! I'll go and get some more!

JILL: No – it's not worth the ...

GIANT: *(louder)* FEE FI FO FUM. I SMELL THE BLOOD OF AN ENGLISHMAN.

HARP: Master! Get in here now and you can smell Englishman's armpits as well!

JILL: Quick! You three go! Go!

*Fairies run off.*

*Jack returns with coins. He struggle to carry them; centre stage.*

HARP: Master!

GIANT: *(loudest)* FEE FI FO FUM. I SMELL THE BLOOD OF AN ENGLISHMAN.

BE HE LIVE OR BE HE DEAD- I'LL GRIND HIS BONES TO MAKE MY BREAD!

JILL: Leave them!

JACK: Just take the one!

JILL: It's not worth it! Come on! Hurry!

HARP: Master!

JACK: It's on my foot! I can't..

JILL: Try to wiggle it ... oh no!

HARP: Master!

*They both freeze and look upstage. Two sets of giant fingertips appear between the black backcloths and slowly pull them apart. Revealed behind is the huge face of the giant, staring down at them.*

GIANT: FEE FI FO FUM! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!!!

*Jack & Jill flee.*

## CURTAIN INTERVAL

### ACT TWO: SCENE SIX: BACK ON THE FARM, A BIT LATER

#### SONG: EVERYONE: WE'RE IN THE MONEY: DANCING ANIMALS & MILKMAIDS

VET ENTERS

VET: Money? Did I hear my favourite word? Who's got money?

JILL: Nobody you know!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Jack has! He's LOADED! He's even got enough to set me up in business!

VET: Very interesting. Is this true? Are you ..... 'loaded'?

JACK: Er...

MOTHER HUBBARD: Yes – he's loaded! He's bought me my own business! Something I've always wanted; it's ...

VET: Yes, yes, yes. Thank you, Mother Hubbard; I could listen to you talk for seconds, but 'what's-his-name' and I have things of our own to talk about. Don't we, my little Scrummy-Poohs?

JACK: We do?

VET: Mmmm. We do.

JILL: Like what?

VET: Oh; are you still here? Have you no pigs to clean out today?

JILL: Yes – I am still here, and what have you and Jack got to talk about?

VET: Oooh – oodles of stuff. Like setting a date for our .... wedding.

JILL: What?!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Ooh – it's a dream come true! My only boy – married at last. And to a vet, too!  
Think of the savings when the animals are ill!

JILL: Wedding?! What wedding?!

VET: Why – I thought you knew. Didn't you tell her, Jed?

JILL: Jack!

JACK: Er ...

VET: Bad boy. I think you're going to need a little – 'discipline' later. Hmmm?

JACK: Ooer.

JILL: Jack Hubbard. You come here right now and tell me you're not seriously thinking of marrying this ... this ... 'person'!

JACK: Well ... er ....

VET: Come on now, James. Don't stand around talking to the - (*looks at Jill*) - farm workers. I want you to meet my family. They'll be so 'amused' to meet you. They'll want to know all about you, and – exactly how much money you have.

MOTHER HUBBARD: Off you go then, Jack. Meet the in-laws!

VET: Yes indeed. Come on, Jock; keep up now! (*Vet & Jack exit*)

MOTHER HUBBARD: How very exciting. Jack engaged, and me starting my new business, both on the same day. How wonderful, don't you think, Jill?

JILL: Wonderful. (*She walks off miserably*)

CHILDREN: Poor Jill.

MOTHER HUBBARD: What?

STREAKY: What do you mean – '*what*'? You know she really liked Jack! No wonder she's miserable.

MOTHER HUBBARD: Nonsense. She's just worn out by all the excitement.

CHILD: I think SHE wanted Jack to marry HER!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Jill? Really? Never mind – she'll soon get over it.

STREAKY: Hah! And wait until Jack finds out what you've done with all the money!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Money? Me? I've no idea what you mean!

STREAKY: You know – the gold that you spent on your new business!

MOTHER HUBBARD: There's still some left!

STREAKY: Really? How much?

MOTHER HUBBARD: *mumbles....*

STREAKY: Sorry – missed that. How much is left?

MOTHER HUBBARD: All right! One gold coin! (*holds up normal size coin*) But as soon as my business starts making money everything will be OK!

STREAKY: Hah! Wait till he finds out it's all gone!

CHICKEN LITTLE: (*enters*) Wait till who finds out what's all gone?

ANIMAL: Mother Hubbard has spent all of Jack's money!

CHICKEN LITTLE: Ooer.

MOTHER HUBBARD: Don't make such a fuss. It's not like the sky's falling down or anything.

CHICKEN LITTLE: Not like what?

MOTHER HUBBARD: The sky's falling down or ....

CHICKEN LITTLE: *faints*

STREAKY: NOW look at what you've done!

CHILD: That chick needs some treatment.

ANIMAL: Some therapy.

MOTHER HUBBARD: I know – but it costs money!

STREAKY: But you've got some money now!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Well – I suppose so. Here you are – our last gold coin. You take Chicken Little to get some treatment.

STREAKY: Right – about time. And she won't be back until she's all better! Come on everyone!  
(*They all wander off except Daisy*)

MOTHER HUBBARD: Just you and me left, Daisy. I'm so glad those Fairies sold you back to me!  
*Enter fairies wearing painting overalls & caps and carrying a large board.*

COWSLIP: Yo! Be a-holdin your end up – don't let it go draggin in da dirt.

MOTHER HUBBARD: What've you fellows got there?

PEASBLOSSOM: It's the sign you asked us to make.

NUTMEG: For your new shop!

MOTHER HUBBARD: My sign! Splendid! (*To audience*) I've got to tell you all about it. It's something I've always wanted to do. Pay attention now.

Daisy here gives the richest, creamiest milk, and I've always wanted to sell homemade ice cream in a little shop. Isn't that right, Daisy? Yes.

And I've even thought of a perfect name for it. "Daisy's Dairy"! Isn't that good?! Daisy's Dairy. Here – take a look.

*She goes across the stage to the rostrum set (Right) and pulls back/down the curtain that has been hiding the dairy. OR a handcart is wheeled on.*

PEASBLOSSOM: Daisy's Dairy. Perfect.

MOTHER HUBBARD: I even thought up a sign to go over the shop. Shall I tell you what it says? It says – you'll like this – 'Enjoy Daisy's Dairy - Here Today'. Do you like it? 'Enjoy Daisy's Dairy Here Today'.

And these fellows have painted that onto a sign for me, haven't you chaps?

COWSLIP: Indeed we has.

MOTHER HUBBARD: Go on then – let's have a look. *They turn the sign round and hold it up.*

<p>ENJOY DAISY'S DAIRYHERE TODAY</p>
--

MOTHER HUBBARD: What?! WHAT?! I can't have that over my shop?!

PEASBLOSSOM: Eh? Why not?

MOTHER HUBBARD: Why not?! Because it says 'ENJOY DAISY'S DIARRHOEA TODAY'!! (*Daisy panics and runs off madly*)

NUTMEG: Is that wrong?

MOTHER HUBBARD: Of course it's wrong! Who on Earth is going to enjoy having diarrhoea?!

PEASBLOSSOM: Well – if you were really bored!

NUTMEG: Yeah, like on holiday in NAME OF BORING PLACE!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Grr! You're not going to spoil my special day. I will stay calm, and serene and ladylike.

COWSLIP: Huh! I is believin' that when I is seein' it!

MOTHER HUBBARD: I will stay calm, and serene and ladylike, and just tell you three that you are THE STUPIDEST, DOPIEST, DAFTEST, MOST MORONIC IDIOTS THAT HAVE EVER WALKED THE PLANET!!

NUTMEG: (*Nicely*) You remind me of my mum.

PEASBLOSSOM: We don't have to stay here to be insulted!

COWSLIP: No! Us can be insulted ANYWHERE! We is sayin' good day to you, madam. Come, fellow fairies, let us be departin'.

NUTMEG: (*closer to Dame*) My mum had to shave as well. (*He is dragged away*)  
(*They exit*)

MOTHER HUBBARD: I will not be upset. This is my special day. I know what'll cheer me up. I'll show you all my new shop!

**OPTIONAL: SCENE SEVEN: DAISY'S DAIRY (Rostrum set)**

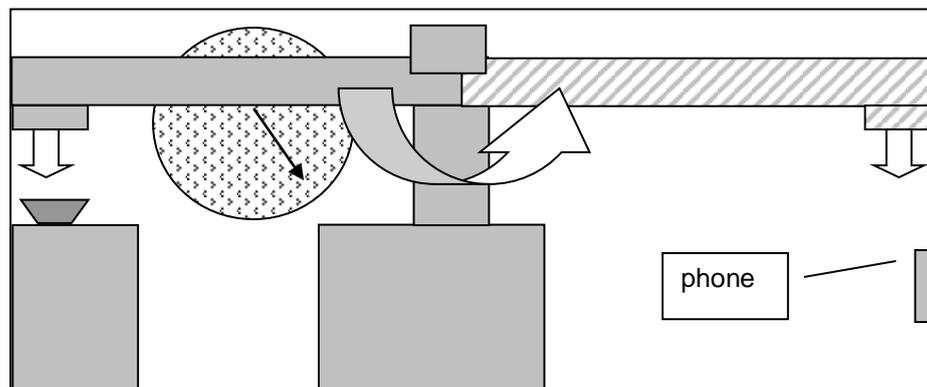
**This CAN be simplified using a market-style structure on-stage. Adapt to resources! If you have the resources here is the full scene. If you can just do slapstick then that's fine.**

*ROSTRUM: There are 2 walls and a waterproof floor. In the back corner is a counter with a rotating arm rising from it. This arm can swing toward either wall of the shop, at above head level. When rotated to Stage Right of the shop its end fits into the 'Ice Cream Collection Funnel'. When rotated to Stage Left it points down at the phone.*

*On the rear wall is a large clock or timer with a rotating hand (like Countdown).*

*On the Stage Left wall is an old fashioned wall-mounted phone with earpiece on a wire and mouthpiece fixed to the wall.*

*There is an identical phone the other side of the stage, fixed where the audience can see it*



MOTHER HUBBARD: Isn't it wonderful! And how about this – this is where the ice cream comes straight from the fridge. I'll show you! First I have to set the timer.

*(Turns hand of clock to zero and hits a large red button. Clock lights up, ticking starts and hand starts to move OR press a button and hear recorded countdown)*

MOTHER HUBBARD: Next I have to make sure this tube is over the bowl. Like – this. Now all I have to do is wait!

*(When the clock reaches the top there is a loud 'ding' and ice cream comes out of the tube into the bowl – there is a rude sound).*

MOTHER HUBBARD: Ooh! Have to sort that out! Let's have a look. Perfect! Now all I've got to do is wait for my first order. *(Picks up 'Goodbye' magazine)*

*The Fairies appear from Stage Left and go to the other phone.*

COWSLIP: Here it is – now we can be havin' us a bit of fun!

NUTMEG: I'm not sure I really got that one. Just run it past me again.

COWSLIP: I is already tellin' you – we is going to pretend we is customers for Mother Hubbard's ice cream shop! *(Starts dialling)*

NUTMEG: Mother Hubbard? She reminds me of my father.

PEASBLOSSOM: I thought you said she reminded you of your mother.

NUTMEG: Yeah. *(Thinks)* I never could tell 'em apart.

COWSLIP: Shh! It's ringing! *Phone rings.*

MOTHER HUBBARD: How exciting! My first customer! Hello – Daisy's Dairy – home of delightful delicacies and delicious dainties, direct from under the cow! How may I be of assistance?

COWSLIP: *(in odd voice)* Hello – this is Lady Egg from the Manor House. I would like a large vanilla ice cream please. How soon can you have it ready?

MOTHER HUBBARD: A large vanilla ice cream? In about half a minute!

COWSLIP: Perfect. I will be there straight away! *(Hangs up and laughs)*

MOTHER HUBBARD: *(singing)* OK. First I set the timer. Right. Next – I put the cone in the cone holder. Now – just wait for the ice cream.

*Phone rings again. She answers it.*

MOTHER HUBBARD: Another customer! Hello – Daisy's Dairy – home of delightful delicacies and delicious dainties, direct from under the cow! How may I be of assistance?

COWSLIP: This is Lady Egg again. I'm not sure I want vanilla now. Do you have other flavours?

MOTHER HUBBARD: Do we have other flavours? *(Laughs)* Do we have other flavours! I should say so; I have invented these all myself; listen carefully now - we have: *(NB: she can read this off a menu!)*

Bottled wine  
 Chocolate and best plums  
**Two** sprinkle toppings  
 Baby strawberries and apple pie  
 Cold pear; vodka on the rocks  
 And Freshly picked rose petals

*While reciting this, the ice cream arm has rotated so that now it is over her head.*

COWSLIP: Well – I'm not sure. I'll call you back.

MOTHER HUBBARD: Certainly. *(Hangs up)* Right. *(Looks up: 'Ding!' Gets face full of cream.)*  
*Resets arm. Phone rings*

MOTHER HUBBARD: Another customer! Hello – Daisy's Dairy – home of delightful delicacies and delicious dainties, direct from under the cow! How may I be of assistance?

COWSLIP: Lady Egg again. I have made my mind up: I will just have the vanilla after all.

MOTHER HUBBARD: Vanilla. Right away. *(Resets arm over new cone)*

*Phone rings*

MOTHER HUBBARD: Hello – Daisy's Dairy – home of dormice and doorbells, straight from moo-cow to you-cow! How may I be of assistance?

COWSLIP: This is Lady Egg again. Sorry to be a nuisance. What were the flavours again?

MOTHER HUBBARD: Flavours again? Certainly, madam.

Bottled wine  
 Chocolate and best plums  
 Two sprinkle toppings  
 Baby strawberries and apple pie  
 Cold pear; vodka on the rocks  
 And Freshly picked rose petals

COWSLIP: Well .... they all sound so delicious. It's hard to decide .... I think I'll stick to the plain vanilla.

MOTHER HUBBARD: Certainly. *(Hangs up)* *(Tries to grab tube but too late: 'Ding!' Gets face full of cream.)* Seems to be a bit of a design fault here. *(Resets it all)* OK – one plain vanilla, coming up!  
*(Starts clock again)*

*Phone rings*

MOTHER HUBBARD: Hello – Daisy's Dairy – home of this and that! How may I be a cow?

COWSLIP: This is ...

MOTHER HUBBARD: Flavours again? Certainly, madam. *(Very fast)*

Bottled wind  
 Chocolate and pest bums  
 Two little sprinkles  
 Baby and apple  
 Pear and cold rocks  
 And fresh picked roses.

COWSLIP: Well .... they all ...

MOTHER HUBBARD: Vanilla! YES! *(Rushes to get the tube back to the start)*

*Phone rings*

MOTHER HUBBARD: Madman, again? Certainly, flavours. *(Very fast)*

Bottle of wind  
 Chocolate bums

Two ladies sprinkles  
 Baby and apple  
 Pair of cold rocks  
 And fresh picked roses.

BUT YOU JUST WANT VANILLA! (*Hangs up*)

*Phone rings*

MOTHER HUBBARD: (*fast*) We do ....

Bottom wind  
 Chopped bum  
 Toilet sprinkles  
 Baby's nappy  
 Pair of old socks  
 And fresh nose pickings.

(*But she is too slow and gets another face full*)

*Phone rings*

MOTHER HUBBARD: YES! What d'ya want?!

NUTMEG: Here – let me have a go ...

PEASBLOSSOM: Shh – she'll hear you!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Hmm...

COWSLIP: This is Lady Egg again. Sorry to be SUCH a nuisance. Perhaps you could just remind me of the flavours just one more time?

MOTHER HUBBARD: Certainly – 'madam'. But I'm afraid we've only got the one flavour left at the moment (*she gets a big can of spray cream*)

COWSLIP: Really? And what flavour would that be?

MOTHER HUBBARD: VANILLA!!!! (*She squirts the cream into the mouthpiece. Cream flies out of the other phone and covers the fairies.*)

*She cleans herself up then looks at the mess.*

MOTHER HUBBARD: Look at this place. What a mess! But I have a plan for this! Not only does this arm deliver the ice cream – it is also designed to clean the dairy. If I pull this blue lever – there – a gentle spray of water comes out. (*Carefully cleans the mess by the phone*) Perfect. Now – turn the water off again. Perfect.

*The fairies appear crossing the stage.*

MOTHER HUBBARD: Ha – ha! Look at you!

COWSLIP: Yes – you is getting us good and proper. Like. Very amusing. Now we is goin' ome to get cleaned up.

MOTHER HUBBARD: No hard feelings. Only a bit of fun, after all. You can come in here and get cleaned up.

PEASBLOSSOM: That's very kind.

MOTHER HUBBARD: All you have to do is pull the blue lever, over there, and have a bit of a spray. Look – I'll show you.

*NUTMEG goes first. Mother Hubbard pulls the lever for a second and Nutmeg gets a small squirt to wash face & hands.*

COWSLIP: That is lookin' easy enough. My turn. Nutmeg – you do the lever. (*Nutmeg does lever. Small spray*) This is very nice – you can turn it off now.

NUTMEG: I'm not sure I really got that one. Just run it past me again.

COWSLIP: I said – get the blue lever for me now!

NUTMEG: Oh – right. Get the blue lever. (*Rips it off the wall and carries it over*) Here it is!

*Water sprays out over COWSLIP.*

COWSLIP: Aaaaa!! Turn it off!

*She pushes it aside all over PEASBLOSSOM.*

PEASBLOSSOM: Aaaaa! Ooooh! Cold! Cold! Cold!

*She pushes it aside all over NUTMEG.*

NUTMEG: Aieeee!!

*NUTMEG pushes it aside toward Dame, but it stops. They all freeze, dripping, & look up at it. Slowly the arm swings back over their heads. It squirts again. They all scuttle to the side. Slowly the arm follows them. They scuttle back to the other side. Arm follows. Repeat twice. The arm stops overhead. They quake, look up: nothing has happened.*

MOTHER HUBBARD: I think it's alright. I think it's out of water.

*Massive spray over all of them, continuing wildly and chasing them around Dairy through:*

COWSLIP: Aaaaarr!! Stop it someone! Stop it!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Put the lever back on!

NUTMEG: I can't. I CAN'T!!

PEASBLOSSOM: I can't swim!!

COWSLIP: We is all goin to die!!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Put a finger in the hole!

COWSLIP: *(Waving arms)* I can't – I is usin them all to panic wiv!

PEASBLOSSOM: Look! A cork!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Quick! *(She jams cork up end of arm. Water stops)*

*They all stand and drip.*

COWSLIP: I is thankin' you for your kind offer of getting us clean.

NUTMEG: Yeah – I don't think I have ever been so clean before!

PEASBLOSSOM: *(thoughtful)* Do you think it is safe to have the electric on?

MOTHER HUBBARD: How do you mean|?

PEASBLOSSOM: With all this water – electricity –all together – is it safe?

COWSLIP: Ee is totally right. Water and 'lectricky is not good togever. Someone should turn the 'lectricky off.

*They all stare at the big red wall switch*

MOTHER HUBBARD: Off you go then.

COWSLIP: Me? Er ... me 'ands is wet! Dangerous! It was your idea - you do it PEASBLOSSOM, my 'ands is too wet.

PEASBLOSSOM: Me?! No - my everything is too wet! NUTMEG — you do it!

NUTMEG: I'm not sure I really got one. Just run it past me again.

COWSLIP: Just go and flip that red handle over there.

NUTMEG: OK then.

*NUTMEG crosses to switch while others huddle back, but there is a loud buzzing and Nutmeg jumps back. They push Nutmeg forward with encouraging comments. Repeat: push- buzz – jump ; Repeat: push - buzz – jump .*

NUTMEG: It keeps buzzing at me!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Oh – for goodness sake – just do it! *(She strides forward and yanks lever.*

*SPARKS. Loud sound of electricity and hysterical scream. Blackout.)*

#### SCENE EIGHT: BACK ON THE FARM

##### Can be a TAB SCENE

VET: *(Enters shiftily)* Sss. Come on – there's nobody here!

SIMPLE SIMON THE PIE MAN: *(He is an appalling character, very ugly, very messily dressed, in a long apron with red and brown stains. He is very dim)* Where's all the wotsits?

VET: Wotsits?

SIMON: Yer – you knows – haminals.

VET: Haminals? I'm at a loss ...

SIMON: Blimey – youm a bit thick like, inn yer? You knows – haminals – furry fins wiv ears 'n tails and wot like. What we'm 'ere for!

VET: Oh! Animals! Well – they're usually around. I'm sure they can't be far away.

SIMON: Well I'm opin you'm right – cos I needs all the haminals I can get me 'ands on!

I 'as a very 'ungry customer and a lot of empty pies a'waiting!

VET: Don't you worry about that. When I marry Jack and this farm is all mine you can have every single one of the stinky animals!

SIMON: Lovely! *(IF you did Scene 7:)* And let me tell you one important thing ...*(Fairies & dame stagger across stage: They are twitching and gibbering robotically. The vet and Simon watch in confused silence)*

SIMON: No - I won't waste one little bit of 'em! Every last bit will be goin' into Simple Simon's Luxury Pies!

VET: Every bit?

SIMON: Yeah I eat wart-hogs' nose holes, walruses' fat rolls, centipedes' ear 'oles, and even camels' ar

...

VET: Steady!

SIMON: Armpits!

**SONG: (to tune of Alouette)**

Horses ear-holes, lovely horses ear holes.

Donkey's dentures, lovely donkey's teeth.

I puts everything in pies.

I puts everything in pies.

All the feet! And the nose!

All the fur! And the bones!

O-o-o-o-oh

Piglets eyeballs, lovely piglet eyeballs.

Chicken giblets. I use everything!

Rabbit-droppings, lovely rabbit droppings

Hamster nostrils, lovely hamster snout.

Even all the squidjy bits.

Especially all the squidjy bits.

All the joints! And the tongue!

And the brain! And the bum!

O-o-o-o-oh

Chicken feathers, crunchy chicken feathers

Kitten kidneys. I use everything!

Hairy outsides, lovely hairy outsides.

Slimy insides, lovely wriggly tubes.

Even all the dangly bits.

Especially all the dangly bits.

Mince it up! Add some salt!

Cook it fast! Sell it cheap!

O-o-o-o-oh

Puppy pasties, lovely puppy pasties

Kitten ke-babs - I use everything!

SIMON: Here do you want to try a bite?

VET: Perhaps another day? Do people actually BUY your pies?

SIMON: Cor yeah – loads! *(Pause)* Well – one person, anyway.

VET: One person? Just one person eats all your pies?! Who on earth is it?

SIMON: Er .. can't say. Secret, like. But – let me just say this – it aint necessarily someone 'on earth' *(looks skywards)* Get me drift?

VET: No – not really.

SIMON: And – let me tell you – they aint had a decent pie in weeks – and they'm getting' mighty hungry! So – to business – where is all me *ingredients* then?

VET: Look - I told you! Here they come now! *(Animals enter.)*

**IF USING TABS YOU COULD OPEN ONTO MAIN STAGE HERE**

SIMON: *(Takes vet aside)* No! Look – I told you, I needs 'animals' – I can't put people in me pies. Well, not officially anyhow; not since I sold the kebab shop. *(Sniggers unpleasantly)*

VET: Ahah! Look closely. They're not really people – they're animals dressed up! Watch out – here comes that nosey girl!

JILL: *(enters)* So Chicken Little has gone off to be cured, eh? That's really good news! Let's hope that ...Oh, you again!

VET: Mmmm. I can see you're overjoyed.

JILL: *(Looks at Simon)* And who's this – your grandson?

VET: Very good, almost witty. No this is – ah – this is a friend, another vet. Mr Druff.

SIMON: But you can call me Dan. *(Holds out grubby hand but is ignored)*

JILL: Dan Druff. How appropriate.

VET: Mr Druff is here just to look at the animals and check they are all healthy.

SIMON: That's right – but I must say they'm a poor lot; they's nuffink but skin and bone! *(To vet)* It'll take a lot of them to make a decent pi...

VET: *Coughs and hits.* Perhaps you'd better take a closer look. Run a few tests?

SIMON: Good idea. *(Opens pocket in apron)* First – you. Yes, you. You hold these – er – test thingies here – like this. *(Places two big slices of bread either side of animal's head)* Good – that's very good.

And you, you just stand perfectly still – that's it. *(Sprinkles salt & pepper. Pig sneezes)* Got a cold? Don't worry; you'll be a lot better when you're 'cured' - teehee. Now you....

*(Gets out gravy boat and goes to pour it over animal)*

JILL: Hey! What kind of tests are these? You're pouring gravy over her!

VET: Oh – suddenly she's medically qualified! I don't think your efforts here are appreciated; off you go. But be back first thing tomorrow morning, Simon!

SIMON: Dan!

VET: That's what I said; off you go, Dan, leave these 'peasants' and their sickly animals!

SIMON: Very nice eating you all.

JILL: Don't you mean 'meeting' us all?

SIMON: Maybe, maybe. *(Exits, chuckling)*

JILL: Something very odd going on here.

MOTHER HUBBARD: *(enters)* Ooh – it's Jack's fiancée! Perhaps she's here about the wedding arrangements?!

VET: Ah – Mrs Cupboard.

JILL: Hubbard.

MOTHER HUBBARD: No – Cupboard's fine, dear.

VET: Whatever. I've brought you the details for the wedding *(unrolls huge list)* – and the list of wedding presents *(Unrolls another)*. It looks like a lot – that's because it is. But you can afford it – with all those gold coins 'thingy' got from the Giant.

MOTHER HUBBARD: *(nervous laugh. Reads list.)* Right.... champagne; orchestra; fireworks; gold coach for bride, gold coaches for bridesmaids, er .. What's this say?.... Westminster Abbey?

VET: For the wedding service.

MOTHER HUBBARD: Robbie Williams & Elton John?

VET: For the party.

MOTHER HUBBARD: Two pairs of handcuffs, a rubber chicken and a large jar of peanut butter?

VET: For the honeymoon.

MOTHER HUBBARD: Oh my – it does seem rather a...

VET: Is there a problem? I don't have to marry – what's-his-name - you know!

JILL: Jack.

VET: Whatever.

MOTHER HUBBARD: *(nervous laugh again)* No! No problem at all!

VET: Good: then I will leave you to whatever it is that peasants do. Farewell. *(Exits)*

MOTHER HUBBARD: Oh my – what shall we do?

JILL: We could hit her with a shovel.

MOTHER HUBBARD: Now concentrate! The last gold coin went on getting Chicken Little cured! What can I do?

STREAKY: I've got it! All you have to do is get Jack back up the beanstalk to get more gold coins!

JILL: Oh no! You can't! I thought it was a good idea once, but in fact it's much too dangerous. And it'll be night time soon!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Of course! Gold coins! Yes! That's it! Now – where is he?

JILL: But it's not safe...

MOTHER HUBBARD: Jack! JACK!! Cooee!! Mum'sy wants a little word with you!!

JACK: *(Enters)* Helloo! What's all the fuss?

MOTHER HUBBARD: Ah – come closer, my special little feller. My word – you look a bit ill!

JACK: I do?

MOTHER HUBBARD: My word yes. I think you need some exercise and fresh air!

JACK: I'm fine! *(Tries to walk way but she is holding him back)*

MOTHER HUBBARD: Look – you can hardly walk! And listen to your breathing! You're all wheezy!

JACK: I do?

MOTHER HUBBARD: Listen! Put this on! *(Puts stethoscope on him)*

JACK: Sounds fine to me ... *(she makes strange noises into it)* – Aargh!

MOTHER HUBBARD: My word – you'd better listen to your heart!

JACK: Ah – well at least that sounds to be .... *(Clothes peg on it)* – Oh no! It's stopped!

MOTHER HUBBARD: It's worse than we thought! No time to lose! Quick! Get some exercise!

JACK: But..! *(Starts him running on spot)*

MOTHER HUBBARD: I know!

JACK: What?!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Exercise and fresh air!

JACK: How?  
MOTHER HUBBARD: Up the beanstalk!  
JACK: Up the beanstalk?  
MOTHER HUBBARD: Up the beanstalk!  
JACK: Up the beanstalk!!  
JILL: Duh – are you so stupid that you're going to fall for that old trick?  
JACK: Duh – obviously! *(Is led – jogging - toward beanstalk – now possibly offstage)*  
CHILD: *(To Jill)* But you can't let him go up there again!  
JILL: And why not? If he's so stupid that..  
CHILD 2: But it's so dangerous up there!  
JILL: Huh – what do I care? *(Looks cross then suddenly changes mind)* Jack!  
JACK: Mmm?  
JILL: If you have any trouble....  
JACK: What?  
JILL: If you have any trouble. Just shout and.....  
JACK: What?  
JILL: If you have any trouble. Just shout and..... I'll come and help!  
JACK: Trouble?  
MOTHER HUBBARD: He won't have any trouble. Come on now! And of course – while you're up there – get some exercise – I know – carry some of those big round heavy things!  
JACK: Gold coins?! *(Dame nods)* Right! Bye! *(Is jogged off stage – all others except Jill follow)*  
JILL: This is awful. I shouldn't have let him go. What shall I do? Perhaps I should go and stop him? No – he'll be alright. *(Thinks)* No he won't! Oh dear! What to do? What do you think? Shall I go and stop him? What? Do you think I should go after Jack and stop him climbing up the beanstalk again? ... Right – then that settles it! I'm going to stop him! Wish me luck!  
VET: *(Enters in front of her)* Luck? It'll take more than luck.  
JILL: Let me get past! I've got to stop Jack!  
VET: Jack? He's none of your business now, 'farm-girl'. He's mine!  
JILL: Oh no he isn't! And he never will be!  
VET: Really. And what – exactly – are you going to do to stop me?  
JILL: Well first I'll stop him going up the beanstalk to get more gold coins!  
VET: More gold coins? For me? How lovely. I definitely don't think I can let you do that.  
JILL: Ha! And how are you going to stop me?!  
VET: Easy. I'll just give you the sack.  
*Simon the Pie Man enters behind Jill carrying a sack.*  
JILL: Give me the sack? How can you do that? I don't even work for you!  
VET: *(Leans closer and smiles nastily)* Wrong sort of sack.  
*Simon the Pie Man puts big sack over Jill.*  
SIMON: Cor – she'd make a lovely steak and kidney pi...  
VET: My good man – have you no sense of decency?  
SIMON: *(thinks briefly)* No.  
VET: Just lock her in the pigsty. We can't hang around. We'll have the wedding tonight and then, first thing tomorrow morning, the animals will be yours. You will have more pies than you ever dreamed of! *(Laugh at audience)*  
*They exit quickly Left*  
*Enter fairies from Right.*  
PEASBLOSSOM: Everything seems to be working out alright this time.  
COWSLIP: Perhaps we 'as got something right at last.  
NUTMEG: It's a bit quiet round here.  
COWSLIP: Never mind. We 'as uvver jobs to do. What is next on da list?  
PEASBLOSSOM: *(Checks sheet)* Er .. it's from a B. B. Wolf.  
COWSLIP: Sounds like a rapper. And what special magic is we doin' for this Mr Wolf?  
PEASBLOSSOM: Couple of things. He seems to have lost the keys to all of his cottages and wants us to let him in.

COWSLIP: 'All' of 'is cottages?

PEASBLOSSOM: Yeah – it seems some old granny is hiding in bed in one of them – and some pigs is using the land for a D.I.Y. eco-project! Building houses out of recycled bricks, twigs, organic straw...

COWSLIP: Probably designed by dat Prince Charles.

PEASBLOSSOM: Right. Soon we'll have Mr Wolf back in his cottages!

NUTMEG: (*Looks round*) It is a bit quiet round here.

COWSLIP: It is a bit! Let's be askin' dis lot what is a-goin' on. Oy! Bros! Where is Jack and Jill? What? It is no good – I is not makin' out what they is saying. One at a time now! You two – go down and find one person who can come up here and tell us where Jack and Jill are. Off you go. We need just ONE small person to come up here and tell us what has been going on!

*They return with child of the correct size.*

COWSLIP: Hello. What is your name? \_\_\_\_ I is pleased to meet you. Is you enjoying da show? Now then. Do you know where Jack is? \_\_\_\_

NUTMEG: I'm not sure I really got that one. Just run it past me again. Where's Jack? \_\_\_\_

COWSLIP: Gone up da beanstalk?! And where is Jill? 'as Jill been an gone wiv im? \_\_\_\_

NUTMEG: Oh no! We must save them!

PEASBLOSSOM: (*To child.*) What do you think? Should we go and save Jack and Jill?

COWSLIP: Right. That's agreed then. Peasblossom, Nutmeg, you come with me and we'll go and rescue Jack.

You – do you want to help us save Jack and Jill? Right then. You go into the pigsty and rescue Jill.

PEASBLOSSOM: Woah! Pigsty! Not in those clothes! Here! Put these on.

*(Child puts on very bright overalls and hat)*

COWSLIP: Right – we is gonna climb up da beanstalk, fight da giant....

PEASBLOSSOM: Woah – I'm not sure I really got that one. Just run it past me again.

NUTMEG: Here – I says that!

COWSLIP: I is sayin - we is gonna climb up da beanstalk, **fight da giant**.... Ah – slight change of plan here. (*Takes child aside*). My friends and I have thought this through, and we think it might be better if we go and rescue Jill from the pigsty ...

PEASBLOSSOM: ...and you go up the beanstalk and rescue Jack. Is that alright with you? Jolly good. (*Arm appears from wings with long sheet of paper and quill*) What's that?

COWSLIP: (*reads it*) Ah – right. (*To child*) Is you here wiv a grown up today? (*To grown up. NUTMEG runs into audience to get it signed.*) You need to put your mark on dis – it is sayin', basically dat if dis child is ground up to make the giant's bread, ...

PEASBLOSSOM: ...or is eaten by da giant in any form of pie, roast, casserole, pasty, curry, or uvver dish, ...

COWSLIP: ... it isn't not, like, de fault of NAME Drama Club, de THEATRE Management, or AREA Council. OK?

PEASBLOSSOM: That's it. To the rescue! (*To child*) You have to say that bit too. "To the rescue!" Brilliant! Bye! (*All exit. The child is escorted to a microphone – possibly at back of hall?*)

#### SCENE NINE: THE GIANT'S KITCHEN (*same again: with lights on*)

GIANT: FEE FI FO FUM; I SMELL THE BLOOD OF AN ENGLISHMAN!

GIANT'S WIFE: No you don't, dear.

GIANT: FEE FI FO FUM; I SMELL THE BLOOD OF AN ENGLISHMAN!!

GIANT'S WIFE: No you don't, dear.

GIANT: FEE FI FO ... (*Sees her shaking her head*) Well what can I smell then?

GIANT'S WIFE: It's the new perfume you gave me for Christmas.

GIANT: Perfume? I didn't give you any perfume!

GIANT'S WIFE: Don't try and pretend, you big softie. It was the first time you've ever given me anything really nice.

GIANT: I gave you that lovely necklace for your birthday!

GIANT'S WIFE: Made of sheep skulls. Same as last year.

GIANT: Last year it was made of goat skulls.

GIANT'S WIFE: Anyway – the perfume was really lovely. I've worn it every day since and loads of people have commented on it! And in such an unusual bottle too! It didn't even matter that you hadn't wrapped it up.

GIANT: Hadn't wrapped it up? (*Suspiciously*) What did you find this – er - bottle of "perfume"?

GIANT'S WIFE: Where you left it. On the little shelf in the bathroom. Here! *(Holds up big ornate bottle)*

GIANT: You silly woman – that isn't perfume! That's the sample of pee I had to take to the doctor!

GIANT'S WIFE: Oh. *(Looks at bottle)* Well – it's still lovely. *(Dabs more on)*

GIANT: You stinky old woman. Fetch me my food!

GIANT'S WIFE: Food? There isn't any food.

GIANT: NO FOOD!!

GIANT'S WIFE: No – nothing at all. But I phoned Simon the Pieman, and he says he's expecting new supplies tomorrow morning.

GIANT: I can't wait until tomorrow!

GIANT'S WIFE: I could do you a nice toasted cheese sandwich?

GIANT: No!

GIANT'S WIFE: You could always have another one of these. *(Holds up giant bean)* There are loads of them on that beanstalk!

GIANT: No more beans! You know what happened last time!

GIANT'S WIFE: Hurricane/Cyclone *(topical name)*.

GIANT: Graah! I'm going out! I'll see you later!

GIANT'S WIFE: Kiss?

GIANT: Huh. *(Gives her kiss on cheek)* Hmm. It is rather nice that perfume!  
*(Exits) Giant's wife tidies table. She has a nibble at the giant bean, then exits to string of genteel farting sounds. She giggles at each one. Puppet Jack appears up the beanstalk.*

JACK: Nobody here. Good. Next – bag of gold! *(He climbs up onto the table.)* Here they are! How many can I carry? *(Return of farting sound)* What's that noise? I'd better hide. *(Rushes about but is too slow)*

GIANT'S WIFE: Aaargh! A mouse!

JACK: I am NOT a mouse! I am an Englishman!

GIANT'S WIFE: Oooh! An Englishman, eh? And do you have any bones?

JACK: Of course I have bones! Why?

GIANT'S WIFE: No reason. Are you allergic to onions, garlic or parsley?

JACK: Don't think so.

GIANT'S WIFE: Good. In you go then. *(Puts him into big pot and puts lid on)*

JACK: *(echoing)* Let me out!

GIANT'S WIFE: Now – what can I use for gravy? *(Thinks)* I know! *(Lifts lid and pours 'perfume' in)*

JACK: Urgh! What was that?

GIANT'S WIFE: Perfume. Just off to get the onions! *(Exits)*

JACK: Bleugh – that perfume smells like something the cat did. It must be that new one by CELEBRITY. Hello? Hello? Hey! Let me out! *(Pushes lid off but can't climb out)* Oh no! It's too slippery. What shall I do? I know – I'll call for Jill. Jill! Jill!

GIANT'S WIFE: *(Returns)* You're a noisy little casserole, I must say. Here are the onions. Now to pick some parsley for your stuffing! *(Exits)*

JACK: Stuffing! Oh dear! JILL!! Why aren't you here?

**SONG: ENDLESS NIGHT (LION KING) first half**

*Child puppet appears and climbs onto table.*

JACK: Hey. Who are you?

CHILD: My name is \_\_\_\_\_.

JACK: Hello, \_\_\_\_\_. What are you doing here in the Giant's castle?

CHILD: I'm here to help you get out!

JACK: Great! Come over here and hold onto my hands. That's it. *(Farting sounds)* Look out! The giant's wife is coming back!

CHILD: What shall I do?

JACK: Do what I usually do – scream and run around!

CHILD: OK. *Yells loudly. Hides.*

GIANT'S WIFE: Here's the parsley. Now – what was the other thing?

JACK: Garlic.

GIANT'S WIFE: So it was! Right then. *(Exits)*

JACK: Quick, \_\_\_\_\_, try again! That's it. Hold tight! Heave! (*Pops out of pot*) Super – you've saved me, \_\_\_\_\_, now lets get out of here! Look! Gold coins! Grab one!

GIANT'S WIFE: Here's the gaAARGH! Two mice!!

CHILD: I'm not a mouse! My name is \_\_\_\_\_. Pleased to meet you.

JACK: Not now, \_\_\_\_\_. RUN!!!!

*The giant returns*

GIANT: FEE FI FO FUM! I CAN SEE TWO ENGLISHMEN!!!

*Chase. They escape down the beanstalk.*

GIANT'S WIFE: Get them! That's your tea running away!

GIANT: Get them – but how?

GIANT'S WIFE: Climb down the beanstalk after them!

GIANT: But.. it's not safe!

GIANT'S WIFE: They've taken your gold coins!

GIANT: Graah! Here I come!

**Blackout.**

### SCENE TEN: BACK ON THE FARM: EVENING

*All animals on stage plus Mother Hubbard. Jack and Child come running on.*

*BOTTOM, OF BEANSTALK ON STAGE*

MOTHER HUBBARD: Jack! Who's this?!

JACK: This is \_\_\_\_\_. *He/She* rescued me from the giant! Not like Jill – she didn't even turn up to help! I want to say thank you very much for saving me from the giant, and to give you some of the gold coins as a little present. (*bag of chocolate coins*) Mr Streaky - you can just take \_\_\_\_\_ back to his/her seat. Everyone give \_\_\_\_\_ a huge clap for being so brave.

GIANT: GRAHHHH!!!! **General panic.**

MOTHER HUBBARD: It's the giant. It's the giant! (*Looks around*) I can't see him – where is he? *All pause.*

JACK: (*points up*) **There! Coming down the beanstalk!**

MOTHER HUBBARD: **We're all going to die! We're all going to die!** *General panic.*

*Fairies return with Jill – looking very disgusting. All pause.*

JACK: Where've you been?!

JILL: Me? Where have I been? I've been in the – hang on, what's going on? (*They all point upwards*) *General panic.* Don't just stand there! Do something!

JACK: Me? What?

JILL: (*rushes to wings & returns with big axe*) What do you think?

JACK: Don't know!

GIANT: GRAHHHH!!!!

JACK: What shall I do? (*To audience*) You tell me! What should I do?

GIANT: GRAHHHH!!!!

JACK: What? I can't hear!

GIANT: GRAHHHH!!!!

JACK: Louder! I can't hear! ... Chop down the beanstalk?

*(Chops down beanstalk) Sound of falling beanstalk.*

ALL: Hooray! Well done, Jack! *Etc*

STREAKY: (*looking up*) Hang on a minute – what's that up there – in the sky – getting bigger and bigger? *They all peer up.*

ANIMAL: Is it a bird?

STREAKY: No – it's got arms and legs.

MOTHER HUBBARD: I know! It's just the giant falling out of the sky!

ALL: *general amusement and relief.*

MOTHER HUBBARD: **We're all going to die! We're all going to die!** *General panic. They look up and all rush Left. They look up again and all rush Right.*

CHICKEN LITTLE: (*enters Left with small suitcase. ALL FREEZE.*) Hello everybody! It's me! Chicken Little! I'm back – and - I'm all cured!

MOTHER HUBBARD: What?!

CHICKEN LITTLE: I said – I'm all cured! I don't think the sky is going to fall on me any more! (*Looks around*) I say – what are you all doing? (*Mother Hubbard points upwards*) What? (*Looks up*) AaaaAaaaaaRgh! I told you! (*Hysterical*) I TOLD YOU! The sky's falling! The sky's falling!

*They all look up. Terrible panic as before.*

*Dark shadow passes.*

*Earth-shaking crash.*

*Bottom of huge boot appears at edge of stage.*

JILL: Is everyone alright? (*Helps people up off ground*)

MOTHER HUBBARD: It looks like it.

JACK: That was close!

MOTHER HUBBARD: Oh no! Look! Someone was squished under the giant!

JILL: Who? Who was it?

MOTHER HUBBARD: Don't know. All that's left is his hat. (*Produces Simple Simon's hat*) It says – Simple Simon the Pieman.

VET: (*Has entered at other side in black suit*) What? (*To audience*) The pie man has been squished?! Now what will I do with all these animals? I know ... when I run this farm I shall start my own pie company! (*To Jack*) Oh! I see you've more gold coins, Jim.

JILL: Jack.

VET: Whatever. (*To Jill*) Hmm, I must say you're looking lovely today.

JILL: Hmm – I must say you're looking – here, why are you dressed up like that?

VET: Oh dear – didn't you get an invite? Why, tonight is our wedding; isn't it Jack!

JACK: It is?

VET: It is! In about two minutes! Come on, Geoff. Let's try to make you look decent. (*Exits with Jack*) *Fairies, Jill & Mr Streaky walk forwards as* **TABS CLOSE.**

#### SCENE ELEVEN: THE FARM – COMMUNITY SONG

##### TABS / curtain

PEASBLOSSOM: Another wedding! I do love a happy ending. Come on, fairies, let's get ready! (*As they leave they notice Jill*)

COWSLIP: Now what? We is rescuin' you from da pigsty, what more is you wantin'?

STREAKY: I think she wanted to marry Jack.

PEASBLOSSOM: Like – that's going to happen! Ha! This is real life – not some lovely-dovey, happy-ever-after panto!

COWSLIP: I knows what is cheerin' you up! We is at least goin' to make you look nice for the party!

JILL: I don't think I really want to go to the party.

NUTMEG: You're right. When I don't get what I want I go into the woods and put my head in a bucket of jelly. That shows people! Ha!

COWSLIP: Dopey here is making a good point, like.

JILL: I'm not putting my head in ..

PEASBLOSSOM: No. If you hide they'll think you're sulking. Go to the wedding and show you're not bothered!

JILL: Hmm. Maybe. But – dressed like this?

PEASBLOSSOM: I reckon we could knock up a decent frock.

JILL: We haven't got time! It'll take...

COWSLIP: Ten seconds! (*Maybe 5?*)

JILL: Don't be daft – look at me!

COWSLIP: Trust me! Ten seconds! These people can help me count!

JILL: I don't think...

COWSLIP: We don't have time for thinking! Get in there! (*Pushes her behind screen or into wings.*)

JILL: Now what?

PEASBLOSSOM: Ten-second countdown. EVERYBODY!! TEN!! NINE!! Etc

*Jill reappears in BLACK gown.*

JILL: That is super! Right – now to do something with this face. See you in two ticks! (*exits*)

COWSLIP: Two ticks. If she is anyfin like mY girlfriend she is meaning two hours!

PEASBLOSSOM: What shall we do now?

NUTMEG: I can show you my jumping song.

COWSLIP: What 'jumping song'?

NUTMEG: I'll show you. (*Strides into space*) Ready?

Oh – Old MacDonald had a JUMP (*jumps*) Ee-aye-ee-aye-oooooooooh!

And on that farm he had a JUMP! (*jumps*) Ee-aye-ee-aye-oooooooooh!

COWSLIP: That is madness. That is not being even the right song, like.

**BUSINESS WITH KIDS. COMMUNITY SONG.**

**SCENE TWELVE: THE FARM AT NIGHT**

*Curtains open to show Jill in beautiful BLACK gown, with smart hair and clean face.*

*There are small lights scattered about. All company are present (not Simon)*

*The fairies take Jill to one side. Formal line-up.*

JACK: Another story has been told,

VET: And I have got my bags of gold.

NUTMEG: It didn't go just how we planned

COWSLIP: But our brave Jack has saved the land.

PEASBLOSSOM: The giant's gone; no big surprise.

VET: (*to aud*) And soon they'll all be tasty pies!

**FINALE SONG music starts**

*Jill runs off the stage, down the hall. Everything stops gracelessly.*

VET: Ha! That's it: run away! Good! Because if you stay here – I'll throw you back in the pigsty and lock you in again! (*Mimics*) "Ooh, let me out – I must go and save Jack". Ha-ha! And if you ever show your ugly mug back here again - I'll have you in a meat pie with all these other animals! Ha! That's it – run! Hah-ha-hah...

What? What are you all staring at?

JACK: So Jill was coming to save me!

STREAKY: You're going to make us into – meat pies?!

VET: Oh – get over it! Where were we? (*Carries on with song.*) All together now!

*The others look at her in horror and move to the sides.*

*There is a sudden roar from Jill who runs down the hall (or from wings) with the pail of water, up onto the stage and throws it over the Vet. Moment of stunned silence then everyone cheers.*

VET: Oh! Oh! Arrr! (*She turns and stamps away while others jeer*)

JACK: Crikey. I think I've done something a bit silly.

JILL: Right, well – as the wedding seems to have been cancelled, I'm off.

JACK: No. Stay!

JILL: No? Just give me one reason why not.

JACK: I think the wedding should carry on!

JILL: But: hell-o! The bride has gone!

JACK: No she hasn't – I'm looking straight at her.

JILL: Me?! And give me one reason why I should marry you!

**SONG: JACK: something like YOU RAISE ME UP**

JILL: (*interrupts*) Stop! I am not going to marry you...!

JACK: OK – I understand; I've been really stupid.

JILL: True. I am not going to marry you...!

JACK: That's fair enough. I'm sure you can do better than me!

JILL: For goodness sake – let me finish! I am not going to marry you ...wearing black!

JACK: You mean..?

JILL: Of course. (*To fairies*) Here. Do something useful. How about a bit of real magic?! Does that wand of yours actually work?

NUTMEG: Well – sort of, but it needs lots of help. (*To audience*) I need you all to help. Will you do that? Will you? Great – I want everyone to count "5, 4, 3, 2, 1 - NOW!" (*LIGHTS DIM*)

FAIRIES: Are you ready? Here we go! 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 - NOW!" (*THUNDERFLASH*)

*They quickly turn together and part to reveal Jill in sparkling white gown with lights.*

**JILL:** That's better. Now – what were you saying?

**SONG: JACK: something like YOU RAISE ME UP**

Mix of solos duets and chorus

**Big hugs. Blackout.**

**Walk down to reprise: OUR HOUSE?**

Children, Animals,  
Princess, Streaky & Chicken Little,  
Vet & Simon,  
Fairies,  
Dame,  
Jack & Jill.

**Orchestra bow.**

**Main stage dims & Mini stage lights up for GIANTS' & PUPPETEERS' bows.**

**ENCORE IN DAWN LIGHTING.**

**SUN RISES BEHIND SHOE HOUSE.**

**Something like "Endless Night"**

**Solos Duets & Chorus?**